

od wrought? you, then, my benevolent Brethren, more fully than ever to concentrate your
 energies in this labour of love—a labour of love it is, both in regard to its ob-
 ject, and to the dispositions by which you have been prompted to engage in it.
 But while your generous and disinterested services merit public mention and
 thanks, permit me to remind you, that though as moral agents it is in your
 power either to relax or to redouble your efforts, to pause or to proceed, in
 your march of beneficence, yet you cannot be unaware, that your responsibility
 on God's account is in exact proportion to your powers of usefulness. Along
 with the impulse of humanity, and the glow of Christian zeal, ever carry in
 your minds a solemn sense of your accountableness to God. This potent prin-
 ciple, when the ardour of your affections is at any time damped by the chilling
 repulses of the niggardly, the sneer of the profane, or the invective of the
 infidel, will sustain unshaken your hallowed purpose to do the work of Him
 who knows and approves the purity and benignity of your intentions. Soon
 your probationary career will terminate, and with it all your opportunities of
 promoting in this way the glory of God, and the everlasting felicity of your
 fellow-mortals. And oh! with what thrilling emphasis should this considera-
 tion assail your minds, when you remember that since your last anniversary,
 one of your number, then as likely to live many years as any individual now
 present, has suddenly fallen a victim to death.* Did he in touching immortali-
 ty regret his having done too much in the cause of God? Speak his dying
 words—words embalmed in the recollections of many of my hearers; and
 which, while they breathed the consolations of the peace of God that passeth
 understanding, spoke too, the contrition of his heart on account of not having
 been in every way more abundant in the work of the Lord. Addressed to your
 hearts in accents solemn as the deep-toned knell, and rousing as the clangor
 of the Archangels trump, the monitory voice issues from his tomb, 'Whatsoever
 thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device,
 nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.'—(Ecc. 9. 10.)

The subject which has now been feebly illustrated calls upon all present to
 resign their hearts to those sensations of gratitude, and convictions of duty
 which it is so eminently fitted to inspire. Can you contrast the splendour and
 amplitude of your religious privileges, with the dark and destitute condition
 of mankind, before the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings,
 to dissipate the gloom and deleterious vapours of the long night of error? Can
 you contemplate them, in comparison with the pitiable and imploring destitu-
 tion of the heathen world at this moment, and remain unimpressed with a
 grateful sense of your obligations to the author of your distinguished and in-
 valuable blessings? To you the underived and peerless glory of the true God
 have been revealed, in the light and language of his own revelations; but the
 heathen, ignorant of his perfections and even of his being, worship men and
 devils; animals and inanimate things. To you the Redeemer is presented,
 surrounded with the mild and attractive halo of mediatorial glory, assuring you
 by every groan that was wrung from his agonizing bosom in Gethsemane—by
 every wound inflicted on his sacred body on the Cross—by every promise of the
 gospel, that you may obtain 'redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of all
 your sins;' but the heathen, when appalled with conscious and insupportable
 guilt, may tear their flesh, gnaw their tongues, and run frantic with despair, for
 they have none to whisper in their ear:—'Behold the Lamb of God which
 taketh away the sin of the world.' For you the promises of mercy and grace
 smooth the rugged path of life, and supply the richest solace in the hour of
 death: but the heathen are 'tossed with the tempest and not comforted;' to
 them the horrors of the tomb are unalleviated by the assured hope of immorta-
 lity. The first dictate of that gratitude which such reflections should never
 fail to excite in your hearts, relates to the use and improvement which you
 ought to make of your superior privileges, by an unreserved devotion of your-
 selves to the service of God. Without the power and practice of Godliness, a
 speculative acquaintance with the Gospel will only expose you to a profounder
 gulf in the abyss of an undone eternity. But gratitude for your exalted bless-
 ings should also prompt you to benevolent exertion for the salvation of others.
 Shall we then exhort you in vain, to cast your compassionate regards beyond
 the limit of your personal interests, on the lengthened valley of the shadow of
 spiritual death, in which tens of thousands of your fellow-brethren are sitting,
 without God, without Christ, without hope! Oh! distressful scenes of moral
 desolation! Millions of intelligent immortal beings, plunged in guilt, deprav-
 ity, and ruin! passing in multitudes, while the words are on my lips, into

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