

[Potter, Job]

DECEASE OF REV. JOB POTTER

The great Teacher addresses us once more in tones we cannot understand, and to which we bow in humility and tears. When the virtuous and good are called away, when one who has been a burning and shining light in the Kingdom of God is removed to his home on high, an additional solemnity is given to the message. Rev. JOB POTTER is no more! ... In him we have not only lost a faithful preacher, but a true, noble, generous friend, spotless in all the relations of life; a good father, a good neighbor, a good citizen; a good man, one that feared God, and worked righteousness.

Our venerable and dearly beloved brother was born in the State of Rhode Island, but removed to the State of New York at a very early age; and here he has continued to reside. He was formerly a member of the Baptist church, and was so, indeed, at the time of his death; his church fellowship having never been sundered by the change of his religious views. He was an able and successful preacher of the Gospel of God our Saviour, for upwards of thirty years, and continued to discharge the duties of the ministerial office as he had the opportunity, until within a few weeks of his decease. He commenced his public labors at Hamilton in this State, and there it was that he preached his last sermon. Although suffering extreme debility from an attack of paralysis, he continued to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ whenever a door of utterance was opened... The record of his wide usefulness and exalted worth, may be found written in characters of golden light at Cooperstown, Lockport, Hamilton, and Fort Plain.

A long life of three score and ten, adorned with shining virtues, crowded with duties faithfully performed, was closed on Sunday night, Oct. 14th... The funeral was largely attended at the Presbyterian church in Whitesboro, the use of which had been kindly granted for the solemn occasion... The brethren of the Masonic fraternity, of which the deceased was long a highly respected member, were present to render their last duties to one who had joined the Celestial Lodge on high. The funeral services at the church were conducted by Rev. J[oseph] A. Aspinwall and myself...

At the request of the only son, who has been painfully bereaved of both parents within a few short months, I have hastily penned this necessarily imperfect tribute to the memory of our departed brother. Of him it may be said that he was one in whom there was no guile. To him the language of the Psalmist may be justly applied—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

Theophilus Fiske, Utica, Oct. 18, 1855

Christian Ambassador, Auburn NY, Sat. 27 Oct 1855
[a Universalist newspaper]