

Enderby, a secluded and pleasant village near Leicester, where, by a union of calm retirement with gentle occupation, he gradually regained his health, and with it his capacity for usefulness in the church. As his strength would bear the exercise, he occasionally preached to a small congregation in Harvey-lane, Leicester, which many years before had been under the care of the celebrated Dr. Carey, now of Serampore. From this small remnant of a church, he at length received and accepted an invitation to become their pastor, and laboured among them with great success for nearly twenty years, the attendance continuing to increase so as to render it necessary to enlarge the place of worship two or three times. On the death of the excellent Dr. Ryland, pastor of the church at Broadmead, Bristol, Mr. Hall was invited to succeed him. After long and anxious deliberation, he complied with the invitation, and removed thither in 1825. Here he passed the few remaining years of his life, instructing and delighting the multitudes who thronged to hear him; visiting, however, occasionally, as he had often done before, his Cambridge friends, and sometimes the metropolis, and other places.

At length "the time drew near that he must die." Bitter and humiliating thought! On Thursday, the 10th of February, he was struck by one of those alarming spasmodic seizures to which he had of late years been subject. The congregation were assembled at Broadmead, in expectation of hearing the usual preparation sermon, in reference to the Lord's Supper, which was to be administered on the following Sunday. But they were to hear his voice no more! He continued to experience alternate revivals and attacks until about four o'clock on Monday, the 21st, when, in reply to an offer of his medical attendant to administer some cordial to him, he declined it, exclaiming, "This is death, Sir; he is coming—he is come." Then, on a remission of his agonies, he prayed, "Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly." One of his daughters, who was standing by, ejaculated, as in sympathy, "Come, oh come!" Almost immediately afterwards, laying his head upon the shoulder of his friend, he gently breathed his last; and his emancipated spirit took its flight to the regions of immortality. O! what a glorious exit! O! what a blaze of glory burst upon his capacious soul on its entrance into those realms of blessedness, after which it had so ardently aspired, and for which, we doubt not, it was so well prepared. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his!"

The fall of such a man is "as when a standard-bearer fainteth." The intelligence of his death rapidly diffused consternation

and dismay throughout the whole city and neighbourhood, and his friends in all parts of the empire were soon made sensible of the loss which they and the world had sustained in his departure. His funeral took place on Wednesday, the 2d of March, at his place of worship in Broadmead, amidst the tears and sorrows of one of the largest crowds that ever assembled on such an occasion, all testifying their high admiration of his character, and feeling that each had lost a friend. The same feeling was exhibited in the streets and at the windows along the whole line of road through which the procession passed.

It would be inconsistent with the limits of this discourse, and trench upon the province of the biographer, to enter into a further detail of the incidents of our friend's life. A more suitable improvement of this occasion would be to exhibit to your view a delineation of his mental, moral, and Christian character. But who is competent to such an undertaking? It would require talents like his own—genius as brilliant—discrimination as acute—thought as profound—a style as graceful—and an eloquence as fervid and sublime. I shrink from a task so hopeless. But as I was introduced by him into the church, as I enjoyed his ministry for several years, heard some hundreds of his sermons, and was favoured with his intimacy to a degree, which yielded me inexpressible delight, I should be unjust to his memory, and unfaithful to my own feelings, if I declined to lay before you a few hints and recollections on so interesting a subject.

As a *Preacher* he was unrivalled, at least in modern times; and, perhaps, no age of the church has produced his superior. He was the first and the last of his class. He stood alone among the "company of preachers." This singularity of position did not arise from the predominance of any one quality, for others have possessed one or more of his separate powers in an equal degree, but from that peculiar union and balance of many excellencies which in him was so remarkable. This honourable station has been accorded to him, not by the members of his own community alone, but by the general consent of all liberal and intelligent men, who thus "glorified God in him."

When he began he was usually calm and collected, speaking in a low tone, and looking onward as he went, as if to survey afresh the region of thought he was about to traverse, but not often giving an indication of those torrents of eloquence that were soon to be poured from his lips. Sometimes at the commencement, he hesitated, and seemed perplexed, as if dissatisfied with what he had intended to say; at others, when he was about to establish a truth, or enforce a general