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1810



A
E U L O

ON

John Hubbard,

PROFESSOR OF

MATHEMATICS AND NATURAL PHILOSOPHY

IN

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE ;

WHO DIED AUGUST 14, 1810.

PRONOUNCED AT THE COLLEGE, SEPTEMBER, 1810.

2118
By Elijah Parish, D. D.

“ His eye was meek and gentle ; and a smile
“ Played on his lips, and in his speech was heard
“ Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
“ The occupation dearest to his heart
“ Was to encourage goodness. Learning grew
“ Beneath his care.”

“ Pleasure is grief but smiling to destroy,
“ And what is sorrow but the ghost of joy ?”

Hanover, (N. H.)

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1810.

Dartmouth College, Oct. 9th, 1810.

REV. ELIJAH PARISH, D. D.

The Class beg leave to return their most cordial
and very solemn and impressive Eulogy pro-
duced by you on occasion of the death of their much la-
mented and highly respected Instructor, the Hon. JOHN
HUBBARD; and do request a copy for publication.

LEMUEL H. ARNOLD, } Committee in
JOTHAM FAIRFIELD, } behalf of the
JOSEPH PERRY. } Class.



Dartmouth College, Oct. 9th, 1810.

TO THE SENIOR CLASS OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE just received your respectful request for the Eu-
logy, pronounced on our beloved friend. That cordial
friendship, which death has not extinguished, induced me
to undertake the office, as a tribute due to his merit. As
an exhibition of his amiable virtues may produce a profita-
ble impression on the public mind, I cheerfully comply with
your request, and am very sincerely,

Gentlemen,

Your respectful and
Affectionate friend,

E. PARISH.

LEMUEL H. ARNOLD, } Committee in
JOTHAM FAIRFIELD, } behalf of the
JOSEPH PERRY. } Class.

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EULOGY.



THE occasion of our coming together confirms the truth of scripture, and demonstrates the uncertainty of human events. Man knoweth not his time, or what a day may produce. A *few* weeks since, probably, not one person present, flattered himself, that he had better hopes of life and felicity, than he whose departure we now deplore. A few short *days* since, no circumstances of this nature could be less expected, than our assembling to commemorate the life of our beloved friend, than the call of him, who addresses you, to lend his feeble aid in this mournful solemnity. So does the king of terrors disappoint the hopes, destroy the felicities, sink in despair the expectations of man. Death, like a merciless *demon*, seems to sport with the tears of mortals, to be delighted with their shrieks of horror, to receive homage in the awful silence of the tombs. The victims of this enemy are the human race, the weeping family of man. As *men*, therefore, today we mourn. Death being the common lot of all men, all men are equally interested; all men have the same

motives to mourn his cruel ravages. Our sympathy is universal ; and to this melancholy service, we are impelled by a common principle of our nature.

As far back as the records of history extend, we find days of public mourning established in society. With the first notice of many improvements in Egypt, we behold their solemn assemblies, mourning the loss of those, who had merited the affection of their friends, or the gratitude of their country. Early they asserted the immortality of the soul, and in the most impressive manner, rendered public honors to their departed citizens. Hence the graves of their dead were more costly and magnificent, than the houses of the living. Hence the majesty of their pyramids, still the wonder of the world. They pronounced eulogies on the virtues of those, who had been worthy citizens, describing the manner of their youth, their education, and the useful deeds of their lives. The assembly united their acclamations, applauding the men whom they supposed gone to enjoy immortality with the just.

The Greeks, who borrowed much of their science from Egypt, were not less distinguished for honoring their dead with funeral solemnities. After the interment, they pronounced the pane-

gyric. Their soldiers, who died in war, were not only honored with funeral orations, pronounced by their fathers ; but these orations were repeated every year. The Hebrews celebrated the virtues of the dead with public eulogies. Among the Romans it was customary for the nearest friends to make an oration in praise of the deceased. If they did not choose the service, it was performed by some person, most eminent for learning and eloquence. Those alone were thus honored by pagans, who were renowned for their integrity, their wisdom, or their useful services.

From the Romans the Christian Church very early borrowed the custom of funeral sermons and orations. Often these were pronounced at the grave of the saint ; and anciently, to render the scene more affecting, the sacramental emblems of the crucified Redeemer were administered on the occasion.* I need not mention the annual solemnity in *Thibet* and *Bengal*, to make public lamentations for the dead,† though I think this custom might conveniently and *profitably* be introduced to our christian churches. What *could* be more affecting, than such a yearly meeting, to mourn

* See Bingham's Antiquities of the Christian Church.

† See Parish's Modern Geography.

the ravages of death, to weep with those that weep, to adapt the sermon to the circumstances of the various bereaved families in the congregation. Eulogies are the most effectual means of impressing the hearts of survivors with the excellencies of the deceased. God has disposed men to this mournful act, that all may hear powerful lessons of virtue. Grief and affection soften the heart; the stamp of goodness is indelible. The custom prevailing in remotest nations and ages of the world, certainly did not originate in the opinions of a sect, the prejudice of education, the force of law, or the dogma of a particular religion. That the virtues of the dead shall be celebrated is proclaimed from the line to the poles by the universal burst of mournful eulogy, heard on the death of friends. Every babe, torn from the cradle is eulogized in the eloquence of maternal fondness. Not then to enter cordially into the present solemnities would argue, that we have not the sentiments of men: it would be a kind of apostacy from humanity itself.

The Honorable JOHN HUBBARD, late Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in this University, was born in Townshend, (Mass.) August 8, 1759. Dark and dismal was the dawn of that life, which has been so fair and luminous.

Five months before his birth, his father died ; and this in his last moments, when his children stood weeping round his dying bed, he made use of as an argument of consolation to them, entreating them not to weep, for God had taken care of him when a fatherless infant. During his minority, most of his time was employed in the labours of agriculture. At the age of 21, he commenced his studies, and the next year became a member of this Institution. In the second year of his residence at College, when many were awakened to a religious sense of divine things, our Friend was one of the happy number. His subsequent life and death have proved that his conversion was not imaginary. While this increases our loss, it is the best reason for consolation.

In his college life Mr. Hubbard was a youthful cedar of Lebanon. He gave visible tokens of his approaching eminence. So tenacious was his memory, that his progress in the languages was remarkably rapid. While he lived the Greek and Roman writers were his amusement ; and with a taste refined, he was charmed with their classic beauties ; his memory was stored with numerous favorite passages.

On leaving College, his love of study, his delight in religious inquiries, his devout regard for the best interests of man, led him to the study of

Theology. Becoming a preacher of the gospel, his voice, naturally small and feeble, was found to be ill adapted to such an employment. After a fair experiment his good sense forbade him to persevere. The transition was easy to his "delightful task to teach the young idea how to shoot," and form the minds of youth to science and virtue. Of the Academy in New-Ipswich he was elected Preceptor. Under his able instruction, that Seminary rose to distinction, and became a favorite of the public. Some who were his pupils, are already eminent in the walks of literature.

After several years, quitting this situation, he was appointed Judge of Probate for the County of Cheshire. This office was peculiarly adapted to that gentle and tender philanthropy, for which he was remarkable. It was luxury to him to comfort the widow and the fatherless. The blended resolution and exquisite sensibilities of his heart qualified him, in a singular manner, impartially to weigh the claims of justice and compassion. But this situation was not congenial with his love of study, and his delight in the instruction of youth, which was so pleasant, that he declared he would make it the business of his life. Accordingly, he accepted the invitation of Deerfield Academy, Massachusetts, where for several years

he continued with great reputation. After the death of Professor Woodward, who had from its origin been an able Instructor in this University, he was elected his successor in the Professorship of Mathematics and Philosophy. Professor Woodward had an extensive and accurate acquaintance with the sciences, which he taught ; his ideas were digested with clearness ; his instructions were communicated with ease and precision. So high was his reputation, that a successor of common attainments, could not have satisfied the raised expectations of the public. To supply the place of such a man was the arduous task assigned to Mr. Hubbard. His success equalled the fond hopes of his friends. Here you rejoiced in his light ; here he spent his last and his best days ; here he had full scope for the various, the versatile powers of his vigorous mind. His amiable virtues, his profound learning, you cheerfully acknowledged. Your kindness to him, young gentlemen, during his sickness, your respect for his memory since his decease, while it proclaims his worth, is powerful evidence of your merit. Never can those be indifferent to me who have been so affectionate to him. Already my heart embraces you. Will ye enrol my name in the catalogue of your friends ?

Mr. Hubbard's industry, and native energy of mind made him a distinguished proficient in the abstruse sciences. From early life he was delighted with the poets, and could himself "build the lofty rhyme." Music, the kindred art, ruled his affections to the last moment of his life. With what unutterable emotions must he in a dying hour have selected the music for the present awful occasion! In this divine art his attainments were equalled by few persons in our country. Animated with pure devotion, enlightened with just views of public worship, conscious of the irresistible power of musical sounds, to move the passions, and produce corresponding sentiments in the heart, he was ardently engaged to promote a just style of sacred music. The gay and volatile airs which have been so long in vogue, he believed to be fatal gales to dissipate the serious thoughts, and devout affections, produced by other branches of worship. Instead of being a hallowed coal, to purify and inflame the offerings of the Lord, such music extinguishes the fire already burning. At the head of a musical Society, extensive in its influence, and highly respected by all the lovers of sacred song, had his life been spared, he would probably have done much to promote christianity, by improving the

music of our churches. He had a happy facility in illustrating the practical advantages of every science. He not only explained its principles ; but traced its relation to other branches of knowledge. Not satisfied by merely ascertaining facts, he explored the cause, the means, the ultimate design of their existence.

Though he has been my intimate friend from cheerful youth, yet neither inspired with his genius, nor enriched with his attainments, it is not possible, I should do justice to his merits. His person, muscular and vigorous, indicated the energy of his mind. Every feature of his face expressed the mildness of his spirit ; never did I witness in him the appearance of anger. Without that undescribable configuration, which constitutes beauty, his countenance was pleasing and commanded respect. Without formality or art, his manners were refined and delicate ; his address conciliatory and winning. By his social and compliant temper, he was calculated for general society. Though instructed "in the learning of Egypt," and the civilized world, he was too discreet and benevolent to humble others by his superior lustre. His light was mild and clear, like that of the setting sun. He had no ambition to shine, or to court applause. More disposed to

make others pleased with themselves, than to excite their admiration, it is not strange that he was universally beloved. His heart was impressed with an exquisite sense of moral obligations. In every passing event, in every work of nature, the formation of a lake, a river, a cataract, a mountain, *he saw God*. When as a philosopher, surrounded with the apparatus of science, extending his researches to the phenomena of the universe, amazed at the minuteness of some objects, astonished at the magnitude and magnificence of others, his mind was transported; when he explored the heavens, and saw worlds balancing worlds, and other suns enlightening other systems, his senses were ravished with the wisdom, the power, the goodness of the Almighty Architect. On these subjects he often declaimed, with the learning of an astronomer, the simplicity of an apostle, the eloquence of a prophet. He illustrated the moral and religious improvement of the sciences; the views of his students were enlarged; the sciences became brilliant stars to irradiate the hemisphere of christianity. The perfect agreement between sound learning and true religion was a favorite theme of his heart. This remark is confirmed by his conversation, his letters, his lectures.

In Theology his researches were not those of a

polemic divine ; but of a Christian, concerned for his own salvation, and the salvation of others. He was acquainted with many of the most distinguished writers of the church, from the Greek Fathers, to those of the present time. He was familiar with the most learned explanations of prophecy. His extensive knowledge of history made him a good judge of their various merits. His faith was confirmed by these enquiries. His acquaintance with the New Testament was such as might have been expected from his serious mind and extensive erudition.

How happy for seminaries and the world, were all teachers to enforce the moral improvement of every science. A new era would commence, a new state of society would be recognized. Religious information, thus almost imperceptibly acquired, would become the lamp of life ; religious principles, incorporated with the elements of science, become an essential part of the character ; religious belief and opinions are combined with thoughts, most familiar, with truths, apparently, intuitive and self evident. Such youth can no more divest themselves of their respect for revelation, than they can reject the plainest axiom of philosophy. Their religious opinions and impres-

sions, amalgamated with the rudiments of useful knowledge, become equally a part of themselves, with the blood flowing through their hearts. Infidelity, urging all her sophisms, and pointing anew her broken arrows, may open before them the path of worldly glory, treasures of wealth, shining gold and glittering gems ; a sea of pleasures, viands of luxury, and the enchantments of beauty ; she may swell the music of her songs, with the applause of the world, they are all loss and dross, compared with the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Concerning the christian character of our friend, I need say no more. Ye know it well. Ye saw his sun, shining in meridian splendor ; ye saw it go down in glory. He lived with an habitual sense of mortality on his mind. In a letter, written several years since, while in high health and spirits, he says, “ Brother — it is a serious, a
“ solemn truth, that we shall enjoy each other, but
“ a few years more. Why then grudge a few
“ hours travel, to brighten the countenance of
“ your friend, to exhilarate his mind, to impress
“ on his heart the important precept, to rouse his
“ drooping graces, and animate his future hopes.
“ These are important objects. Do come, my
“ dear Brother.”

He died as he lived ; his presence of mind did not forsake him. You all perfectly recollect ; you will never forget the piety of his spirit in his last sickness ; you will never forget his christian advice to his friends, his fervent prayers, his calm directions respecting his funeral obsequies ; his humble expressions of hope and faith in his Divine Redeemer ; his ineffable consolations in view of his approaching departure. Was there ever an evening of more dismay, an hour of more sincere sorrow, than when it was reported from room to room, " Professor Hubbard is dying ; Professor Hubbard is dead ?" Was ever the tolling of the bell more dismal ? In your most serious hours, in the awful moment of dissolution, will you not say, " Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like that of Professor Hubbard."

" As the heavens are above the earth, so are the thoughts of God above our thoughts, and his ways above our ways." He forms the noblest agents, the most dutiful sons. They are the lights of the world, the pillars of the world. He breaks these pillars ; he extinguishes these lights. We exclaim, " Wherefore destroyest thou the hope of man ? At one time a mighty Genius arises to direct the destiny of nations, to chain the demon of war, to cultivate the arts, to be the guardian of religion.

In another period, a celestial spirit is fired with apostolic zeal ; like an angel, he flies through the earth, spreading the triumphs of the cross far and wide. He plants the banner of salvation on the strong holds of satan. Tartary, Persia, India, listen to the glad tidings of redemption ; Ethiopia stretches out her hands ; the isles of the sea welcome the faith of the gospel to their shores. Anon, a luminary of *science* arises ; he is the delight of human kind ; youth are formed to science and rational religion ; a golden age is commencing. In a moment these hopes vanish. From the cottage of Joseph, the Son of Mary goes through the villages and cities of Palestine. The inhabitants throng around him ; they crowd the house, they cover the roof, where he is ; they follow him to the fields and mountains. The lame, the sick, the blind, are healed ; the dead are raised. Let a Physician go through the country ; he finds no patients ; the Son of David has been there. Men hope that disease, and death, and misery, will vanish from the world. Devout souls exclaim, " Let the Son of David reign ; let him extend his travels over the world ; let him live forever." While they pray, they behold a multitude ascend mount Calvary ; the Prince of life is nailed to the cross ; he bleeds, he dies ; disease, and misery, and death cover the land.

Such has been the course of events from the morning of time. Eden was covered with blossoms ; the dews of heaven refreshed the soil ; the sun ripened the fruit ; the gentle breeze perfumed the air ; the groves echoed the music of a thousand songs ; the Parents of the world went forth to till the ground ; they united with angels in their hymns of praise. While they sung the serpent entered ; Death followed ; man was driven from the garden ; briars and thorns start up in every path ; thunder and storm pour their terrors round his dwelling ; his children are born to trouble ; pestilence, murder, desolation, and misery, darken the earth ; it is the empire of Death. In the morning the righteous are as flowers ; at noon they are cut down. When *mortals* enjoy faithful agents, or obedient children, they protect them, they guard them, as they do their own lives. The ways of God are as far from ours, as the heavens from the earth. He often continues in place the most daring rebel, while a dutiful son is removed. In this we find a conclusive argument for a future state of retribution. In this way also God multiplies the excellent of the earth. Only a certain number can be employed in eminent services at the same time. The continuance of the

same class would preclude the rise of others. God removes the Teachers of a Seminary, that others may appear, and pursue the same track of glory.

Occasions like the present also exhibit the rich splendor, the profuse magnificence of the divine government. How rich must be the man, who casts away richest gems, and immediately repairs the loss. How powerful is the Prince, who removes Generals, most renowned for skill and valor, senators who are the light of the empire, and immediately supplies their place with others equally meritorious. If God tread down empires, and quench the stars; if he remove the Davids and Solomons of the world; yet all things continue as they were. If he extinguish the greatest lights of the church, still the church is a city on a hill, as mount Zion, which cannot be moved. If he take away the pillars of our Colleges, still they continue the glory of the land. Within a few years, in this and a neighbouring State, these mysterious visitations of Providence have been remarkably multiplied; a TAPPAN, a WILLARD, a WEBBER, a M'KEEN, a WOODWARD, a SMITH, a HUBBARD, have fallen in mournful and rapid succession,*

* Professor Tappan died 1803. Professor Woodward,

while their bones were moistened with marrow, and their natural force was not abated. Yet God will not suffer his work to be suspended for want of agents. He can raise up children from the stones of the hills, from the bones of the valleys. We devoutly believe, that he will not forsake this School of the Prophets. Its foundations were bathed in holy tears; every piece of timber in her buildings was consecrated by prayer; the Seminary is a child of prayer, raised from small beginnings in answer to prayer. This circumstance was the comfort and hope of our departed friend. In times of trial he mentioned this, as a consolation, and the support of his faith.

Does not the event, which has summoned us together, loudly proclaim the uncertainty of earthly hopes? When Hubbard dies, who will depend on life? Healthy, vigorous, active, what could increase the hopes of long life? Though remarkably industrious, and actually accomplishing more, than almost any man, he was never so recluse and in-

1804. President Willard, 1804. President M'Keen, 1807.
 Professor Smith, 1809. President Webber, 1810. Professor
 Hubbard, 1810.

defatigable a student as some.* His exercise was uniform; yet his strength was the grass of the field; his life has departed as a shadow. What then are the common objects of desire, riches, fame, and pleasure. These often vanish during life. What then is the hope of man.

“Lean not on earth a broken reed at best,
 “And oft a spear; on its sharp point peace bleeds,
 “And hope expires.”

To the bereaved family this breach was sudden, great as the world, wide as the sea. To them and the personal friends, the loss is irreparable. “Ye that e'er lost an angel, pity us.”

In our departed friend, we have also another witness to establish the preciousness of the gospel in a dying hour. His hope did not make him ashamed; his faith approached to vision. He enjoyed the peace of God. Death had lost his sting and the grave its victory. He knew that his Re-

* Notwithstanding the arduous duties of his profession, Mr. Hubbard published several useful works. The principal were a Rudiments of Geography of 240 pages, a Reading book for schools, and an Essay on Music. He had it in contemplation to publish an octavo volume of Geography, a work much needed in our colleges.

deemer liveth, that he should see him for himself. Beams of heavenly light cheered his dying room. All his consolations rested on the gospel ; and this was sufficient. Which of the heathen philosophers have so expired ? Socrates was agitated with doubt ; he was the slave of vulgar superstition. Hear the philosopher of Fernay* in his last moments crying out, in all the horrors of a lost spirit, the sparks of hell kindling in his conscience. See the prince of scoffers† in our country, like an angry demon, driving the ministers of Jesus from his dying bed. If such be the difference between infidelity and the spirit of the gospel, shall we not be clad in the christian armour ? The last enemy is coming ; he is at the door ; he is here ; *are you prepared to meet him ?*

You enjoy, my Friends, many circumstances favorable to your salvation. You are, I trust, elevated above the atmosphere of low and vulgar vices ; you are neither burthened with business, distracted with pleasures, nor perishing for want of instruction. Your instructors are disposed to render you every religious service. Still, every situation has its dangerous snares ; yours is exposed to some, most insidious, often, most *fatal*. The

* Voltaire.

† Tom Paine.

pride of Science, like the serpent of paradise, whispers, that ye shall be as gods among men ; it urges you not to exhibit the humility, the seriousness, the religious concern of common people. Unsacred science puffeth up the heart.

Another *more* formidable enemy stands in the way of your salvation. I mean, (will you hear the sentence with candor ?) I mean, that spirit of *paganism*, which is imbibed, by incessant familiarity with the Greek and Roman Writers. The youth, who is charmed with the beauties of the classic pages, which are his study by day, his dream by night, spontaneously imbibes their spirit. I ask ; does not *every* work of *genius* transfuse its own spirit into the breast of the Reader, possessing *genius* ?* Undoubtedly the Student rejects the nonsense of pagan mythology, and scorns the whole rabble of gods and goddesses ; yet his feelings, in a great degree, are *pagan* ; his religious sensibilities are benumbed. When Death is mentioned, he instantly sees the dismal waters of Styx. Charon and his boat are before his eyes. At a funeral his mind is often absent ; he forgets the passing scenes ; his mind is on the plain of Troy, attending the

*See Fosters's Essays, an excellent little volume.

more magnificent obsequies of Patroclus. He sees the human victims bleed ; he sees the ferocious Achilles glut himself with death and revenge ;* yet such is the flood of glory poured around him by the magic of poetry, by the enchantment of genius, that he is delighted with the hero, he is transported with the splendor of his fame. If Heaven be mentioned, he instantly finds himself in the Elysian fields ; he is feeding on ambrosia ; he is drinking nectar with the gods ; listening to the lyre of Apollo, or entering the palace of Jove. Instead of being terrified as he ought by the sound of hell, he is amused by the fanciful woes of tartarus ; he sees the torches and the snakes of the furies, the wheel of Ixion, the stone of Sisyphus, and the cup of Tantalus. Now introduce this youth to the society of Jesus, that he may see his meekness under abuse, hear him bless the poor in spirit, and imitate his gentle virtues. Is not violence done to every sensation of his heart ? Is he not a stranger in a new world ?

I am perfectly aware, that these remarks may excite a classic smile. Would to God they were imaginary phantoms ; I know, they are serious realities. It is, therefore, a religious *duty* of every

* Twelve young Trojans were sacrificed at this funeral.

Student to be guarded, of every Instructor to admonish his pupils against these dangers, the dragons of paganism and infidelity.

Life is an arduous journey ; dangers beset us all the way ; it ends in a tremendous precipice. The gulf below, no line can fathom, no eye can penetrate. Those, who secure no guide nor Savior, plunge and are lost forever. We often pass through orchards of fragrant fruit ; we pluck delicious clusters from the vines, which shade our path ; we are cheered with the harmony of the fields, and the songs of our companions. The troubles, we endure, would be trivial, could we escape the *precipice* ; but from this there is no discharge. So numerous are our amusements, we are little conscious of our rapid progress. We look forward, and see one after another reach the fatal spot, and vanish. Sometimes a parent or teacher is hastened on, and seen no more. We tremble, we weep ; but while the tear is falling, we see others, unmoved, hastening to scenes of pleasure ; we follow ; we hear the harp of joy, and again we slumber ; but ere we are aware, we reach the awful gulph ; we are in the shadow of death. Our minds are bewildered ; our reason is gone ; our eyes are dim ; our lips quiver ; our final step is taken ; we plunge,

we fall ; we are seen no more. Remember, that although the palace, which is fallen, may rise ; the sun, which is going down may shine again ; the withering blossoms of summer may return with the spring ; but man lieth down and riseth not again. The grass may flourish on our graves, but our spirits return no more. Were the persuasion of eloquence, not a stranger to my lips, I would entreat ; I would prevail with you, to mingle *spiritual* wisdom with your knowledge of *science*. What are the abstruse sciences, what are the fine arts, in a dying hour ? Will ye postpone what ye *intend* to perform, what must be performed ? Will you suspend your eternal salvation, on the strength of your constitution, on the skill of your physician, on the efficacy of a medicine, on the texture of a blood vessel, on a floating atom, which may lodge and rankle in your vitals ? A voice from the grave of our friend speaks loud as the thunder of Sinai.

Were his grave to open, and his gentle spirit to descend from his seat in glory, were he allowed once more to address us in the fulness of his heart, what would be his language ? Would he not say, “ Dearly beloved friends, having learned more perfectly by the solemnities of a dying hour, the worth of time, the worth of the soul and salva-

tion ; having learned how serious it is, to give an account for every deed done in the body, I beseech you to believe, that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of *wisdom*. Though you call the stars by name, though you understand all knowledge, without the favor of Immanuel, ye are undone forever.

Having seen the glory of Jehovah's throne, having joined in the song of Moses and the Lamb, having heard the shrieks of the rich man in hell ; yet crying in vain for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue, I *declare* that Jesus Christ is precious ; I entreat, I beseech you, therefore, to give all diligence to make your calling and election sure. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, the violent take it by force. Ask, seek, knock ; the door of mercy will be opened. I wait, I wait your arrival on the borders of glory ; I shall be the first to welcome your spirits at the gate of heaven."

Having complied with the dying request of my beloved Friend ; having discharged this last, last office, of friendship, I am seriously reminded not only by his death, but my own grey hairs, that I may never stand in this place again. Almost involuntarily am I constrained to bid adieu to the

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scenes around me which have been so pleasant from early youth. Ye social Walks, endeared by a thousand tender recollections; thou School of the Prophets, ye sacred walls, farewell. Farewell, my respected friends. Thou dismal Grave, honored with the sacred dust, of my Friend, farewell, FAREWELL.

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