



10448.223



GIVEN BY

Rev. H. Burroughs.

A

FUNERAL DISCOURSE,

PREACHED IN

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEWBURYPORT,

ON THURSDAY, APRIL XXVIII, MDCCCXLII,

At the Interment of the

REVEREND JAMES MORSS, D. D.

RECTOR OF THE SAID CHURCH; 4448.323

WHO DIED ON TUESDAY, APRIL XXVI, MDCCCXLII.

BY CHARLES BURROUGHS, D. D.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

J. W. FOSTER—No. 5, MARKET ST

.....

1842.

C

7453. 20

DUTTON AND WENTWORTH'S PRINT, BOSTON.

73874

DISCOURSE.

PSALM xii. VERSE 1.

HELP, LORD; FOR THE GODLY MAN CEASETH.

SUCH is the expressive petition, which most naturally flows from our lips on this afflictive occasion. Those precious remains of our beloved brother, that wear even in death the features of a holy complacency; our busy memories, that now eagerly muster up past endearments, recall his virtues and would embalm his name; this sanctuary, that, shrouded with sable drapery, tells of a departed pastor, and has been intimately associated for a long series of years with his impressive discourses and devotional services; this weeping assembly, that know well his pious history, have felt deeply the influence of his wisdom and love, and could not express the emotions which they betray, did they not suffer from the loss of something uncommonly dear; these and many other circumstances, that affect our minds, pathetically proclaim that a godly man hath ceased. Ceased are his precious

counsels, melodious tones, persuasive rhetoric, fervent intercessions and beautiful example. Ceased are his valuable instructions, tender sympathies, grateful labors, active usefulness, and the efficient support that he gave to religion and morals. Ceased is the earthly pilgrimage of your faithful minister and our beloved friend. The ceasing of such a saint and his excellencies overwhelms us with grief; admonishes us that in this hour of our bereavement and impotence we need something stronger and more effectual, than human philosophy and friendship; and impels us to seek assistance and solace from a source, that is divine. Let not such an hour of adversity, our heart-breaking loss, and these habiliments of mourning address us without profit. God has convened us here by one of his severest visitations, to kindle in us devout feelings, serious meditations and virtuous resolutions, that we may be brought to a right faith in Christ and a thorough obedience to his gospel. God has come in the terrific dispensation of death to urge home on us the life and doctrines of the godly pastor, whose funeral solemnities we are attending. God has chastened us by a signal blow, that bows our heads and hearts with affliction. A great and good man, in the midst of his strength and labors, has fallen. A revered and beloved watchman on the walls of Zion has ceased from his well-tryed ministry. A spiritual father, who may justly be termed a "chariot of our Israel and the horsemen thereof," has ascended to the skies. He has left a family, a flock, a town, and the Church at large, in the deepest sorrow at his loss, and has gone to join "the Church of the first-born in heaven."

The places, that have here known him, shall know him no more. No more shall he stand in this pulpit, as "the messenger of truth and the legate of the skies." No more in this Church shall he sprinkle your children with baptismal water. No more shall he break to his devout communicants the bread of life. No more in that sacred desk shall he present to heaven the incense of our beautiful prayers. No more shall he visit your abodes to "weep with those who weep and to rejoice with those who rejoice." Distressing, as his departure has been to you, we trust that to him it has proved a source of infinite blessing. If you loved him, "you would rejoice, because he has gone to the Father." He has made full proof of his ministry; he is realizing the truth of the doctrines, which he preached and the possession of that heavenly inheritance, which was the object of his ardent faith. He is experiencing the efficacy of a Savior's sufferings, which, only a few days since, on Good Friday, he most feelingly described. He is exulting in the triumphs of a Savior's resurrection, which afterwards, on Easter Sunday, he most impressively proclaimed to you. God summons us now to pay to him the last sad tribute of our respect; to gather the instruction that this solemnity teaches us; and to seek that comfort, which our bereavement requires. Well may we now say, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." In our meditation on these words we shall endeavor, with the aids of divine grace, to show you the nature of godliness, the value of a godly man, and the duty of applying to the Lord for help, when such a man ceaseth.

The nature of godliness is clearly explained to us by allusion to that sublime name, from which the word is derived, the name of Him, who is the fountain of all perfection. Hence godliness is an assimilation to God, as far as it is possible for human frailty. Its primary feature is the denial, or absence of all ungodliness, of every thing that is opposed to Jehovah, to his character and purposes, interests and laws, purity and glory. Its predominant and constant efforts are to obtain, through the scriptures, prayer and grace, the highest knowledge of Deity, to cherish the most ardent love of his attributes, to manifest a strict obedience to his will, and to live under an abiding sense of his presence, and the habitual adoration of his name. It implies a knowledge, love and worship of Jesus Christ, as the Son of Jehovah, and also a strict observance of the precepts of that divine Son. It requires a faith in Him, as our Redeemer, "whom God hath exalted with his right hand to be a prince and Savior, to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." It implies a faith in the Holy Spirit, who was sent by the Son to regenerate and sanctify us. It demands of us new hearts and new spirits. Its very essence consists in making us the children of God. It admonishes us that our senses must be subdued to our spirit, that every inordinate desire must be crucified, that the old man, our body of sin, must be destroyed; that we must live, "as seeing Him who is invisible," and "let our conversation be, as it becometh the gospel of Christ." It teaches us "that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world."

Such is the nature of godliness. You see then that it is something vastly beyond what human philosophy teaches, or can produce. It spiritualizes man. It makes him comparatively an angel, though clothed with mortality. It disarms the power of his flesh. It turns his mortal energies to immortal purposes, his human vision to spiritual discernment, his earthly inclinations to hallowed ambition, his faculties and powers to spiritual attainments and glories. It teaches him to soar above the world, and to be with Christ. It orders him to gather the lessons of life from a divine fountain, and not from human teachers. In a word, it is to "walk with God." This is the nature of the godliness, mentioned in the text. It is an attribute, whose praise is in all the churches of the world, and in the Church of heaven. The removal of a person from the earth, invested with such a divine quality, will therefore require a special interposition of God's mercy to administer adequate support and solace to a community, visited with such a bereavement.

These remarks must of course lead us to the conviction that the godly man is a being of inestimable value. The scriptures confirm this position by placing the peculiar and divine grace, which distinguishes him, above all other attributes, graces and traits of character. Hence the bible proves itself to be intrinsically a wonderful book, for it has established principles, of which the world without it had no conception; and it has founded moral grandeur on qualities, which were never before approved, appreciated, nor even understood. It has shown to us

that "a Christian is the highest style of man." The text does not say, "help, Lord," because the rich man, or the learned man, or the man of genius, or the man of rank, or the man mighty in war, or the sage renowned in philosophy, "has ceased." Riches, fame, learning, power, rank, genius, are possessions, which the world honors with servile idolatry, and which are by no means undesirable; but these are not "the chariots and horsemen of Israel." These are not the materials, essential for building up the Church of God. These do not constitute the effective machinery, by which public and private evils are averted; by which the sunshine and rain, vigorous health and plenteous harvests, peace and prosperity are procured; and by which spiritual mercies and divine beatitudes are caused to descend on us. These are not the elements, which constitute human happiness, and qualify men for the skies. It is godliness, which is, through Jesus Christ, to conciliate the divine favor, and to be the sure and effectual conductor of celestial blessings to the human family. The knowledge and love of God will constitute "the stability of our times," and "the fear of God" will prove our surest and most effectual "treasure." The chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof, according to the scriptures, consist only of godly men. When such chariots and horsemen ascend to the realms of God, then is the public visited with a severe calamity. Then the beacon lights of religious guidance are extinguished; brilliant living examples to allure and improve men are withdrawn; large fountains of mercy are closed, and holy prayers, which wrestle with God, are ended. Then

strong barriers against scepticism and infidelity, heresy and schism, immorality and licentiousness, are broken down. Then the artillery of holy counsel, which is effectual in the destruction of the hosts of Satan, is heard no more, and the wily adversary of mankind gains his triumphs. Then unbelief stalks abroad more fearlessly, ferociously, and destructively; good principles are defeated; the winds of false doctrine sweep with a withering curse over the community; the hosts of God become weakened, and the man of sin holds his ruinous reign. Then the gentler virtues are crushed, the streams of Christian benevolence are dried up, the earth mourneth and fadeth away. Then the Christian is distressed, on account of the outpourings of iniquity and trembles for the ark of God. Hence we see the value of a godly man. Whose fears are not excited for the glory of the altars of God; whose solicitude is not awakened for the government of his country; whose eyes do not weep, and whose heart does not bleed for all the tender interests of humanity, when one of the godly of the earth goes down to the dust? Who, under the reasonable apprehension of a terrible injury to his country and the Church under such a bereavement, does not say, "help, Lord; when the godly man ceaseth?"

Hence, when we see the nature of godliness, its exalting, spiritualizing and purifying character, its bringing men to the knowledge and love of God, its infusing into them the spirit and graces of the gospel, and its transformation of them to the divine image; when we see the val-

ue and blessedness of such godliness to those who possess it, to the church of God and to the community, by its arresting the progress of evil, by its averting the bolts of divine vengeance, and by its opening the gates of mercy on mankind; and when we see that the public at large, by the decease of a godly man, experience a most dreadful visitation, we must of course be led to seek, at a proper fountain, for remedies against the evils resulting from such an event; to learn the lesson of resignation under it; to ascertain how it may be sanctified to us, and how the community may experience under it the utmost alleviation and benefit. Now, who removes these saints but God? Who can supply their places, prevent the calamities that their deaths must occasion, provide new lights and a safe guidance for the public, and “make afflictions work together for good,” but God? Who but He can send help, when the godly man ceaseth; and how are we to obtain access to Him, under our visitation, but by prayer? How wise and pious then was the psalmist, when the “faithful failed from among the children of men,” when “death came up into the windows” of the righteous, and bore the “chariots and horsemen of Israel” to heaven, to present himself in humility at the throne of grace with this appropriate petition, “Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth.” Let us revere and follow this admirable example and guide under our present distress. God has a right to do according to his will; and we know that “He does not willingly afflict or grieve his children.” If He sees fit to call home the righteous to their recompense, He does it at the time and under the circumstances, which are most

beneficial for them, and most conducive to the advancement of his own glory. But He expects us, when overwhelmed by woe, to look to Him, to lean on Him, on whom archangels lean, and to build our hopes of support, sanctification, solace and blessing, by relying solely on his divine aid. All our own resources are impotent and ineffectual. Vain is the help of man. It is atheism to witness the prostration of one of the most beautiful pillars of the Church of God, amidst the anguish of our hearts and the hazard of our highest interests, and not say, "Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth." Prayers to Jehovah, in such a season of adversity, are our privilege, refuge, strength, solace, duty and salvation.

These reflections are well suited to this dark hour, when we are gathered, amidst the deepest sorrow, to perform the last rites for the godly man whose remains are before us. This is a painful and heart-breaking office. It is a still more arduous and distressing duty for myself, under the intensity of my emotions, to attempt to address you. I should feel it a great privilege not to open my lips on this occasion. I should prefer that my grief might be secret. My heart would rather seek a silent communing with heaven. The being whom we mourn was too dear and close to me, not to subject me, in my present effort, to the most painful embarrassment. Long and intimate has been our friendship. Free and full of confidence has been the interchange of our sentiments. Remarkably have we harmonized in our opinions and feelings, in our convictions and wishes. We have been warmly united to-

gether by mutual sympathies and interests, by a long and uninterrupted friendship and by unreserved cordiality. On no occasion has there been to me a stronger reason for uttering the prayer, "Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth." "I am distressed for thee, my brother: very pleasant hast thou been to me."

The whole life of your departed pastor has been spent among you. All of you could read, know and understand him; for rarely can be found a more transparent heart, a more guileless tongue, or a more ingenuous manner. He has had the utmost familiarity of intercourse with you, and never was there a whisper of reproach against him; never was there a suspicion in any bosom, that he was not a "man of God." But this solemn occasion demands perhaps something more from us, than a merely general notice of our departed brother. It seems both reasonable and proper that we should present to you some of the details of his character and useful life.

His story is brief. There are not circumstances about it to give it romance. One feature in it however was very bright and perfect. It was the feature, or rather the grace of godliness, which irradiated the whole path of his pilgrimage, and rendered him, in that respect, "a burning and a shining light." Descended from respectable and pious parents, he was born in Newburyport, October the 25th, in the year 1779. His early tuition was at your public schools, where he was distinguished for industry, gentleness, purity, love of truth and kindness of heart.

After receiving the common rudiments of education, he was apprenticed to his father, at quite an early age, as a joiner. But God had other work for him to do. He had not been long engaged in his mechanical pursuits when an accident occurred, that altered the destination of his life. He fell on the ice, and broke his wrist. The apparent misfortune led him to relinquish his profession for the more congenial pursuit of intellectual culture, which carried him with high merit, through his collegiate course at Cambridge, to the momentous office of the ministry. How little do we understand, or reason upon, the movements of Providence. How often does God render disappointments our greatest mercies, and send them as the most effectual agents of his love. There is an infinitely kind hand, that constantly orders our footsteps; that often frustrates human plans, and our obstinate, blind wills; and, for our ultimate good and his own glory, decides our lot. That divine interposition, by a peculiar voice, changed a parent's will, and made our departed brother a "faithful minister of Christ." In his seventeenth year, he entered Harvard College, where he held a high literary reputation in his class, which contained many excellent scholars. Some of them rank among our most eminent men in theology, jurisprudence, science and the arts. Among the departed of that class, we mention with enthusiasm the classical and eloquent Buckminster, one of the most delightful of men and of preachers; among the living, are the distinguished chief justice of this Commonwealth; several clergymen of great learning and piety; and also an artist, who in his profession is perhaps inferior to none in

his own country and to few in any other country. Yet, amidst so many bright scholars, our departed brother was graduated, in the year 1800, with a fair fame and high standing; and he acquitted himself in the public exercise, that was then assigned to him, with great credit. Soon after leaving college he determined to devote himself to the pastoral profession. Though his early education was not among Episcopalians, yet, at the commencement of his theological studies, there were various circumstances that disposed his mind favorably towards the Episcopal Church. He examined diligently and impartially its doctrines and polity, and placed himself, as a student, under the instruction and counsel of the venerable and amiable Dr. Bass, then Bishop of Massachusetts. At that time little was the Episcopal Church known. Strong were the prejudices against it. So feeble was its condition, that it had only sixteen ministers in the 5 States, that afterwards composed the Eastern diocese. Notwithstanding all these discouraging circumstances, our departed brother attached himself to our ecclesiastical polity with great firmness and ardor. He received Deacon's orders on the 3d day of July, in the year 1803, from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bass, and officiated as his assistant in the Church, where we are assembled, until the death of that beloved prelate, an event, which occurred on the 10th of September in the year 1803. In the ensuing month of November he was invited to become the rector of this Church, and entered immediately on the duties of his office. On the 11th of June, in the year 1804, he was admitted to Priest's orders in the Church Du Saint Esprit, in the city of New York,

by the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Moore, Bishop of the diocese of New York. For almost thirty-nine years, he has been your faithful minister of Christ. Melancholy have been the changes among those, who were officiating in the States of the Eastern diocese, when he was ordained. Almost all of them are dead. Only two continue to reside in the diocese. One is our venerable Bishop; the other is the only Episcopal clergyman in these Eastern States, that has been continued a Rector of the same Church longer, than our deceased brother. That aged presbyter is the Rev. Mr. Fowle, who has been more than fifty years connected with the Church in Holderness, N. Hampshire. Your beloved pastor was honored with a doctorate in divinity by the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, in the year 1826, at the annual commencement of that institution. During the long course of his ministry, he has enjoyed an unusual portion of health: he has been constant in attendance on all his duties, and deeply interested in the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of his flock. He has experienced many trials, and has always exhibited under them great Christian firmness, submission and improvement. It was not his sad lot to have any trials, touching his pastoral union. There perhaps never was a happier sacerdotal connexion than that, which subsisted between him and his Church. But it is the immutable law of God, that the closest and most tender unions shall be dissolved. For several weeks past, our departed brother has suffered from a severe cold, so that he discharged his duties with much labor and inconvenience. He was unwilling to show himself any favor, or in any

way to relax his services. A few days since, he was suddenly attacked with a violent disease, attended with many alarming symptoms, that seemed the sad precursors of death. He met the disorder with great calmness and submission ; but it filled his family, parishioners, and all who heard of it, with consternation and sorrow. Their fears were realized, for it proved his last sickness. It was brief. You know with what faithfulness, interest and emotion he attended, though feeble, to all the services of his Church during the affecting season of Passion Week. You doubtless remember the touching sentiments and admonitions of his last discourse, which was a funeral sermon, preached about three weeks since, on the first Sunday after Easter. It seems to have been the precursor of his own decease, and ought to have left a deep, salutary and permanent impression on his hearers. It was only a week since, that his indisposition assumed a dangerous form. It was my privilege to pass last Saturday with him. He was very feeble, so that it was thought inexpedient to propose to him the reception of the communion. While sitting at his bedside, he solicited me to read the Office for the visitation of the sick. Taking the Prayer-book, though contrary to the advice of those around him, he engaged earnestly in the service, and in tones firm and fervent, he made the responses. At the conclusion of the service, he said, "This comprehends all, that I could desire ; it meets my wishes and feelings." With great humility he confessed his conviction that he had fallen far short of his duty. I remarked, that our justification was only by faith in the merits of Jesus Christ as " a full, per-

fect, and sufficient oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world." He cordially assented to my views, and expressed great feeling and satisfaction at them. His mind was perfectly calm; and he gave assurance, in all his sufferings in the course of that affecting day, when we were thus permitted to meet together, that he was indeed a godly man. Nor was it on that day only, that he afforded such testimony; for it was conspicuous and powerful in all his life. It was not my privilege to see him again. On Tuesday morning last, about one o'clock, when no one was with him but his faithful and affectionate friend, one of his wardens, who was his watcher, he suddenly, and without any warning or struggle, expired. A disorder of the heart, attended with some other functionary derangement of the system, seemed the probable cause of his dissolution.

Even until he finished his course, he kept the faith. Awful as was the blow that thus numbered him with the dead, still we cannot fail to adore the divine mercy that spared him from the visitation of a long and distressing sickness, and from an infirm and afflicted old age. The dread summons for his departure found him ready, with "his loins girt, his lamp trimmed and burning." The certainty and nearness of death, and the duty of preparing to meet his Judge at the last great day, were topics familiar to his mind, which he deeply felt and faithfully preached. It is a singular fact, that the last sermon which he wrote, but which he was not spared to preach, was on these striking words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the

hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they shall hear and live." How affecting is this text, which our departed brother chose as his last theme. How prophetically it seemed to be a warning of his own decease: how clearly it told, not only that the hour was coming, but that it then was; that it had actually come to him, that he was on the verge of the eternal world, when he should hear the voice of the Son of God and should indeed live. How appropriate was the subject for the closing meditations of his ministry! How much better would it have been for me to have taken that discourse for the present occasion; it would be vastly more appropriate and affecting, than any thing that I can say. It would be the pathetic persuasion of lips that are sealed in death. It would be most fitting instruction and resistless eloquence for this solemn hour. Death found him a godly man. You all know that he was so. His discourses, full of sound doctrine, earnest exhortation, and impressive language; his benignant expression of features; his natural, easy, and devotional manner of reading the Church service; his tenderness and feeling in administering the Communion; his affectionate and spiritual demeanor in his intercourse with the sick and afflicted; all these bear witness that he was a godly man. As such he lived, and as such he died. He practised what he preached; he felt what he uttered; and he always endeavored to act, with the aids of divine grace, so as to make himself a godly man.

He was a godly minister of Christ. He was learned

in the Scriptures, and elaborately searched them with humility and prayer. He was sound in "the faith once delivered to the saints." He was an able defender of the Trinity, justification by faith, the necessity of conversion, repentance and a holy life, the doctrines of grace and of salvation by the alone merits of the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, as our Redeemer. He was a true and thorough Churchman, learned in ecclesiastical polity, and faithful in the observance of our rites and discipline. His was a pure and reasonable service, free from fanaticism and bigotry. He was an able and scriptural preacher; for he made the word of God his text-book, and not the philosophical works of man. His manner of preaching was simple, impressive, and beautiful; he was ever seeking to "speak the truth in love." His whole heart was engaged in the spiritual improvement of his flock, and he had no other ambition or desires. Rightly did he "divide the word of truth;" and the food, that he gave to his hearers, was the heavenly manna. His theme was constantly "Christ crucified." The great doctrine of the atonement was never absent from his discourses. He was interested in the spiritual nurture of the young; loved most affectionately the children of his Sunday School, considered it as one of his most valuable fields of duty, and not only gave it his prayers, wishes and patronage, but his faithful and unwearied personal services. He was a man of prayer, and lived very much in intercourse with his God; and we have every reason to say that he was indeed a godly minister of Christ.

A spirit of godliness was evinced in all his moral traits. Notwithstanding his learning, talents, acquirements, influence and distinction, he was eminent for humility. The estimate, that he formed of his own abilities and worth, was very far below that, which was formed of him by those, who best knew him. There was a delicate, shrinking, retiring manner about him, which ever touched our sensibility and conciliated our tender regard. He was full of philanthropy and disinterestedness. He thought at all times of others, and not of himself; and he often suffered great personal sacrifice from his too ready and active generosity. He was also full of sympathy, and the feelings of the poor and afflicted took full possession of his soul, so that he was unhappy, till he had done all in his power, to relieve them. Never was a fonder parent, a more faithful husband, or a more true friend; and his gentleness and kindness were as bright and constant at home, as they were in his social intercourse with his parishioners, or amidst his devotions and preaching in this house of prayer. He had great personal firmness, decision and energy however, wherever any exigency demanded them. His hand was as open, as his heart, in melting charity. His tongue was the law of truth as well as of goodness; and every one revered him for his scrupulous veracity. That he was a constant, genuine, precious and disinterested friend, I have the fullest conviction from experience. For more than thirty years I have known, felt and esteemed his friendship, as one of my richest blessings. He had a delightful spirit of submission. His trials caused him neither murmuring

nor despondency; but only served to awaken a stronger confidence in his God. To whatever vicissitudes, vexations or embarrassments, he might be exposed, yet he ever evinced under them the most perfect equanimity of temper. He was true and just in all his dealings. He never said, or did any thing, intentionally to wound another's feelings. He was courteous and affectionate, and secured an universal popularity. He was a most valuable and efficient member of society. He warmly patronized all the institutions, established for the public good. The cause of learning and education was very dear to him. He did all, that was in his power, to sustain, elevate and improve your schools, lyceums and philanthropic societies. He was a beautiful living example of virtue. He moved in his various duties with such constant and striking excellence before your eyes, as to cause virtue to be admired; and he so constantly diffused its graces over your hearts, as to cause it to be loved. Though firm in his belief of the essential importance of the doctrines and discipline of the Episcopal Church, and though devoted to them with the warmest affections of his heart, yet he betrayed no intolerance or uncharitableness in his opinions towards those, who differed from him. He mingled amongst all classes and denominations of men, as a brother; and fastened to him all, who knew him, by his bright, warm chain of tender Christian sympathy. Surely he was a godly man.

Did time allow us, we might dwell very long on his other excellencies of heart and life. We might speak of

his merits as a scholar ; of his ability as a writer ; and of the numerous and valuable articles which, through the press, he has given to the public, for the benefit of learning, religion and virtue. Those able productions are before the world. We might tell of his high standing in the Church ; of the ecclesiastical offices that have been conferred on him ; of the ability with which he has discharged them ; and of his weighty influence in our ecclesiastical councils. We might praise his merits as a public speaker, where he was successful in the exhibition of just and enlightened sentiments, graceful delivery, and classical diction. We might commend his dignified demeanor, benevolent features, and attractive courtesy. We might dwell upon the good that he has done in the Church ; of his spiritual labors and triumphs among his own flock ; and of his acceptableness, wherever he went, as a gentleman and a companion, as a Christian and a preacher. We could relate how much he was revered and esteemed among my own flock ; how many acts of spiritual kindness he has shown to them ; with what wisdom, effect and favor, he preached a sermon at the opening of the Church in Portsmouth ; and how much the parishioners there, when destitute of a pastor, relied on him for his counsel and services. But enough has been said, we trust, to show you that he was a great and godly man.

How great, then, must be the loss of such a saint. How severe is the bereavement to his family and Church, to this town and the community, to the Church at large, to all good men and good institutions. Much evil he has

averted ; much vice has he checked ; many sinners has he reformed ; many penitents has he cheered ; many sorrowing hearts has he soothed ; many has he brought to Christ ; many humble saints are among us, who relied on him as their guide and solace. Where are now his beautiful counsels for Churchmen ? Where are his valuable learning, firm decision, and admirable example ? Where are the defence and ornament that he gave to sound doctrines and discipline, the “ardor that he gave to virtue, and confidence to truth” ? They are gone : all are, alas, gone. But though his voice is hushed, and we shall see his face no more, yet let us hope that the influence of his virtue is not gone ; let us hope that the moral eloquence of his life will never die. What can we do now in this hour of our loneliness and lamentation, but throw ourselves on a divine arm, and cry, “ Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth.” Let us pray that He, who in wisdom has thus wounded us, will in mercy heal us ; that He will support and comfort our hearts, sanctify to us our trials, provide us a remedy against every evil which they may cause, and give us that “ peace which passeth all understanding.” How can we realize such comforts, unless we look to God ?

We now offer our sympathies to the bereaved family of our departed brother. They have known the richest of mercies in his counsel and guardianship, tenderness and care, benevolence and affection, holy prayers and beautiful life. Well may their hearts bleed, for we can feel that they have been dreadfully ruptured. They must

feel bereft indeed, when the support, ornament and comfort of such a godly parent are taken from them. But let them call to remembrance his instructions, virtues, character and example, and they will feel the strongest consolation. Let them rely on the promises and hopes of the Gospel, on a Saviour's merits and love, and on the certainty of the future glories of the righteous, which were the guide and joy of their earthly parent, and they shall have a heavenly Father's compassion and blessing, favor and love. Let them cry, "help, Lord!" and he will abundantly help them, and make their father's godliness a radiant messenger of comfort to them in time and eternity. No one shall ever seek God's face in vain; and it is his own unerring declaration, that "in Him the fatherless shall find mercy." Let the bereaved family of our departed brother copy his example, obey his precepts, bring home to their hearts the rich legacy of his godliness, lift up fervent prayers to a heavenly parent, and trust in his "compassions, which fail not," and they will realize all the sanctification, solace, improvement and peace, which their hearts can desire.

With the deepest emotion would we offer our sympathies to this bereaved flock. They are bereaved indeed, for they have lost a pastor, in whom were combined all that they could wish; whose long course of labors and of love had identified him with their fixed habits and feelings; and whose ceasing must be to them a ceasing of some of the dearest joys of life. In the common course of nature they had reason to expect several years more of

their pastor's services, which would have been so much more valuable for his venerable years, well known worth, established piety, and sage counsel. But God saw that it was best to call him from labor and care to rest and glory. Let your uncommon privileges fill you with uncommon thankfulness. It is our duty, amidst deserved afflictions, to look back on our undeserved blessings. Call then to remembrance the divine mercies on this Church. From the month of November, 1752, to the present time, a period of almost ninety years, you have had only two clergymen. For nearly fifty-one years, you were blessed with the faithful labors of Bishop Bass; and for nearly thirty-nine years, has your last beloved spiritual father been with you; blessing you the whole course of that time with the ablest efforts of his well-informed mind, and with the constant outpourings of affection from his pious heart; repeatedly refusing solicitations to leave you for the charge of other parishes, and expressing himself as most contented and happy with the flock of his first care and love. We know but one similar course of such constancy and long-continued services in the whole Eastern diocese. That there should be only two clergymen over the same Church, for nearly ninety years, is surely one of the rarest occurrences on record. Moreover when we consider the characters of those men, we cannot but exclaim, how greatly favoured you have been. While recounting your mercies, consider whether you have appreciated them. Have you been spiritually and personally benefited by the ministrations of your late pastor? While mourning his loss, do you remember his doctrines

and precepts? Let his death carry them home to you. Let that sable tenement now enforce all the preaching, which has flowed from his lips, now so cold and silent. We believe that his immortal spirit is with us. Though unseen, let it hold communion with your souls. If you have not yet repented of your sins, turned to your Saviour Jesus Christ, and received his ordinances, now resolve to discharge those momentous duties, that the remains of your beloved spiritual guardian may not be laid in the grave, till he has had more seals of his ministry. Let his relics, like those once of a deceased prophet, have a life-giving virtue, and bring numerous sinners to a moral resurrection. Like the eyeless captive at Gaza, let him have even more glory at his death than in his life; that his fall may be the crushing of your sins, and the triumph of truth, grace and holiness. While we mourn with you that such a godly man has ceased, we must advise you to cry to God for help. Ever remember him who has "ruled over you, who has spoken to you the word of God, whose faith follow, considering the end of his conversation," which was Jesus Christ. Though dead, he now most eloquently addresses you. May the solemnities of this hour have a most sacred influence upon your souls. May your prayers for divine help, under your bereavement, be heard and answered. May you be soothed and blessed. May God give you another pastor, who shall follow the steps of him, whom you have lost. May there be placed over you just such a man of God.

Most tenderly do we mingle our sympathies, on this occasion, with our bereaved brethren in the ministry. From

our ranks a valiant champion of the Cross has been taken; and a strong support has been removed from our glorious cause. A firm friend to our doctrines and discipline, a godly watchman on the walls of Zion, has ceased. How are the mighty fallen! How are his sword and shield broken! What confidence will our loss give to our foes, and what advantage may they gain over us! But let us call for the help of God. Let us labor more effectually in his service, and pray more earnestly for divine grace. Let us be more faithful in our ministry, and be ready to die like our departed brother, with our "loins girt, our lamps trimmed and burning," and with all our armour upon us, that we may be mourned in the Church, as godly men, and that each of us may receive a crown of righteousness from our blessed Saviour at the last great day.

We would also mingle our sympathies with the people of this town, who have lost one of their brightest lights and guides; one of their most influential and effective citizens; one of the strongest supports of wisdom and goodness; one of the most generous and active almoners of the poor; one of the most benevolent ministers of mercy to the destitute, the fatherless and the afflicted. All the kindnesses, that have been shown in this place to our departed brother, we would now most gratefully acknowledge. We mourn the loss of such a servant of Christ to the various useful institutions, social circles, the religious interests, the learning, truth and virtue of this community. Learn from his beautiful example to be like him.

For all his usefulness cease not to bless the author of such a gift. Be resigned under your bereavement; and cry “ Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth.”

We must now commit the body of our beloved brother to the tomb. Servant of God, well done. You have fought a good fight; now receive your crown. Take the grateful love, the sorrowing hearts, the streaming tears, the sighs and loud lamentations of this assembly, as the beautiful oblation of Christian incense at your sepulchre.

“ Go to the grave! for there thy Saviour lay
 In death’s embraces, ere He rose on high;
 And all the ransomed by that narrow way
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
 Pass thou beyond it; take thy seat above.
 Soul of the just, be present with the Lord;
 Where thou, for faith and hope, hast perfect love,
 The open vision for the written word.”

With such divine assurances and comforts, we can now firmly enter the churchyard and commit our brother to the dust. Bowing in faith and submission let us perform the sad rite. Let us

“ Bury the dead, and weep
 In stillness o’er the loss;
 Bury the dead, in Christ they sleep,
 Who bore on earth his cross;
 And from that grave, that dust shall rise
 In his own image to the skies.”

Farewell godly man, holy brother, blessed spirit. May thy life and precepts, thy delightful faith and lovely virtues, never fade from our memory; may they diffuse a blessed influence and lustre over our lives. May we be the more holy for thy ministry. May we never cease to bless God for what thou hast been, and for what thou hast done, and for the mercies, shed over us by thy godly life. May we all be prepared, as thou wert, to give an account of ourselves to God. May we, unstained by sin, false doctrine or corruption, go down to the dust; and may we meet thee at the throne of our Saviour with thy now afflicted flock, with all the saints, who have attended on thy ministry, with the many souls, whom thou hast saved, not as this assembly appear in sable drapery and tears, but all clothed in white, with palms in our hands, and shouting in triumph the song of Moses and the Lamb. Now unto God our Father; unto the Lamb, that saved us by his blood; and unto the Holy Spirit, that seals the souls of the faithful to the day of the redemption, be ascribed glory, honor and dominion now and for ever. AMEN.



