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TWO DISCOURSES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF
MRS. PUTNAM.

The first at the Funeral, by

REV. MR. FRENCH.

The second on the following Sabbath, by

REV. DR. DANA.

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A

SERMON

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

MRS. HARRIOT PUTNAM,

Wife of the Rev. Israel W. Putnam,

PORTSMOUTH,

AND DELIVERED JUNE 17, 1832.

BY DANIEL DANA, D.D.

MINISTER IN NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

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SERMON.



JOHN 14: 2, 3.

In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also.

No person who hears these words recited, can entertain a moment's doubt by whom they were spoken. Indeed, there is but one being in the universe, who could have uttered such language as this. It is the blessed Saviour who speaks--speaks to his dear disciples. And every word is but the utterance of that compassionate heart which was soon to bleed for their redemption.

He had already intimated to them that the parting hour was near. And perceiving how painful was the thought, he suggests many a consideration calculated to alleviate their anguish. He was leaving them on an errand of love. He was going to a *Father's house* --going to *prepare a place for them*. Nor should this dreaded separation be long. He would soon return, and receive them to a heavenly home--*receive them to himself*; that they might be with their Friend and Saviour, and be with him for ever.

Here, a question of the deepest interest arises. Are these precious promises, and these heavenly consolations confined to the first disciples of Christ? Or do they belong to all his real followers, in every age? To this question we reply with confidence. These consolations, these promises, precious and

heavenly as they are, are not confined to the first disciples of Jesus. They belong essentially to all christians, in every age. The thought is full of unutterable delight. What a refuge does it afford to the Christian, amid the calamities of life. What a sovereign antidote against the sting, and the fear of death. And how does it sustain our hearts in the loss of pious friends, inexpressibly beloved, but for ever gone from this earthly scene.

Let us then, on this occasion, meditate distinctly on these declarations of our dear Redeemer : for every word is full of meaning, and full of consolation.

And FIRST. Here is heaven, represented under the emblem of a "Father's house." Such is the heaven of all Christians. True, the Saviour says, *My* Father's house. But is not *his* Father *their* Father too; and *his* God *their* God? To all Christians, then, heaven is a *Father's house*. Here, they are not at home. While on earth, they are pilgrims, strangers, travellers. They find no continuing city; no permanent abode. And they do not wish to find it. Surely, they would not wish to spend an eternity thus in a state of distance, and of exile, from the God whom they supremely love. The very thought would mar their sweetest enjoyments. It would be death to their dearest hopes. But though travelling through a wilderness, they are travelling homeward. And well may they exclaim, in the language of the Poet :

Thrice welcome death !

That, after many a painful, bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wish'd-for shore.

Yes. They will soon find themselves in a *Father's house*. Not in a tent, a tabernacle, a casual residence, from which they may, at any moment, be thrust out; but in a *peaceable*, permanent *habitation*; a *sure dwelling*; a *quiet resting place*.

A *Father's house*. A dwelling which God him-

self has erected, adorned, furnished with every accommodation, and every delight, for the objects of his tenderest affection; the children of his dearest love. Surely, in such a habitation, there can be nothing wanting, to render the Christian completely blest. And yet, what would the *house* be, if the *Father* were not there? What an empty, desolate place would heaven itself be, to the Christian, if his God were absent. But no. That glorious being has built and adorned a heaven, not only for the eternal residence of his children, but for his own eternal residence. And there he will dwell forever, *a Father in the midst of his family*, opening all his heart, revealing all his love, imparting to their enlarged, sublimated, enraptured minds, new views of his glory, and pouring into their souls such joys and felicities as here, they could but imperfectly conceive.

SECONDLY. In our Father's house are "many mansions." Here again, occurs the idea of permanence; and not only so, but the more delightful idea of *tranquility* and *repose*; for such is the force of the original term. What a contrast, in both these views, will the heavenly mansions be, to our present state and condition. Here, all is mutable, transient, uncertain. There, all will be fixed; unalterably, everlastingly fixed. And to all the agitations and storms of this weary world, will succeed an uninterrupted and eternal calm.

But these mansions are *many*. Does not this expression intimate that among the heavenly inhabitants, while all will be completely blest, there will yet be a diversity of station, of honor, and enjoyment? And what is there unnatural in this? They will have left this world with a vast variety of capacities, of active services, and of attainments in holiness.— And why should they not be put in possession of different degrees of honor and reward in heaven? Indeed, if holiness is the great preparation for the heavenly felicity, does it not directly follow, that when

different saints enter heaven, they will enjoy a happiness proportionate in degree, to their attainments in holiness on earth?—I say, in holiness; for there, all other distinctions will be lost. The highest honors and felicities of that world, will be awarded, not as often in the present world, to the ambitious and aspiring, but to the simple-hearted, and the humble. In the emphatic, and often repeated expression of the Saviour; *the last shall be first, and the first, last.*

And if these mansions are *many*, another delightful thought arises. There will be many to occupy them; “a great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues.” Our Saviour indeed, has told us, that “strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leads to life; and few there are who find it.” Of the uncounted myriads and millions who have hitherto been summoned from earth to the eternal world, no great proportion, we have reason to fear, have found their way to the realms of glory. But it will not be always thus.—Brighter scenes are dawning on the world. The gospel spreads far and wide. Immense regions, wrested from the grasp of Satan, are brought under the holy sway of the Redeemer. The Spirit of God comes down on the human family, in unwonted effusions. The church on earth, and the church in heaven receive accessions hitherto unknown. And when we consider the promises of the Father to the Son; when we know that the sufferings of our Redeemer shall receive a rich and abundant reward; when we contemplate the universal triumph of the gospel in the latter ages of the world; and the immense multitude which will then people the globe—who can tell that the whole aggregate of the human family that shall be ultimately saved, will not greatly exceed the number of the lost?—O yes; in our Father’s house there are many mansions, *very* many, which his eternal, overflowing mercy has prepared for human souls. Nor shall one of them all remain unoccupied.

The **THIRD** thing which we remark in the text, is the *unquestionable certainty* of this reviving intelligence. "If it were not so, I would have told you." Our Lord addressed those who had renounced and forsaken all, to follow him. They had abandoned all that is dear to man in this world, in the hope of a heavenly inheritance and felicity. And was their hope baseless and vain? Were they feeding their imaginations with airy dreams? Would He, their Teacher, their Saviour, their Friend, cherish in their minds, or suffer them to cherish, a dire and destructive delusion? This was impossible. Let them not a moment suspect it. He in whom they had placed all their affection, and all their confidence, never would deceive them, nor ever suffer them to be deceived. Could they possibly be disappointed of the heavenly felicity, or disappointed *in* it, he would have given them fair and friendly warning. But this was utterly and forever impossible.

O Christians! feast upon this thought. Your hopes, your anticipations of eternal rest, shall never, never be disappointed. Could you fail here, you would indeed be of all men most miserable. But banish the appalling idea. Your Saviour, your best Friend, can never delude you, nor suffer you to be deluded, with mere dreams of future and endless felicity. No. Doubt it not, heaven is more full of blessedness and glory than your brightest thoughts have ever yet conceived. And heaven is as certainly yours, as the truth and faithfulness of the unchanging Redeemer can make it. For hear him declare,

In the **FOURTH** place: "I go to prepare a place for you." Heaven, it has been justly said, is a prepared place for a prepared people. In the counsels and purposes of God, it was prepared for his children before the foundation of the world. But in order to its being *actually* prepared for their reception, much, very much must be done. The Son of God, descending from his heavenly throne, and cloth-

ed in mortal flesh, must die for their redemption.— Having been delivered for their offences, he must rise again for their justification. He must re-ascend to that heaven from which he came down; he must enter the celestial mansions as their *fore-runner*, to take possession in their behalf, to announce their approach, and to welcome them on their arrival. He must, so to speak, sprinkle the mercy-seat of heaven with his atoning, peace-speaking blood; or how could any of our fallen and guilty race enter those regions of immortal purity and light? And while, by his universal presence, and all-governing providence, he guards, and secures, and blesses, and comforts his people on earth, he must make intercession for them before the throne of God above. As the ancient High Priest bore the names of all the sacred tribes on his breast-plate, so our great gospel High Priest must bear on his compassionate heart, all the millions of his people; and must perfume their prayers, their services, and their persons, with his own merits; or not one of them all can find acceptance and salvation from a holy God. In a word; our dear Redeemer, in order to prepare a place for his people, must enter heaven, as his presence is the light, the joy, and the glory of heaven; and constitutes, indeed, the very essence of its felicity. This we shall immediately see. For

FIFTHLY. Our Saviour declares: “If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you to myself.” How precious the promise! And how punctually, how delightfully is it fulfilled to every true believer! He knows that the period hastens on, when flesh and heart must fail; when this mortal tabernacle must drop; when the world must recede and disappear; when every dear earthly friend must be forsaken. But what then? What is death to the believer, but his Saviour coming, to open his prison-house, to knock off his fetters, and set his happy soul at liberty? What is death to the believer, but his Saviour coming to release him from every

form of sin, of temptation, and of suffering; and take him *home*; take him to an eternal rest; take him to himself, and to his bosom of everlasting mercy.

As Christ thus comes to receive his people at death; so, in an emphatical and more glorious sense, he comes for the same purpose, at the final judgment." "Behold," says the inspired John; "He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him; and all the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." Yes; "the unbelieving world shall wail." And well it may. But not so with the redeemed and sanctified. In the Judge, they will behold their friend, their Saviour, their ALL. The day of his triumph will be the day of *their* triumph. *His* glory will be *their* glory. *His* felicity will be *their* felicity. For He will say to them all, in accents of celestial music; "Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you." Come, ye beloved children of my family; the fruit of my toils and sufferings; the travail of my soul; come, behold and share my immortal blessedness. Come, "enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

And now, behold the crown of all their felicity; the very heaven of their heaven. "That where I am, there ye may be also." Must not these words of the Redeemer pour a tide of unutterable joy into the bosoms of the redeemed? While they were here on earth, Christ was the chosen of their souls. His love, his spiritual presence, were the crown of every joy, and the solace of every suffering. In communion with him, they found the closet, the sanctuary, and the table of his dying love, sacred and delightful scenes. But these joys were transitory.—Too often they were short as they were sweet.—How ineffably delightful, then, to find themselves admitted to his immediate, blissful presence; to behold his unveiled face; to realize the full accomplishment of his own prayer? "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that

they may behold my glory." Yes; they are with him where He is; they behold his glory; they are pillars in his temple; and they know, with full assurance, that they shall never go out; never, even for a moment, lose the sight, the presence of their adored Redeemer. Must they not then be completely and everlastingly blest? Must not all their griefs be banished; all their prayers answered; all their desires accomplished; all that they have wished or conceived of heavenly felicity, perfectly and forever realized?

My beloved hearers; the scenes of blessedness and glory, at which we have thus ventured a momentary glance, are stigmatized by thousands, as mere fictions of the mind; as dreams of a deluded, diseased imagination. And so do they transcend all human desert, and human thought, that they must have been viewed in the same light, by all the sober and reflecting, but for a very simple consideration. They are presented to us in the book of God; that book whose every page, whose every line, is eternal, infallible truth. They are *promised*, repeatedly as well as most explicitly promised, by the Saviour, the faithful and unchanging Saviour, to all his real friends. They are, then, no fictions, but great and eternal realities. Those, and those alone are the sober, who regard and treat them as realities. And those are emphatically the dreaming, who disbelieve or doubt them.

O Christians, believe it—it is as true, as it is delightful—you shall not always remain in this wilderness. You are on your way to a *Father's house*.—Your Saviour has gone before you to the blissful mansions. There He dwells, clothed in light, enthroned in glory. But He thinks not his heaven complete, till He has brought his friends, his redeemed, to the same blest abode. And soon He will come, according to his promise, to take you home. At death, He will receive your souls, and in the last great day, He will receive your raised and glorified bodies too;

that in your whole nature, you may *be with Him where He is, and be with Him for ever*. Yes; if to be with your Redeemer, and be like Him; if to behold his glory, and to share it; if to pour your souls in everlasting gratitude and praise to *Him who loved you, and washed you from your sins in his own blood*; if this can make you happy, your happiness is secure. If this is the heaven you long for, this heaven shall be yours.

Open your hearts, my friends, to these blissful thoughts, and to all their sublimating, purifying, consoling influence. And if in a high and sacred sense, you are already *risen with Christ*; if *your life is hid with Christ in God*; if you indulge the hope, that *when Christ who is your life, shall appear, you also shall appear with Him in glory*; ah consider, *what manner of persons ought you to be, in all holy conversation and godliness*? With heaven thus in your eye, will you still cleave to earth? With its pure and immortal felicities just before you, will you stoop to the poor, polluted, polluting pleasures of the world? Will you wound anew that heart that once poured its crimson treasures for your pardon? While your Saviour waits to receive you to the everlasting joys of his presence, and to place on your heads an immortal crown, will you be sluggish in his service, and heartless in his sacred cause? Do you hope to walk with him in robes of white; hereafter; and will you here defile your garments with the stains of worldliness and sin? No, Christians! Your Saviour, and your religion; your present blessings, and your immortal hopes, have other claims upon you than these. In you, every thing great and sublime in thought and sentiment; every thing exalted in aim and purpose; every thing pure in heart and deportment; in you, the deepest humility, the tenderest gratitude, the most ardent love to God and man, the most vigorous pursuit of universal holiness, are most reasonable, most indispensable. They are the just expectation of heaven and earth concerning you.

And how do the sublime truths we have been contemplating, soothe the anguish of our hearts, in the departure of pious friends. True; they have gone from us; but have they not gone to the home they loved and longed for? True; earth is impoverished by their removal; but is not heaven proportionably enriched? We shall see their faces no more; but do they not now, and will they not forever behold the face of their dear and adored Redeemer? Did we love them—truly, tenderly, justly love them; and shall we repine that they are now more lovely than ever? Shall we grieve that the perfect holiness, which, while here, they did but long and sigh and pray for, they have actually attained; and that disencumbered of every earthly clog, their free spirits are now expatiating in the regions of immortal purity, and immortal joy?

Such, it appears to me, are the bright and soothing reflections which naturally mingle with the deep and just grief which is felt by numbers whom I now address. The departure of the beloved Mrs. PUTNAM is a loss tenderly and extensively lamented.—Nor can it soon be forgotten. Yet the thought that she sleeps in Jesus; that she rests with her beloved Redeemer; is a cordial to the sinking heart of friendship, and of love. These reflections are the more soothing, as they are so amply sustained by the exemplary purity of her devoted life, and by the signal divine manifestations which brightened her closing scene.

In paying a tender tribute to christian excellence, it is not human worth which we celebrate. No, my friends. It is the grace of God; it is the religion of Jesus, which we celebrate. The dear woman whom we lament, delighted to ascribe every thing she was, to the mercy, the free, sovereign, distinguishing mercy of her God and Saviour. To honor the grace of that God and Saviour, and not to scatter useless flowers over the tomb of a frail mortal; let us meditate a

few moments, on some of the prominent traits which marked and elevated her character.

From personal acquaintance, and from other circumstances, I cannot but consider her *intellectual powers*, as of an uncommon order. These powers were early and assiduously cultivated at a respectable seminary in her native parish.* Nor did she soon pause in the career of improvement. Delighting to impart, as well as to acquire, useful knowledge, she spent several years as a teacher of youth; and discharged the duties of the office with much acceptance and success.

Bereaved of her father at the early age of ten, she became, by her tender and dutiful deportment, the prop and solace of her widowed mother. Her natural dispositions were amiable and kind. She took a lively interest in the sorrows and joys of others. She early manifested likewise a reverence for divine things; especially, for the word of God.

The date of her first special impressions of religion, I cannot accurately ascertain. She devoted herself to God by a public profession, at the age of nineteen. Her subsequent life evinced that this act was no formality, but a real consecration of her heart and soul, her powers, and acquisitions, and talents, to her Redeemer, and his cause.

She possessed a discriminating mind; and she faithfully brought her faculties to a close and thorough investigation of divine truth. Being early convinced, by a painful scrutiny, of the depravity of her heart, and its natural alienation from God, she perceived, of course, that there was but one ground of hope. This brought her to the foot of the cross.— This prostrated her in the dust, as a guilty, helpless sinner, imploring mercy in the name of Jesus. This constrained her, through life, and emphatically on her dying bed, to ascribe all her spiritual blessings,

* Mrs. PUTNAM was born in Andover, North Parish, in the year 1791.— She died at Portsmouth, June 10th, 1832.

all her heavenly hopes, all her joys and consolations, to the blood and righteousness of her Saviour, and to the sovereign, renewing, sanctifying power and grace of his Spirit. On these topics she was accustomed to lay great stress. She was solicitous that all should know, that here was the foundation, the aliment, the essence and life, of her religion. And her heart sunk within her at the thought that any of her friends or fellow mortals should build a hope for eternity on any other basis than this.

Her religious life was commenced and continued with a signal and exemplary devotion to the reading, or rather the discriminating *study* of the Scriptures; and this, attended with humble, fervent prayer. The closet was her favorite retreat. Here she found communion with her God. Here she sought and obtained strength for her arduous duties, support under all her trials, with courage and perseverance in running the christian race.

Next to the Sacred Oracles, the writings of Watts and Doddridge, and others of kindred sentiments and spirit, constituted her chosen and favorite reading. Every religious system, and doctrine, and practice, she was in the habit of bringing to the test of Scripture; approving or rejecting it, according to its agreement or disagreement with the divine standard.

Like other eminent christians, she greatly delighted in the sanctuary, and its ordinances. No common obstacles were permitted to detain her from her Father's earthly house, nor from the assemblies of his saints. On the occasional and more private means of grace and edification, she conscientiously and punctually attended; and this, often at the sacrifice of personal ease and convenience.

Her interest in the success and progress of religion, and in the promotion of every design connected with it, was habitual and intense. So acute, indeed, were her feelings respecting these objects, and so great and frequent her exertions and sacrifices for their

furtherance, as sensibly to affect her feeble frame, and perhaps ultimately to shorten her invaluable life.

Were I to select a trait in her character, peculiarly prominent, it would be her unhesitating firmness and decision, where the cause of God, and truth, and practical religion was concerned. Here she never shrunk nor faltered. There were cases indeed, in which she trembled lest she should mistake the path of duty. But when this path was clearly discovered, she had no tremblings in view of the difficulties, or the consequences of its pursuit.

Yet hers was a chastened energy. Her decision of character was neither rigid, nor pertinacious, nor overbearing. It recognized the rights, it respected the feelings, it kindly allowed for the infirmities of others. Few qualities were more observable in this lovely woman, than a tender and condescending regard to those in lowly stations and circumstances.

In *humility*, that loveliest ornament of the sex, that favorite soil of every virtue, that nearest imitation of the Saviour, she was eminent. Though, in the view of others, she was an exemplary and shining Christian; in her own view, her attainments were small. There were times when the very thought of being interested in the Saviour, and experiencing the riches of his grace, was almost overwhelming to her spirit. Having once poured out her heart, almost unconsciously, in expressions implying love to the Saviour, and confidence of her interest in his love, she suddenly checked herself; and covering her face, exclaimed, with a touching simplicity; "Oh, I am ashamed to be thus noticed by the Saviour. I want to get away, and hide me."—At another time, speaking to some Christian friends, she lamented in the most emphatic expressions, the feebleness and inconstancy of her love to Christ.—Here, she feared, was the great defect of her religion. And she feared it was so with other Christians.—

Our love to the Saviour, she said, should be such, that the very mention of his name would melt us—would bring tears into our eyes.

The *spirituality* of her mind was great. With her, *holiness* was the all-absorbing object. And as she supremely sought it for herself, she supremely prized it in others. In her eyes, the humblest forms of human nature were lovely, and persons the most neglected and despised, respectable, if she saw in them the image of her Saviour. Toward the close of life, she uttered these remarkable expressions:—“I love the holiness of God so much; I pant so for likeness to the Saviour, that I think He will not reject me.” And at another time: “Heaven seems to be *the home of my heart*; my *heart* seems to long to be there.”

She felt and manifested a lively interest in children. She attached great importance to their being dedicated to God in the ordinance of his own appointment. Her confidence in the covenant favor of God toward her own beloved children, was remarkable through life; and she seemed to cling to the thought with new endearment, at the approach of the final hour.

Over the minds of her female acquaintances, she possessed no small share of influence. This talent she did not fail to employ for the important purpose of stimulating and encouraging them to every good word and work. With those females in other places, whose stations and responsibilities were similar to her own, she had frequent and interesting communications. And many of them will long remember her with affection and regret, as an invaluable friend and counsellor.*

* MRS. PUTNAM kept, for many years, a diary, containing notices of her spiritual state and progress, and remarks on the events and aspects of the religious world. Judging from the perusal of some parts, I cannot but consider it very instructive; and well worthy to be given, in some form, to the Christian community.

I might proceed to speak of her habitual *cheerfulness*, so much the result of a lively trust in God, and so delightfully ornamental to the religion she professed. I might speak of the acuteness of her social and sympathetic feelings, which rendered her so dear to her friends, and so much the comfort of the afflicted around her. I might speak of her deep sense of the duties of her station, as she stood connected with this Church and religious society; and of the mingled fidelity and tenderness with which she was ever ready to give counsels, encouragements and cautions to all. I might speak of the extensive views which she took of the interests of Zion, and of the community; of her ardent devotion to the benevolent designs and efforts of the day; and of the eagerness with which she anticipated the universal diffusion of the gospel, and its saving blessings, through the earth. I might speak of her love to Christians, and to Christian ministers, for their Master's sake; and of the spontaneous kindness with which she welcomed them not only to her mansion, but to her heart.

The sensibilities which could expatiate in so wide a sphere, and without exhaustion, must have been powerful indeed, when concentrated upon their peculiar objects. As a wife, and a mother, she was lovely; she was inestimable. But I may not spread before you the strength, the tenderness, the delicacy of her feelings in these relations; nor that union of *native* and *religious* sensibility, which rendered her all that heart could wish. Around the memory of these "joys that are past," so "pleasant and mournful to the soul," fond and bleeding affection will delight to linger. While gratitude for the rich blessing so long enjoyed, will aid in softening the anguish of its loss.

That our departed friend, in common with all the daughters of Adam, had her defects and failings, is unquestionable. I shall not attempt to particularize

them ; for to me they were unknown. And were it otherwise, the task would be ungracious, unseasonable, and unprofitable. Her virtues and her defects, "reposed alike in trembling hope," in the bosom of her Saviour. The one he has mercifully accepted. The other, I doubt not, he has blotted out for ever.

In reviewing the ardent piety, and the devoted life of this distinguished woman, we should naturally have anticipated that her dying bed would be peaceful. But who could have preconceived the full assurance, the joy, the triumph, which it actually exhibited? Those who witnessed the last three days of her life, will never lose the memory of the scene; nor ever call it back, but with mingled emotions of wonder, gratitude and delight. - They saw such sufferings of body, and such joys of soul, as are rarely seen combined. They saw the heavenly triumphs of faith, not only over doubt and fear, but over intense corporeal distress; over the final agonies of dissolving nature.

Heaven waits not the last moment ; owns her friends
On this side death, and points them out to men.

Ah, these are the *miracles* by which God himself, from age to age, declares aloud to a deluded, careless world, what are the sovereign virtues of the Redeemer's cross; and what the matchless worth, and what the divine, sublimating, supporting, triumphant power of his religion.

In this favored woman, indeed, were seen no impatient longings to be gone; but a sweet submission; a holy peace. Her very pains, she said, were sweet; her most intense agonies, gentle. All was good; all right. Most nobly did she bear her dying testimony to the divinity, the cross, the grace of her Redeemer. Not to herself, not to her unworthy self, but to the *grace of God*, she was anxious to secure all the praise. She humbly hoped, too, that her death might be an instrument of good to others. She longed that it

might be sanctified to many. O, might it but revive religion in the hearts of Christians, and thus bring spiritual blessings down upon the place, the mercy she thought, would be almost too great.*

During the bright and signal-period which I have mentioned, she was wonderfully strengthened, amid the sinkings of nature, to address great numbers of her friends and visitants. And all her addresses were instructive and appropriate; some of them, almost overpowering. She seemed like one come from a better world, to speak, in accents of heavenly eloquence, of its great realities. To her Christian friends, her language was full of ardent, faithful admonition and excitement. To those without hope in Christ, it was awakening, urgent and impressive. It was persuasive and alluring too. To some whom she knew and loved, and who she feared were resting in mistaken views and hopes; she addressed admonitions so solemn and searching, yet so kind and tender, as could scarcely fail to gain the conscience, and the heart. She took a most melting leave of her beloved partner and family; solemnly blessing her children, in the name of that FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT to whom they had been dedicated in baptism.

MY DEAR AFFLICTED BROTHER,—I should be insensible indeed, did I not enter, with a lively sympathy into your present trial. My own memory and feelings tell me too well how deep and painful is the wound which has pierced your heart. Still you feel that the hand which has inflicted it, is wise and good, and kind—is a FATHER'S hand. And if your loss is great, great too has been your blessing. To have enjoyed, for more than sixteen years, the presence, the counsels, the solace, the sympathies, the prayers

*I have quoted less from the dying observations of Mrs. PUTNAM, as a very precious and ample selection of them will be given to the public, in the Funeral Sermon, preached by the Rev. Mr. French, of North Hampton.

of such a friend and partner, is a privilege which your heart tells you is above all price. And is it not a thought full of sweet and sublime delight, that she is gone to her Father and your Father; to her God and your God; that she mingles with glorified saints, and spotless angels; that she has commenced her everlasting song; and that she waits for you to come up, and unite in all her pure and immortal felicities?— True; you are now solitary in a wilderness; and a “busy, meddling memory,” will be but too apt to recur to past endearments and joys never to return.— But you are *not* alone. God, the unfailing Friend, will be with you. His everlasting arms shall support you. His consolations shall comfort you. That precious bible, that throne of eternal grace, whence your beloved partner drew all her strength and comfort, shall be your resource too.—If through this bereavement, life has lost its charms, is not death too deprived of its gloom? Is not heaven itself invested with new attractions? Arise then, my Brother; banish every thought of despondence; gird yourself with new vigor and resolution, to your great work. The grace of your Almighty Saviour shall be sufficient for you; his strength shall be perfected in your weakness. If the parting scene through which you have recently passed, is full of tender sorrow, is it not likewise full of instruction; full of divine animation?— Refreshed with those heavenly visions which have lately surrounded the dying bed, will you not rise to new vigor and new exertions, in your glorious Master’s service? With such a recent evidence of the divine and supporting power of his gospel brought home to your inmost heart, will you not preach that gospel to your beloved people with new emphasis and delight; and with greatly augmented hopes of success? Supported, amid this bitter bereavement, as I trust you are, and will be, by the power of heavenly grace, will you not be able, more

than ever, to comfort others also with the same consolations by which you yourself are comforted of God?

Do you, at times, look around, with aching eyes, and a bleeding heart, upon your children, deprived of a mother's love, and a mother's care and counsels?—Banish your griefs. They are children of the covenant; children of many prayers, and many blessings: God will take care of these pledges of love. And you may hope, faithfully acting the parent's part; faithfully discharging those double duties which now await you, to see them rise up your comfort, your joy, and your final crown. May Almighty God abundantly bless both them and you. May you all meet at last, *an unbroken family*, in your Father's house above.

MY DEAR FRIENDS OF THIS CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND SOCIETY,—You are all mourners. You all sympathize with your beloved, afflicted Pastor. You all feel a breach, a wound which will not soon be healed. Numbers of you were privileged to stand round that *bed* which had in it *so little of death*, and *so much of heaven*. And who of you all has not been ready to exclaim: “Let *me* die such a peaceful death; let *my* last end be crowned with such heavenly hope and triumph?” And now, my dear Friends, let me say with emphasis: Such an aspiration *needs* not evaporate in air. It needs not prove a mere indolent, ineffective, fruitless *wish*. By the blessing of God, it may become, with you all, a divine and blissful reality. Would you that your *last end* should be like the beloved and happy Mrs. PUTNAM'S? See that you have her *faith*, not only *sincere* but *strong*—her *love*, not only *genuine*, but *ardent*—her all-absorbing devotion to Christ—her conscientious faithfulness in every duty, and every relation. Let that *gracious throne* whence she derived all her holiness, and strength, and comfort, be your favorite and constant resort. Let that *Bible* which was her unceasing

companion, and counsellor, and guide, be yours too. Let your hope and trust, like hers, repose on a DIVINE Saviour. In the full view of death, and heaven, she repeatedly and most emphatically signified, that for worlds, she would not venture her soul on any but a DIVINE Saviour.* And here, we may add, in the words of the Poet,

Here is *firm footing* ; here is *solid rock*,
This can support us ; all is *sea* beside.

And now, MY BELOVED FRIENDS OF THIS ASSEMBLY,—is there not something inspiring in the thought, that the *path to heaven*, the *plain, direct, certain* path, is open to us all? Blessed be God! there are those whom we knew and loved; those who but lately shared in the same depravity, temptations and griefs, the same toils and conflicts, which now beset us, who have forever got beyond them all. Cleansed from every stain, and free from every form of suf-

*It will not be contended, that the last words, even of the eminently pious, are infallible. Nor, on the other hand, will any reflecting mind treat them lightly. A death-bed is surely a serious, trying, undeceiving scene. And if, in the nearest views which mortals ever take of judgment and eternity, persons of the purest hearts, and most exemplary deportment, dare not indulge a hope of heaven, but *through the atonement of a divine Saviour*, the fact is most interesting. Should it not lead others, who are conscious they can make no such pretensions, to pause, to ponder, and inquire?

Can it be supposed that the God of heaven would suffer the brightest ornaments of their species, *the excellent of the earth*, not only to live, but to die, in the exercise of gross idolatry? Yet such is the unquestionable fact, if Christ is not a *divine Saviour*. The great mass of the Christian world, for eighteen centuries, have in life and in death, trusted and adored him as God. If Christ is not God, is not heaven itself a scene of idolatry?—Does He not receive, in that world, the very highest ascriptions of praise and glory, which are given to the Eternal Father? If Christ is not God, has not the Bible, which was given for the grand purpose of putting down all idolatry, most signally failed of accomplishing its design? Has it not been, indeed, the efficient instrument of establishing the most imposing and ruinous system of idolatry which the world ever saw?

fering, they are this moment around the throne of God, and sing the everlasting song. And what is the path by which they reached the blest abodes? The same path, I repeat it, which we are now invited to tread. Yes; we have the same Saviour to redeem us; the same Spirit to sanctify us; the same Bible to guide us; the same promises to refresh us; the same immortal crown to inspire and reward our holy ambition; the same heaven to receive us at last. Do not those happy spirits seem to look down upon us with a sacred concern, and kindly invite us to come and join their blest society? Do they not assure us that the conflict will soon be past, the victory won, and the reward immensely glorious? Compassed about, then, with so great a cloud of witnesses, shall we not lay aside every weight, and every besetting sin? Shall we basely cleave to earth, when all the joys of heaven, offer themselves to our acceptance? Shall we madly plunge in the eternal pit, when the Saviour's arms are stretched out for our deliverance? Rise, then, my dear fellow mortals; rise, and lay hold of immortal strength, and immortal felicity. Burst the wretched bondage of sin; break away from every enchantment of the world; and seize an inheritance in the skies. O, you will soon, very soon, be dislodged from these tabernacles of clay. Prepare to occupy some of those *many* and glorious *mansions* in your Father's house above.