

plish a mightier work, by laying the foundations of a wide empire which should prove a refuge for the oppressed of every land. True, at first that people must be tributary to the mother country. But after a time, the arm of Providence showed them a way to independence, and called into their service an extraordinary leader, as distinctly pointed out for their guide to freedom as Moses was to conduct the Hebrews to the promised land. O, could these Puritans and Pilgrims have seen the glorious results of their sacrifices and sufferings, how would the prospect have cheered them in the darkest hour! But they have seen it all long ere this; and it has often swelled into rapture their song in heaven.

But why should I go back into history, or abroad to other lands, for illustrations of my subject, when the place and the occasion furnish me with an example quite as striking as any that history can present, and to us of much deeper interest? To pass by all others, whose presence we miss, but whose lives might well illustrate our subject, every thing around us to-day — the subdued greetings of friends, the starting tear, this vacant seat, these badges of mourning, ay, and yonder marble, too — reminds us that one is absent whose life has filled a large page in the book of Providence. Is absent, do I say? Where can we turn our eyes without seeing her? Is she not present in every one's thoughts — in every one's heart? Nay, may she not be virtually present? Do the blessed cease to be interested in the welfare of the human family because their home is in heaven? Can it be that, wherever she is, she should not desire to be present? And would not the God who gave her strength to do so much in this place for his glory gratify this desire also?

But if Miss Lyon be not here to-day, her works are; and they show us impressively for what purpose Providence raised