

Would it not have been better, we are ready to ask, that he should be called away by a sudden death?—No! for to God, it seemed otherwise: and, although he was for several days previous to his dissolution, able to say little, and although it was difficult, toward the close of life, to excite in him any sensible apprehension: yet since, if ever he was roused to any portion of his former energy, it was when the chord of religion was touched; since there was something within which answered to that sound, when all besides was silent—the testimony, thus given, was neither unsatisfactory, nor unimportant.—How strong, in his mind, must have been the influence of that heavenly principle, which, amidst the wreck of his mental as well as bodily powers, could still survive and still give proof of its existence!\*

And shall we be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in Jesus? *I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: from henceforth—Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.* It becomes us to be thankful, in the behalf of our Brother, that he now rests from all his anxieties; that the cares and conflicts, and vexations of life, can disturb him no more. Some of these trials were deeply painful; but if we could ask what now are his thoughts of them, and what are his

present sentiments of the course which he pursued, would he tell us, think you, that he repented of his devotedness to the cause of piety and truth?—that, if his days could be recalled, he would be less active, less zealous, less persevering? Does he wish that he had listened more to the voice of man, and less to that of conscience?—that, instead of consecrating his talents to the highest purposes, he had employed them to secure worldly distinctions and worldly emoluments? Did he, while yet struggling with the evils of mortality, record, in the very midst of his trials, how sweet it was to have toiled in this work? And does he repent of his exertions and his sacrifices, now that he rests from his labours, and his works do follow him? If it were no subject of regret to him in this world, is it such in the world to which he is gone? Oh, if we could at present perceive, as we shall know hereafter, the vanity and emptiness of all earthly things, when contrasted with those which are spiritual and eternal; how earnestly should we seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness! and how trifling would all other objects appear, when compared with the great object of promoting the glory of God!

To him, whom we now bear in our affectionate recollection, we are well persuaded that to die was gain.—Our's is the loss; and how deeply it is felt, this present assembly can witness. But shall we mourn then for the great cause to which his labours were devoted?—and especially for that Institution which is now deprived of his services? Did the success of it depend upon human talent or human energy, the loss might indeed be irreparable; but whatever becomes of the agents of the Society, if it have the sanction of God it cannot fail to prosper. Whatever be the fate of the Society itself, the work which it has so successfully laboured

\* "The last words," says one of his surviving Colleagues, the Rev. Joseph Hughes, in a Sermon preached on occasion of Mr. Owen's death, "which he spoke in my hearing, were—'Those are the things!—those are the things!—in allusion to the words which I had just cited, *Thou shalt guide me with Thy council, and afterwards receive me to glory*—meaning, as it was natural for me to conclude, that to him worldly subjects had lost their savour; and that he wished to be engaged, as far as his debilitated faculties would permit, in the contemplation of God, Eternity, and Heaven!"