

Let me not here be misunderstood. I am very far from taking to myself the only credit for the things of which I have just been speaking—the growth of the congregation and the improvement of the community. All I mean to suggest is, that, perhaps, they may afford some indication that my ministry among you has not been altogether barren or unfruitful, but has been marked by some tokens of the Master's presence and blessing. These, however, even if they exist, are not the things on which I wish, at this time, or at any time, to dwell. Rather does it become me, as I think of my failures, my imperfections, my shortcomings, my sins, to say with the Psalmist of old: "I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before me," and to look only for mercy, even as it is written: "It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

It is time, and more than time to end—but a few words yet remain to be said.

I will not utter the word *farewell*, for I remember, that, in a sense, I will still be your minister, and I hope, for what time may yet be granted me, to live and go in and out among you. Whatever help, I need hardly say, it may be in my power to render you, as individuals or as a congregation, will be most cheerfully given. But still it remains true, that my relation to you—as it has hitherto existed—this day comes to an end. My desire and prayer for you is that of Moses for God's people of old: "Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children; and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it." May "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all."

There is this other word, also, I have to say: There is much, very much—it seems to me—in your present condition, which should move you to thank God, and take courage, which should fill you with confidence and hope. Not the least of these, is this—that though I am leaving you, you are not thereby