

subscription, and so to form a district in each of their congregations or parishes, and each district, (should it contain only ten subscribers, one dollar each,) is requested to send a trustee to meet at the time and place above alluded to.

ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF BROTHER LEMUEL COVELL.

HAIL, sacred Muse! inspire a female pen
With flowing numbers, and a lofty strain,
To sing of COVELL'S late, untimely fall;
A shining light, remov'd from Zion's wall,
And sunk in night: darkness involves the poles,
And a broad gloom o'erwhelms our weeping souls:
Scarce can we hope an equal orb will rise,
Since his bright soul has pass'd the lower skies:
Zion stands trembling; all her pillars mourn;
Her richest dust lies hid in COVELL'S urn.
Let gloomy cypress weave a mournful shade,
And bending willows hang their drooping heads
Around the spot where his dear body lies,
In distant lands, beneath inclement skies.

No warlike arts, nor deeds of martial fame—
Of sanguinary heroes, stain his name:
Not all the honors of a tinted field
Could add a charm, or one new lustre yield
To COVELL'S worth. Religion's vot'ry shines
In diff'rent wreaths, wrought out by skill divine.

Meek, mild, intelligent, and full of love—
His office sacred, giv'n him from above.
Nature and grace their richest gifts bestow'd,
To adorn the man, and form the saint of God:
He seem'd design'd, by the Almighty hand,
To sound the gospel trumpet through the land.
His deep discernment, and his ready wit,
And native eloquence, pronounce him fit

To
Tha
His
To p
It se
To s
Like
Elde
To fe
From
His
Again
Whe
And i
Sediti
Infer
Th' un
Procla
Cov
Nor leg
Waitin
To lay
Alone,
Una w
leekne
While
Persuas
Fall sof
He quel
Taught
Were sa
The hom
Heav
Peace to
Submiss