POOR DOCUMENT

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THE GOSPEL OF THE HEREAFTER

Sermon on Hades, the first of a Remarkable Series preached by the Rector of St. George's, Montreal; a discourse of compelling interest.

(From the Canadian Churchman.)

THE GOSPEL OF HADES.

Sermon Number 1.

By the Rev. J. Paterson-Smythe, B.D., LL.D., Litt. D., Rector of St. George's, Montreal, late Professor of Pastoral Theology, University of Dublin.

I.

I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep.—1 Thess. 4: 13.

WE begin today a series of Advent teaching on the things that shall be hereafter. They are all Gospel. All "good news." The Gospel of Hades, the Gospel of Judgment, the Gospel of Hell, the Gospel of Heaven. Today we begin with the "Gospel of Hades," "The good news of the waiting life that shall be after death." In an educated congregation, such as this, it is not necessary to combat the ignorant notions of popular Protestantism that at death men pass into their final destiny—heaven or hell—and then (perhaps thousands of years afterwards) come back to be judged as to their final destiny. In the New Testament heaven and hell are spoken of as states after judgment. The Bible never thinks of death as the important thing. In the Bible men are never exhorted to be ready for death. The important thing is "the day" when the Lord shall appear. Warning, reproof, exhortation, encouragement are all directed to that great day at the end of the waiting life—the judgment at the second coming of the Son of Man. Even our Lord Himself had to undergo the common lot of that humanity which He took on Him. Not even Christ himself went to Heaven when He died. He says, after resurrection, "I have not yet ascended unto My Father." Where then did His Spirit go? The whole church throughout the world repeats every Sunday, "He was dead and buried, and descended into Hades"—the life of the waiting souls. St. Peter tells us in his first Epistle that in those three days Christ's living Spirit went and preached to the spirits in safe keeping who had been disobedient in the old world. For which cause, He says, "was the Gospel preached to them that are dead." Which at once suggests to you the further fact that the waiting life before the judgment is not an unconscious sleep—which is an idea one sometimes hears of—but a real, vivid, active life into which our dear ones are gone. This sleep theory is condemned as a heresy by the early church, and declared by our reformers to be contrary to Scripture. It is a life so vivid that our Lord's spirit is said to have been quickened, made more alive, as He passed in. So vivid that the men of the old world could listen to His preaching. So vivid that Moses and Elias—those eager, impetuous leaders—in that wondrous life could not be held by its bonds, but broke through to stand on the mountain with Christ a thousand years after death. So vivid that Lazarus (whom our Lord describes as in Abraham's bosom) is depicted as living a full, clear, intelligent life; and Dives is suffering and thinking about his five brothers on earth. Do you want further proof? Look at our Lord and the thief on the cross. The two men had been hanging together dying on the cross, just about to get through the veil to the world beyond. The poor thief did not know what was beyond that veil—darkness, insensibility, stupor, oblivion. The only one on earth who did know hung there beside him. And when the poor dying one turned with the words, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom," He promptly replied, "Today you shall be with me." If anyone knew surely He knew. It meant anything, it meant "There shall be no oblivion, no unconscious sleeping. Tonight, when our dead bodies lie here upon the cross, you and I shall live and know each other as the two men who hung dying together on Calvary." Ah! the wonder to him as he went in beyond the veil, as though the Lord would lead him, lest he should be afraid.

II.

One does not wonder that this is not evident to all men while the mistranslation of this word "hades" remains in the Authorized version of the Bible. The old English word hell—the whole—the unseen, had not yet stiffened into the awful meaning that it has attained in our day. Even in games it was used. In the old English games of forfeits, on the village green, the "hell" is the hidden place where the girls ran away to escape being kissed. You can see it had no awful meaning necessarily connected with it. The old word only means the "unseen place." Therefore it did not seem repulsive to translate the Greek word "Hades," the Unseen, by the English "hell." The revised version has put all this right. Take a few examples out of many. "His soul was not left in Hades (not hell), nor did His flesh see corruption," (Acts 2:31.) "I have the keys of death and of Hades," (Rev. 1:18.) At the end of the world "death and hades gave up the dead," (Rev. 20:13.) In Hades (not hell) the rich man lifts up his eyes, being in torment—not in hell certainly. The Jews of our Lord's day believed in a great waiting life before the judgment. The general name for it all was "Hades." The abode of the blest and good in it was called "Paradise" and "Abraham's Bosom." To the readers of the Revised Version, all that I have been proving is quite unnecessary. Unfortunately our conservative instincts prevent our altering the word in the Creed which is a great loss. In repeating, "He descended into hell," people miss all the glorious meaning that it had for the early Church. (1) The proof of it in our Lord's perfect manhood, since He went into Hades just like ourselves; and (2) the joy and comfort in the completion of the victory of the Cross. No longer should men think that the old world before Christ was forgotten in the Atonement. The gifts of God had been carried by Christ into the great world of the departed.

III.

(1) The Bible, then, teaches to every careful student that there is the intermediate life beyond the grave, a vivid conscious life. (2) That all men go there when they depart this life. No man has ever yet gone to heaven. No man has ever yet gone to hell. No man has ever yet been judged. No man has ever yet been damned. Thank God for that at any rate. The Bible teaches that all who have ever left this earth are waiting yet—from King Alfred to Queen Victoria; from St. Paul to Bishop Westcott; from the poor struggler of the ancient days in the morning of history to the poor struggler who died in Dublin last night. (3) It teaches us the faithful who have died in Christ are happy and blessed; they depart to be with "Christ," into the beautiful training school, the preparation for heaven. "The Paradise," or "Park of God," as the Jews called it. The park is not the palace, but it is the precincts of the palace. Paradise is not heaven, but it is the outer court of heaven. And they are "with Christ," though unclothed, waiting to be clothed with the body which is from heaven, growing, we doubt not, nobler and purer, progressing as they learn more of unselfish self-sacrifice; fitting themselves for the eternal life of unselfish activities that shall go on for ever in their final state. And it teaches us those who have died outside of Christ are not happy; but at any rate they are not yet judged. They are not in hell. And who can doubt, if they are unhappy, that it is because the loving Father sees it to be the best for them. Perhaps you will not care to follow me so far. That subject of their fate is too large to touch today, but at any rate the Bible is clear about this, that their judgment is still in the future, that God willeth not the death of a sinner, that "His mercy endureth for ever," that the Judge of all the earth will do right—aye, and far more than mere right—for every poor human soul that He has made. (4). We have no reason to doubt that character is continuous. A man is the same character when he lays down his body and passes within the veil—the same man that he was before. That is what makes this earth-life so solemn—its making of character for that unseen life. (5). Nor need we doubt that they remember the things on earth. "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime," says Abraham to Dives in Hades. Our Lord came back from Hades remembering all the past. The redeemed in the spirit-land praise God for redeeming them from their past sins on earth. And so we hope they all can remember us and love us as they ever did—only infinitely more. And now I want you to try and realize, to concentrate thought and imagination, our own relation to that world of the departed—that wonderful, wonderful, wonderful world, where our dear ones are gone within the veil. Some years ago I met with a story in a sermon of Canon Liddon. The story caught on to me. An old Indian officer was telling of his battles—of the Indian Mutiny, of the most striking events in his professional career; and as he vividly described the skirmishes, and battles, and sieges, and hairbreadth escapes, his audience hung breathless in sympathy and excitement. At last he paused; and to their expressions of wonderment he quietly replied, "I expect to see something more wonderful than that." As he was over seventy, and retired from the service, his listeners looked up into his face with surprise. There was a pause; and then he said, in a solemn undertone, "I mean in the first five minutes after death." That story caught on to me instantly. That has been for years my closest feeling. I feel it at every deathbed as the soul passes through. I believe it will be my strongest feeling when my own death-hour comes—eager, intense, glad, curiosity about the new, strange world opening before me. A few weeks ago I stood by a poor old man as he was going through into the Unseen. In the early morning he was, as it were, fumbling with the veil of that silent land—wishing to get through; and we were talking together of the unutterable wonder that was only an hour or two ahead. I left him and returned to see him in a couple of hours; but I was too late, he had just got through—got through into that unutterable wonder that I was stupidly guessing about, and the poor old worn body was flung dishevelled on the bed, as one might fling an old coat, to be free for the journey. He was gone. Just got through—and I felt, with almost a gasp, that he had solved the riddle of life; that I would give anything, risk anything for one little glimpse through; but I could not get it. I could only guess the stupendous thing that had come to him. For all the stupendous changes that have ever happened here are surely but trifles compared with that first few minutes in the marvellous life beyond, when our friends pass from us within the veil, and our hearts follow them with eager questioning—"What are they doing? What are they seeing? Are they remembering and thinking of us?" More and more of late years I keep asking those questions at deathbeds. I seem to myself constantly as if trying to hold back the curtain and look through. But the look through is all blurred and indistinct. Oh! how one longs and agonizes for a glimpse of them, for some communication. How one rebels at the inevitable silence. But it seems inevitable at present. Our faculties of apprehension are not adapted to that sphere of existence. Between the material and spiritual there is a great gulf fixed. A mighty change has passed on those who are gone. They are spiritual—I am but material, and with material senses only. I suppose that was why St. Paul could not utter what he saw when in some tranced condition, the life was shown to him—"whether in the body or out of the body," he could not tell. I suppose that was why Lazarus could tell nothing of these marvellous four days in which his disembodied spirit mingled with the spirits of the departed.

"'Where wert thou, brother, those four days?'
There lives no record of reply,
Which, telling what it is to die,
Had surely added praise to praise."

I suppose it was all unintelligible to mortal ken when his spirit had come back to the body it had left. If, in a crowd of blind men, one got his sight for a moment, and then his blindness returned, what could he tell to his comrades or realize to himself? No; we cannot picture them in that hour of passing through. We can but think dimly of what we know from Scripture about them. But without picturing, we can guess what they are doing. And when one day you stand by your dead, and look at the calm face, and feel the intolerable pressure of the question:: Where is he? What is he doing? What is he seeing? In that solemn hour after death, believe it, your boy, your wife, your husband is experiencing the startling, wondrous revelations of the new unseen life—a real life—an unbroken continuance of the life begun on earth, where he shall be the same boy or man that he was an hour ago, with the same character, aspirations, desires ;but, oh! with what a different view of all things! How clearly he recognizes God's love, God's holiness! How clearly he sees himself, his whole past life. If he ever cared for Christ and His will, how gladly, wonderingly, he is reaching out his hand to Christ! And how blessed will seem to him the beautiful discipline, the training in self-sacrifice, beautiful deeds, the vision of the coming glory of heaven in the future!

IV.

May we go a step further? Up to this we have been dealing with acknowledged facts. Is it allowable to make a venture of faith and speculate on a matter of which we cannot give definite proof? There is a beautiful old allegory of Knowledge, the strong mailed knight, tramping over the great table-land that he surveyed, and testing and making his ground sure at every step, while beside him, just above the ground, moved the white-winged angel of Faith. Side by side they moved, till the path broke short off on the verge of a vast precipice. Knowledge could go no further. There was no footing for the ponderous knight; but the white-winged angel ross majestically from the ground and moved across the chasm, where her companion could not follow. Our path has broken off; knowledge can go no further. May we speculate with faith on something we cannot prove? I am thinking of a speculation very dear to myself, about that progress of our dear ones in the presence of Christ. Will not much of that progress in the life beyond come through unselfish ministry to others? Let us see what reason there is to hope it. All the true hearts who lived here the sweet life of unselfish helpfulness can you imagine them doing it less in that land with Christ? Think you that Christ, who, in His quickened spirit, went down into Hades to preach to the spirits in prison would not have all helpful souls to follow His lead? Think how else could the word of Christ be fulfilled by His Church, "Go preach the Gospel to every creature." Every creature. What a mockery it would seem, as the heathen die at the rate of several thousands each week, if the Church's work did not go on in the unseen! Think if the men of ancient Tyre and Sidon would have repented at the teaching and work of Christ if the mighty works had been done in them, do you not think he has taken care since that the men of Tyre and Sidon should have the chance? If the heathen Socrates, and Plato, and Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus would have fallen at His feet as their Master and Friend—and you know they would—do you think they have not learned to know Him by now? If the millions of those Hindoos who have died without Christ's Gospel would have accepted it, do you think it is not being taught to them now? And if possibly it be, does it not give you some glimpse of the glory and delight of the Hereafter for every unselfish soul that wants to help another? "You have preached your last sermon," said one to Frederick Denison Maurice as he was dying. "Aye," he said; "but only my last sermon in this life." He believed he was going through the veil to preach to men. I believe it, too, though I cannot prove it for you, nay, even though there be difficulties in the way of believing it. Yet, many men greater than we are believing it, impelled by the stirring Divine impulses within. If it be true, ah! think of it, you who are trying to forget yourselves, and live for others—think of the blessedness of your life in the waiting land. With the weak and the ignorant needing to be helped; with the little children needing to be mothered and loved; with the great heathen world who have gone within the veil never yet having heard of Christ; with the Canaanite and the Amorite cut off in their sin, and yet not come to their Day of Judgment. Ah! that wonderful Paradise land—the wonderful Church of God in the Unseen; with its vast numbers; with its enthusiastic love; with all its grand leaders who have been trained on earth. We and them together form the great continuous Church of God. We are all one long procession; they at the head in the Unseen. What a life it is! What a work it has! Said I not well it was a Gospel of Hades, a good news of God? It will make you solemn as you feel that character passes on unchanged. That is good; but it will do more. It will take away the sting and the horror of death. It is not the pain of dying that makes the horror when I come to die. After all, men bear far more pain without flinching. It is not merely the parting for the present with those I love. We have constantly to do that when they go to other lands without breaking our hearts about it. It is not even any doubt about a future Resurrection at the second Advent. I may believe that, and yet, get little comfort from it. That Advent seems too far away. It may be next week; but it may be 5,000 years hence, and meantime what of my life? Sleep? Unconsciousness? Darkness? What: No wonder I should shrink from that mysterious unknown. But teach me the ancient and Scriptural doctrine of the Hades life as it appears in the Bible. Teach me that in the hour after death I shall pass into the Unseen with myself, with my full life, my feelings, my character, my individuality, and in that solemn hour death will lose its horror. Is not that a Gospel? In the awful days of bereavement it will bring God's peace, and it will bring elevation of character. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

"He is not dead, the child of your affection,
But gone into that school
Where he no longer needs your poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule."

You think of your friend as serving at one side of the veil, and you at the other; each in the presence of Christ. You think how he is being lovingly trained and disciplined. How all his abilities are being used in self-sacrificing deeds for others. Not in a glorified selfishness in thanking God that he is safe though his brethren be lost. Ah, no! but in perfect self-sacrifice, even as his Lord. You think of him as learning to fight for righteousness—to help the weak, aye! mayhap, to go out—God's brave young knight—out into the outer darkness after someone who has missed of Christ on earth. Realize that and your whole life must perforce grow nobler. And realize that you won't have to wait for the Resurrection or the Advent to meet him and learn all. When your death comes, he will be waiting for you. He has been praying and watching over you. He will tell you of all that has been happening. And together in Christ's loving presence, side by side, you will work and wait, and help your brethren; and look forward to the glory of the heaven that is still in the future. Is not that a Gospel worth the preaching? Thank God for the blessed doctrine of the Paradise life! Thank God for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[The opinions of correspondents are not necessarily those of The Telegraph. This newspaper does not undertake to publish all or any of the letters received. Unsigned communications will not be noticed. Write on one side of paper only. Communications must be plainly written; otherwise they will be rejected. Stamps should be enclosed if return of manuscript is desired in case it is not used. The name and address of the writer should be sent with every letter as evidence of good faith.—Ed. Telegraph.]

REFORMERS AND DIVIDED COUNCILS

To the Editor of The Telegraph:

Sir,—Last Friday afternoon the editor of The Times in his notes said: "The New Brunswick Council of Moral and Social Reform has been launched, but unfortunately there are divided counsels at the very outset with regard to the question which more than any other is commanding public attention. It is not a good omen."

Sometimes things turn out better than we expect, or better than we had any ground to hope for; it may be so in this case. However, taking the matter as it stands and looking at it from a common sense standpoint, the editor may be right.

There are many who believe that the greatest evil in our midst is the sale of spirituous liquors for beverage purposes, and yet according to the constitution of the moral and social reform council one unit can prevent the other units from considering or recommending in council the prohibition movement.

Many regard the use of spirituous liquors as a beverage as one of the greatest evils because it is the parent of many other evils. The excuse made for a great many wrong acts is "I was drunk at the time and did not know what I was doing." If the use of strong drink as a beverage could be abolished the evils of child labor would be decreased, the tendency to visit houses of ill-fame would be greatly lessened. If the use of intoxicants could be put away there would be less bribery and corruption at elections and crime of all kinds would be diminished. Murder would be less frequent and suicide would not be so common. Nothing would lessen the work of our police court so much as reducing the use of intoxicants. The Press reports from Georgia tell us that "the advent of prohibition has surprised even its friends. The records of the first week show such a decrease in crime and disorder that the police courts are practically empty. Where disorder and drunken brawls were regularly looked for, comparative quiet followed in the immediate wake of the prohibitory law."

It is well understood that, before his election and before the meeting was held, the first officer elected under the constitution of The Moral and Social Reform Council of Canada emphatically declared himself in favor of that which is in direct opposition to prohibition. It follows that any council of moral and social reform that cannot agree with the aims of the New Brunswick Temperance Federation, or with which the members of the federation cannot hold council must to that extent be weakened. Any council for Canada or for the province with whose constitution the Methodist church cannot agree must be to that extent weakened. A short time ago the committee of General Conference said: "The executive committee of the General Conference Board of Temperance and Moral Reform, having had before them for consideration a draft of a proposed constitution for the Moral and Social Reform League of Canada, desire to give expression to the following conclusions." The conclusions are four in number and are too long to be copied in full; a short synopsis will be sufficient:

"1. We deem it highly desirable that united action in promotion of various matters of social and moral reform should be secured. . . . This executive is of the opinion that such co-operation could probably be best secured without a permanent, defined organization, and by an arrangement which would call into activity the various constituents willing to co-operate in special moral reforms as need and opportunity arise.

"2. We deem also that the autonomy and perfect freedom of every unit or separate organization should be carefully conserved, and that each church or society should without restraint pursue the policy it prefers.

"3. We are further unable, without much fuller and more extended inquiry, to determine the probable effects of the constitution proposed in the creation of a permanent organization, some elements entering into which may have but a very meagre interest in its wide field of view and the action of which elements on some points might prove distinctly retrogressive as related to our own predetermined policy, and so throw into confusion the work of our department, which it is our duty to guard and further to the best of our ability.

"4. We feel therefore that we would not be justified in committing the church to the proposed constitution as it stands."

One of the leading clergymen of the city of St. John said he felt he could not vote for organization until he had been authorized by his church.

Any council, the formation of which is by one of our highly esteemed judges—one who is energetic in his endeavors to forward and support progressive movements—thought to be, to say the least of it, unnecessary, is to that extent weakened.

Any council with whom one of the leading editors and most outstanding doctors in the United Baptist church cannot coincide, and who, in reference to one item of the constitution, "each of its enrolled units," is reported as saying "this is a democratic country and the minority could not rule," is to that extent weakened.

A representative from Woodstock is reported to have said "the success or failure of the organization depended upon the length to which they would agree to go together." If that be the standard by which this organization is to be judged, and who can say that it is not a wise, legitimate and common sense standard, then with our present knowledge the note by the editor of The Times may be considered accurate.

We have already more knowledge and certainty about things upon which we disagree than we have about things upon which we are agreed. His honor's advice was good, "I hope the meeting will pause before they organize." A little time for consideration and adjustment might not have been amiss. It is usually wise to make haste slowly. Two or three hours or two or three days might have solved some difficulties.

Yours sincerely,
JAMES CRISP.

St. John, Jan. 25, '08.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION

To the Editor of The Telegraph:

Sir,—I read a few days ago with somewhat of surprise and a deep regret Bishop Richardson's letter re the Scott Act. It seems pitiful that a man in his position should hold such views, and more pitiful that he should voice them publicly. For owing to his position, they will perforce have an influence more far-reaching than those of an ordinary man. The bishop, as head of the Anglican church in this province, should stand for prohibition now, not waiting till the whole country stands for it, and then following in their wake; but he should stand for it now, when the measure needs his influence and support, not countenancing the liquor traffic in any way, shape or form. His position demands nothing short of the highest.

His lordship claims that all reform movements, to be successful, must have the reformed individual back of them, in other words, be a popular measure, and the people as a whole be ready for them. This is decidedly illogical, for with a reformed populace what need of a reform movement?

Perchance his lordship may have heard of vaccination and know something of the tremendous opposition there was to it, and how a compulsory law became necessary for the welfare of the people, how that law has been and is still being enforced; also what a boon it has proved to mankind. Would his lordship have advocated waiting until everybody was ready and willing to submit to vaccination, and let this wonderful discovery lie fallow for generations, and smallpox continue to be the frightful scourge it had ever been?

Again, as regards compulsory education, which has been adopted with satisfactory results in so many countries, would he uphold the illiterate man in his ignorant desire to bring up his family in his own fashion, regardless of advancement? Surely this would be a long step backward; and what is true of these laws is also true of the liquor laws. The masses do not always know what is best for them, and the gospel saves the state by raising up some men who are ahead of their times—pioneer men, strong, farseeing and capable of framing wise laws, and insisting on their enforcement to the glory of God and the uplifting of their fellows. God has ever worked through the instrumentality of a few for the benefit of the many. The greatest curse on the Canadian nation today is the curse of intemperance. It blights the homes of rich and poor. It ruins the character of employer as well as employe. It shortens men's lives and undermines the whole political fabric. Many who read that letter must feel that the leavening power of the gospel in regard to temperance is greatly weakened when even its ministers deem the Scott Act unwise legislation and would welcome a license law. Fortunately, Canada has a virile and growing temperance party—men and women who have worked long and faithfully against the most strenuous opposition, trying to control this insidious curse, looking many times for help and support where they had a right to expect it and finding it not, but never lowering their standard or faltering in their purpose.

Already the government of P. E. Island has adopted prohibition and all who have the welfare of their country at heart must hope that our representatives in Fredericton will follow such a bright example and pass similar laws for New Brunswick.

Yours truly,
TRAVELER.

Fredericton, Jan. 25, '08.

A WARNING

To the Editor of The Telegraph:

Sir,—In regard to overhead road crossings on the railways, and especially in regard to the bridges at Brookville, on the Hampton road, and at Armstrong's or Fairleigh, on the Gondola Point road, where the roads make such a skewed crossing, it would be well to call the attention of the authorities to the dangers of their present form.

Now that automobiles are so much used, and country and spirited horses are apt to be frightened by them when met suddenly and unexpectedly, the openings of the bridges should be skewed and made wider. New girders have lately been placed in the Brookville bridge, and as it is only a moderately bad case it might perhaps stand for a time; but if the girders apparently intended for the Armstrong bridge are placed there some official of the I. C. R. should be indicted for manslaughter when the first accident occurs.

Yours, etc.,
J. S. A.

Dr. Pugsley Banqueted at Collingwood.

Toronto, Jan. 24—(Special)—The new minister of public works, Dr. Pugsley, visited Collingwood today and had the needs of the harbor pointed out to him. In the evening he was the guest of the board of trade at a banquet.

DOES MISS GEORGIA A. SMYTHE BELONG TO THIS PROVINCE?

Boston Paper Says Cambridge Waitress, Belonging to New Brunswick, Is Entitled to $200,000 Fortune.

Boston, Jan. 24—The Globe will say tomorrow morning that Miss Georgia A. Smythe, a waitress in a Cambridge street lunch room, has received news from her home in New Brunswick that she is undoubtedly entitled to a fortune of $200,000 by virtue of being a great-great-granddaughter of Maria Fitzherbert, celebrated in history as having been married to King George IV. of England, although the marriage was never officially recognized.

Miss Smythe's family have been landed proprietors in New Brunswick at least for four generations. Her father is dead and she and a sister are his only heirs. When Maria Fitzherbert died in 1837 a vast quantity of her papers, including letters from George IV., were sealed by her orders for seventy years. They were recently opened at Windsor Castle by order of King Edward and, according to the advices, Miss Smythe received from home, an advertisement has been published in New Brunswick papers calling for heirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was wealthy in her own right, in addition to receiving a princely income from the empire when George IV. espoused a German princess, to make themselves known with a view to receiving their shares in the distribution of a fortune aggregating something like $12,000,000. Lawyers retained by Miss Smythe's great-uncle believe that her share figures out something like $200,000.

AMHERST MAN BADLY INJURED IN RUNAWAY

Alex. Murray Thrown from Hearse by Frightened Horses and the Vehicle Smashed.

Amherst, N. S., Jan. 24—A serious runaway took place shortly after noon today, by which Alex. Murray, superintendent of Christie's Bros. & Co. undertaking rooms received painful injuries.

Mr. Murray was driving a pair of horses attached to the hearse, from the I. C. R. station, where he had just taken the body of the late Miss Hingley, when his horses became frightened at a passing train. In his efforts to control them the foot rail gave way under his feet and, having nothing by which he could brace himself, the horses got beyond his control and, turning a sharp corner, the hearse was overturned and Mr. Murray thrown violently to the pavement. He was badly cut over the eye, his face was considerably cut and one arm bruised. He was immediately taken to a doctor and found to be quite badly injured. The glass panels were broken and the hearse otherwise badly damaged.

Boston Horseman Drops Dead.

Boston, Jan. 24—F. H. Foster, aged 60 years, in former years a leader of the turf, owning some of the best horses on the circuit, dropped dead in the Quincy House today. Mr. Foster was born in Richmond (Que.), and was a member of one of the leading families of that province. He is believed to have left a considerable fortune.

"THE DOMINION AND THE SPIRIT"

A Striking and Thoughtful Address by Dr. McPhail Before the May Court Club, Ottawa.

(Montreal Star.)

"Let us begin with the sufficiently general statement that we live in Canada, some of us since yesterday, some of us for six generations. To say that we are Canadians might involve us in controversy; and one would be simple-minded, indeed, who should attempt to set forth within the compass of a small paper what the term Canadian does exactly signify.

"Yet it is worth correcting the impression which was prevalent up to a few years ago at least, that a Canadian is a kind of Yankee, or an Indian, or even, necessarily, a person living in America who speaks French. There is nothing very profound in this observation, but it is as well that the fact should be established."

With this definition Dr. Andrew Macphail, of this city, opened his lecture on "The Dominion and the Spirit" before the May Court Club, Ottawa, yesterday, as the opening one of a series of lectures by different persons upon Canada and its affairs.

The lecturer, among other things, said:

"It is of some importance that we should make wheat to grow. The thing which is of more importance is that we should have a right reason for undertaking that labor, and a right spirit in the doing of it. The man who makes two blades of wheat to grow where only one grew before, for the mere purpose of providing unnecessary food, is working with the spirit and motive of a servant or a slave, even. The slave works because he is compelled to; the artist because he loves to; the fool does unnecessary work because he is a fool. Each one of us is part slave, part artist, and part fool. The wise man is he who strives to be all three in due proportion, and succeeds in not being too much of any one. But the tragedy of our life lies in this: that the man who was designed for an artist is by compulsion so often a slave. It is merely pathetic to see the fool engaged in his useless task, and comic to see a millionaire continuing to work at his queer trade.

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"Work, then, in itself, is neither good nor bad. A man who works to keep himself out of mischief is only a little less vicious than the idler. This 'work for work's sake' is entirely modern; and our present civilization is the only one which has ever been established upon that principle. To the Greek mind it was incredible that a free man should labor, even for his own support. That was the business of the slave. The citizen had other occupation in considering how he could make the best of his life. His business was to think how he could govern himself, how he might attain to a fulness of life.

"It is not the modern view that a man should occupy himself with his life. With all our talk about freedom we have only succeeded in enslaving ourselves. We have created for ourselves a huge treadmill; and, if we do not keep pace, we shall fall beneath its wheels. Our inventions have only added to the perplexities of life. We have created artificial necessities and consume our lives in ministering to them.

"We in Canada have now attained to that condition against which woe is proclaimed. "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you," contains a penetrating truth. The vastness of our country and the wealth of our resources is our song in a chorus of wonder. Yet we might well remember that the bulk of Asia was not proof against the spirit of Greece. There are things which we must do for the care of our soul; there are things we must not do, if we would save our soul alive, if we are to have any meaning in history.

"Here we are outstretched three thousand miles between two oceans, squeezed in between the frozen North and a nation from which we must differentiate ourselves, unless we are content merely to cast our lives into that welter of humanity. We are an aggregation of elements sufficiently diverse, separated from each other by mountains and wilderness, by language and theological dogma. But the difficulties are not insurmountable if we address ourselves to them with honesty and sweetness of temper. It will take a long time—if we measure time by the life of man—to compose our differences, and grow together; a short time if we measure time by the life of a nation.

"There is much evidence that the process of organization will not be so slow in Canada as it was in England. The gulf between the rich and the poor is not impassable. To us birth is not a warrant entitling to position, nor is it a bar to career. There is an absence of that sense of traditional wrong which various sections of older communities have inherited. We have no political grievances. Our public life is simple, and it is automatically purifying itself. Our newspapers are not entirely conscienceless. There are many influences making for organic unity. Distance is losing its repelling force. We see more of each other. We meet together in the universities. Education is becoming organized. Even our school books are beginning to be written from a Canadian, instead of from a narrow, provincial or seditious standpoint. Except in the province of Quebec, our schools are free from the taint of sectarianism, either Catholic or Protestant. Theological dogmas are freeing themselves from the spirit of hatred, and the churches are learning that religion is peace—peace within the soul, peace and goodwill to all men.

"The true principle of governing is to govern according to the genius of the race. Even if we in Canada would, we cannot depart from that principle. We can do no otherwise than as we are doing. The genius of the race to which we belong is to do nothing in advance of necessity. The people of the United States adopted a different principle. They imposed upon themselves a set of doctrines from which they have been striving ever since to free themselves. For good or bad the British Empire exists because it has been established day by day upon the experience of uncounted yesterdays; and so has been created a Constitution not on paper but sacrosanct in our hearts.

"It is fixed in the English mind that any given community has a natural right to govern itself as it sees fit; that no community of white men can long be governed by any other, that self-government is best. That is why Canada has been handed over to the Canadians, Australia to the Australians, South Africa to the South Africans. That has been the principle which has always guided England in her relations with her offspring, not to interfere in the internal affairs of another community, and Lord Salisbury was the greatest exponent of this principle.

"If we in Canada are to become afflicted with a madness, and take it into our heads to establish an anarchy or other outland form of government, I do not think that England would do anything more than recall to our minds the fable of the silly beasts who would have a log or a stork for king; or that other, of the frog who would be an ox.

"We are governed in our conduct by conventions. There is a convention of the home, of the club, of the dinner, of the church. These conventions are based upon "the laws of kindness," as the Proverbialist defines it, upon affection. They make for good manners and amenity of life. There should also be a convention of kindness in our larger relations, under which we would refrain from irritating each other. Under the influence of this spirit of kindness we will abstain from giving offence to Catholic or Protestant, to English or French, to rich or to poor.

"Canada is the elder brother of all who have emerged from the loins of England. Too long we have been indifferent to the welfare of each other. We have allowed our hearts to be hardened, and that is the worst evil which can fall upon a man or a nation. Therefore, we should go amongst our people and enquire if it be well with them.

"We can tell them much from our experience, and we can learn of them. Especially should we be solicitous for South Africa, the youngest born, and even for those alien breeds whom we have incorporated into the family. For the enrichment of our own spirit we should go occasionally to our old homes, wherever they may be, and also for the comfort of those of the family who yet inhabit them. The gain will be more to us by the visitation of our friends; for we in America are living in the eighteenth century, an anachronism in the civilized world, in so far as ideas are concerned.

"The development of this family affection is, I venture to think, the true solution of the many problems which face the Empire. This tie will bind us forever: 'for many waters' the waters of the Seven Seas 'cannot quench love: neither can the floods drown it.' So shall we hand down to our children, not impaired but enriched this heritage which has been entrusted to us: and so shall we fulfill our duty to ourselves and to our posterity."

RECENT DEATHS OF KINGS COUNTY PEOPLE

Sussex, Jan. 25—(Special)—Yesterday and this morning death visited the same home in Millstream. Yesterday death claimed Mrs. Jennie Goddard, relict of the late Walter Goddard, and this morning at 4 o'clock Emma A., her daughter aged 12 also died. The late Mrs. Goddard was thirty-five years of age. Only one child now survives. Deep sympathy is felt for the child thus left alone. A double funeral will be held Sunday afternoon at two o'clock.

Mrs. Martha A. Nickerson aged 61 years died at the home of her daughter Mrs. Wm. Erb, of this place this morning. A large family survives. The funeral will take place at Anagance Ridge Tuesday morning.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Armstrong of Shepody Road died this morning.

Trix, a well-groomed cat, owned by Mrs. Arden Hurlbut of Pittsfield, has reached its 21st birthday and is still alert and active. Mrs. Hurlbut believes that Trix is the oldest Berkshire cat.