

Long, dear Brethren, might we this morning dwell on pleasing reminiscences of that venerable man whose form was familiar to us as the scenery around us, and whose voice as the ripple of the waters which lave our shores. We might recall those features of his character which so much contributed to that geniality which he carried wherever he went; his love for nature; his gentleness towards all the brute creation, and his carefulness that they should be kindly treated; his admiration of all the works of God in the forest and the field. You know how he loved the trees, and planted them everywhere, watching their growth with the utmost interest, and thinking of the grateful shade they would offer to the little children that he loved so well long years after he had gone. May each of the thousands that he planted on earth be an emblem of a tree of the Lord's right hand planting through him in the Paradise above!

The work is over. He is at home. The silver chord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, and the mourners go about the streets because he has gone to his long home. Dear Brethren, let him preach to you now as he never preached before,—let his fresh grave speak out the solemn warnings which he so often uttered here, "Prepare to meet thy God." "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." Unbelievers! tho' ye loved him for his own sake, ye did not while he lived heed his invitation to come to Christ and so love him for his master's sake; recall his message now—give your hearts and lives to that Jesus of whom he preached, that ye may follow him whither he has gone. Believers, forget not his counsel and his instruction. They were drawn from the pure word of God—the well spring of the living water. Seek, as he would have you seek, the Holy spirit's in-dwelling in

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