

the time he crossed the blue waves of the broad Atlantic, till he was lowered into the gloomy vault beneath his Church, personally superintended by himself two years previous. Passing away at the comparatively early age of fifty-three, he "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking," far away from the land of his birth, but among the people for whom he labored so earnestly for so many years, and for whom he entertained nothing but feelings of the most fatherly love and tenderness. "He is not dead but sleepeth." The frail mortal body lies mute and motionless within the confines of its narrow grave, there to await the sound of the great Archangel's trumpet; and, while sorrowing for the loss of our beloved pastor, let us mingle with our sorrow the blessed hope that his pure spirit rests in our only true home—Heaven; and where, before the throne of the Mighty One, he will offer incessant prayer in behalf of the many dear children he left to mourn him in this fleeting, transient world of ours.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.