

perior knowledge of the works and ways of God, of gratitude to the Author of all good, and to the merciful Saviour of the human race. The inhabitants look back on their toils, and sufferings, and dangers, and bless the common Father of the human race, for their preservation while here, and for their final and blessed release. Instead of lamenting their fate, as we do, they congratulate one another, on their safe arrival in that land of Promise. They regard their arrival there, as the consummation of their hopes, the commencement of their highest joy, and the brightest era of their existence.

Into those regions of delight our late worthy Pastor, my friends, has long been directing your steps and mine. He described to us the journey, marked out the road, set us an excellent example in his own conduct, and animated our drooping spirits by holding out the prospect of this eternal reward. Now he has gone before, and left us behind, to finish our pilgrimage in the imitation of his faith and patience.

Yes, the lips which so long taught wisdom from this place, are closed. The eyes which beamed animation, are now fixed. That heart which felt for the happiness of us all, now beats no more. He who, as a friend, a companion, or Pastor, had so long enlivened and edified, and as a Gentleman had ornamented; this society, is removed from the stage.

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