

ted with him in the bonds of friendship and kindred, but of all who were witnesses of his actions, and capable of appreciating the motives which produced them. In his memorable reply, he says, "this day closes my 52d year, and I can, I think, safely say, that I have lived as much and almost as happily as any body in the same time; what providence may prepare for me in the remainder of my course, it is impossible to foresee, but I shall always have the consolation, that hitherto my life has not been idly or uselessly spent."

Enjoying so much domestic comfort, and that singleness of mind which accompanies the consciousness of well doing, it seems that such a state was too happy for man, and by one of those mysterious decrees of providence, which astonish and confound human calculations, he was doomed to suffer the most severe calamities that could be inflicted; the blows of adversity were aimed at his heart. That cheerful and promising family, in the bosom of which he saw rising the most engaging virtues, and from which he anticipated great happiness, was doomed to wither away before him. He was to mark the slow but certain progress of death prevailing over lives that were dearer to him than his own.

First, his second son left a blank in this house of domestic felicity, and his death was accompanied with circumstances that give it an interest which cannot fail to engage the warmest sympathy of every feeling heart.

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