

to meet him, who, while on earth, so loudly and so affectionately proclaimed to you, man's ruin by sin, his exposure to eternal burnings, and his only door of hope by the cross of Calvary. Suffer not, I beseech you, that tongue which so frequently spoke to you in accents of love, and tenderness, and compassion, urging you by the groans and blood and death of Immanuel, by the inconceivable glories of heaven, and by the untold agonies of the world of woe, to flee to the bosom of the Redeemer, suffer it not, I repeat, to say Amen to your eternal condemnation in the final day of general doom.

In conclusion, I would only add, that my earnest prayer to God is, that his aged mother who feels that her last earthly prop is taken from her, that his lamenting and weeping widow, and his connexions generally, may participate largely in the rich consolations of the precious promises of the Gospel; and that all present here to-day, may be prepared by the grace of the Redeemer, to unite with all the sanctified of every age and name in that blessed world, where sorrowing, and sighing, and tears, and death, shall be known no more. Amen.

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