

[The following Address was delivered in the Allen Street Presbyterian Church, New York City, by Rev. W. W. NEWELL, D. D., pastor of the Church, December 14th, 1873].

I STAND here to-day a stricken mourner. There is a weight upon my spirit; there is a grief in my heart. I feel the awe and solemnity of death. This vacant seat appals me; this absence stuns me; these bereaved relatives and friends oppress me. Our senior elder, our loving and beloved brother, is gone. He has passed the river of death, never to return.

On the 28th of July, I saw Mr. LESTER at his country house in New Rochelle. We all expected his recovery. I went immediately to Grand Isle, in the northern part of Lake Champlain. There I was seriously ill. Late one evening a messenger from the main land handed in a telegram. As I read the fatal words, "Father died last night," I dropped the paper, and sank down under the power of a shock which I shall never forget. It was dark around me.