

this congregation. A peculiar sacredness attaches to friendship. It is with peculiar pain that the emigrant casts a farewell look on the home of his youth and the graves of his fathers. A thrill of strong emotion is experienced by him as he shakes hands, in all likelihood for the last time, with the companions of his youth. When one by one, the associates of our earliest years pass away ; when friendships, contracted and deepened on the village green and in the village school, are severed by the ruthless stroke of death, what man is there who does not feel a pang of sorrow running through his heart ? Friendship, pure, real, cannot part with one faithful and true, without heaving a sigh and cherishing a strong regret. The beauty of some mountain-side is largely intensified by the gigantic oak which, rearing its head aloft and spreading its massive branches, has braved the furious onset of many a stormy blast. As it totters and finally falls, a crash is heard, a moan is raised, as if nature lamented the decay of the gigantic tree. When a once friendly voice is hushed, and a once brilliant eye is forever closed ; when a once honest countenance shows no longer a look of love, and a once manly form has fallen, surviving hearts are pained, are weighed down by genuine sorrow ; still, in view of all the consoling disclosures with which the word of God is replete ; in view of the elevating, refining influence exerted by friendship on the feelings and affections ; in view of the many enjoyments and endearments which genuine friendship carries with it, there is a beauty and truthfulness in the language of our sweetest modern poet :

" I hold it true, whate'er befall ;  
 I feel it when I sorrow most ;  
 'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
 Than never to have loved at all."

By the death of that venerable man whose mortal remains have been recently deposited in the narrow house, domestic