

Are there any here in this holy building who doubt the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to give relief in the time of sorrow and affliction? Ah! my brethren, thousands there are who could testify to the happy effects upon their minds from the precious truths of that sacred Gospel. Even he who now addresses you, could refer, if time would allow, to not a few he has met with in the course of his ministry, whose eyes (even while their bodies were racked with pain, and weeping friends around them) were yet brightened up with hope at the recollection of a happy home, in the bosom of the willing Saviour of sinners! From many such cases I will now select one, and that in the early death, a few short months since, of a fellow labourer, a lamented brother in the ministry.* He had left his native land and bid farewell to a widowed mother, and an only brother, that he might preach the Gospel to others at a distance! The effects of the severity of our unsteady climate, and the exposure of the Missionary in the performance of his arduous duties, were soon visible upon his constitution,—and ere a very little while it was but too evident that “consumption had marked him for her own.” At first, (with all that fondness peculiar to the people of his nation, for their fatherland,) the thought seemed chilling to his soul, that his body would have to sleep in the silent tomb, far from the graves of his forefathers, and moulder into dust in a foreign soil. In him, brethren, finally, the power of the blessed Gospel was eminently conspicuous,—for when he recalled to mind the sacred truth, that the body must rise again! and that, for Jesus’ sake, there would be a reunion with those we love in another, and a happier world, he was enabled to say, in the language of Scripture: “O heavenly Father, not my will but Thine be done!” and to die in peace! I feel I have already trespassed so long upon your time, that I am therefore compelled to omit much which I wished to have added, in the conclusion of this discourse. What I would now say is—If any of you, my christian friends, have ever felt, when sorrow was pressing down your soul, when affliction’s hand was on you, when death appeared near your own persons, or had deprived you of some much loved relative or friend. If any of you (as I trust you have) in such seasons of sor-

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