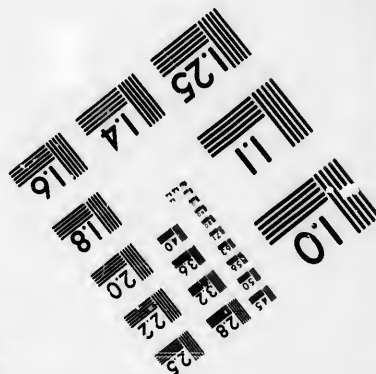
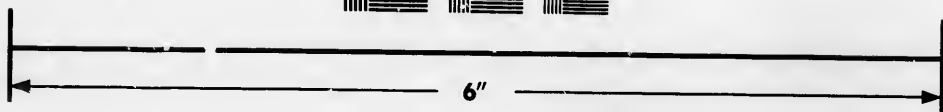
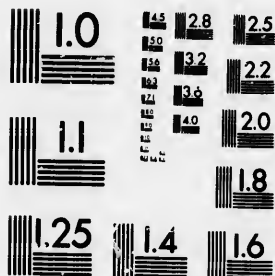


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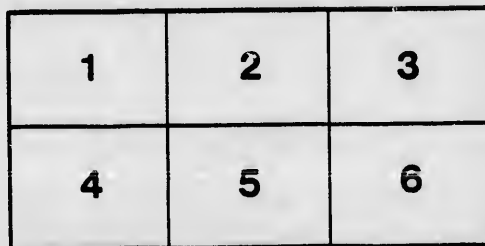
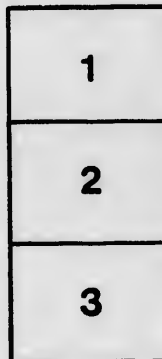
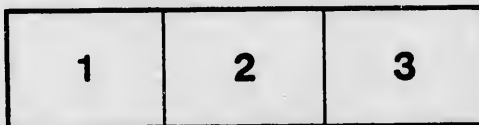
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Re-union and Recognition of the Redeemed  
in Heaven.

A SERMON.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE

REV. SAMUEL ROBINSON,

LATE PASTOR OF THE

Grassalls Street Baptist Church, St. John, N. B.

PREACHED IN HIS LATE PULPIT,

BY REV. I. E. BILL,

September 30, 1866.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."—2 Tim. iv. 7.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PRINTED BY BARNES & COMPANY,

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The Re-union and Recognition of the Redeemed  
in Heaven.

A SERMON

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE

REV. SAMUEL ROBINSON,

LATE PASTOR OF THE

First Baptist Church, N. B.

PREPARED BY THE REV. J. W. FULTON,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Published by Barnes & Company, 1870.

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**The Re-union and Recognition of the Redeemed  
in Heaven.**

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**A SERMON**

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE

**REV. SAMUEL ROBINSON,**

LATE PASTOR OF THE

**Brussels Street Baptist Church, St. John, N. B.**

PREACHED IN HIS LATE PULPIT,  
BY **REV. I. E. BILL,**  
September 30, 1866.

*"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."—2 Tim. iv. 7.*

**SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
PRINTED BY BARNES & COMPANY,  
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*Saint John, N. B., October 4, 1866.*

REV. I. E. BILL.

DEAR SIR,—

At a meeting of the Brussels Street Baptist Church, held on the 3d instant, it was unanimously resolved, that you be requested to publish, in pamphlet form, the Sermon preached by you last Sabbath evening, on the deeply lamented death of their Late Pastor, the REV. SAMUEL ROBINSON, in such a manner, and with such additions as you may think advisable. At the same time, they desire to acknowledge with gratitude, the able and admirable manner in which you have given expression to their own views and feelings on this sad occasion.

By order of the Church.

JOSEPH READ, *Church Clerk.*

*To the Brussels Street Baptist Church.*

DEAR BRETHREN IN CHRIST,—

In compliance with your request, so kindly expressed in the above resolution, I place before the public, in pamphlet form, the Sermon relative to the lamented death of your late highly esteemed Pastor. As the discourse was rapidly prepared, amidst pressing ministerial and editorial duties of divers kinds, you will readily excuse any lack of perfectness or of fullness which you may discover. Such as it is you will please accept as an humble tribute to the memory of one deeply and justly beloved by you; and one with whom, for the last fourteen years of my life, I have toiled for the salvation of precious souls, in delightful harmony and in unceasing fellowship.

Most respectfully, yours,

In fraternal sympathy,

I. E. BILL.

*Germain Street, October 6, 1866.*

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## S E R M O N .

“ For what is our hope, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy.”—1 THESS. ii. 19, 20.

WHEN viewed from a mere worldly stand-point, how sad and cheerless are the separations and final farewells of earth. They seem to us as the drying up of all the fountains of human enjoyment; as the very death knell of our brightest and fondest hopes, and as the deep lone grave of our most precious anticipations. When no christian faith is nigh, O how imperviously dark is the death-room—how hopeless and dreary is the charnel house. Husband, wife, father, mother, son, daughter, minister, pastor, all are gone; and *gone for ever*, cries unbelief. I shall see their smiling faces, listen to their sweet voices, hold social converse with them, no more. All is over. Unrelenting death has riven my heart cords, and spread the pall of dark despair over all that is dear to my soul. Henceforth this bright world must be to me as a lonely prison cell, until I too shall return to the dust. Such are the cheerless complainings and the gloomy forebodings engendered by unbelief in the hour of worldly sorrow. But faith in the divine testimony lifts the veil which hides the mysterious future, and contemplates a happy re-union in that blessed world, where death never invades, and where the endearing relationships of our humanity are invested with the durability of immortal life.

Such, my hearers, is the soul-cheering prospect indicated in my text. Paul is inspired with joy unutterable, in the prospect of meeting his Thessalonian converts in a future state of blessedness, “ For what,” says he, “ is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? *are* not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye

are our glory and joy." We have in this language indicated the *aims* and the *prospects* of the Christian minister; and to these two thoughts I invite your prayerful attention.

I. *The aims of the Christian Minister.*

These are entirely different from the purposes which govern the pursuits of men generally. The accumulation of wealth, the multiplication of honors, and the gratification of appetite and passion, are the controlling elements in the schemes of earth. A man goes to his farm, to his shop, to his trade, or to his merchandize, that in the exercise of a laudable calling he may meet the necessities of physical nature, and provide for the wants of those dependent upon him for support; or he adopts some mode of professional life, connects himself with the army or navy, or engages in political enterprise, with the conviction that in this or in that particular sphere he can most successfully promote his worldly purposes, and meet the aspirations of his being; but the true minister of God receives his inspiration, not from the emoluments of time, but from the immunities of eternity. By nature he is subject to like passions with all other men, but by the grace of God, he is elevated to a higher life; his soul becomes the abode of higher purposes, and in the presence of all the glory of wealth, of fame, of pleasure, he exclaims from the depths of his renewed nature, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Jesus Christ, by which the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." "A necessity is laid upon me, and woe is me if I preach not the gospel." His nature shrinks from a vocation so high, so holy, so awfully responsible; but his faith in God enables him to say, "Unto me who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." What are kingdoms, what are crowns, what is a universe of material good to the man upon whose soul is laid the message of salvation through the blood of the cross! Like holy Paul, he counts all things but loss



for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, his Lord. His enquiry is, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" How shall I so preach, pray and live, as to persuade souls to repent of sin, love Jesus, and be eternally saved? When others are planning how they shall best inscribe their names upon the tablets of earthly glory, God's ministers are "Warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that they may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." The ministerial call is an all-consuming passion to save souls. The great missionary teacher sent from heaven, imbues the hearts of his servants with that same spirit which led him, from the brow of Olivet, to exclaim, as he looked down upon the devoted city with streaming eyes, "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how oft would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but ye would not;" or amid the throes and agonies of the cross, to offer the unselfish supplication for his betrayers and murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This passion for souls, so prominent in the whole history of our blessed Lord Jesus, from the cradle to the cross, has found expression in the testimony of God's faithful witnesses in all ages of the Church, and under all dispensations. When the wrath of God was ready to break forth upon the rebellious Israelites in the wilderness, Moses, in holy importunity, pleaded in their behalf, saying to his God, "Yet now if thou wilt forgive; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book." The man after God's own heart, overwhelmed with a sense of the terrible consequences of a life of sin, pathetically cries out, "Rivers of water run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy laws." Isaiah, filled with unutterable anguish, in the contemplation of the multiplied iniquities of his countrymen, exclaims, "Look away from me: I will weep bitterly: labor not to comfort me, because of the spoiling of the daughters of my people." Jeremiah, in tones of deepest sympathy, prays, "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of

the daughters of my people." This compassion for souls, so largely felt by these grand old prophets, found its exact counterpart in the impulses of the apostolic ministry. "My little children," says the self-sacrificing Paul, "for whom I *travail* in birth again until Christ be formed in you." With what holy earnestness and touching yearnings he pleads with his unbelieving countrymen, "I say the truth in Christ: I lie not: my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart; for I could wish myself accursed from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh." "Day and night he ceased not to warn the people with tears."

Stirred by this mighty impulse, men have been found willing, in all ages of the church, to sacrifice all the prospects of worldly ambition, to endure hardships and poverty, to sever the ties of kindred and of country, to leave the endearments of home and the charms of civilized life, and plunge into the depths of the grossest superstition, for the purpose of guiding the lost to the salvation which is in Christ Jesus. And what though persecutions the most bitter assail them, and bonds, imprisonment, and death await them; yet, in view of the eternal future, they exclaim, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." When Paul's spiritual children, seeing the danger before him, in bitter anguish, "Wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him," his only answer was, "What mean ye to weep and to break my heart? for I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

O, brethren, rest assured that no amount of literary research, of classical attainments, of critical acumen, or of oratorical power, however good or useful each and all are when rightly employed, can supply the place of this divine affection for deathless souls.

Nor need we wonder that the ministers of Christ should cherish these spiritual impulses ; for in the process of their own consecration to God, they have profoundly studied the value of the immortal soul, the overwhelming misery to which it is, by sin, exposed ; the infinite cost of its salvation, and the inconceivable honor, happiness, and glory, to which, through the wondrous provisions of the gospel, it may be raised in the future ; therefore no marvel, we say, that they should lift up the voice, stretch out the hand, and immolate self upon the altar of the *crucified One*, if they may but be the means of saving from perdition's fiery depths, and of raising to heaven's glorious heights the souls for whom the Son of God bled on Calvary. Such, then, my brethren, is the grand aim of the ministerial vocation. We pass—

## II. *To notice its prospects.*

These are two-fold. 1st, the *re-union*, and 2d, the *recognition*, of the saved in heaven. Such, it seems to me, is the sentiment of my text. Read it again. "For what *is* our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? *are* not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming." The thought of meeting and of knowing these beloved brethren in the heavenly state, inspired Paul with joy unutterable and full of glory. And such is the "hope, and the joy, and the crown of rejoicing," of every true minister of the Lord Jesus. And where, you ask, is the foundation for this hope of re-union? We answer, in the word and testimony of the blessed God. This inspired record teaches us that all the disciples of Christ have a blessed home prepared for them beyond the grave. Such is the instruction of Jesus to his disciples, as recorded in the 14th chapter of John,—“In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.” Hence he prays for his chosen, “that they may be with him where he is, to behold his glory.” The thought of this promise,

and of this prayer, cheered Stephen when they were stoning him to death. Said the man of God, "Behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God;" and in the midst of his death struggle he prayed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." In the prospect of dissolving nature, Paul gloried in the contemplation of "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

My brethren, the God of grace has prepared a blessed habitation, a heavenly home, for all his ransomed children; and in that delightful home the union of the universe of redeemed souls will be enjoyed in all its celestial blessedness. Hence it is said, "They shall come from the east and from the west; from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." John, in vision, saw the glorified as "an innumerable multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues, standing before the throne of God and of the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands." There, my brethren, in that bright world of celestial glory, will the interchange of thought, of affection, of sympathy and of joy, be renewed between the christian pastor and his glorified flock of saved souls, in all the fullness of an unalloyed communion and of uninterrupted fellowship. The separation here may have occasioned deep and abiding sorrow; but there the pangs of grief shall give place to rivers of eternal joy. Happy, thrice happy greeting, when all the saints get home.

But associated intimately with the thought of re-union, is the prospect, secondly, of full and delightful recognition. The idea of meeting our friends in heaven, aside from the hope of recognition, would afford but little pleasure. When long absent from our home in a foreign land, what is the motive power that stirs the deepest sensibilities of our souls, as we think of returning to the embrace of our friends? Is it not that we shall not only see them, but recognize them personally as occupying the same relationships to us that they did when we left. Imagine a family

or a church, if you please, where the members are not individually known to each other. Can there be full communion in such a circle? Certainly not. So if in heaven we fail to recognize each other, then surely there cannot be enjoyed the perfection of bliss. Heathen philosophers, poets and orators, who have believed in the immortality of the soul, have exulted in the prospect of recognition in the future state. "O renowned day," exclaims one of these, "when I shall have reached the divine assemblage of those minds with which I have congenial predilections, and shall escape this untoward and uncongenial throng." "We but depart," said another, "to meet our Æneas, and our Tully, and our Ancus." Shall the light of a heathen philosophy inspire such cheering hopes, and shall we, with God's Bible in our hands, question its reality? The Scripture, of course, is our only infallible guide in this matter: whatever the aspirations of the soul may suggest, or a cultivated heathen mind may imagine, nothing is perfectly reliable on this subject but the inspired testimony. And, my brethren, this, to my mind, on the subject of heavenly recognition, is clear and decisive. Let us look at the evidence itself.

1st. Angels are set forth as "ministering to the heirs of salvation." To do their work effectually they must know the persons to whom they minister, so as to be able to distinguish them from others. An angel held back the knife which, in the uplifted hand of a father, was about to spill the life blood of a beloved son! Did he not know that that was Isaac, Abraham's covenant son? An angel delivered Lot from the scorching flames which consumed the cities of the plain. Did he not know Lot? When Daniel was thrown into the den of lions, an angel came down and shut the lions' mouths. Did he not recognize this man as Daniel of the Hebrews? Shall angels be able to single out individuals in this world, to whom they are sent with messages of love; and shall the members of the glorified family in heaven not recognize each other? But we have testimony more direct. What consoled the King of Israel when the messenger entered his chamber of sor-

row with the mournful intelligence that his idolized son was dead? He tells us, "Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." There was the hope expressed that he should re-commune with his own dear child, not in the grave, but in the heavenly state. On the mount of transfiguration, when the representatives from the church above and the church below met in sacred converse, they recognized each other. "Jesus, master," said the enraptured Peter, "It is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." Is it rational to suppose that saints on earth could thus so recognize visitants from the heavenly world as to call them by name, and then not know them when they meet them in the home of the blessed? Then there is the case of the rich man, Abraham and Lazarus. All had departed this life: the first was a lost soul, and the two last were associated in heaven, and yet Abraham and Lazarus were recognized by the rich sinner, and he called them by name. Paul indicates, in his letter to Philemon, that the convert Onesimus should be *received by him forever*. Could this be so, and yet there be no recognition of each other? Again, the process of the final judgment, as described in the 25th chapter of Matthew's gospel, is exceedingly pertinent. There the Judge is represented as specifying the deeds of charity performed by each individual before him, and then he tells them, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The idea obviously indicated is this, that in that awful day we shall know the individual who received from us the "cup of cold water in the name of Jesus." Let this cloud of witnesses to the doctrine of heavenly recognition, as inculcated in my text, suffice. I think you are all satisfied that when Paul speaks of the Thessalonians as *his hope, joy, and crown of rejoicing* in the presence of his Saviour at his coming, he intends that we shall understand him as teaching that in the heavenly glory, where we no long "See

in part or know in part; but see as we are seen, and know as we are known;" that when there he would know his brethren, and that they would distinctly recognize him as the agency which God had honored in the salvation of their precious souls.

This, then, is the brilliant prospect which encourages the servants of God amid the conflicts and trials of ministerial life. Gold and silver they may not have; their names may have no record upon the tablets of worldly distinction or national fame; but when they come up before the throne they shall have crowns of imperishable glory, studded with many a brilliant gem, and in the presence of rejoicing millions they will be able to say to their Saviour and Lord,—“Here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me.”

O, to be surrounded in the New Jerusalem with those who were rescued, by our humble instrumentality, from the miseries of the second death, and raised to glory everlasting, what greater joy or higher dignity can mortal man desire? What though he should perish on a foreign shore; what though his body be consumed in the martyrs' flames, and its ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven, or what though no costly monument should mark the place where his body slumbers in the grave, yet in the eternal kingdom he has monuments of grace erected to his memory more enduring than the pyramids of Egypt, the rocks of Horeb, or the stars that bestud the firmament.

You will perceive that so far we have applied this subject mainly to the ministers of Christ. The peculiarities of the present occasion naturally awakened this train of thought; but christian parents, sabbath-school teachers, and all of every condition who have labored successfully to win souls to Christ, will not fail to share in the blessedness resulting from this re-union in heaven, and this recognition before the throne. Surely such bright anticipations should stimulate us to labor diligently in the Master's service; for in so doing we shall not only have the satisfaction here of knowing that we endeavored to do our duty,

but in the future the grateful remembrances of those who will there recognize us as their guides to life eternal.

But by what process, you ask, is this re-union with departed friends to be realized? God, in his sovereign purpose, has immutably fixed the process. Saints in glory will never return to us. We must go to them; and the path thither lies through the dark valley. This must be crossed; the death river must be forded; and the grave for a time must be the abode of our mortal body. With two solitary exceptions, all the redeemed who have entered heaven have experienced the "pains and bliss of dying."

"Death is the gate to endless joy."

The anguish of separation therefore must be felt; the social ties must be severed; the death angel will sunder nearest and dearest friends; bereft wives and fatherless children must mourn in solitude over the graves of those they dearly love; churches must be draped in mourning because he, who was their spiritual guide to lead them, and their under-shepherd to feed and protect them, has gone the way of all the earth. But though we sorrow, yet it is not without hope. The glorious re-union above will recompense a thousand fold for all the anguish occasioned by a temporary separation. To recognize a fond father; a loving mother; a dear son; a precious daughter; an affectionate brother; an idolized sister; a fellow member in the church; a sympathetic, whole-hearted, godly pastor, in that world of unending felicity, where death pangs are never felt, where sighs are never heard, where tears are never shed, where graves are never opened, where funeral processions are never witnessed, where night never comes, where even the light of the sun or of the moon shall not be required, because the Lamb of Calvary shall be the light thereof: this surely will compensate for any amount of desolation occasioned by the death severances of earth.

But when, you ask, shall all this glory be realized? Not perfectly until, as suggested in our text, *our Lord shall come*. "To those that look for him shall he appear the

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second time without sin unto salvation. O see him as he will appear in that solemn day, "clothed with a garment down to the feet, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes as a flame of fire; his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. In his right hand are seven stars; a sharp two-edged sword is in his mouth; and his countenance is as the sun shining in his strength." But tremble not, believer; for though invested with all these emblems of resplendent majesty, dignity and glory, this eternal judge is your *Saviour*. The time was when he was the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; when he trod the wine-press, and the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God alone, and of the people there was none to help; when from the sixth to the ninth hour he hung between two malefactors, in bleeding agony upon the cross of Calvary; there the barbed arrows of accumulated wrath pierced his righteous soul; there he cried in intense anguish, My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me? There, amidst the revilings of his enemies, and the grief and despair of his friends, he poured out his soul unto death, was numbered with the transgressors, bare the sins of many, and made intercession for the transgressors. And all this that you and I might share in the eternal triumphs and resplendent glories of his second coming. All this was endured that he might "ransom us from the grave, and redeem us from death." Amid the fearful struggles of that awful hour we seem to hear him saying, in trumpet tones, "O death, I will be thy plague! O grave, I will be thy destruction!"

"In robes of judgment lo He comes,  
Shakes the wide earth and rends the tombs."

But he comes that "mortality may be swallowed up of life." O, lift your hearts my brethren, to the greatness and the glory of that hour. Think of the immortal awakening, when the blast of the archangel shall reverberate through

all the sepulchres of earth ; when the sea shall give up the dead that are therein, and death and the invisible world shall give up the dead that are in them." Triumphant, joyous moment ! Some have, like our brother departed, slept their last sleep encompassed by dear relatives and friends ; others have passed their death struggle on a foreign shore ; or upon a sinking wreck amid the wide waste of waters, the watery billows have rolled over them ; the fishes of the deep have devoured them. In their last moment no bosom friend was present to wipe the death-sweat from the brow, to whisper words of love, to shed the tear of affectionate sympathy, or to imprint the last kiss of love. But, my brethren, a morn of unutterable brightness, outshining ten thousand burning suns, shall break upon the darkness of the tomb ; and then the sleeping dust shall rise, invested with the elements of immortality, and prepared, by God's rich grace, to bear up under an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

" On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,  
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

Then the blessed re-union and recognition will be enjoyed to the full. Vast assemblage ! Patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs, ministers and people of every generation, every tribe, and every age, and every class, will all blend in holy fellowship, in sweet communion, and in adoring love, before the throne of God and of the Lamb. All sectarian ties are sundered ; all false prejudices are removed ; all imperfections are left behind ; all hearts are one ; all voices are one ; all anthems in spirit are one, saying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." O then, ye ransomed ones, will you gaze upon the countenance of your late beloved pastor ; not as you saw it on his funeral day, pale and cold in death, but illumined by the transparent brightness of heavenly glory, and sparkling with the intelligence of the skies. You will behold in that radiant face the sympathy and

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love of your old pastor purified, expanded, and perfected, amidst the completeness of consummated bliss. And he will recognize you as the objects of his deepest solicitude and tenderest sympathies, when an inhabitant of these lower grounds; as those over whose conversion to Christ he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory; as those that he conducted through the baptismal waters into the church of the living God, and as those over whom he watched with a pastor's responsibility and a father's love. Then will he greet you all, freed from the imperfections of your militant state, and adorned with robes made white in the blood of the Lamb, "as his joy and his crown of rejoicing," in the presence of your adorable and all-conquering Saviour, Jesus Christ, his Lord and Redeemer, and your King and Saviour. Bright angels and glorified saints will witness the transporting scene, and in humble prostration will exclaim, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." And all heaven will say AMEN!

Having thus briefly unfolded the aims and the prospects of the Christian ministry, permit me to show how these *aims* and these *prospects* filled the heart, and permeated the life, of your late beloved pastor.

On this subject I may remark that, in the absence of any documents written by himself, regarding his early christian experience or his ministerial labors, I cannot be as minute in my observations as his friends might desire; but with such aids as I have been able to command, I shall endeavor to make the portrait as life-like as possible.

SAMUEL ROBINSON was born near Belfast, Ireland, August the 12th, 1801. His ancestors were the descendants of the old Scotch Covenanters, and were trained amid the fiery persecutions with which these people, of inflexible religious convictions, had to contend. On account of these persecutions they fled to the north of Ireland for shelter. His father was a very godly man; but he died when

Samuel was young, and it was so ordered in Providence that his early religious training was placed principally in the hands of a very devotedly pious grandmother. The Covenanters, inspired with an ardent love of civil and religious liberty, cherished a profound veneration for the Bible; and hence young Samnel's godly grandmother early taught him to read and ponder this *Book of books*. He became so deeply interested in the study of the scriptures, that when a lad, engaged in work, he was accustomed to take leaves of the sacred book in his pocket, for the purpose of committing their contents to memory. In this way he treasured up an immense amount of scriptural knowledge, which was used to great advantage all through his after life. But not only was the Word of God thus early impressed upon his memory, but there is reason to believe that, in answer to the prayers of his pious grandmother, this good word found a lodgment in his heart, directing him, in penitence, to the mercy seat for pardon and eternal life. But, while deeply interested in religion, he made no public profession of his faith until he was in his 17th year. At that time revival meetings were held in his neighborhood by the Methodist brethren; and it was in these meetings that he first began speaking of his love to Christ, and of his personal interest in the great salvation. So ardent did he become in his christian love and zeal at that time, that he resolved to consecrate himself to missionary work in some heathen land. At this stage of his experience, the idea of a mission to Africa was agitated in the community where he resided; and he proposed himself as a candidate, and entered upon a course of study in relation to that work. Something occurred, however, to thwart his purpose in this matter, and the idea of going to Africa was, therefore, abandoned.

In 1821 he became united in marriage to Miss Isabella Crawford. She also had consecrated her youthful heart to God, and hence was prepared to sympathize fully with him in his religious hopes and desires. After his marriage he continued to hold religious meetings in connection with

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other christian brethren, in different sections of the country; but he had given up the idea of a foreign field.

Some of his friends who had emigrated to New York, were deeply anxious that he should come to America, and be their preacher. To their proposition he finally consented; came over, and spent some two years among them. While there he sustained himself and family principally by manual labor; but devoted his sabbaths and such other portions of his time as he could spare from his worldly avocations, to the proclamation of the gospel of Christ.

In the mean time his mother, two brothers, a sister, and other friends, emigrated to the Parish of St. James, Charlotte County. They formed a new settlement; and, as might be expected, were largely destitute of the preaching of the gospel. Knowing that their young friend Samuel was anxious to be engaged in missionary work, they besought him to come on and be their minister. He finally consented; came in the autumn, spent the winter, and in the spring removed his family to this new district, consisting, at that time, of his wife and his daughter Eliza, now the wife of the Rev. Mr. Ryan. He had before this lost two children by death; one in his own country, and another in New York. His removal to St. James took place in 1829; and he immediately began preaching in that destitute region, as best he could, the gospel of the grace of God. The people received his ministry with the deepest interest, and with open hearts.

In 1830 a marked providence occurred, which brought about a change in the whole course of his life. Rev. Thomas Ansley, then the pastor of the Baptist Church at Bridgetown, became strongly and powerfully impressed with the idea that he must make a missionary tour through the County of Charlotte. It was not convenient for him to leave his home, and he at first resisted the impression; but it so increased, that he could not rest by day or by night, and he accordingly yielded to the conviction, and came over. He was a man of remarkable impulses and irresis-

tible religious convictions; and on entering upon his mission in Charlotte he heard of this young preacher Robinson. He resolved at once to visit him; and did so. He found him in his little cottage in the wilderness; and their interchange of thought was such as to produce a deep, mutual interest in each other's welfare. A public meeting was called: Mr. Ansley preached. Mr. Robinson was present, and was deeply impressed with the unctuous power of the preacher. Up to this time his training in the duties and ordinances of the faith of his fathers was perfectly satisfactory; and he had no idea of becoming a Baptist preacher; but this interview strangely affected him; and, to add to his perplexity, Mr. Ansley, after leaving him for home, and proceeding on his journey many miles, became so impressed with the idea that he had not discharged his whole duty to his young Presbyterian brother, that he returned to his house, delivered his message in great solemnity, and again left for home. The result of all this was, that Mr. Robinson turned his attention especially to the study of the Scriptures on the subject of christian baptism, and after prolonged and prayerful investigation, adopted the Baptist faith. Having done so, he sent for Father Ansley to come over and baptize him. The good man hastened with a joyful heart to obey the summons; and in the presence of an immense concourse of people, gathered from all sections of the country, administered to his young brother, in the waters of St. David, the baptismal rite.

I may remark here that this change was not limited to a single adoption of the Baptist view regarding the subjects and mode of baptism, but it was one which deeply and permanently impressed the entire range of his religious sensibilities and life. It constituted, in fact, a new era in his existence, and developed in new forms the rich gifts and graces which, up to that time, had existed only in an infantile degree. He seemed to see as with new eyes, to hear as with new ears, and to understand as with a new heart. The messages of the man of God, delivered to him in a mode of profound solemnity, filled him with such an all-pervad-

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ing consciousness of his responsibility to God and to man, that he felt that he must not only embrace the ordinances of Christ as inculcated in the inspired testimony, but that he must hasten through all that country with the gospel message to lost souls.

Mr. Ansley, having finished his work, was taken suddenly ill at St. Andrews, and after days of severe sickness, died in the triumphs of faith, and went home to his reward. But the mantle of the old prophet had fallen upon his youthful brother, and hence the work that had now been so well commenced under his evangelistic labors, went forward with increasing power.

Not long after his baptism Mr. Robinson attended a meeting of the Baptist Association in Fredericton, and there informed the brethren what great things the Lord was doing in the County of Charlotte; how converts were multiplying on every hand, and requested that some one should be sent to baptize them. The whole Association, ministers and people, were thoroughly aroused by his statements, and by the extraordinary unction and power of his ministrations. With one heart they most cordially received him as a man sent from God to declare his counsels; and they appointed the venerable Joseph Crandall and Rev. John Masters as a delegation to go to St. George, and, if deemed advisable, to ordain him to the work of the ministry, and thus qualify him to administer the ordinances of the gospel. In accordance with this arrangement his ordination took place in August, 1832. It was a day of wondrous power: saints rejoiced, sinners trembled, and Jesus was in their midst mighty to save.

For several successive years he continued to devote himself, with untiring industry and unflagging zeal, to the upbuilding of the cause of Christ through all that region of country. His labors were largely of the missionary type. Hence they extended to St. George, Pennfield, Mascareen, St. Davids, St. James, St. Patricks, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Calais, Milltown, and in all the region round about. Those who sat under his ministry in those days

say, that his preaching was emphatically in demonstration of the Spirit, and in power, and as a legitimate result, as in apostolic times, "The word of God increased, and the number of disciples greatly multiplied." Or as in the case of the Corinthians,—"*Many hearing, believed, and were baptized.*" Under a ministry of this stamp you will not be surprised to learn that the church at St. George was greatly enlarged, houses for religious worship multiplied, and a new impetus given to the cause of Christ in all directions.

In 1838, by the invitation of the brethren of Germain Street, he made his first visit to St. John. He came in the spirit of his Master; and his ministry produced at once a wide-spread impression, which resulted in a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Germain Street Church, then the only Baptist church in the city. The mutual attachments between him and his people at St. George induced him to hesitate for some time as to the path of duty, so that it was some two years before he finally decided to remove his family to St. John; but he spent a large portion of his time here, and labored indefatigably and with distinguished success. The church was greatly revived, difficulties healed, and precious souls won to the Saviour. In 1840 he removed his family, and took permanent charge of the church. I need not here detail the extent or the success of his labors. It is known to many of you, at least, that from Germain Street they extended to Pitt Street, to Brussels Street, to Portland and Carleton; to Milkish and South Bay; to Musquash and Dipper Harbor; to Loch Lomond and other sections. In all these places he witnessed the conversion of souls, and led them forth in Christ's holy ordinances.

I must not particularize; but here is a fact that speaks volumes. When he came to St. John in 1838, Germain Street Church, as we have said, was the only Baptist church in the city, and that was not large; was without a pastor, and in other respects was in an enfeebled state; but the records of the church, during his pastorate of eleven years, show an increase, by baptism, of 374, and by letter, of 188;

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in all, 562; and the opening of seven or eight new Baptist houses of worship in the city and its environs, and all largely through his instrumentality. During his ministry in Germain Street the branches in Portland, Carleton, and in Brussels Street, became sufficiently large to form separate and independent churches, and in their organization as such his was the directing mind.

The Brussels Street Chapel was publicly dedicated to the worship of God in September, 1849, and in 1850 the church was organized; and, by mutual arrangement, Mr. Robinson's pastorate was transferred from Germain to the new organization. One hundred and fifty-eight members joined their pastor in this new movement, among whom were all the deacons of the old church. Strengthened and encouraged by such a decided expression of affection and confidence, he pressed forward in his work with augmented faith; and as a legitimate result of his zeal and energy in the cause, in a few years the new house had to be enlarged to make room for the rapidly increasing congregation.

For the last sixteen years his energies have been devoted mainly to the consolidation and enlargement of this church, and without particularizing, the following figures will give some idea of the success of his incessant toil.

Added by Baptism in that time,.....	456
“ by Letter, “ “ .....	191
Total,.....	647

Beyond all this, he was generally at his post at associations, councils, conventions, missionary, educational, and temperance meetings, &c.; in all of which he took an active and prominent part. If an “Orphan Asylum” or a “Home” for the fallen was to be established and sustained in the city, he was ever ready to give prompt and timely aid; and all public institutions founded for the good of mankind, such as the British and Foreign Bible Society, and temperance organizations, &c., received his active and prayerful support.

In founding and carrying forward the educational and

missionary interests of his own denomination in these Provinces, from the beginning to the close of his ministry, he performed well his duty; and while he was the faithful pastor of a given church, he had upon him, in no stinted measure, "the care of all the churches."

In contemplating the breadth and diversity of his labors, one is ready to ask; How could one man perform so much work? The answer is, 1st, He had a physical constitution of amazing strength. 2d, His mind was unusually elastic, and could accommodate itself, with great ease, to circumstances. 3d, He was not easily disheartened by obstacles. 4th, He "had a mind to work;" and last, but not least, he cherished strong faith in God. The missionary impulses which stirred his soul when a youth in his native home, with thoughts of love and toil for suffering, bleeding Africa, permeated his whole ministerial life. He believed in Christianity as an aggressive power brought to bear upon the present and eternal destiny of the race through human instrumentality; and he labored accordingly.

While he loved secular education, and toiled assiduously for its advancement, his scholastic attainments were limited; but he was educated in the holy Bible, drank deeply from the fount of eternal wisdom, made himself conversant with the great book of nature, and thoroughly studied the dispensations of God in history. The truth is, by a diligent and careful examination of the demands and responsibilities of his life work, and by turning his attention constantly to the most effective means for meeting them, he made himself master of his own business; and that is the very best education that man can have. Whatever else a minister may know, if he fail here, his life cannot be otherwise, so far as the ministry is concerned, than a *tremendous failure*.

If you ask for the secret of his success, here you have it in a nut shell. He clearly comprehended his work, and faithfully performed it. In other words, strong, sanctified common sense, applied with a steady devotion to his vocation, was the secret of his power.

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As a christian pastor he had no superior, and but few equals. He was, emphatically, one of nature's rulers. His practical knowledge of human nature, coupled with the charity and humility of the gospel, admirably qualified him to adapt himself to circumstances. He knew how to be firm; and he knew how and when to yield, and to do both with a grace that inspired confidence and commanded respect. Hence he was, in the true gospel sense, the *bishop* of his church. His constant interchange of thought with the members of his flock at their own dwellings, and his kindly and unremitting attentions to them in all seasons of trial, sickness and death, made him thoroughly acquainted with their spiritual wants, and tended, in no small degree, to strengthen their love and respect for him as their teacher and guide.

If his sermons were not embellished with the graces of oratory, or enriched with the learning of the schools, they were adorned with what is infinitely better,—the graces of the spirit; and filled up with what is vastly more impressive,—a practical knowledge of Jesus Christ and him crucified. His discourses were generally natural in their divisions, instructive in their unfoldings, and impressive in their spirit. The educated and the untutored alike listened to him, in the pulpit and upon the platform, with more than ordinary interest.

The following brief record, found among his papers, as made by himself, will give us some idea of the extent and success of his exertions during the thirty-six years of his Baptist ministry.

Sermons preached by him,.....	4,241
Marriages performed by him,.....	715
Funerals attended by him,.....	752
Baptized by him,.....	1,142

To say that he had no defects would be to say that he was more than human. It would be a silly attempt to elevate him, in this respect, above Moses or Daniel, Peter or Paul. But I do say, after an intimate acquaintance with him, extending over fifteen years, and a pretty thorough

opportunity of scanning his whole character, that as a man, a husband, a father, a christian, and as a minister of the Lord Jesus, my matured conviction is, that the defects of Samuel Robinson were comparatively few ; that his excellencies and his virtues were manifold. For twenty-eight years of public life in this city, his character and his ministry have stood the test of the severest criticism ; and who would not envy the verdict that was given to his memory by all classes of this community on his great funeral day. The universal expression of that immense gathering was, that a *great* and a *good man* had suddenly fallen at his post.

Doubtless his genial disposition, his smiling face, his urbanity of manner, his freedom from a contentious, censorious spirit, and his broad christian charity towards other denominations as well as to his own, contributed very much towards giving him his deep hold upon the confidence and affections of the people ; but beyond all this was the conviction, deep down in the hearts of thousands, that the man who had thus suddenly fallen in the christian battle field, had, through evil and through good report, acted worthily of the deep responsibilities of his christian and ministerial profession. As with Stephen, so with Samuel, "*Devout men carried him to his burial, and made lamentation over him.*"

I will not dwell upon his domestic relations. Suffice it to say, that in the first Mrs. Robinson he had a help meet indeed, in things temporal and in things spiritual. She became the mother of ten children ; two died, as we have said, in infancy ; two sons, both young men of promise, sleep in the cemetery of Carleton ; two sons and four daughters remain to mourn their sad loss. The second Mrs. Robinson was the stay and solace of his advancing years ; and, like some ministering angel, smoothed his death pillow, and shed light upon his pathway as he trod the dark valley. "Sit close beside me," said the sick husband to his wife, "when you see me dying."

Church of God, you cannot but mourn your bereavement.

In the vestry, in the pulpit, in the committee-room, in the sabbath school, at the sacramental board, in the baptismal waters, at your domestic altars, in your sick rooms, and, when on your death couch, you will sadly miss him. But O, look by faith into the upper sanctuary; there he is among the "shining ones." The old "Fathers" with whom he once held sweet communion at the militant table,—Manning, Harding, Crandal, Ansley, Pettingel, Drake, and others of like precious faith,—have already extended to him the hand of celestial fellowship. And it may be that your fathers and your mothers, your husbands and your wives, your brothers and your sisters, your sons and your daughters, who were conducted by him into the militant household, were among the first to greet him beyond the flood. What remains for us but to "follow him, who through faith and patience is now inheriting the promises." Remember that in the prospect of the great change before him, no cloud darkened his soul, no fear preyed upon his spirit, no sin pierced his conscience. "All," said he, "is bright beyond." "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure;" and when the death angel came for him he exclaimed, "Put out the lights: there is nothing now but heaven." In view of such a death, who would not devoutly pray,—“Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”

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## APPENDIX.

[From the Christian Visitor, September 20, 1866.]

**Death and Funeral of Rev. Samuel Robinson.**

Sad sentence to write ; sad for our people to read. Many will exclaim, " Can it be possible ? " Yes, it is really so. Our beloved brother and fellow-laborer sleeps in the cold embrace of death. The circumstances which have led to this melancholy event, in brief, are these : A year ago in August last, he attended the Baptist Convention of these Provinces in Berwick, and while there had a violent attack of diarrhœa. He was suddenly reduced from his usual vigorous state of health to extreme prostration ; but under the skilful treatment of Dr. Parker of Halifax, who was present at the meeting, the disease was so far arrested as to allow him to resume his place as President of the Convention, on Monday afternoon ; and when the Convention was over, to return to his home ; but from that severe illness he never perfectly recovered. During the last six months he gradually wasted in flesh, but he was still active in the discharge of his duties, though not always able to preach. His friends began to fear that there might be some insidious disease at work, but nobody apprehended any special danger until three weeks ago last Saturday. During the Convention, the preceding week in his own church, he had exerted himself probably beyond what he should have done under the circumstances ; but he was delighted to see his brethren, and was anxious to make them all comfortable and happy, and to share with them, as far as possible, in the responsibilities and privileges of the occasion. No one who saw him then imagined for a moment that he was meeting us in Convention for the last time on earth ; but on the Saturday following he was taken suddenly worse, and called in Dr. Alward, his family physician. In a few days it became evident that the attack was very serious, and consulting physicians were summoned to his sick chamber, first Dr. J. R. Fitch, and afterwards Dr. William Bayard. Their best skill and most assiduous care were employed to arrest the disease ; but his work on earth was done, and no human power could keep him from his reward. His master called him to go up higher, and go he must. Typhoid fever set in, and rapidly hastened forward the painful issue. His alarming symptoms created universal interest in the community, and the deepest anxiety was felt by all classes. On Friday night last he rested more quietly than usual, and in the morning seemed so much revived that his family was quite encouraged ; but it was only a revival before death. He soon became worse, and early in the afternoon it was painfully evident that the hand of death was upon him. His physicians were unremitting in their efforts, but all medicine was unavailing. He lingered until about one o'clock on Sabbath morning, when he peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, and his ransomed spirit took its flight to enter upon its eternal Sabbath of rest at God's right hand.

His friends will be anxious to know the state of his mind in the prospect of the great change. We rejoice to say it was calm and peaceful as the summer's morn. No doubts, no fears, no gloomy apprehensions in regard to the future. All to him was bright and heavenly. His ministerial life had always been characterized by a strong faith in the purposes and promises of the blessed God, and as he lived so he died—believing, trusting, rejoicing in the finished work of his Saviour, and in the glory so soon to be revealed.

On Sabbath morning the sad tidings of his death spread rapidly through every section of the city, creating a profound sensation in all minds, and calling forth sympathetic remarks from multitudes.

At ten o'clock the bell of the Brussels Street Church sent forth its slow and solemn tones, and a large and weeping assembly was addressed by the acting pastor, from Abraham's appeal to God, " Shall not the judge of all the earth do right ? "—the *universality* and *integrity* of the divine administration. In

the evening, again, from the passage in *Isalah*, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." The place was a perfect *Bochim*, but the well-springs of divine consolation poured their treasures of hope and joy into wounded hearts.

At Gormala Street, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Carey, referred appropriately and touchingly to the painful event in a deeply interesting discourse from the text, "The fathers, where are they? The prophets, do they live for ever?" But not only did the Baptist pastors summon the people to listen to the voice of God in this afflictive dispensation, but nearly, if not all, the other evangelical pulpits of the city, gave forth utterances of profound grief and deepest sympathy. The universal feeling of ministers and people of all denominations seem to be that a good man and a faithful soldier of the cross had suddenly fallen at his post.

Our departed brother leaves a sorrowing wife, two sons, and four daughters, to deplore their bitter bereavement. For their support in this season of overwhelming sorrow, hundreds of prayers are presented before the mercy-seat. May Jehovah graciously hear; bind up the wounded spirit, and be a father to the fatherless, and the widow's God.

## THE FUNERAL.

The deacons and brethren of the bereaved Church at once took the matter of funeral preparations in charge, and made all necessary arrangements to have every thing done in a style most respectful to the memory of their late pastor, and in a manner in all respects worthy of the solemn occasion. In consulting with the doctors, it was deemed advisable that the interment should take place as soon as Tuesday, and it was so decided.

## SERVICES AT THE HOUSE.

The services at the late residence of the deceased were commenced at half past two o'clock. The Rev. William Harrison read the ninetieth Psalm; after which the Rev. Mr. Spencer offered up a solemn and impressive prayer; at the close of which the Rev. I. E. Bill pronounced the benediction.

The procession formed at the house, and marched to the Brussels Street Baptist Church. The following was the order of the procession:—

Sons of Temperance.

Medical Attendants.

Ministers of the various Churches  
of the City and Suburbs.B  
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Pall Bearers.

Mourners.

Members of the Church of the deceased,  
Friends and Carriages.

## SERVICES AT THE CHURCH.

The corpse was placed near the Pulpit. The dead march in Saul was performed by the choir. Rev. Mr. Bill, who presided, called upon the Rev. Mr. Bennet, who read the opening hymn, which was sang in a very impressive manner. The Rev. Dr. Donald read the fifteenth chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Corinthians. Rev. Mr. Addy offered prayer amid the most profound silence. There seemed an awe over the whole congregation, and all felt as if some dear friend was being lost to them forever.

## ORATION BY REV. I. E. BILL.

Christian Brethren :—I presume I but express the impression which pervades this meeting, when I say that this is a solemn place. We come not here to indulge in idle curiosity, or to please ourselves with empty ceremony; but we assemble for the purpose of expressing our heart's deepest sympathy for a be-

roaved family and for an afflicted church; and to meditate upon the mysterious providence which has so suddenly and unexpectedly extinguished one of the brightest moral and religious lights of our City. Standing as we are in the presence of death, first of all our thoughts naturally turn to the consideration of this solemn subject. But you ask

### What is Death?

It is the agency of God to fulfil his stern decrees. Its universality is everywhere acknowledged. Palaces and cottages, gorgeous mansions and gloomy prison cells, are alike the home of death. He demands admittance into every human habitation as his legal right; a right invested with the awful sanctions of the Eternal.

The power of death cannot be broken by human skill. The science of the world for long centuries has been engaged in exploring the secrets of nature to find an antidote for death; but on, and still on the destroyer rushes, as if no physician, however well skilled in the healing art, must stand for a moment in his path. Medical sagacity, in its amazing researches, has discovered remedies for every imaginable disease, but when death comes, the whole *materia medica* is powerless in his sovereign presence.

Man, in his wisdom and in his energy, has bottled the lightnings of heaven and commanded them to do his pleasure, not only on the earth's surface, but along the ocean's dark, deep bed, and they have yielded obedience to his authority; but death he cannot control. Wealth, poverty, wisdom, ignorance, honor, dishonor, happiness, misery, faith, unbelief, holiness and sin, are all alike to him. Tears of sorrow, the charms of beauty, the treasures of wisdom, nor the diadems of monarchs, sparkling with many a brilliant gem, can induce him to change his course for a single moment. His mission is universal; his power bids defiance to the agencies and influences of man. Nothing can be more certain, my hearers, than that you and I must, sooner or later, bow to the authority of this disturber of earthly joys.

And is this, you ask, the end of man? We see him die; we see him confined in his coffin; we commit him to the dust, and the mourners return in solitude to weep; but is this the end of man?—man originally made in the image of his Maker? Unsanctified reason, a sceptical philosophy, say it is; but in the presence of Omniscience they speak falsely. Blessed be God, when human reason fails, when an infidel philosophy fails, then Christianity comes as a brilliant sun from heaven, throws her celestial light into the chamber of death, and enables the dying saint to exclaim, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?" The sting of death is sin, the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ—it is only the outer material tabernacle that is dissolved. The death dart pierces only the body—the immaterial; the soul defies the power of death, and says to him, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further." And hence this immortal thinking power, bathed in the light of heaven and filled with the faith of God's elect, amid the struggles of dissolving nature ascends the mount of vision, and holds communion with eternal things. For as believers in the inspiration of the Almighty, we know if this earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

True, this body, so fearfully and wonderfully made, by the righteous decree of heaven must go to its sepulchral home; but even there the light of our glorious christianity enters, and along the dreary vault is heard a voice saying, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Proud reason cannot scale these gloomy walls. Sullen upon the grave she sits, and dreams not of a resurrection from the dreary prison; but Christianity whispers in accents which angels love to hear, "Sown in corruption, but raised in incorruption; sown in dishonor, raised in glory; sown in weakness, raised in power; sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body." So when "this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall

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have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'

Christians die, ministers die, and sleep in the dust; but shall it seem a thing incredible with you, that God shall raise them up at the last day? Nay, my brethren, in the chamber of death, when the heart strings are breaking, when life's tenderest ties are being ruthlessly severed; when the sepulchre broods over our loved ones departed, and amid the darkness of the wreck of our earthly hopes, by faith we will look within the veil, and patiently and joyfully await the return of our coming Lord, when "These vile bodies shall be raised and fashioned like unto his glorious body." O blessed! thrice blessed prospect! "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he appears we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

The theme is delightful, but flying time admonishes us that we must not dwell. It is doubtless expected that particular reference will be made to the life and character of our dear departed brother. This subject, however, can only be touched very briefly to-day. We are here to indulge in no fulsome praise of mortal man. We are here not to eulogize the dead, but to speak to the living. We may say, however, that Samuel Robinson for long years, through the rich blessing of God upon his ministry, has been a spiritual power in this city. He commenced his ministry here in the year 1838, or about twenty-eight years ago; and all will bear me witness when I say that in season and out of season, at home and abroad, in his own church and in other churches, in the chamber of the sick and the dying; in the cottage of the poor, in the mansion of the rich, before saints and before sinners, in the presence of God and in the sight of all men, he has faithfully fulfilled the responsibilities of that ministry committed as a sacred trust to his keeping. Discriminating in judgment, wise in counsel, sound in the faith, genial in his disposition, lofty in his religious conceptions, thoroughly practical in his ministry, earnest in his prayers, virtuous in his life, and untiring in his efforts to do good, we are not surprised to know that during these long years he has profoundly impressed the community, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, minister and people, quite unconsciously however, so far as he was concerned, with the value and importance of such a life—a life devoted to all the highest interests of our common humanity. Conscientious, steadfast and outspoken in his own religious convictions, yet he held no fellowship with bigotry, no communion with a narrow sectarian spirit. His large heart beat in sympathy with christian people and godly ministers of every name; and he delighted in doing good to all. If asked to describe the character and life of our departed brother in the fewest words possible, we should say of him as was said of Barnabas, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people was added unto the Lord." We need not add his epistles are before you, "known and read of all men." On all hands the fruit of his successful labors are manifest.

Let this for the present suffice. At an early day (p. v.) we shall go more into details. To his bereaved family the loss is irreparable. He was the light of his household, the pride and the joy of its inmates. May his mourning widow cleave to those precious promises which inspired her husband with hope and joy, in the prospect of a happy re-union in the "better land." May his bereaved sons and daughters follow in the footsteps of their now glorified father, as he followed Christ; and you the members of his smitten church, remember the message which he sent to you from his death couch. "Tell my church," said he to the present speaker, on the Sabbath morning before his death, "That the greatest kindness they can show me is to be *steadfast in the faith, discharge their duty, and fill their place in the house of God.*" Christian brethren, let these words, proceeding from the very heart of your dying pastor, be written as with the pen of heaven upon the tablets of your memory. He has been with you in the hour of sorrow, in the chamber of sickness and death, poured consolation into the souls of loved ones who have gone before; communed with you in the early dawn of your Christian faith, administered to you the holy ordinances of our blessed religion, welcomed you to the privileges of God's church, unfolded to you the rich promise and precious provisions of

redeeming love; no wonder, therefore, that your hearts cling to him with an undying affection. But, O! see to it, that you so adhere to his parting message as to be prepared to meet him in the heavenly world.

Do I address any of his congregation upon whose hearts his repeated ministrations have produced no saving influence; I beseech you, ponder this solemn thought. He has prayed for you for the last time, warned and instructed you for the last time, unfolded to you the promises of mercy for the last time spoken to you of the glories of heaven and of the pains of hell for the last time; that tongue once so eloquent upon all these solemn themes, is now still in death. O, if his living voice failed to reach your hearts, listen to the message which comes to you from his death coffin, saying:—"Prepare, prepare to meet thy God." "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live."

My esteemed brethren in the ministry, I feel that this is a loud call to us from God's righteous Providence to work while the day lasts, for the night cometh in which no man can work.

O, let us, like our departed brother, when death comes, be found as faithful sentinels, standing steadfast at the post of duty; and then, like him, we shall see by faith the glory beyond, and bid the messenger welcome. And then in the issue will come the plaudit from the Master's blessed lips, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." How inspiring the promise by God's servant Daniel—"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

Rev. Mr. Bay's read the closing hymn, and the Rev. Mr. Gunter pronounced the benediction.

After these exercises were over, the coffin was opened, and the congregation had an opportunity of taking a last—a parting look at him who had for years broken to them the Bread of Life.

The funeral procession left the church at half past four o'clock, and proceeded to the Cemetery.

At the grave the burial service was read by the Rev. William Harrison.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

The cold earth rolled in upon the hollow sounding coffin; and, after prayer by the Rev. Mr. Hastings, and benediction by Rev. Mr. Bill, the sorrowing church members and friends, sad, and impressed with the solemnities of the occasion, returned to their homes, painfully alive to the fact that a good man had been called from a field of usefulness, and that a flock was bereft of a kind shepherd; that the poor had lost a friend, and the rich a guide.

We may add, the immense crowd of people of all classes, in spite of the extreme unpleasantness of the weather, evinced the deep interest felt in the solemnities by all classes of the community. The spacious church was filled above and below to its utmost capacity, and the deepest solemnity pervaded the whole. Surely God by his Spirit was in the place.

The excellent and appropriate singing by the choir added immensely to the solemnity of the hour.

The Church was draped in mourning, and everything necessary was done by the sorrowing Church to give expression to their profound respect for their departed pastor.

The following ministers were in attendance:—

- BAPTISTS.—Revs. I. E. Bill, J. Spencer, W. V. Garner, D. Crandall, and Foshay.  
 CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Revs. Messrs. Harrison, Disbrow, DeVeber, McNutt, Swabey, G. Armstrong, and W. Armstrong.  
 PRESBYTERIANS.—Revs. Messrs. Dr. Donald, Bennet, Dunlop, Baird, McKay.  
 METHODISTS.—Revs. Messrs. Addy, Sponagle, England, Temple, Pickles, Narraway, and Huestis.  
 CONGREGATIONAL.—Revs. Messrs. Hastings and Black.  
 DISCIPLES.—Elder Garraty.  
 FREE BAPTISTS.—Revs. Messrs. Gunter and Hartley.  
 ZION'S CHURCH.—Rev. Mr. Baylis.

## FUNERAL SERMON.

An immense crowd assembled in Brussels Street Baptist Church on Sabbath evening, September 30th, to hear the sermon on the death of Rev. Samuel Robinson. Galleries, aisles, halls, Committee rooms, all filled, and hundreds had to go away that could not get in. The preacher was kindly and effectively aided by Rev. Messrs. Pickles, Spencer, Harris and Ryan. The choir, at the opening, chanted, in a beautifully impressive style, the 90th Psalm. "Lord thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Opening hymn read by Rev. Mr. Spencer—

"Thou art gone to the grave,  
We will not deplore thee."

Scriptures read by the preacher—John xvii. 24: "Father I will that they also whom thou hast given me," &c. 1st Cor. xv. 35, to the close: "O, death, where is thy sting?" &c. 2d Cor. v. 1: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, &c. Philippians, i. 22, 23, 24: "For me to live is Christ; but to die is gain;" and 2d Timothy, iv. 6, 7, 8: "For I am now ready to be offered up," &c. Second hymn—

"Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy sweet employ."

The sermon by Rev. I. E. Bill occupied over an hour in delivery, and was listened to throughout by all present with the most marked attention. Prayer by Rev. E. N. Harris. The choir sung a touching melody, beginning—

Hear! Father, hear our prayer!  
Thou who art pity where sorrow prevaileth,  
Thou who art safety when mortal help faileth,  
Strength to the feeble and hope to despair.  
Hear! Father, hear our prayer!

Original hymn by Rev. Mr. Spencer, suggested by an utterance from Mr. Robinson when dying:—

**"There is Nothing now but Heaven."**

A short time before the late Rev. SAMUEL ROBINSON expired, he said to those persons who were with him in the room:—"Put out the lights; there is nothing now but heaven!"

Remove now from my fading sight  
Those lamps, for life night's given;  
Assembled angels now invite  
My eyes to gaze on purer light—  
"There's nothing now but heaven!"

These lamps shed faint and glimmering light,  
Compared with what is given  
To cheer my eyes. There is no night  
Around me now; God is my light—  
"There's nothing now but heaven!"

All that before was darkly seen,  
'Mid earthly shadows given,  
Is brilliant now with heavenly sheen—  
There's not a cloud to intervene—  
"There's nothing now but heaven!"

Life's anxious day of toil is past,  
And dawns the best of seven;  
The rest that shall forever last—  
The feast of love—the soul's repast—  
"There's nothing now but heaven!"

The ties that bound my spirit here,  
Have one by one been riven;  
Farewell to those I love so dear,  
Celestial warbling greets my ear—  
"There's nothing now but heaven!"

Benediction by Rev. Mr. Ryan.

Thus closed one of the most solemn services it was ever our lot to witness. The plaintive, soft, charming music by the choir, associated with the other solemnities, touched deeply all hearts. Many present by faith could say—

“Soon shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever;  
Soon will Peace wreath her chain  
Round us forever.  
Our hearts will then repose  
Secure from worldly woes;  
Our songs of praise shall close  
Never—no, never!”

### A Choice Memento.

The following communication touching the death of our departed brother, so appropriately and beautifully expressed, may be regarded as representing the sentiments and feelings of the members of the Brussels Street Church, generally, towards their late beloved pastor.

REV. I. E. BILL:—

*Dear Brother*—As you are preparing a pamphlet to contain a few memorials of our late much loved and lamented pastor, the Rev. SAMUEL ROBINSON, my very long acquaintance with him leads me to think I might supply some additional reminiscences to increase the interest which has been so extensively felt and expressed in and towards one so highly esteemed.

I first knew him more than twenty-eight years ago, while my family was quartered for the summer on the shores of the beautiful Bay of St. Andrews, not far from Maguadavic. We attended his ministry in that place; and I there discovered a man whose worth, whose activity, whose vigorous mind, and unaffected style of preaching, led me strongly to feel that he was adapted, by these qualities, and many more, to do a larger amount of good in the christian field of labor than seemed open to him where he was, and *that* in despite of his deficiencies in education. Having earnestly pressed the wide sphere of this city on his attention, he eventually came to the Germain Street Church, where he remained until, in the openings of Providence, without strife, he left with a number of its members, and in Brussels Street planted that church which, through God's grace, has gone on flourishing, till, at his death, its members had increased from a few dozen to between four and five hundred.

Besides a manly, unaffected, and powerful manner of preaching, accompanied by rich scriptural and original thoughts, with no aid but a few well arranged notes, and a thoroughly studied subject, his pastoral talents and immense labors, his kindness and courtesy towards all within and without the church, endeared him to those who knew him; or if, as is the common lot, there were exceptions, they were so few, they are only noticed to keep within the line of truth.

Between him and myself there never was a jar; and besides frequent occasions of conversation, communication, or discussion together, or with others, members of the church, and a regular visit to his house every Monday morning, when in town (the loss of which I now painfully feel), our intercourse was constant. So remarkable was the command which he had attained, through the spirit of grace abiding in him, over what he has admitted was an impetuous natural disposition, that it was not till after long years of our acquaintance, that I discovered there was such an infirmity; which, however when thus under control, was a portion of that very power leading him to energetic thought, expression, and apostolic “labors more abundant.” In opposition to this frame, I had always been impressed by his extraordinary equanimity; for in despite of a strong mode of expressing his feelings, it seemed quite unaccompanied by ill temper; and if it appeared to depress his spirit for a little, it was but like the dark cloud which passes over a summer heaven, to leave it again in its calmness and serenity.

His forgiving disposition was one of his most remarkable characteristics. He always seemed watchfully anxious to seize on the first opening, whether manifested by the eye, the voice, or the hand, of any relenting in a mistaken brother, and instantly the hand was out for reconciliation, and the heart glad and thankful for the opportunity. It was not often that estrangements occurred to render the exercise of this spirit of forgiveness necessary, but where they did, it was a real grief to him that they should exist at all, or last for any time.

There was nothing which was ever undertaken in the church, from a business or prayer-meeting, or sabbath-school gathering, or establishing some new effort in a part of the city or its vicinity, against the dominions of vice and Satan, to a Dorcas society, a choir's arrangements, or a more humble effort to promote suitable singing to accompany prayer in the regular evening meetings of the week, but he was ever present to take the lead, or assist in carrying out the object; and wherever any such meetings depended on him, his punctuality to time was most exact; while the few but appropriate words of explanation or exhortation with which he accompanied the reading of a portion of the Word of God, were, at least to many of us, the best and most profitable of all his teachings.

His love for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom was so great, that if a stranger preached for him of such talent as to cause an overflowing house, whether on Sabbath days or during the week, the prospect of a revival, or of a largely increased interest among the people, instead of inspiring jealousy, because his exertions were not the object of attraction, would fill his heart with hope and gratitude at the prospect presented, and find full expression in his beaming countenance and glowing language.

His liberal feelings towards other christian communities, was another of those happy portions of his character, in which I deeply sympathized, and which was so fully evinced by his attendance, on every occasion where he was sought for, or could in any way serve the common cause of christianity or benevolence; and from this he never shrunk even when overburdened with numerous cares in his own church and denomination, and in his private affairs. His frequent choice of those hymns in our prayer meetings which portrayed so beautifully a longing for rest, rather surprised me at times, because of his cheerful state of mind, and his great apparent bodily vigor and energy of character; but his immense labors, and cares just referred to, which no one knew in anything like their breadth and depth, latterly also much increased by latent disease in the system, have accounted for it all. He longed for the double rest of cessation from the struggle of life, and for the full burst on his emancipated spirit of the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" which lay before him in the heavenly world.

In fine, he most eminently combined in his teaching and his practice those two portions of the sacred volume which seem so opposite:—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and "*Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.*"

Most sincerely yours,

W. B. KINNEAR.

### Expression of the Press.

Want of space prevents us from quoting at large the numerous sympathetic and kindly notices of the press. Let the following suffice as illustrative of the spirit of the press generally, both at home and abroad, regarding the departed.

(From the Church Witness of this City.)

It is with unfeigned sorrow that we record the death of one of the most estimable of our city ministers, the Rev. SAMUEL ROBINSON, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, who for twenty-eight years has been the spiritual pastor of the Brussels Street Baptist Church. This event occurred on the morning of the last Lord's day, and his funeral took place yesterday, when his remains were

followed, from his late residence to the church, where he had so long faithfully ministered, by a large concourse of people, representing all the various communions of christians among us. No less than twenty-eight ministers of the different churches walked in advance, and on entering the church were arranged around that which was once the pulpit of their departed brother, from which it was his joy to set forth a crucified Saviour as the all in all of salvation to a lost world. Before leaving the residence of the departed, the Rev. Canon Harrison read the nineteenth Psalm, and the Rev. Mr. Spencer prayed, and on arriving at the church the Rev. Mr. Bennet read the first hymn, the well known hymn by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, on the death of a pastor, beginning :—

Pastor, thou art from us taken,  
In the glory of thy years,

which was very solemnly sung by the choir; after which the Rev. Dr. Donald read the 15th chapter of the first Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, beginning with the 35th verse to the end; followed by a prayer offered up by the Rev. Mr. Addy.

The Rev. Mr. Bill then delivered a short impressive address, in which he deservedly spoke of his departed friend and brother as having been one of the brightest moral lights of this city, whose faithful walk and conversation had profoundly impressed the community in which he dwelt, quite unconsciously to himself; and he summed up his character in words applied to Barnabas of old, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and faith, and much people was added unto the Lord." He stated that the message his dying friend had left with him to deliver to his bereaved people was that the greatest kindness they could show to him (their deceased pastor) would be for them to continue steadfast in the faith, and in the discharge of their duty by filling their place regularly in the house of God.

The Rev. Mr. Baylis then gave out the hymn by Montgomery, commencing,

Servant of God well done,  
Rest from thy loved employ,

which was very feelingly sung by the choir, accompanied by very many throughout the immense congregation, which was at the conclusion dismissed by the Rev. Mr. Gunter pronouncing the benediction. After which the remains were followed by many to the public cemetery, where the sacred deposit was committed to the grave to await the resurrection of the just.

(From the Christian Messenger of Halifax.)

The important position which Mr. Robinson has for so many years filled as pastor of the largest Baptist Church in these provinces, gave him an amount of influence enjoyed by but few, but for the exercise of which his superior administrative talents peculiarly fitted him. To his labors, in no small measure, is the denomination indebted for its commanding position in the city of St. John. We know of no man in the body who will be so much missed amongst the Baptists in New Brunswick as Mr. Robinson. Quite a number of our friends will feel deeply his departure. To them, whether in St. John or elsewhere, and to his bereaved widow, we tender our very sincere sympathy. It would ill become us at present to attempt any extended remarks in reference to the departed. We shall shortly have better opportunities of doing so. The church will find it no easy task to obtain a pastor to fill his place. We trust the brethren will have Divine guidance, and thus secure a continuance of the blessing of Almighty God in the church and the large congregation now mourning their departed minister.

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