

Well may the church appear in sackcloth dress'd,  
To mourn the man, the Christian, and the priest.

*Cheshire*, the seat of COVELL's late abode,  
Feel most severely the chastising rod,  
Their ardent wishes were fulfill'd awhile;  
They shar'd his labors, and enjoy'd his smile.  
Alas! too soon their pleasing prospects end;  
In vain they mourn their dear departed friend:  
No pray'rs can alter or reverse the doom  
That call'd the righteous from the ills to come.

But who can paint the anguish, speak the pain  
Of his lov'd partner, and her orphan train!  
Depriv'd, at once, of husband, father, friend;  
One fatal stroke their earthly comforts end:  
The heaving bosom, and the streaming tear,  
Best speak their grief—their heavy woes declare.

Must they be left, in solitude to pine?  
Or, will united brethren nobly join  
"T' assuage the throbbings of the fester'd part,  
"And stanch the bleedings of the broken heart?"  
Surely the widow's judge will deign to bless  
Each act of kindness to the fatherless;  
Will render double for such favors shown,  
To soothe the widow's and the orphan's groan.

Here stop my fancy, and reverse the theme:  
Though he deserv'd our love, and high esteem,  
Yet let us not contemplate Zion's fall,  
Though a wide breach is made within her wall:  
Jesus still lives! the rock of ages proves—  
A firm foundation that can never move;  
Built on this rock, the church must ever stand,  
Though tempest sweep, and thunder shake the land!"

A letter from Elder, now Dr. N. Kendrick, who went  
on the same mission tour in 1808, informed us that the