

Death of Stephen H. Gloucester.

We did not learn till after the last citizen had been printed, of the death of Mr. Gloucester. We did not see him while we were in Philadelphia, on account of his absence and illness at Reading, whither he had gone to attend to some business in behalf of the colored Presbyterian Church in that place. While there, a very severe attack of Pleuritis afflicted him, from the most active symptoms of which he was promptly relieved. When the friends of Mr. G. were led to hope for his speedy and complete recovery, he telegraphed warned him of his relapse. From that relapse he was never delivered, but breathed his last on Tuesday, the 21st ult., in the 48th year of his age.

In many matters it was our duty seriously and honestly, though kindly and frankly to differ from Mr. Gloucester. But this did not at all interrupt our social relations, and friendly intercourse. We were always, personally, friends. And no man is a whit more ready than are we to award to the deceased the praise of many virtues, among which untiring energy, and indomitable perseverance, were not the least. Our differences are buried in the same grave with the mortal remains of the deceased.

Mr. Gloucester was the son of Rev. John Gloucester, the founder and for many years Pastor of the Seventh st. Presbyterian church, and brother to Rev. Jeremiah Gloucester, who was for many years Pastor of the church now known as the Second or St. Mary st. church. The father and the two sons, all of the same faith and the same sacred calling, are, we trust at home, and at rest, in the arms of the same Savior.

It is somewhat a sad and melancholy consolation to us that our last visit to Philadelphia gave us the privilege of occupying the pulpits once filled with great ability by the Three Gloucesters. We take great pleasure in commending the church, and the family of our deceased brother to the consolations of that Gospel, and its Author, whence the bereaved and the sorrowing can always derive an abundant share of solace and comfort, and support and the afflictive dispensations of the Wisest One.

May all of us who survive remember that what our hand findeth to do we should do with our might now, for the days are evil, and the time is short.

So teach us to number our days as to apply our hearts unto wisdom.