

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL

OF

JAMES COUPER, M. D.,

AT NEW CASTLE, DELAWARE,

On Thursday, August 17, 1865.

BY

GEORGE BURROWES, D. D.

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A MEMORIAL

OF

JAMES COUPER, M. D.

NEW CASTLE, June 27, 1867.

MY DEAR MRS. KERR :

I would beg to express to you my thanks for the memorial of your sainted Mother in heaven. Though I had the melancholy pleasure of hearing it when delivered, I will prize it as a remembrancer of one whom I revered and loved. DR. SPOTSWOOD'S sketch of her character is beautiful, just, and finished ; and a touching expression of the affection cherished by the good pastor towards his flock, which, when thus hallowed and mellowed by years, becomes one of the most precious earthly rewards and consolations gathered amid the discouragements and trials of a life of pastoral toil. The getting-up of the whole thing is perfect. No urn ever placed by Roman affection on a parent's tomb was so beautiful and touching an offering of filial love.

I have never known an old age and a death in which all things combined so harmoniously, as in the case of your mother, to call for unmingled thankfulness and praise. There, truly, death was swallowed up in victory. When youth is struck down in its promise, or womanhood in its prime, and around are strewn the wreck of disappointed hopes, purposes unaccomplished, and duties unfinished, we contemplate the wreck with sadness, even though the grave be despoiled of its victory, and death of its sting. But, here, every end of life had been accomplished, every purpose fulfilled, every duty done. To her had been pre-eminently fulfilled the prayer, "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me." Longer than Israel in the wilderness had she followed God fully along the entire road of the heavenward pilgrimage. Every earthly relation of the true woman had she sustained, and its duties discharged with a quietness and energy grace only can give ; and with a gentleness and completeness

which in this world of weakness is seldom equalled, never surpassed. Her natural disposition seemed to be moulded as a medium for a special manifestation of the gentleness and loveliness of the grace of Jesus. Even the earthly investment of her soul seemed assimilated to the fineness and delicacy of the nature dwelling within. And when these natural endowments were enlivened, purified, and ennobled by the grace of the Holy Spirit, they bodied forth a character of unusual attractive loveliness—

The mould
Of earth was so transparent, that the flame
Of God's blest Spirit burning on her heart,
Shone softly luminous on all around.

In her life was embodied eminently "the meekness and gentleness of Christ." On no female heart ever rested more beautifully "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." No human eye gazing on any coronet of queenly majesty and beauty, ever had such pleasure as that experienced by those who beheld set in her soul the purer, richer gems of "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, faith, meekness." Gal. v. 22. No human character was ever more sweetly "Pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." James iii. 17. Never have I felt, more fully than in contemplating her later years, the attractiveness of the promise, "They shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy." Rev. iii. 4.

All whose happiness was to know her, felt the preciousness of her example, of her influence, and of her friendship. Her pastor has testified to her singular excellence as an ornament of the religion of Jesus. Her friends will henceforth feel heaven more attractive, since there they shall be permitted to renew the severed attachments of earth, and find undying companionship with the spirits of the just made perfect, among whom she will rise before their memories and their hearts as a bright peculiar star amid those morning stars of light and love. The beauty of

her character consisted in her being every whit a woman, and in moving in woman's own peculiar sphere. As a true woman, all her endowments of nature and of grace shone forth with greatest beauty in that truest sphere of woman, her home. "Her children did indeed rise up and call her blessed." This fallen world has surely never seen a home more beautiful than that in which for so many years, amid the deepening shades of old age, she, like that brightest star of the Northern Crown of the autumnal sky, among the lesser stars of that brilliant constellation, was the central point of attraction and love among her children and children's children. Those who were privileged to witness the affection, the duty, the devotion of that sacred circle, feel that to witness this was a joy seldom found on earth; and those permitted to gather, as one of them, with her at the feet of Jesus in prayer in that sacred chamber, feel this was a privilege seldom equalled on this side of heaven.

Thus compassed with those who loved her better than they loved their own soul; amid the affection and devotion of daughters; the fond love and duty of sons; with the tender affection and revering hearts of children's children; did she, leaning on the arm of her Beloved and her Friend, go up from this wilderness towards the green pastures and living fountains of waters of the heavenly Canaan. Her end was according to her works. Her hope was calm, sweet, and buoyant in the confidence of a child-like trust. She did herein fulfil the words of Jesus, and "receive the kingdom of God as a little child." How calmly sweet the confidence with which, amid the very shades of death, she whispered, "I have no hope but in the merits of the blood of Jesus." Surrounded with everything to make earth attractive, among which the things supplied by wealth were seen, however desirable, to be O how little in comparison with the blessings lavished on her from the wealth of the affections of so many loving hearts—she went up to the mountain to die, not alone like Moses, but to meet her Lord in His glory on the mount of

transfiguration ; and on that mount to meet under the excellent glory those who were dearer to her than Moses and Elijah, her husband and sons among the saints in light.

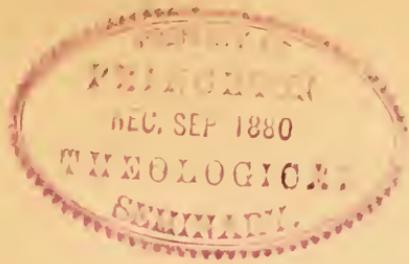
There, as she had thus gone up followed by her weeping children on earth, and stood before her Redeemer in glory, meeting there her loved ones gone before, she might truly say, "Lord, here am I and the children whom thou hast given me." And how sweetly and gently did she fade away into glory. As I have seen the moon on a clear winter's morning in her delicate silvery brightness, walking together with the morning star on the verge of the brightening dawn, till at length lost from view amid the full light of day—so did she seem, in the pure, clear beauty of holiness to walk with Jesus, "the bright morning star," above this earth, on the verge of the brightening dawn of heaven, till at last disappearing from human view, as o'er her released spirit did the day break and the shadows flee away. With her, God's dealings were, indeed, a dispensation of love. As with Christiana, in Bunyan's Pilgrim, at the time of her departure, "The token was an arrow with a point sharpened with love." And as with weeping friends I came back from her grave, I felt I could say of her as Bunyan says of Christiana : "She entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband had entered with before her. At her departure, the children wept, but Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy."

You will excuse this long letter ; and allow me to say, in conclusion, "Whose faith follow." With my kindest regards and prayers, my dear Mrs. Kerr, for you and for all whom you love, believe me, as ever,

Very truly yours in the Lord Jesus,

GEO. BURROWES.

Mrs. ANN C. KERR.



DISCOURSE.

CAUGHT UP INTO PARADISE.—II. Corinthians 12: 4.

FRIENDS, brethren and companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ—As we have here gathered to walk with a dearly beloved friend, far as human footsteps are permitted to go, down into the valley of the shadow of death, and there bid him, so far as relates to earth, a final adieu; let us lift our eyes, red with weeping, away from the dark shadows and chill dews of the grave in which he disappears from view, and look upwards to that world of glory into which he has already emerged to “shine as a star and as the brightness of the firmament forever and ever.” As we stand here weeping, we hear a voice, not indeed like that addressed to the disciples gazing after “Jesus our elder brother, the first begotten from the dead,” as he was ascending to his father and our father, to his God and our God; but a voice like the great voice heard from heaven in the apocalyptic vision, saying to our weeping spirits—“Caught up into Paradise.”

He has been caught up into heaven as a distinct place. St. Paul says that himself was caught up into heaven. But for guarding against the error of looking on heaven as a state merely, and not a place, he repeats

that he was caught up into Paradise—into heaven as distinctly a locality as Eden was a locality on earth. It is the same place of which Jesus spake to the penitent on the cross, “Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.” Luke 23: 43. It is called paradise for showing that the souls of departed saints are in a place where they enjoy a perfection of blessedness and a manifestation of the glory and presence of God, which can find its only representation to human minds in the paradise where our first parents dwelt, before the entrance of sin, under the cloud of light, the brightness of the Father’s glory.

The saints are caught up to this glory. They go up to this place as the prophet went up in the chariot and horses of fire. We lose much by thinking these facts of the Scriptures are miraculous and can never be repeated now. The material form of the thing may never be repeated to mortal eyes; but the spiritual truth that material fact was intended to teach, may be, and must be, constantly repeated. The types have ceased; the divine truth embodied in those types lives and abides forever in the history and experience of the saints in every age. The fact of the translation of Elijah, like the types, is a representation to the human senses, of a glorious truth which is realized in the death of every believer. The soul of every dying saint finds waiting for his conveyance to Paradise that which is to the disembodied soul what the chariot of fire was to the body of the ascending prophet. How generally in thinking of death, are we apt to feel with the servant of the prophet, “Alas, my master! how shall we do?” But when

the Lord opens our eyes at death, we shall be as when "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." 2 Ki. 6: 17. The ministry of angels runs through the whole of the Scriptures. The angels were with Jesus from Bethlehem to Gethsemane and his resurrection. The beggar died and was carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom. "The angel of the Lord—the angelic soldiery of the living God—encampeth round about them that fear him; and delivereth them." Ps. 34: 7.

Now, therefore, the death of the saints is no accident. They are sent for, caught up. There has been no night when there has not been a guard of angels around this christian home. But could our eyes have been opened on the night before the last Sabbath, we must have seen, not a falling star, but the chariot and horses of fire falling from heaven and stopping at this threshold. In addition to the ordinary picket guard of angels stationed here, we would have seen a battalion of this soldiery of heaven in their armor of light, the escort ordinarily detailed for a prince of the kingdom, waiting for the coming out of this heir of heaven, this king and priest unto God, from the walls of this earthly house of his tabernacle. There stood they waiting in quietness, when, faithful as a good servant in duty to the last, he came in wearied from his last professional call, and closed the duties of a laborious life, as a priest of his household by the evening sacrifice of prayer at the altar of his loved and peaceful home. There stood that escort of angels waiting; there stood Jesus; but the

eyes of our friend, like the eyes of the disciples of old, were holden that he should not see them. The words describing the prophet's translation are well nigh a description of his own. With friends beloved he talked almost to the last. "And it came to pass as they still went on and talked, that, behold, a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and parted them asunder; and he went up into heaven." 2 Ki. 2 : 11. Calm in the blessed peace of his father's God, he laid his weary head on his pillow; but ere sleep had sealed his senses, —unheard by mortal ears, a trumpet blown by angel lips sounded at his door. Like a good soldier sleeping on his armor, he knew the sound and sprang to meet the summons. But this time the master had called not to a midnight pilgrimage of mercy to some sick-bed of the poor; but to enter as a prince and conqueror the chariot of fire; to be caught up into paradise; to meet the blessing, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Matt. 25 : 23. When the Sabbath dawned—

"There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, calm as in sleep, he lay;
But from the sky serene and far,
A voice came like a falling star—
Excelsior!" with Jesus!

Thus caught up into Paradise, he is present with Jesus. Absent from the body, we are present with the Lord. We are thus caught up in order that we may be with Jesus. For such the prayer is offered in heaven—
"Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my

glory." Jno. 17 : 24. The road of light along which that escort around this chariot of fire passed away to heaven, was,

"The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness."

It was the same highway travelled by Jesus with the penitent thief from Calvary; the same travelled in every age by apostles and saints; the same along which nearly six and twenty years ago, his own father in whose footsteps this beloved son followed so faithfully to the last, passed away to glory. It was that new[^] and living way opened for us into the holiest by the blood of Jesus; the highway, "The way of holiness," along which "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Thus caught up to Jesus in paradise, they are in perfect blessedness. "Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Ps. 16 : 11. If some traveller returned from the ends of the earth should bring word that the old original Paradise in Eden had been discovered, how thrilling would be the tidings. Better still, if a path of light were found by which it could be reached on some green isle of a tropic summer sea, and we could enter its gates no longer guarded by cherubim and flaming sword, there to enjoy a heritage, a home on its evergreen meadows, its sunny hills, and gather with our own hands the living fruits of an im-

mortal health and undying youth from the boughs of the tree of life. And if we had a friend so happy as to reach that heritage, would we, could we, ever be so selfish as to wish him to leave it and return to the cold realities and withering sorrows of this outer world? No: no. Never: never. But the same heavenly herald that came with the summons for our departed friend, has left for our consolation these words written by the finger of God—"To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." Rev. 2: 7. Whatever may be the precise state of things in heaven, it is enough for us to know that the departed saints are enjoying a blessedness transcending that of the paradise in Eden, and which can be best illustrated by the joys of that earthly paradise.

Being caught up to be thus with Jesus, they there abide with Him, like the penitent thief from the cross, and return with their King to receive their bodies again in the resurrection. Enoch was translated for showing that the bodies no less than the souls of men shall reach heaven. To this testimony in the patriarchal age, was added that of the translation of Elijah under the Mosaic dispensation. Under the gospel, for continuing unbroken the line of testimony, through the different dispensations, to this crowning truth of our redemption, St. Paul was caught up into Paradise for seeing that the bodies of the redeemed reach heaven; that the body of Jesus is there, and the bodies of the translated few as the first fruits of redemption completed. From this personal view, he was able to speak with even greater confidence in the triumphant testimony he bears in the fifteenth

chapter of First Corinthians to the truth of the resurrection from the dead. Nature did not first teach this truth; but nature is full of utterances and characters which this truth alone enables us to interpret. To the resurrection of the body are we pointed every morning on awaking from sleep. Even amid the gloom of heathenism, reason saw the analogy between death and sleep. Homer says—

“She speeds to Lemnos o’er the rolling deep,
And seeks the cave of Death’s half-brother, Sleep.”

How beautiful the confirmation of this doctrine, by the spring whose thousand voices proclaim from every hill-top, and from every valley, and from every cloud in rainbow hues, “Thy brother shall rise again;” by the flowers, themselves raised by almighty power from the dead, whose breath of fragrance repeats, and whose tiny bells ring out in silver-peals pure as those in Paradise, the utterance first heard on Judea’s hills, “I am the resurrection and the life.” These sweet-toned heralds, angels in the material drapery of earth, does the redeeming creator send forth year by year into every flowery valley and every blossoming tree to confirm to us by their analogical testimony this glorious truth, disclosed to us by revelation, demonstrated by the logic of St. Paul an eye-witness to its reality in Paradise, and overwhelmingly confirmed to us by example in the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. O this cold clay, this is not the last of our loved and cherished friend. This mouldering dust is but the germinal elements from which shall spring at the word of Him who brought the brother of Mary and Martha from the dead,

a glorious body like unto the body borne by Jesus in glory, in the midst of the throne, crowned with many crowns, the last and richest of them all his crown of triumph over death and the grave. By the arm of Jesus has the soul of this departed saint been caught up from the toils, and weariness, and infirmities, and cares, and sorrows of earth, to the bosom of Jesus, a star on the breast of that kingly conqueror, there to await the return of Jesus to earth for completing our redemption by the resurrection of our bodies from the grave.

Who then can misunderstand me when I say, that amid our tears we have ground for rejoicing. We bless our father's God for such a gift as that of our departed friend, in whom was embodied such loveliness, such excellence, such usefulness. Instead of murmuring now at the recall of this precious legacy, we thank the Father of mercies that it was so long continued. We pour out our souls in thankfulness amid our tears, for the grace of the Holy Spirit who made this good man what he was; and made us so long partakers of the benefits of his labors, the riches of his example, and the preciousness of his friendship. Why should I here, amid the friends of his childhood; among those who for more than forty years have been witnesses of his daily professional life; among those who during nearly a quarter of a century, must have so often thought of Enoch, as you beheld his quiet and consistent walk with God;—why should I, in such a gathering, stop to dwell on his character? To those who had not the happiness to know him, the words of truth and

affection might seem overdrawn; while to those who have so long felt the power of his goodness and love, the same words may seem tame and below the truth. Under the effects of a blow so sudden and stunning, the heart and hand of friendship fail in such an office.

He possessed all the elements which nature and cultivation combine to blend in the man of gentleness and refinement. He was a man of the most delicate sensibility, the most scrupulous justice, and the most refined sense of honor. So exquisitely was his nature attuned to all that is pure, and lovely, and honorable, and of good report, that he shrank from the very shadow of wrong, from the very breath of untruth; and this delicacy of sensibility, while making him a man of pure elevation and the finest character, was the cause of much suffering in a world of such rough antagonism and unscrupulous policy. Judging others with justice and gentleness, he felt proportionally the ungenerous judgments of natures of a rougher and more selfish mould. His whole standard of duty and honor was not indeed too high for justice and truth, but too high for the peace of a sensitive nature in such a callous world. He embraced in the word honor, not merely the few ragged elementary principles adopted by the irreligious world into their code; but gathering up these as simple primary elements, he blended them with the full finished teaching and morality of the honor that cometh from God. His was an honor refined and exalted by the truth and spirit of holiness. His conscience was sensitive to the most delicate shades of right and wrong; equally keen in its discriminations and judgments;

gently firm and unsparing of self in its decisions; and inflexibly unyielding in carrying out its determinations. No task-master's eye, no stimulus from public sentiment, no goading from personal pride and vanity, was ever needed for keeping him faithful to duty. In him, conscience sensitive, refined, and enlightened, had control supreme. And thus instructed, his conscience embraced in its grasp, judged, and urged to the performance of, the whole compass of duties incumbent on the well balanced man. This inward moral power guiding, controlling, and prompting, made him a man of public spirit in all things relating to the good of his neighborhood and his native State; made him a pure, right-minded, unswerving patriot; and kept in healthful, judicious, vigorous exercise his large natural benevolence, which with a conscience less clear and penetrating in its apprehensions, and less strong in its controlling power, must have made him a man of immeasurably fewer and less valuable works of charity and mercy. He had a natural love for benevolence from the pleasure enjoyed in its exercise. He never sent the needy empty away, even when self-sacrificing effort was necessary for their relief.

His christian character followed the law of our being in taking its coloring from the peculiarities of his natural disposition. In him, nature, education, and culture had laid a noble foundation for the development of grace. Two and twenty years ago, the Holy Spirit made him feel that he needed more than his spotless morality and blameless life to fit him for Heaven. He had hitherto been to his friends a living commentary

on the young man whom Jesus loved, though constrained to say to him, "One thing thou lackest." He hearkened to this divine utterance in his soul; and instead of turning away sorrowful, took up his cross and followed his Lord. He kept back no part of the price; he brought his all and laid it at the feet of Jesus. On a character of such moral excellence, the hand of his Redeemer placed the gift of holiness through atoning blood, as "a crown of pure gold on his head." In laying the foundations of his religious life, he dugged deep, and built upon the rock of ages. Quiet, calm, and conscientious, with his heart broken by the sense of sin, and his eye filled with contrition's tear, as we were thrown together as friends, he took my hand and asked me of Jesus. The scene is still fresh in my memory, as though it were yesterday. I never expect to meet a case of repenting manhood, more interesting and beautiful. While thus he inquired, there was not the earthquake, not the fire; it was the still small voice; and when he heard, like the prophet veiling himself with his mantle, he covered his face in contrition at his Saviour's feet, and felt spoken to his soul the words, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Thus in Christ Jesus, he was a new creature. All the native excellences of his character were refined and beautified by Heavenly grace; like a transparency or alabaster vase lighted up within, his soul showed its former features invested with new loveliness.

He held the faith "in simplicity and Godly sincerity." He was "an Israelite in whom there was no guile." Well balanced as were his powers, he showed the effect

of pious parents and pious education in the clearness, harmony, and consistency of his views of religious truth and duty. He was not a pious monstrosity with a religious affection or two of gigantic development on a spiritual constitution otherwise shrivelled and dwarfed. He was a symmetrical christian. He was of meek and lowly mind; a man of steady and consistent religious principle. He was not a man who talked much of his religious affections, though delighting to sit humbly as a learner at the feet of those having a deeper spiritual experience. He was not emotional and demonstrative in words. His religious affections, deep and earnest, were shown rather by calm, quiet action, by embodying in duty the principle, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Jno. 14: 15. He was not above the frailties of humanity. He was a man of like passions with ourselves. He had to struggle with the infirmities of nature within, and the trials—fiery trials to a nature so sensitive as his—to which the child of God is subject from without. He knew from bitter experience, what it meant by crucifixion to the world. Yet few christians have passed through this fiery process, and found so seldom as he, the weakness of nature to give way. In the words of Great-heart, in the Pilgrim's Progress—"We will leave the good man, he is at rest, he also had a brave victory over his enemy: let Him grant that dwelleth above, that we fare not worse when we come to be tried, than he."

Shrinking instinctively from seeming to be what he was not in reality, and coming to the duties of religion with his natural conscientiousness made more sensitive

by divine grace, he strove to walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. He would assume no responsibility which careful examination and prayer did not satisfy him he was capable of performing up to the requirements of his own elevated standard. The fact of his undertaking any duty was a guarantee it would be faithfully performed. He embraced in his feelings, efforts, and charities, all the benevolent operations of the church; and gave to them liberally according to his means. He was ready not only for every good work, but for devising liberal things. He was given to hospitality; and made the ministers of Jesus feel his house a home. He consecrated a due portion of his income to the Lord. No one thing lay nearer to his heart than that apostolic test of healthful piety, the cause of missions. He had hardly a purer earthly happiness than in adding to his information and increasing his interest in this apostolic work, by the grand testimonials borne thereto by one who had taken advantage of his position as a public man to know the whole truth from personal observation in heathen lands, to vindicate this cause at home, and to encourage its missionaries abroad; one whom he loved and mourned as a brother; from whom death separated him only a few short weeks; one whose memory we all love to cherish and honor; who must ever stand among the noblest of our patriots, among the foremost of our great naval commanders, among the purest and most accomplished of our public men—best of all, a true and humble christian—the gallant, the great, the good Dupont.

Attached to his own church by preference, convic-

tion, and education, with the liberality inseparable from all elevated and noble souls taught by the Spirit of God, he was glad to feel that the members of the true invisible fold of Christ are not confined to his own denomination, and hail as brother all, wherever found, in whom he could trace the features of his adored Lord. Intelligence, steadiness, consistency, liberality—all fused and enlivened by love to Jesus—were prominent in his christian life. Some persons have a piety—like the mountain torrent, at times overflowing from the passing shower, more frequently dry, dusty, desolate—now, sweeping and fiery in the denunciations of their dis-tempered zeal; now, fallen away even behind the moralities of the world. His piety was “the still stream that waters fairest meadows,” constant, gentle, full, fed from perennial springs beyond the reach of earth’s surrounding droughts, “the Holy Spirit within his soul as a fountain of water springing up into eternal life.” His piety was not like the empty flashes on a summer evening from the bosom of a cloud otherwise habitually in gloom. It was the vestal flame of old, kindled from heaven, faithfully tended, and ever burning constant, steady, and pure. Thus calm and clear did the current of his affections flow on deepening toward Heaven, until at last, when over his soul did the day break and the shadows flee away, his peace was found as a river and his righteousness as the waves of the sea. To the last did the love of Jesus leaven and quicken all his duties; to the last, was he “not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.” Rom. 12: 11. His last return from duty was less than two

hours before he was caught up into Paradise. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh, shall find so doing." Matt. 24: 46.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

"The cry at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

"His spirit with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay."

I have not time to do more than allude to him as a physician. None but a person of piety and a physician can do justice to his professional character. He was an active practitioner of medicine for more than one and forty years. He possessed the finest endowments for the profession which he adorned. His natural delicacy, his almost womanly modesty, his gentleness, his soothing voice, even his noiseless footstep, his delicate touch of the pulse; his quiet, earnest sympathy; his quick, instinctive, discriminating apprehension of disease from its earliest, slightest indications; his gentle tact in getting, without annoyance to the delicacy of the patient, the needed knowledge of symptoms and ailment; his cool, correct conclusions drawn from this knowledge often insufficient and perplexing—all pointed him out as a man rarely fitted for the sick-room and its ministrations of mercy. Other physicians who may possess a

measure of these endowments, are seldom found with that which in him gave all these things their crowning worth, and imparted to his qualifications an excellence seldom seen, the presence of that Spirit of "wisdom which is from above, pure, peaceable, gentle, full of mercy." James 3 : 17. He was an ornament to the medical profession; he was an ornament to the christian church. He was a physician of high and rare endowments refined and elevated by true religion. Such men ennoble our humanity amid all its common frailties; and in their character, mankind may feel an honorable pride.

He took a deep interest and pride in all that affected the honor and advancement of his profession. He was a member of the Convention which formed the National Medical Association; was chairman of the committee on medical education; and continued a member of the Association, useful and diligent, till his death. He had by nature and by culture the qualifications which, in a field where his talents could have had wider scope, would have placed him among the most prominent men of his calling. Few men combine, as did himself, the high qualities of the refined gentleman, the cultivated physician, and the humble christian. In his case, the prophet was not without honor in his own country. Let the households saved from bereavement; the pain alleviated, the sorrow assuaged, the precious lives saved from death, by his skill; the many poor on whom his labors were lavished without money and without price; the consternation felt in this community at the tidings of his death—let these things tell his skill, his faithful-

ness, his worth as a physician. When his skill failed in arresting disease, what other member of his profession succeeded? He not only attended with conscientious faithfulness, but studied with sleepless interest, doubtful and difficult cases. He was a model man; he was a model physician; he was a model christian. The band of professional brethren here gathered around him to carry him gently to his last resting-place, in heartfelt sorrow; the christian friends come from distant homes to follow him, in the silence of grief, to his sudden tomb; the poor and the aged who come with weeping eyes and tottering steps to take a last look of the loved and honored dead—these show the hold he has taken on those who knew him and were capable of appreciating his worth.

“When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavor,
 Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
 But where Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Followed thee up to joy and bliss forever.
 Love led them on, and Faith which knew them best,
 Thy handmaids, clothed them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew thus dressed,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bade thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure, immortal streams.”

Here, as the last words, may private feeling so far find utterance, as to thank our Father in heaven, that one who enjoyed, during nearly a quarter of a century, his confidence and friendship, has been brought by an

unseen hand, on a pilgrimage from the ends of the earth, to bear this testimony of truth, and lay this broken chain, this wreath of affection, wet with many tears, on his grave.