



Painted by Thompson. 1810.

Engraved by J.B. Martin, Richm<sup>d</sup>.

REV. JOHN D. BLAIR.

*Joseph Jackson*

# SERMONS

COLLECTED FROM

## THE MANUSCRIPTS

OF THE LATE

**Rev. John D. Blair.**

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*“That ye be not slothful, but followers of those who,  
through faith and patience, inherit the promises,”*

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**Richmond:**

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1825.

*District of Virginia, to wit :*

BE it remembered, that on the thirtieth day of May, in  
\*\*\*\*\* the forty-ninth year of the independence of  
\* L. S. \* the United States of America, MARY BLAIR,  
\*\*\*\*\* of the said district, hath deposited in this of-  
fice, the title of a book, the right whereof she claims as  
proprietor, in the words following, to wit : "Sermons  
collected from the manuscripts of the late Rev. John D.  
Blair." "That ye be not slothful, but followers of those  
who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."  
In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United  
States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning,  
by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the  
authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time  
therein mentioned."

RD. JEFFRIES,  
*Clerk of the District of Virginia.*

STATE OF OHIO

MADEYMAN

## PREFACE.



IN compliance with the wish of a number of the friends of the Reverend Mr. BLAIR, his family have selected from his manuscripts, the Sermons which compose the ensuing volume. They would, doubtless, have appeared much more advantageously, if they had been prepared for the press by his own hand. They are less perfect, too, than they would have been, in consequence of his habit of enlarging before the public, what he had written more briefly in private. Some of them appear to be among his earliest compositions of that kind, while others belong to a later period. Although they are less fully and less carefully written out than they would have been, had their author composed them for publication, yet they are deemed not unworthy of being read, and are commended to that blessing of Heaven, which alone can render them extensively useful.

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# CHRISTIAN HEROISM.



A SERMON

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH

OF THE

**REV. JOHN D. BLAIR,**

DELIVERED BY THE REV. JOHN BLAIR HOGE,

*In the Presbyterian Church, Shockæ-Hill, Jan. 1823.*



*“ For I am now ready to be offered, and the time  
of my departure is at hand.”*

II. Timothy, 4th chap. 6th verse.

THE venerable Paul was now, the second time, a prisoner at Rome. He had already travelled far in the pilgrimage of life. There was little ground for the hope, that he could escape the unsparing persecution which, instigated by the bloody Nero, was now raging against the Christian cause. Nor is it unreasonable to conjecture, that he had been Divinely admonished, that he should soon exchange a mortal, for an immortal life.

With this event distinctly in his view, he sets down to write an affectionate letter to his beloved son Timothy. Doubtless, he will now pour out all his

heart. If a mask had heretofore hidden from the world his true character, he will now lay it aside, and disclose his genuine feelings. If the ardour of his mind had impelled him to espouse an unworthy, or a doubtful cause, the damps of his prison will now have chilled his blood and frozen him into prudence; and he will endeavour to arrest his young friend in a course which had proved so disastrous to himself; or, if embarked in a good cause, he had been transported by the extravagance of his zeal, into dangers which it became him to avoid, he will erect his own experience as a beacon for the warning of one whom he tenderly loved. But, instead of this, he animates Timothy, by the prospect of his own departure, to perseverance and to fidelity. "I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom: Preach the word; be instant, in season, and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine." "But, watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an Evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." He does not lament his own hard fate, nor execrate the folly by which he had brought it on himself. Nor, does he sit down in the temper of a savage, resolved that his enemies shall see no token of yielding in his fierce and fiery spirit; but, blending together the tenderness and the dignity of the Christian character, he exclaims, "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."

Ever since his introduction into the world, Death has been the king of terrors. With instinctive ap-

prehension, mortals shrink from his presence and strive to evade his stroke. In their estimation, death is so awful, that, for the most part, they are reluctant to contemplate it, in relation to themselves. When, in the course of that reflection into which even the unthinking are sometimes led, the image of death crosses the path of their minds, they suddenly strike out some new channel for their thoughts. Death wrenches from us the possessions which we have garnered up on earth; unlocks our grasp on the hand of friendship and affection; closes our eyes on the fair scenes of this splendid creation; shuts up our senses, and removes us forever, from all the objects with which we have been familiar. A viewless, formless foe, he stands in our path, ready in an unexpected hour to dart upon his victim. Beyond him lies an untried, unexplored region, where is erected the tribunal of a Righteous Judge, who will in no wise clear the guilty. And, if there be a Heaven for those whom he approves, there is also a Hell for those whom he condemns. "Their worm dieth not, their fire is not quenched." These are some of the considerations which sharpen the sting of death, and deepen the horrors of the grave.— With all this lowering upon him, is it strange that a sinful mortal should shudder at death? Rather, is it not strange, that any should fail to shudder? And yet, there are some who seem to meet death without alarm. Ignorant of his own character, and of his relations to God, his Maker, and reckless of the prospect before him, a man may die without fear, because he will not permit himself to think. Perverted by scepticism or unbelief, he may have toil-

ed so earnestly to persuade himself that he has nothing to dread beyond the grave, that God may have given him up to his own strong delusion. Accomplished in the dreadful work of hardening his own heart and searing his own conscience, God may have consigned him, judicially, to that indifference which he has coveted; and, he may pass untroubled through his last hour, because no visitation of mercy comes to give movement to his fears. He, whose native timidity made him tremble when his eye met the grave, may, by some strong excitement, be lifted above his fears. Glowing with patriotic ardour, or panting to have his brows encircled with the chaplet of fame, or driven by some other powerful impulse, the warrior may advance courageously to meet the array of death on the plain of battle.— Apart from all external stimulus, a man may have such tension of nerve, and such daring of character, that the prospect of death will not shake his natural fortitude. All this may be true; and, still to mankind in general, death may be inexpressibly awful. But, where is the heroism evinced in all this? Is it a proof of heroism for a mortal to die, trifling with all that is venerable and holy; unthinking, indifferent and asleep, when the mental eye should turn all its power of vision on the future, and when his own eternal destiny trembles in the scales of an irreversible decision? Then, the pilot is a hero, who, warned of the breakers that are in his course, remains supine, until the shock is felt which wrecks his vessel. If the sceptic be true to his professions, he cannot be afraid of death, and can exhibit no heroism on its approach. And yet, even he has

been known to tremble, when a solitary speck arose to obscure the horizon of life. It is no certain proof of courage, or contempt of death, when he is voluntarily encountered on the field of blood. Thousands who have braved him at the cannon's mouth, have afterwards trembled to meet him in retirement. What, I pray you, is the moral value of that animal courage, which depends on nerves too insensible to be shaken, or on blood too sluggish to be accelerated through its accustomed channel? But, enough of this. We all must die. The sentence has gone forth, and we cannot be reprieved from its execution. We are all naturally afraid of death. We want something that can reconcile us to this event, and support us under this shock; something that can solace the aged and cheer the young; something that can add a Heavenly charm to natural fortitude, and transform timidity into calmness and confidence; something that can adapt itself to the peculiar state of each, and tender substantial comfort to every mortal in that fearful hour, when, for the most part, consolation yields to despair. Where shall we seek that moral heroism which can achieve this victory over man's last foe, and adorn with the badge of triumph him, who, though he falls beneath resistless power, yet falls with such dignity and grandeur, that he sinks from the view of mortals in a blaze of Glory? Where? In the religion of Jesus Christ; that religion which lived in the heart, breathed in the thoughts, glowed in the words and shone in the life of the heroic Paul; and, which enabled him to exclaim, not only with submission,

but with triumph, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."

This declaration was not the offspring of a sudden impulse, or a late attainment. Thirty years had now elapsed since Paul had surrendered his hostility to the Cross, and had become a Christian and an Apostle. Previous to this time, he had a desire to depart and to be with Christ; and his whole deportment evinced, that he was triumphant over the fear of death. We, it is true, are not called to be Apostles, or to encounter the difficulties which opposed his course: but, we are required to be Christians; and, it is our privilege, as it was his, to derive from the all-sufficient grace of God, preparation to say, each one for himself, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for, thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they shall comfort me." Multitudes, "who, through fear of death, have been all their life-time subject to bondage," have been emancipated from it by that Grace to which Paul ascribed his victory; the world has faded from their sight; Heaven has opened to their eyes; and, out-flying in their desires the rapid wheels of time, they have pressed forward to that verge, from which millions recoil, and joyfully throw themselves into eternity. Charge not this experience with enthusiasm. What can be more reasonable, than that the soul, leavened with the truth, and cast into the mould of the Gospel, should serenely, and even exultingly follow through the grave, the Redeeming Messenger, who beckons it to the skies, where angelic spirits sweep

their harps and sweetly sing, "Sister spirit, come away."

But, we have not yet done justice to the heroism of Paul. He knew that the time of his departure was at hand. And, he was not ignorant of the steep and rugged path which he was about to scale. The last agony, unsoothed by a single opiate, was to be encountered, not in the bosom of a peaceful home, nor environed by sympathising friends, but on a scaffold, reeking with the blood that had flowed in Christian veins. He resigned himself to death, not when it should become inevitable, when nature had worn herself out, or when disease had quenched the fountain of life; but, to a voluntary and a violent death, which he might have averted by proving recreant from his faith, and forswearing his allegiance to his Heavenly Master.

From this peaceful era of the Christian Church, when the Gospel of Christ has accomplished an astonishing revolution in the sentiments and feelings and practice of men, from sympathy in which, even they are not excluded, who neither entertain its doctrines, nor obey its precepts, we look back with horror on the past trials of the Church; and with admiration on the fidelity of those of her members who "loved not their lives unto death," we read the history of the martyr; we dwell with indignation on the story of his wrongs. Applauding his unbending integrity, we follow him to the desecrated spot, where the sacrifice of his blood is to be consummated. There, we gaze on his transfigured countenance, and mark the fire of confidence that gleams in his eye: we see the Heavens cleaving above him,

and the portals of his celestial mansion unfolding to welcome him : and as he falls beneath the axe, we cover him with that glory, which now, invests the cause in which he bled. What would be the result, if the ban of proscription, were once more published ; if the arm of persecution were once more bared ; if the trial were once more instituted, whether professing Christians, love most, their lives, or their Christian honour, and the Glory of that Saviour, who, for them endured the Cross? Mark those inglorious desertions ! See how the columns of the Christian host are melting away ! Many are found unable to endure this baptism, who had said in the hour of security, Lord, we are ready to go with thee to prison, to judgment, and even to thy Cross. But, if it would be difficult to pass this ordeal now, when the sympathies of the Church and the world, have prepared for the sufferer, a bed of roses, and a Crown of triumph, what must it have been, when, on the immolation of a solitary and an excoriated victim, the orgies of the rabble were echoed from the imperial throne? Yet, under these appalling circumstances the Apostle declared, that he was "ready to be offered;" willing to be poured out, as a libation on the altar of God. "Blessed man, indeed ; who could look upon the pouring forth of his blood, as the libation of a sacrifice, of thanksgiving, on which he could call for the congratulations of his friends, rather than their condolence ; who could loosen from these mortal shores, and set sail for eternity with a shout." \* Here was true heroism !

\* Doddridge.

Soon after this period, Paul suffered at Rome, the martyrdom which he anticipated. "He counted not his life dear, that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the Grace of God." This was, doubtless, indisputable proof of his sincerity, which in its turn, demonstrates the divinity of the Christian religion. An individual may, indeed, be so wedded to an erroneous creed, that no terrors can divorce him from it: but Paul was a martyr, not only of the opinions, which he avowed, but of the facts which he professed to be a witness, and in relation to which, he could not be mistaken. If, then, Paul was sincere, the facts which he reported, and the doctrines which he published were true; and if they were true, the religion of Christ is divine; and if the religion of Christ be divine, here is the rock on which we may securely build our confidence for eternity, and which the billows of death can never shake.

But, what is there of mystery in the heroism which Paul exhibited? The Grace of God was adequate to sustain him. He who abases the proud and elevates the humble, could easily transform, even a trembling, to a triumphant faith. And to him, when exulting over death and the grave, Paul carried the ascription of praise, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Still we are able to render a reason of the confidence that was in him. It is reflection on the past, or apprehension for the future, that gives death his utmost power to agitate the bosom of a mortal. But, standing on the margin of both worlds, whether he turned his eye backward or forward, Paul saw

nothing, but what was calculated to assure, and to animate him.

In the retrospect of his life, he perceived nothing that could render death terrible. True, he had once been without God in the world; he had reviled and persecuted Christ and his cause; he had waged war with the most precious interests of Earth and Heaven: but, when convinced of his error, he had renounced it; his sins were washed away in the blood of expiation; he had become a new creature; a Holy influence now pervaded his character and directed his conduct; he maintained a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man: not having yet attained, he was pressing "towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus our Lord." Impeded by no difficulties and dismayed by no opposition, he made his career progressive to the end. To his efforts as a Christian, were added his unparralleled toils and sufferings as an Apostle: and in reference to both, he had adhered to the truth and preserved his fidelity inviolate. This, indeed, was not the ground of his confidence. He who had taught that "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid," well knew that Christ was his only foundation: but a re-view of his past life, brought to him the evidence, that he had built on this solid basis, and not on the sand. He had therefore no reason to fear, for he could say, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

Guided by the light of Divine Revelation, he could explore the invisible world, and anticipate the events, in reserve for him there. He beheld an august tribunal

and an Omniscient Judge. He saw the smoke of Tophet, ascending up for ever and ever. But he knew, that the Christian character, which had been graciously conferred upon him, would evince his interest in the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ; he could regard even the Judge as his friend; and he felt assured that the rectitude of the Divine Government would forbid his perdition. He knew, therefore, that when his "Earthly house of this tabernacle should be dissolved, he had a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." Why should he be afraid of death, who could say, "Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day."

Thrice happy mortal! standing on the confines of the grave, the recollection of the past planted no thorns in his conscience; and the anticipation of the future, cast no dimness over that crown of glory, which he was soon to wear and to wear forever. To this happiness we may all aspire. We may not resemble him in all the high qualities by which he was distinguished; but we may be partakers of the joy, which chased away all sadness from his last hour; and in those rewards of Grace in which he now exults. Let us imitate his example. Choosing that good part which he chose, let us cleave to it as an invaluable possession. Let us run with patience the race set before us. Let us fight the good fight, finish our course, keep the faith, in imitation of his example, and for us there shall be "laid up a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give us in that day; and, not to us only,

but to all who love his appearing." And when summoned to leave the world, we may accommodate to our own condition the dignified exclamation, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."

From the martyrdom of the Apostle, let us now turn to contemplate the death of a minister of the Gospel, who has been recently translated from this Church, we trust, to the General Assembly of the Church of the First-born, which are written in Heaven. This event should not be permitted to mingle, unheeded, with the croud of incidents that make up the history of our lives. I see many by whom it will not be forgotten. But, the most affectionate remembrance of this bereavement is not enough. A dispensation so signal, of the Providence of God, towards this Church, demands to be pondered: and, all its intentions in regard to us will not be fulfilled, unless we derive improvement from it. This day has been set apart for that interesting purpose; and you are now admonished to profit by his past ministry, and his recent death.

On the present occasion, a tribute is due to departed worth, which, I acknowledge my inadequacy to render. It is only within the last few years of his life, that I had the advantage of knowing your late pastor. Of that period, the last three months have furnished me the only opportunity of an intimate acquaintance with his character. During that period, I knew him only on the couch of affliction, and under the oppressions of disease. Of this season of his life, I could speak from personal observation. For his earlier history and character, I should

be indebted to others. Testimony in the highest degree respectable, and for aught I know, universal, would warrant me to say, far more in his favour, than is contemplated in the present service. Should I attempt no delineation of his character, your knowledge on that subject would supply the deficiency. And if I exhibit a diminished and imperfect portrait, you will be able to expand it to its just dimensions, and to apply to it those assimilating touches, which will render it a more perfect likeness of the original.

The Rev. John Durburrow Blair, a native of Pennsylvania, was born October, 15, 1759. The family from which he descended, has furnished the Church with several distinguished Ministers, of whom his father was one. He enjoyed the advantage of an early education at the College of Nassau Hall, in New-Jersey, then under the presidency of the venerable Dr. Witherspoon. Having graduated, while yet in his minority, he was appointed one of its tutors. President Witherspoon having been requested to recommend some one, to take charge of the Academy of Washington Henry, in Hanover, designated Mr. Blair for that service; who, accordingly came to Virginia, and entered upon the duties of the office to which he was appointed. In his youth he had made a profession of religion, and directed his views to the ministry, in preference to other pursuits, more gainful, or more honourable, in the view of the world. These views he prosecuted during his residence in Virginia. About the year 1785, he was introduced into the ministry by the Presbytery of Hanover, and inducted to the pastoral charge of the Church of Pole Green, in Hanover,

which at a former period had enjoyed the pastoral services of the Rev. Mr. Davies ; and which was one of the earliest Presbyterian establishments in Virginia. About thirty years ago, Mr. Blair removed to Richmond. Since that time, he continued, until recently, to supply the Church in Hanover, and also officiated in the Capitol in this City. In this latter service, he was, for many years, most harmoniously associated with the late Dr. Buchanan. On the completion of this Church, of which Mr. Blair may be regarded as the founder, he devoted to it his whole services, and felt the strongest interest in its prosperity. But Providence did not intend, that he should much longer bear the burden and heat of the day. And his ministry was now hastening to its close. For nearly a year, his health has been declining ; and the exhausted lamp of life at last went out. The solemnities of the last Sabbath, are yet before our eyes. We yet seem scarcely to have lost sight of that long and melancholy procession which attended his remains to this temple, and from this temple, to the cemetery, where we committed his body to the ground, "earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes." But he is not dead. He only sleeps. That body shall be reared again, and occupied by the spirit which once dwelt there, shall meet us in eternity.

I cannot here repeat all that I have been told of his worth, and of the estimation in which he was held. As an amiable and excellent man, he deserved to be esteemed. Correct in principle and uniform in deportment, he pursued through life the even tenor of his way. Covetous neither of gain nor

applause, he was contented and unambitious. Mild and conciliating, benevolent and disinterested, patient and forgiving, liberal and catholic, the sterner passions seemed to have no hold upon his character. In the domestic circle, and in general society, he was well fitted to attract affection, and to secure respect. Without ascribing to him a perfection that belongs not to mortals, and without instituting invidious comparisons between him and others, it may be safely affirmed, that his character was marked by the predominance of those qualities which constitute a high degree of moral excellence.

In preaching the Gospel, he inculcated the essential doctrines of the Christian system. In this office, he displayed a sound and well cultivated mind. He avoided in his discourses, the extremes of abstruse discussion and of empty declamation. Their object was to enlighten, to convince, to persuade; these effects they were calculated to produce. In many instances, especially, as I have been informed, in his most vigorous days, he displayed a highly impressive eloquence. But, his last sermon has been delivered; and, the results of his ministry shall be developed in eternity.

One trait of character has not been distinctly noticed, which, on the present occasion, it were unpardonable to omit. It is personal religion. Without this, the most splendid and lovely human qualities perish in the grave: with this, they become immortal; and, transferred to a nobler theatre, they shine and attract forever.

The work of final judgment belongs not to us. It were far better to examine, solicitously, our own

condition and our future prospects, than to pry into the destiny of others. As we are not bound to infer that every thing which assumes the name, is the reality of religion ; so, we are not authorised to denounce as spurious, whatever fails to accord with *our* views. It is only when our judgments are enlightened by Scriptural truth, and a knowledge of the facts in a given case, that we are safe from error.

An undue power to control the events of eternity, is often attributed to a few of the last scenes of life. Yet, these scenes are not without their interest. In some cases, a disguise which had been long worn, is at last withdrawn, or a foundation on which hope had long reposed, is unsettled. In others, a seal of confirmation is affixed to the evidences of preparation for Heaven, which the previous life had furnished. It is, therefore, natural to enquire, and it may be profitable to know, how our friends felt and acted at the close of life. This congregation is, doubtless, solicitous to know how he who was wont to admonish them to prepare for their last hour, met his own. Could I only tell you that, having long professed to be a Disciple and Minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, and having given evidence of his sincerity, this evidence remained unimpaired by the events of his last trial, this ought to be sufficient. Even the shrinking of nature from this shock, ought not to outweigh the evidences of a pious life. Far be it from me to depreciate that triumphant grace, which is often afforded to mortals in their final conflict ; but this, pre-eminently desirable as it is, is not indispensable to salvation.

On this subject I may, without impropriety, exhibit the views which your Pastor has disclosed. Instead of gathering up the fragments of repeated conversations, reference shall be made to one specific occasion; not for the purpose of finishing off his character, or making an ostentatious display, but in order that his death may be useful, as well as his life. Suffer me, then, for a moment, to rend the veil of domestic privacy, and introduce you as witnesses of a scene, which it was my privilege to witness. An affectionate father, worn down with disease, collects his afflicted children around him; and, feeling that the time of his departure is at hand, thus addresses them:

“I have little to say to you; much less than I expected, in consequence of my weakness. In the contemplation of death, you are present to my mind. To part with you will be a painful scene. My manner of life, and my doctrine, and the exhortations I have given you, you know. I have nothing new to add to these now. Your reliance for the pardon of your sins, must be on the Lord Jesus Christ. To him, alone, you must look. But, this is not enough. You must be sanctified. You were born in sin, as I was. This must be overcome; for, nothing unholy can enter the kingdom of Heaven. The grace of God alone is sufficient to sanctify you, to rectify the disorders which sin has introduced, and to implant in your hearts new principles, destroying the power and the love of sin. This grace is ever to be sought with humble, fervent, penitent hearts. In addition to this, and in consequence of this, you will find your highest delight in God, and your highest pleasure in his service.

“As for me, I have reason to believe that I was early made a subject of Divine Grace. I have not been without my faults. My aberrations were chiefly in practical religion. When I was young, I was very enthusiastic. I had the folly to think, that if they would suffer me to preach, I could convert the world. But, God was pleased to show me my insufficiency. When I began to preach, I converted nobody. I could not do it. Yet I hope that God has been pleased to make me an instrument of good to many souls. When I came to maturer years, my religion became rather a calm and settled conviction and habit, than a matter of feeling and an ebullition of love. And now, after I am gone, when it is asked, if I made any remarkable speech, you may tell them no: but, that I am not without hope and confidence. I depend on him in whom I have believed. I think I have a right to plead his promises of mercy. He has never left me, nor forsaken me; he has supported me all along, and I believe will still do so. I know that I must pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death. But, I trust I am prepared for God’s will, and that I shall be ready whenever he shall call me hence. Lord Jesus! into thy hands I commend my spirit.”

After giving some instructions respecting his funeral, and advice on other subjects, he added, “I should like once more to speak to the congregation, but I shall not be able to do that.”

In dropping the curtain around this scene, suffer me to repeat the message from his dying bed, which was announced on the day of his interment. He wished you to recall to recollection the doctrines which he had preached to you, and to be assured,

that he saw no reason to retract them. In this message, he has sent to you his last testimony of their truth and importance; and his last exhortation that you should cherish them.

This discourse shall be closed with a few remarks, in relation to his Christian views and Christian character.

The opinion is extensively current, that a good moral deportment is a sufficient preparation for death. I would not detract from the value of sound morality. But, whatever purposes it may answer here, something more may be necessary for eternity. This was the sentiment of him, whose loss we deplore. He makes no allusion to his personal merit as the ground of his confidence, although he was better entitled to do this, than multitudes, who build on this as their only foundation. Even when he speaks of his own attainments as evidences of his safety, he employs the language of humility and confession. He asserts no claim to perfection. He concedes, that as a Christian, he has not been faultless; and that he has erred in practical religion. His is the spirit, not of the Pharisee, but of the Publican. Who among us, whatever may be our attainments, could venture into eternity without a similar confession? "God resisteth the proud, but giveth Grace to the humble." Accordingly, his dependence, was not on himself, but on "Divine Grace;" on the "promises of mercy;" or the Saviour, into whose hands he commended his departing spirit. This is the only foundation for one who feels himself to be a sinner. And, on this he must establish himself at last, as he did at first. "All else is yielding sand."

Religion, though uniform in principle, is various in its influences. There is one spirit, but a diversity of operations. In every instance it regulates the intellectual and moral and active powers of its subject; but its influence is often more manifest in one department than another. It may appear to be chiefly the reign of conviction, or affection, or action. In one case calmness, and in another triumph, is its fruit in the last period of human life. Thus, in the case before us, it seemed, according to his own account, less to excite feeling, although it could not fail to do that, than to direct the convictions of the judgment, and to influence the habits of the life. In view of death, his deportment was uniform. Habitually patient under an oppressive disease, he at no time exhibited the least symptom of alarm. His evangelic confidence did not forsake him. He even expressed his solicitude that the scene might close, and the world retire from him forever. In a sense, accommodated to his own condition, he might have said, "I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." As far as mortals can judge, his end was *peace*.

Let, then, the afflicted family that mourn this bereavement, while they sorrow not as those who have no hope, remember the instructions, the example and the prayers, of their head: let them trust in the God of their father, as they are taught in the Gospel; and he will be their friend and unfailing portion.

Let the congregation, whose Pastor has been removed from them, enquire how they have profited by his ministry; and prepare for the account which awaits them in the last day.

**Let the Ministers of the Gospel, one of whom has been removed from his watch-tower, remember that their time is short; that their work is great; and that it becomes them to do quickly, whatever they meditate for the salvation of their fellow-men, and the Glory of their Lord and Master!**