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HENRY WARD BEECHER TO THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

The following Address, delivered by Mr. Beecher, last year, to the students of the Nonconformist Colleges in and about London, contains so much that is valuable and pertinent to students and to ministers, that we are disposed to adopt it as *our* inaugural address on the re-opening of the College at Montreal. We believe it has not been republished in America before :

I return my thanks to the Fathers and to the Brethren who have given me this kindly greeting. It is altogether more to my mind, and to my heart, than the tumultuous greetings of larger meetings and more promiscuous ones. I am particularly pleased with that part of the Address which by your senior students, young gentlemen, you have been pleased to give me, which recognizes me in your midst as a Christian Minister. There is that bond which brings us all together, and makes us blood relations—we are Christ's. That blood has come unto us all which cleanses us from guilt and makes us dear to each other on earth, and fills us with the hope of sweeter friendships and nobler joys hereafter ; and I bear witness to you that I prize the communion of the saints, the fellowship of the brotherhood, on Christ's account, and for Christ's sake, more than all other honours or testimonials of approbation that I have ever had, or that I could have in this world. I love Christ, and I know that he loves me. The love of Christ is the secret of my life. That has been the motive of all my endeavours, and therein I find my reward also. Allow me, therefore, to take occasion to say in a friendly way—not misunderstanding what you meant by certain words that have been uttered—that to speak of my sufferings in the cause of Christ grates upon me. I have suffered nothing. Except in a few cases I cannot conceive how anybody could really suffer loss in the cause of Christ. A man may be made poor, indeed—may for a time endure hunger and thirst, and be less favourably situated in society, because of his fidelity to the Master, but what of that?—no man looks merely on one side of his ledger to ascertain the state of his account. I have suffered nothing that God, in the very first hour of my communion with Him, did not repay me a thousand fold. I have never known one single thing perish from my grasp that did not reward me a thousand times by what, in its passing away, it revealed to me of the Eternal and Invisible. And to labour for Christ, in the lowest situation, is an honour so unspeakable, and so much more than any one has a right to expect, that our souls should be filled with admiration that God permits us even to suffer for his sake. "To you he has given," says the apostle, what? Crowns? coronets? testimonials of approbation, because they were disciples? Observe, when God would confer marks of favour upon his dear ones, he sends by the voice of his apostle, and says to them, Because you are mine and I love you, I will confer on you some tokens of approbation, "to you it is given to suffer for Christ." There is our reward—"for if we suffer with him we shall reign with him." It is not possible for us to suffer for Christ as the martyrs did. History never reproduces itself, but takes new forms ; and hence, if we suffer for Christ in our day, it must be with his despised ones, with his outcasts, with the