

SEP
92660

A SERMON

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE

REV. JOHN GRAY, D.D.,

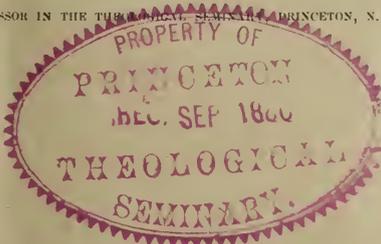
Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Easton, Pa.

PREACHED FEBRUARY 16, 1868.

BY

REV. W. HENRY GREEN, D.D.

PROFESSOR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, PRINCETON, N. J.



NEW-YORK :

JOHN A. GRAY & GREEN, PRINTERS, 16 AND 18 JACOB ST.

—
1868.

Respect of the

A SERMON

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE

REV. JOHN GRAY, D.D.,

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Easton, Pa.

PREACHED FEBRUARY 16, 1868,

BY

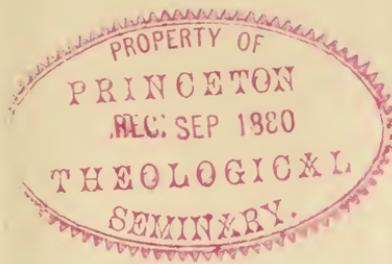
REV. W. HENRY GREEN, D.D.

PROFESSOR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, PRINCETON, N. J.

NEW-YORK :

JOHN A. GRAY & GREEN, PRINTERS, 16 AND 18 JACOB ST.

—
1868.



REV. W. H. GREEN :

EASTON, March 2, 1868.

DEAR SIR: Having listened with religious interest and melancholy pleasure to your excellent sermon preached in the First Presbyterian Church of Easton, commemorative of the life and services of its late lamented pastor, Rev. Dr. Gray, and believing that its publication would be for the general good, we earnestly and respectfully solicit a copy for the press.

WILLIAM A. KERR,
M. H. JONES,
J. W. LONG,
J. S. RODENBAUGH,
SAMUEL BOILEAU,

P. F. EILENBERGER,
DERRICK HULICK,
JAMES F. RANDOLPH,
JOHN T. KNIGHT,
JOHN DRAKE.

PRINCETON, March 5, 1868.

REV. W. A. KERR and Messrs. M. H. JONES, P. F. EILENBERGER, and others:

GENTLEMEN: In compliance with the request of your note, I place the sermon at your disposal.

Yours truly,

W. HENRY GREEN.

SERMON.



ZACHARIAH 1 : 5.—“THE PROPHETS, DO THEY LIVE FOREVER?”

It is astonishing to what an extent our practical beliefs are moulded by our desires rather than by the evidence before us or within our reach. Men will not believe what they do not wish to be true. It might be supposed, prior to experience, that no conviction could be more deeply rooted in the human heart than that all men must die. The Word of God distinctly and emphatically declares it. The constant and uniform experience of mankind confirms it, and yet there are few who practically believe it in application to themselves. While no sane man can dispute a truth so palpable, all tacitly except themselves from its operation, or make their admission so vague and indeterminate that it amounts to a practical denial.

And next in prevalence to that incredulity which will not admit the thought of dying ourselves, is that which refuses to believe it possible that those to whom we fondly cling, or whose lives seem to us most necessary, can die. But no exception will be made to the common lot of humanity, whether for us individually, or for those whom we deem most essential, or for whom we would plead most earnestly that they might be spared. No exception will be made even for the sake of God's own cause in the world. Its staunchest defenders and most strenuous promoters must in their turn succumb to the

same fate with the rest of men. God's own chosen and honored instruments are taken away, regardless of the interests bound up in their life, and of the warm affections and fond hopes which have clustered about them. The great Architect lays his hands with seeming violence on the pillars of the house which he is himself erecting, as though reckless of the extent to which its beauty and stability might be marred by their removal.

The prophets did not live forever. They served each his generation by the will of God, then fell successively asleep. The Lord Jesus himself submitted to the stroke of death; his sacred abode on earth amounted to no more than the bare average of human life. And in the prospect of his departure he said to his amazed and sorrowing disciples, "It is expedient for you that I go away." After this, for whom shall we expect or solicit exemption? This rivets the absolute universality of the law of death. The conqueror of the king of terrors himself was obliged to pass through the portals of the grave; and he leads the whole of his victorious host through the same gloomy passage.

The best and the holiest, the most honored and the most useful, fulfil their appointed term, then pass from the stage of life undistinguished from the common herd. The great leveller lays his unsparing hand with frightful impartiality on all. The servants of God are cut down in the prime of life, or when they are just budding into usefulness, or, like our venerated father recently laid to rest, they come to their grave in full age like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.

And now the marvel is, that of such frail and perishable materials Christ builds his church, against which, he has declared, the gates of hell shall never prevail. When men build for immortality, they select the most

enduring materials they can find, and compact them together in a rigid, unyielding mass. And yet their efforts are mocked by wasting time. Their proudest structures crumble into dust. Their monuments are heaps of ruins given over to decay. But when God would rear an earthly temple to his praise, that shall last as long as the sun and moon endure, he chooses for the purpose what is and remains transient and fleeting, whose apt emblem is the vanishing cloud and the fading flower. Of all the living stones that at present compose the church of God on earth, there is not one which must not shortly be removed, leaving an unsightly gap, unless another shall be fitted to its place. There is not one particle in the entire structure that is permanent; not one that shall be suffered to continue. The whole body of materials, out of which it has been wrought, is in constant flux. How can aught that is stable be so constructed? What is there to assure us that it shall not suddenly crumble into atoms or vanish out of sight? In spite of any apparent strength it may have gained, how can any confidence be reposed in its perpetuity? Is it not, from its very constitution, inherently unsubstantial? If, like the rainbow, it needs to be every moment renewed, what matters it though it may have extended its beautiful arch until it spans the sky, and its base seems to be firmly planted on the ground? May it not be similarly short-lived, and melt away, even while we gaze admiringly upon it?

If there were any exceptions to this changing and perishable nature of the constituents of God's great edifice, our faith might be less sorely tried. If only the divine Corner-stone himself, on which the whole reposes, had but remained visibly in the world. Or, if when the Master himself withdrew,

he had committed to angels who are not subject to death, the work of maintaining and promoting his cause on earth as long as the world stands. Or if, making men his agents, he had exempted his own people from the common law of mortality, so that every stone built into this structure might stand where he had placed it, to the end of time, and each accession might be so much actual and permanent increase, instead of being merely a temporary addition, which would soon go to swell the magnitude of antecedent losses, that there might be nothing to countervail. Or, if at least apostles and prophets might live forever; if there might be something that was permanent; some buttress that need not fall nor crumble to decay; some portion of the materials that could abide fixed and defy the ravages of time, it might assist our faith.

But when we look upon the church of God in the world, as it actually is, made up of dying men; and see its gallant defenders mown down in their ranks, and know of a surety that the lapse of a single generation will carry all that now compose the church to their graves, what is there to prevent the anxious fear, that she, too, may experience the same fate which has overtaken or is destined to overtake all that is merely human? What is there to forbid the apprehension that she may not be able to sustain this constant waste, to repair this incessant damage, to make up these never-ending losses, and she, too, may in consequence fall into ultimate decay?

There would be less room for apprehension if the church of God in the world were sustained and extended by miracle, and the human means and agencies employed had only a seeming, not a real value and efficiency. I am not sure but the confidence we

think we entertain of the perpetuity and progress of God's earthly kingdom is sometimes built on this unsubstantial foundation; and what we flatter ourselves is faith in the unfailing word of promise, may be a presumptuous hope built on a mistake and a delusion. The old Docetæ imagined that the body of Christ was but a phantasm; that it existed in appearance only, not in fact; that it was not an actual material organization, but only seemed to be; it was not real flesh and blood, needing to be sustained by nutriment, and subject to the ordinary laws of life and growth, but the mere veil or cover of the divinity within. I am not sure but we sometimes revive this ancient heresy in application to Christ's mystical body, withdrawing it to an unwarranted extent from the laws and the conditions of its earthly existence, forgetting that, though it is the habitation of God through the Spirit, it is possessed of a true humanity, its members are still men like other men, and the laws of our ordinary human nature are not, in their case, and will not be, for their sake, altered or suspended. The efficiency of its operations depends upon the judicious adaptation of means to ends, and the energetic employment of the agencies requisite to attain results, just as truly as in the case of any purely human organization. If we imagine that, in some unexplained, mysterious way, the immediate operation of God will supply the defect of human instrumentalities, or do away with the necessity of human activity and effort, we are laboring under a delusion. If, when the Lord's prophets die, and good men are taken away, we remain unaffected, because we do not appreciate the magnitude of the loss which his cause has suffered in their withdrawal, this does not so much evidence our strength of faith as show that we do not see the occasion that there is for the exercise of faith.

While it is a blessed truth that God is carrying on his own work in the church and in the world, and that he may be relied upon to secure its ultimate completion, and that we can not expect too much from this omnipotent coöperation, if only its nature be rightly apprehended, it is nevertheless a possible, and perhaps a common error, to take too exclusive or one-sided a view of the divine agency in this matter, without paying due regard to the method of God's working, and the laws which he has prescribed for his own supernatural acting. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but it is God who gives the increase. It does not, however, follow from this, that the increase will come as well without planting and watering as with it; or that unskilful, unseasonable, or scanty planting will be followed by the same returns as that which is properly performed; or that Paul was no more efficient in his Master's cause than a less highly endowed or less devoted workman would have been. God will not act, even in building up his own kingdom in the world, without human instrumentality, and this will be made efficient in direct proportion to its adaptation to the end desired and to the skill and energy with which it is employed.

The mystical body of Christ comes as truly under the operation of those laws by which the world is governed as did his material body. Its growth may be advanced or retarded. It is liable to injury, mutilation, disease, and death. There will be no miraculous intervention to suspend these laws in favor of the one any more than there was in the case of the other. Unless the seed of the word is sown, there will be no ingathering of converts. If the means of grace are not employed, and the agencies of evangelization are not

made use of, the Gospel will not make progress among men.

When gallant champions fall, the cause which they defended suffers, and there is no magic or enchantment to repair the loss. It can only be done by new zeal or fresh enlistments. If, when the leader is slain, his followers, instead of suffering themselves to be intimidated or driven back, shall be roused by it to deeds of yet more desperate valor, they may convert disaster into victory. And if this church shall be stirred up, by the removal of one who has for so many years spoken to you the word of God, to pay more earnest heed to those counsels which you shall hear from his lips no more, maintain a closer walk with God and be more active in doing his will, he will not have died in vain.

And if my brother, the successor of this man of God in ministering in these sacred courts, shall catch the inspiration which such nearness to eternity should give; and if the ministerial associates of our venerated father in this town, in the presbytery and elsewhere, shall heed the providential warning, which calls them to greater diligence, as the day is waning fast, it will be as when Elijah was caught up in the chariot of fire, but a double portion of his spirit rested on him who was left behind.

And when men of God are falling thus on the right hand and the left; when fathers and brethren beloved and honored are summoned away from their work to their reward; when the intelligence comes, with startling frequency, of missionaries abroad and ministers at home dropping into their graves, while the Macedonian cry from a perishing world waxes louder and louder, are there none to spring to the rescue? none who will volunteer to swell the thinning ranks of the soldiers of

the cross, and, animated by love for Christ and love for dying men, will consecrate themselves upon the altar of God to the work of winning souls for Jesus? Who is there here that will be baptized for the dead? Who will fill the breach that the fell shaft of the destroyer has made? Who will say, Lord, here am I, send me?

Or, once more, the constant draft which death is making upon the materials and resources of the church might awaken less anxiety, if any natural means existed or could be devised of providing a fresh supply, adequate to meet or overcome it. This is, in fact, the normal condition of organic life. The composition of all living organisms is subjected to a constant process of excretion and incorporation. There is no part of our bodies but is undergoing continual change. Not a moment passes that this process of waste and repair is not going forward. Every beat of the heart, every breath marks a fresh removal of the old, a fresh accession of the new. Stop this process, and life is destroyed. Stagnation is death. To supply this constant waste, inseparable from vitality in material organizations, nature has appointed food. For each has been provided an abundant supply of its own appropriate nutriment. We accordingly see without alarm that every organ, every member of our bodies is momentarily losing, or casting away the substance of which it is composed; that their present constituents are wasting with the rapidity and certainty of sands dropping through the hour-glass, because we have in the food within our reach the means of their constant and ample repair. Deprive us of our needed aliment, and we must die of inanition.

And so with organizations of men. The individuals of which they are composed are removed by death; but if they are founded on a principle which makes its

secure appeal to the native passions and propensities of men, they possess an inherent force which will gather others around them, and thus perpetuate themselves from age to age. Empires founded on force, by inflaming the ambition of rulers and the popular love of glory, may continue to extend their conquests and to strengthen their dominion generation after generation. Governments intrenched in the affections of the people may grow in power as time advances. False religions, which offer the semblance of satisfaction to man's inward cravings, while they impose no restraint upon the evil passions of the heart, may maintain a lasting sway.

But the religion of the Gospel meets no such response from the corrupt nature of man. It is just what he needs; but it is not what he loves. The natural heart arrays itself against it. It is a hard saying to be required to forsake the world, to deny one's self and take up the cross, to crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts. Some, as they hear it, are filled with bitterness; others go away sorrowful. With all the light and truth and glory of the Gospel, not a human soul would ever be won to it by his native inclinations. The corrupt heart can not of itself rise to God. There is no inward force that can counteract its gravitation downward. Human nature can not reform itself. The notion that it can, involves the self-contradiction of the perpetual motion. A weight can not lift itself, nor a machine be self-propelled. The forces of nature can not rise above nature, nor impart a life, the elements of which it does not contain. No man can convert himself; nor can any agencies or methods, which man can originate or devise, quicken him who is dead in trespasses and sins.

What is there, then, to prevent the church from dying out in a generation? And when the Lord's prophets die, and good men are taken away, must not each departure be the presage of approaching dissolution to the body of which they have been a part? a fresh breach in an already tottering wall, that must soon and inevitably crumble to its base?

The answer is found in the immediate context of the passage before us: "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever? But my words and my statutes, which I commanded my servants the prophets, did they not take hold of your fathers?" The prophets die, but the word of the Lord endureth forever. And that word has an undying, unfailing efficacy. It took hold of your fathers, and it took hold of you, as it was proclaimed by God's servant now gone to his rest. It shall take hold of every successive generation till time shall be no more. All shall exemplify or experience its almighty energy. There is a power attending the word of God and its faithful proclamation to achieve the mightiest results.

The devoted minister of Christ wields an influence among his fellow-men, the contemplation of which fills me with awe. It is not to be measured by any ordinary standard. It can not be adequately estimated by computing his effectiveness in public discourse, his faculty of instructing, persuading, impressing, convincing his hearers; nor by recounting his qualities as a man, the excellence of his character with the moral weight thence derived, or those personal traits which give influence over others. All these gather their chief importance in his case from their subordination to something vastly higher, from their being taken into the service and made the vehicles of that which is the

grand distinction of the sacred office. The minister of Christ is the ambassador of God to men, beseeching them in his Master's name to be reconciled to Him, treating with them on matters of infinite concern. And he is not only thus commissioned from above to expound the will of God by uttering the words which the Lord has put in his mouth, but his is the awful, the mysterious prerogative of being an organ through whom God exerts his almighty power, a medium of the communication of divine, supernatural grace.

Superstition has clothed the ministers of religion with mysterious powers, and ignorantly fancied them to possess prerogatives never intrusted to mortal hands. And yet all that superstition has been able to invent, instead of exaggerating, falls below the greatness of the reality. They are instruments in the hand of Christ, which Christ employs, through which Christ acts in achieving the salvation of men. Their ministrations in public and in private are means of grace, channels through which the gracious power of God flows down to men. Their words of warning, or of entreaty, or of consolation, or of instruction are accompanied by the energy of the Holy Ghost, and by him made effectual to the conviction and conversion of sinners and to the edification of them that truly believe. It is theirs instrumentally to bring men to the knowledge of God and reconciliation with him, to lead them to the forgiveness of sins, to communion and a holy walk with their Creator and Redeemer, and to the immortal bliss of heaven.

This omnipotent, saving energy is imparted in connection with the ordinances of religion. It is not put forth apart from the divinely instituted means of grace, and is chiefly joined with their administration by the

living ministry. It is by the foolishness of preaching God saves them that believe. Even the written word apart from preaching produces comparatively small results. It is the Gospel as preached that is principally made efficacious to the salvation of men. It is the preaching of the Gospel that is the main hope of the church and of the world. This it is, which, by the attendant power of God and his converting grace, must preserve the church from extinction, when those who now constitute its membership are laid low. This it is, which shall ultimately make the Gospel everywhere triumphant and accomplish the conversion of the world.

The Lord's prophets do not live for ever, but the fruit which they bring forth shall remain, of souls redeemed from death, of the institutions of religion planted and sustained, of agencies for good set in operation, whose influence shall widen and increase until the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters covers the sea.

I say again, my thoughts are filled with awe as I reflect upon the greatness of the power committed to the minister of Christ, and the magnitude of the functions with which he is intrusted. I am struck with awe as I reflect upon what is comprehended in that ministry of four-and-forty years, which has been so recently terminated. What results have flowed from it for time and for eternity! What interests connected with the kingdom of Christ were bound up in it! Who can tell the bearings and the issues of such a ministry, or estimate them at their real worth? Forty-four years spent in regularly preaching the word of God week by week in this place! How many minds were brought permanently or occasionally under its

influence, whose course in life, whose destiny throughout eternity has been moulded by it? How many souls converted of which the books of this church contain no record? How many sorrowing hearts have here been comforted, the hesitating confirmed, the straying led back to the path of piety and peace, the timid encouraged, the despairing relieved, the tempted set free from Satan's snares? How many have been stimulated to a more active faith and a more devoted life? How many have come dejected and cast down to these sacred courts, have here recovered strength, and have gone away rejoicing in hope? How many have there been, whose hearts have burned within them during the breaking of bread or the exposition of the Scriptures? How many are now in heaven who look back with inexpressible emotions upon impressions received or sanctuary privileges enjoyed in the course of this ministry of almost half a century? Eternity alone can disclose it. The experiences of eternity alone can enable us to comprehend its magnitude or its worth.

REV. JOHN GRAY, D.D., was born December, 1798, in the County of Monaghan, in the north of Ireland. Deprived of a mother's care at an early age, he was taken to the residence of his maternal grandfather, who lived near the beautiful and romantic village of Clontiberit. Here he was kindly cared for by a pious and devoted Christian grandmother, and received, together with religious training, as good an education as the little village school could afford. He afterward attended the grammar school taught by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, who subsequently removed to this country and died in Philadelphia several years ago. When prepared for college, he was sent to the University of

Glasgow, in which celebrated seat of learning he remained for some time. Subsequently he attended the theological lectures of the distinguished Dr. John Dick.

While still young, Mr. Gray was licensed by the Presbytery of Monaghan, and preached as a probationer in various vacant congregations. But providentially meeting with the Rev. Duncan Dunbar, an agent of a missionary society in the province of New-Brunswick, a new direction was given to his thoughts, and he was induced to emigrate to America. He was married on the 8th day of October, 1820, and on the day following, accompanied by his bride, he bade adieu to his native land forever. They sailed from Londonderry in the ill-fated Halifax, Captain Craig, bound for New-York, which port she never reached. For more than six long months they were tossed about on the bosom of the stormy Atlantic. They suffered hunger and cold, sickness, the fear of death, and the dread of mutiny among the crew. At length, after narrowly escaping shipwreck, they were safely landed upon the island of Bermuda. Here they remained three weeks, when they once more embarked and again encountered storms. By the good providence of God, however, they arrived in the province of New-Brunswick, where Mr. Gray preached for about eighteen months. But finding the climate too cold, he left for the United States. Upon arriving in New-York, he joined himself to the Seceder Church, which was just about uniting with the Presbyterian body, and came over with it into the denomination in which he labored and died.

By a series of events, apparently fortuitous, he was led to this place, where he spent the remainder of his life. Easton was at that time a comparatively small

town. The Presbyterian Church had been organized about ten years before by the Presbytery of New-Brunswick. The number of its members had increased from thirty to seventy, in connection with the faithful labors of Rev. Mr. Boyer and Rev. David Bishop, who were successively stationed here as stated supplies. They had originally worshipped in the old court-house, which used to stand in the square in the centre of the town. From that they removed to this building, which was at first a small structure, but has since, by three successive enlargements, grown to its present dimensions. The weekly evening lectures were held in the academy, until, upon the first enlargement of the church, they were transferred to its basement, where they continued until the erection of the separate and commodious building now in use for that purpose. The only other churches then in the town were the Episcopal and the German Reformed, the latter being occupied by both the German Reformed and Lutheran congregations.

Dr. Gray was invited to preach in Easton in the month of September, 1822, and was ordained on the 3d of the following December by the Presbytery of Newton. After ministering to the congregation for six years as stated supply, he received a unanimous call to be their pastor, and was installed on the 8th of October, 1828. Few pastorates have been so prolonged as this was. During his residence here every church in this place, not excepting those most recently established, have changed their pastors, some of them several times. He ministered to this congregation in all forty-four years and four months, during which period he admitted to the church eleven hundred and sixty-one members, baptized nine hundred and fifty-three

persons, and married five hundred and nineteen couples.

It had been his cherished desire to die with his harness on in the active discharge of his ministerial duties. His health became so enfeebled, however, in the spring of 1866, as to disable him from the full performance of his parochial functions, and Rev. M. A. Depue was appointed his assistant. Upon the removal of the latter to Boston, Dr. Gray, whose health continued to decline, felt himself constrained, by his growing infirmities, to resign his office as pastor of the church. He took final leave of the people of his charge on the first Sabbath of April, 1867, in a very solemn and affecting communication, from which I can not forbear making the following extract :

“As pastor and people we shall never meet again, and if, in my long pastorate, I have said an unwise word, or done a work which was not meet, I recall the one and regret the other, and it shall be my effort and prayer to bring all that has been amiss in word and work, and lay them beneath the drippings of the spear and the nails and the thorns, asking nothing from you while living but Christ, and when this frail body shall be prepared by death for my burial, that, like Stephen of old, the devout men that I have taught, may bear me to earth’s last resting-place.

“Brethren, friends, farewell! Meet me at the judgment-seat, for I may no more meet you at this mercy-seat, much as we might desire it.” To that judgment-seat he has now gone, and you must shortly follow. May there be none who have heard the word of life and of salvation from his lips, against whom he shall be obliged to appear as a swift witness on that day, and whose shall be a dreadful doom, aggravated by the

neglect of privileges here so long and so abundantly enjoyed.

“What family in this congregation,” he adds, “have I not rejoiced with in their joy, and mourned with in their sorrow?” I can well imagine the response which appeals like these must awaken in the breasts of those who are here present. For I am a sharer in your grief. I, too, have sat in these pews and listened Sabbath after Sabbath to that voice now hushed in death—nay, rather, which is vocal with praises before the throne. Here my grandparents worshipped. This sainted man of God joined my father and my mother in marriage and gave them his blessing. He baptized me. Under his ministry I first, as I trusted, gave my heart to the Redeemer of lost sinners. Here, in front of this sacred desk, I first uttered the solemn vow, in the presence of the Lord’s people, that I would live for God. From his hands I have received the symbols of a dying Saviour’s body and blood. He has counselled me and prayed with me. I have seen him in the house of affliction. He has ministered at the burial of those whom I cherished and loved. I can well imagine, then, the ties which were ruptured, and the shock which was experienced in this church, and in this community, when the fact was known that Dr. Gray was no more.

His solicitude for this beloved church never ceased while he lived. Its welfare had been the one care and labor of his life. It lay upon his heart to the last. He could scarcely talk of any thing else, and he often spoke of it with tears. The unanimity with which his successor was chosen, and the cordial welcome extended to him, was a source of great gratification, to which he frequently referred. He said, not long before his death,

that he had often prayed that he might see the church united and harmoniously settled, and since this prayer had been answered, he could say with aged Simeon, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

The period covered by the life of your venerated pastor, is one marked by rapid progress and by great events in the church and in the world. It covers the rise of the great benevolent agencies and mission enterprises of Protestantism and of this country—Bible societies, tract societies, and missionary societies. It embraces almost the entire life of this nation, from the formation of the American Constitution, with the wonderful development of this country in population, resources, and power. It is the period, too, of the growth of the American churches. The minutes of the General Assembly in 1822, report seven dollars as the total amount of the contributions made by this church during the year to the cause of missions. You know how that compares with what you have been doing since, and what you are doing now. The cause of education has taken immense strides. Institutions of learning are multiplying, becoming more amply endowed, and provided with more numerous and efficient corps of instructors. Your own college, of which Dr. Gray was for thirteen years a trustee, and in whose recent prosperity none rejoiced more heartily than he, is an example before your eyes, with its rapidly swelling, though still uncompleted endowment, its expanding dimensions, its enlarged faculty, and its growing number of students. Facilities of intercommunication by steam and telegraph, traversing the continents and belting the oceans, are preparing the way for the more rapid and vigorous spread of the Gospel by setting Christendom in more efficient contact with the unevangelized

world. Gospel principles of freedom have been making their way over the earth, leavening the nations, upheaving the masses, breaking down prescriptive privileges, and undermining venerable systems of falsehood and error. Slavery has fallen with a crash, from the shock and dust of which we have not yet recovered. The hearts of God's people are yearning for a closer unity of organization, and increased harmony of action and effort, of which we have recently had some most surprising and delightful manifestations. When we review what has occurred in the last seventy years, it seems impossible to persuade ourselves that all this can have taken place within the compass of a single human life. What the next seventy years may bring forth it would be vain to conjecture. Some of those who have waited on the ministry of this revered man of God, may be spared to see more wonderful changes yet than this, which shall betoken yet more clearly the triumphs of the Prince of Peace and the establishment of the kingdom of heaven amongst men.

God led his aged servant peacefully and gently down to his final rest. The closing scene was peace, perfect peace. There was not a struggle, not a groan, not one parting pang, but softly, sweetly, calmly, he fell asleep, and so passed away to heaven. The change for which he had been tranquilly waiting and submissively longing, came at length, as he had prayed that it might, in the bosom of his own family and in a most merciful form. On the evening of Thursday, the 9th of January, he retired to his rest apparently as usual. But from that sleep, though peaceful as the slumber of a babe upon its mother's breast, he scarcely again awoke. During the few moments that he was roused to consciousness, portions of the Psalms were read to

him by different members of his family, and he seemed to be trying to articulate, in broken accents, the promises of the word of God. The last coherent words that he uttered were, "The Lord is my salvation." At ten minutes before three o'clock on Sabbath afternoon, January 12th, he breathed his last. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.