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MEMORIALS

*Dr Charles H. Hildes
Frankston Rd*

OF

REV. NEVIN WOODSIDE

*Other Woodside
Memorials*

EDITED WITH A MEMOIR

3.08

I shall not die, but live, and shall the works of God discover.
The Lord hath me chastised sore, but not is death giv'n over.
O set ye open unto me the gates of righteousness;
Then will I enter into them, and I the Lord will bless.

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PREFACE

PERHAPS no words explanatory of the reasons for publishing these memorials of the late Rev. Nevin Woodside are necessary. As a tribute of love and respect to the finished earthly career of this prince and great man who has fallen in our spiritual Israel; as a token of sympathy to his bereaved and chastened family; as a remembrancer to the sorrowing members of his own and other churches; but above all as an acknowledgment of gratitude to God the Father, for giving to His people here on earth, the ministry of reconciliation in all the plenitude of His gracious power, the issuance of these records of the life and death of a much loved pastor and friend, is felt to be both essential and becoming.

We regret the wholly unavoidable delay in setting forth these remains. At the present time, when large libraries of memoirs, to help as guides in compiling biographical sketches are at one's disposal, it might be thought a comparatively light matter to edit memorials of the great departed. But no two memorials ever issued can be identical; no single one will serve as even a proximate pattern for the other. Projects for such an undertaking as the present take time to mature, and the months, perhaps, spent in careful and systematic planning may and indeed should, result in a more orderly arrangement and presentation of facts. Those, moreover, directly interested in the publication of these memorials, in some cases at least, have been separated by considerable distances, and procedure under such circumstances is hampered. We might also add that the very greatness of a man like Mr. Woodside makes those who are naturally sensitive to criticism shrink from undertaking to write even the slightest comment on his life and monumental work.

However, these obstacles, by the grace of God and the kind encouragement of friends, having been in a large measure overcome, we send forth these brief memorials, hoping that they will preserve fragrant in the thoughts of his own people in particular, and the Christian church in general, the recollection of one who, throughout the whole of his long ministerial career, was a consistent christian, a kind and gentle friend, a powerful preacher, a heroic convenanter, and above and beyond all, an earnest labourer for the promotion of God's declarative glory both in the church and nation.

We cordially thank all ministers, laymen and public bodies, who have so generously contributed by the furnishing of transcripts of their appreciation, as well as copies of resolutions passed anent Mr. Woodside's death, for the valuable assistance they have rendered in the publication of these memorials.

CONTENTS

PART I

MEMOIR	9
PORTRAIT AND CRITICISM	17

PART II

NUT GATHERING—SERMON	27
THE PRATA MARKET—BAB McKEEN LETTER	38
THROUGH THE REEK—POEM	41
HEROES OF LONG ISLAND—POEM	43
PRAYER FOR THE PRESIDENT—POEM	44
APPLES OF GOLD	45

PART III

THE FUNERAL	48
THE FUNERAL SERMON—REV. S. DEMPSTER	52
ADDRESSES	

REV. ROBERT J. GEORGE, D.-D.	59
REV. JOHN McNAUGHER, D. D.	61
REV. HENRY T. McCLELLAND, D. D.	63
REV. D. C. MARTIN, D. D.	64
REV. ROBERT S. COFFEY,	65
REV. JAMES T. McCRORY, D. D.	67
REV. MATTHEW GAILEY	69
REV. JOHN KIRKPATRICK	72

RESOLUTIONS

NATIONAL REFORM ASSOCIATION	77
ELEVENTH WARD REPUBLICAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE	78
TEACHERS OF MOORHEAD PUBLIC SCHOOL	79
SESSION OF GRANT STREET R. P. CHURCH	80
BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF GRANT STREET R. P. CHURCH	81
L. A. S. REF. PRES. CHURCH, TORONTO	82

PRESS NOTICES	83
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Part IV

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES	88
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ERRATA

P. 11—Mr. Woodside's early ministry was under the Rev. W. J. Stavely, D. D. Dr. Stavely's father, Rev. William Stavely, and not he was called the Apostle, etc. The anecdote is told concerning the notable father.

P. 50—Add the name of Mr. James McAdoo, Clerk of Session, to the list of pall-bearers.

P. 9—We regret, by an oversight, to have omitted the name of Mrs. Eliza Ann Ferguson, Moyaver, County Antrim, Ireland, as a yet surviving sister of the late Mr. Woodside. Two brothers and a sister are, therefore, still living.

PART I.

LIFE

MEMOIR. /

THE REV. NEVIN WOODSIDE was born at the Stroan, Dervock, County Antrim, Ireland, in the year 1834. He was consequently 67 years of age at the time of his death. The surname, Woodside, the deceased often remarked, had quite a romantic origin. His ancestry belonged to the Scotch Clan Cunningham. In the cradle-home of the family one part of the clan dwelt out upon the open fields, another section lived at the feet of umbrageous hills. The latter came gradually to be known as the Woodside Cunninghams. By a very easy transition, the tribal name Cunningham was dropped altogether, and the descendants of the highland division adopted as their surname the attribute Woodside exclusively.

Mr. Woodside's parents were both Reformed Presbyterians or Covenanters. The blood of the covenant had descended to the subject of this sketch through many generations. His immediate ancestors were often called upon to suffer great hardships and, at times, bitter persecution on account of the faith to which they adhered. Erastian and Prelatical power in the North of Ireland was never very tolerant of Presbyterianism, and Reformed Presbyterians, especially, owing to the tenacity with which they have always adhered to their protest against ecclesiastical tyranny and usurpation were, ten decades ago, the objects of both annoyance and hatred to profane and unscrupulous rulers. The deceased, however, never blushed for the part taken by his fore-fathers in the struggle for civil and religious liberty in his native land, but always gloried in the fact that they were counted worthy to suffer for the crown-rights and prerogatives of King Jesus in church and nation.

He was the youngest of a large family. Two brothers, the Rev. John S. Woodside, Missionary of the Presbyterian Church in India,

and Mr. Thomas Woodside, of Pittsburg, Pa., alone survive him. There seemed to be a prophecy of his final field of labor in his very birth place. The Stroan, which word means a *cake*, comes gradually to a narrow point between the rivers Bush and Strahan at their meeting, very much as the City of Pittsburg tapers between the Allegheny and the Monongahela. Mr. Woodside was given an excellent rudimentary education at the Dervock school. From childhood he proved himself a devoted student. During the holidays he would labour hard upon his father's farm in the day time, and after work was finished, instead of seeking necessary rest, would prosecute his studies far into the morning hours. So eager was he in the pursuit of knowledge, that he threw himself with all the intense energy of his nature into the work of a district literary and debating society, organized but a short while before by his brother Thomas, and finally became its most prominent and useful member.

His father was a strong man physically, intellectually and spiritually, and to him doubtless the son owed very much of his ability and subsequent greatness; but, it seems, even more than ordinarily, the deceased was moulded and influenced by his mother. Of her he spoke often. Whenever he mentioned her name his spirit became animated and his voice would quiver with emotion, as under the spell of a deep agitation. Again and again he thanked God for the gift of a holy, reasonable and devoted mother. That she seemed to dwell in the very secret of the presence of her God and Saviour, one anecdote will perhaps show. It also serves to illustrate the great independence of her character: One day, being very much troubled in spirit and mind, she sought the solitude of her father's fields. Like godly Hannah, she wrestled in her very soul, for the resolution of all her doubts and a divine blessing. Suddenly, like a sunburst, there sped into her heart these comfortable words of King Ahasuerus to his Queen, Esther: "What wilt thou, Queen Esther, and what is thy request? It shall be given thee, even to the half of the Kingdom." Peace, with the message, came to the perturbed spirit and strength to the spent body.

Mr. Woodside was very fortunate in his early church relationships. His parents were originally members of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Dervock. The first minister of this church was the saintly Mr. Boyd. Following him came that great and heroic man, Rev. James McKinney, who, emigrating later to America, was the first minister, in this country, to exclude slave-

holders from the communion of the church. An heirloom of Mr. McKinney, viz., his kitchen tongs, belonged to Mr. Woodside, and was much prized by him during his life. They are now in the possession of the deceased's widow and family. Mr. Woodside, personally, sat under the ministry of the gifted, dignified and mighty preacher of the gospel, the late Dr. Stavely. Of Dr. Stavely's labours in the cause of covenanting truth in the North of Ireland, no student of the Church's history needs to be told. He is called the Apostle of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Ireland. One day while riding through the country to fulfil a certain appointment, in the midst of wind and snow, he threw himself from his horse by the side of the road as though about to relinquish life. "Though weary, however, *in* the Master's work, he was not weary *of* it," and strength returning, he went on and performed his duties.

At the time of the trouble between Drs. Paul and Houston, Mr. Woodside's parents both espoused the side of Dr. Paul, and thereafter worshipped in Dr. Marcus' church. Dr. Marcus proved himself a good friend to the son of his hearers. Mr. Woodside sat as a student at his feet, and in after life spoke of the Doctor in terms of the highest veneration and regard. About this time a severe sickness attacked the young lad, and he was brought very near the brink of the grave. One day as he lay staring death literally in the face, he cried to God for the preservation of his life, and vowed upon his restoration to health to give himself up wholly to the work of the Ministry. The vow of the Nazarite was heard by Christ and answered. Health returned, and with it preparations commenced for his great life work.

Leaving his native place, he immediately repaired to Belfast, where he entered the Royal Academical Institution. From this he passed to the Queen's College. Dr. McCosh, the late President of Princeton was professor in the College at this time. He was another of the great men of a past generation who helped to influence the life of the deceased. One evening Dr. McCosh was to give a lecture. So intense was the desire to hear the man, that the doors were closed early. Mr. Woodside and some friends unfortunately arrived upon the scene too late to gain admittance. In answer to the refusal of the doorkeepers, however, he shouted to his friends: "If you help me we'll get in." Help was readily forthcoming, and before the concentrated charge, the doors burst open to admit the crowd. One nettled doorkeeper, as the

subject of this sketch was leading in his victorious host, hastily putting up his fingers jabbed back the spectacles on our hero's eyes, at the same time smashing them into many pieces. However, by a miraculous deliverance, the victim's sight was not injured by the fierce onslaught.

About this time his studies were again interfered with by a serious attack of the small-pox. His brother Thomas, who had, some time before, gone to America, upon the patient's recovery, wrote for him to emigrate to the United States. Instead of doing so, however, he passed over to Edinburgh, pursuing his theological and philosophical studies for a short time in this 'Athens of the North.' From Edinburgh he went to London. Not long after his arrival in the Metropolis, his attention was called to an advertisement for an assistant tutor to certain members of the Royal family. A great many applications were sent in, but among them all, Mr. Ogg, the head tutor, chose Mr. Woodside to be his assistant. The appointment was given to him, because of "his good English and distinct pronunciation." For his linguistic abilities he always remained celebrated. No matter how rapidly he spoke in his pulpit ministrations every word came from his lips as clearly and cleanly cut as a diamond, every word had its proper place, and his emphases were invariably telling and impressive.

From London, owing to the solicitations of his brother, he finally came out to the United States of America. Arriving in Allegheny, he at once entered the Western Theological Seminary, and completed his studies in that hall of learning. In 1866 he graduated from the Seminary, and for a very brief period went out to the western part of the country and laboured among the scattered Covenanter Churches there. These had much need of being strengthened, established and settled, as, owing to the trouble that had arisen in the church anent the innovations of George H. Stuart, the western congregations, especially, had been sadly weakened by the desertion of faithless ones to other ecclesiastical bodies. Mr. Woodside's work was everywhere accompanied with much blessing and success.

About this time he was called to the pastorate of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, N. Y. In this charge he laboured for almost sixteen years with great power. He found it weak and dying; he left it comparatively strong and self-sustaining.

A most interesting event in his life took place, while residing

in Brooklyn. This was his marriage, on November 26th, 1874, to Mary Maud, third daughter of Robert and Annie McVeety of the same city; the Rev. John S. Woodside (of India) a brother of the bridegroom officiating. As his widow survives her late husband, it would be doubtless embarrassing to her to enter too minutely upon her many graces and virtues. But we believe that we are justified in saying that to all with whom she has come in contact, whether as wife of Pastor or friend, she has proven herself a true lady and exemplary minister's wife. Her great kindness of heart, her calm and matured judgement, her considerate tact, her wifely and motherly affection, and above everything her sterling christian character, have approved her to all her own and her husband's acquaintances, without exception.

In the year 1880, Mr. Woodside, having received a second and very urgent call from the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, at last consented to come. The call having been duly presented by the Northern Presbytery and accepted by him, he proceeded to Pittsburg in order to enter upon his new charge. Here, upon his arrival, he found a fractious minority seeking to bar his way. It perhaps might be diplomatic to pass over these troubles with a light and deft touch, but the deceased ever regarded the opposition raised at that time as unreasonable and unrighteous, and to the end of life protested against it. Unfortunately, this comparatively small minority were able to control a majority in both Presbytery and Synod, and by high-handed and coercive measures forced the spent and goaded minister of Christ to the position of the "stag at bay," where at last, being denied justice from men, he declined the authority of earthly courts and appealed to the Divine King and Head of the Church. By a thoughtful student, having regard to the personal characters of many of his opponents and the unpresbyterial nature of the action taken against him, the verdict will be the same as against those who crucified the Lord, that it "was for envy" they did it. Where envy triumphs in the heart (and a prominent writer has said that it is the bane of our western civilization), there will be no lack of plausible excuses for wrong-doing. That these were discovered, though falsely, in Christ, the perfect man, reminds us that his weak and erring servants will not, in the fiery day of persecution, be found blameless.

From this trial he emerged more widely known and more deeply loved than ever before. The number of attached friends, both at home and abroad, subsequent to his trial was legion. Their

friendship was in most cases, moreover, of that lasting kind which death alone can disturb.

Mr. Woodside's efforts in Pittsburg were crowned with abundant reward. Deprived of their church home, through a legal technicality, the devoted majority of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church purchased a magnificent ecclesiastical property on Grant street. The property was bought for the sum of nineteen thousand dollars in 1880, and to-day is worth one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Not only were the people blessed in this respect, but large numbers were added to the church at each recurring communion, until the congregation became one of the very largest in the Reformed Presbyterian Church.

For over twenty-one years he ministered stately in Pittsburg. Besides his other arduous duties, in March, 1883, he issued the first number of the CHRISTIAN SENTINEL, a magazine devoted to Presbyterian, Missionary and Covenanting interests. This magazine, with practically no interruption, was published continuously to the day of his death. In January, 1897, was celebrated with great enthusiasm the thirtieth anniversary of his ministry. A communion service was arranged for. Each evening of the preparation week was given over to sermons by members of Presbytery and personal friends. The communion service on the Sabbath was a most impressive one. Almost six hundred communicants sat down at the Lord's table. The anniversary sermon was preached by Mr. Woodside himself in the evening. A book entitled, "The Years of the Lord's Right Hand," containing the sermons preached, and table and other addresses, was published shortly after.

On October 10th, 1883, the Pittsburg Presbytery was re-constituted by the accession of the Rev. J. K. Ormond, and on October 21st Mr. Woodside was installed as Pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, after waiting for nigh three years for the establishment of the good order of the Lord's House. From this on, the work of Presbytery also was blessed. In 1886 a Congregation was organized in Toronto, Ontario, and in 1890 another Congregation in Teeswater, same Province. Other Congregations taken under care of Presbytery were East Williams and Ripley, both in Ontario.

In April, 1896, Mr. Woodside came to Toronto to preside at the Ordination services of the Rev. Samuel Dempster as Pastor of the Church in that city. He arrived, suffering with a severe felon

on his right hand. The pain was noticeably acute during the Ordination services, and upon consulting a physician next day, he was ordered to the Grace Hospital in that city, where the finger was lanced. Temporary relief was gained, and the patient left in a few days for his own home. The trouble returning, however, an operation was necessary and the third finger was removed from the hand. Sailing to his native home in Ireland with his devoted wife, his sufferings were very great during the voyage, but upon arrival in Belfast, the northern metropolis, the abscess burst, and the hand completely healed. The trouble had left its mark, however. For some years he continued his work heroically, but in May, 1901, after conducting the Spring Communion services he was taken ill with what proved to be his fatal sickness. With his wife he went to the Sanitarium at Clifton Springs, and was subjected to the treatment there. He gradually grew worse, however, instead of better. As a mark of the line of his meditations while sick at the Sanitarium—from an article clipped from the Westminster, the organ of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, and sent for insertion in the CHRISTIAN SENTINEL, with the notation, "It has been a comfort to me," we would quote a sentence or two: "Be content; for he hath said, "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." He who cannot lie, he to whom belongeth the earth and the fullness thereof, he whose are the issues of life and death, he whose power is as wide as his pity, he has said, with a reassurance that thrills with divine passion, as if he could not too earnestly persuade the doubting hearts of men, "I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee." So we cannot be where he is not. In every dissapointment we may have the companionship of the Most High God. In all the anxiety with which our hearts throb as we think of the dark and difficult days to come, we may take to ourselves the assurance that there is a Father in Heaven who cares, and whose love will never depart. And shall we not let that sublime assurance from the mouth of God himself lift us above all fretting and discontent into that peace which the world cannot take away." His thoughts while absent were constantly with his people. Said a friend, "He thinks more about the church than of even his own family." Constant messages were dispatched to the household of faith from the bed of the sufferer.

On August 11th, he returned to Pittsburg, and entered the Presbyterian Hospital in Allegheny, the physicians at Clifton Springs recommending the change. As the disease from which

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he suffered was a degeneration of the heart tissues, even if death was for the time being averted, the recovery could only have been temporary, leaving the patient helpless as an invalid. But restoration to health on earth was not to be his. Setting his house in order, he resignedly prepared for the great change. On Sabbath October 6th, 1901, he lost consciousness and on Monday, October 7th, his spirit breaking the trammels of the flesh winged its way into the Beatific presence. That a Prince and a great man passed away that day from militant Israel, no one acquainted even slightly with the deceased can doubt. His sorrowing family were around the bed at the moment of his everlasting flight. Work in the Master's vineyard had literally worn him out, and the emaciated body spoke only too eloquently of the pain and sapping anguish of the past year.

Besides his wife he leaves behind him a family of seven children. His own death was the first breach in a happy home circle. The names of the children who blessed his marriage are:— Robert Galley; Louise Edna; Annie Jeanette; Elizabeth Nevin; Margaret Grace; Emily Sherman; and Nevin. His work cannot die. Nobly he performed his part in the repairing of the breaches made in the Reformed Presbyterian Church. He was well known and held in the highest estimation, both as a preacher and a man, wherever in the whole wide world was to be found a reflecting Covenanter. That his influence was not confined to his own church, the touching addresses of ministers of other denominations at the funeral testify. His humble trust was always in the God of his salvation. Christ highly honoured him in the conversion of sinners, the edification of saints and the strengthening, establishing and settling of the church. His is the reward, although his family's and the church's is the unspeakable loss. Of him it can surely be said: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours and their words do follow them." His life's glorious testimony remains, like that of the great apostle to the Gentiles, in these confident words: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me in that day, and not to me only, but also to all them that love his appearing."

A PORTRAIT AND CRITICISM.

THE late Mr. Woodside was in many respects a most remarkable man. Without laying ourselves open to the charge of Boswellism, we would attempt to give here what must be, of course, a most imperfect portrait of this esteemed minister of Christ as he appeared to contemporaries gifted with calm and reasonable judgements. His work and character present themselves to us in two phases, personal and official. A consideration of the first will include his natural appearance and gifts, a consideration of the latter his spiritual qualifications and endowments. As in all complex subjects the line of demarcation between these two divisions is not everywhere equally easy to find. The distinctions made can only have an approximate value, but may serve the purpose at least of giving in their ensemble a broadly characteristic picture of one who always, wherever he went, commanded attention.

In physical appearance he was tall, standing over six feet high. His frame was spare without the faintest approach to obesity. The bones, however, were large. The most striking feature, perhaps, about his whole body was its litheness and muscularity. Until infirmities began to weigh upon him he carried himself erect with a forcible and manly carriage. His face was a study. The hair had become grey through years of intense activity, mixed only too well with troublous cares. His locks were very thick and heavy; and, tinged with glittering silver, literally made for him a "crown of glory." The moustache, also white and somewhat grisly in its strength, gave to his thoughtful face a decided martial look, without detracting in the least from its general harmony. His eyes were sharp and piercing, yet kindly, and at times filled with

wonderment at the everchanging, never-monotonous phenomena with which he was surrounded. The jaws were well formed, the mouth finely and delicately chiseled, the chin square and firm, but with the firmness of a reasonable and cultured mind. Such now appears the man to us, as we once beheld him, before he departed to go down into the narrow house appointed for all living.

It perhaps, will not be necessary to say much about his individuality, excepting that it was, judging even from his physical appearance, an extraordinarily strong one. He would have attracted notice in any crowd of people under the sun. Always unassuming, he was yet very impressive. In the pulpit this individuality shone forth with great power. Individuality is a complex term, shutting up within it all that a man is and all his potentiality. It is like a ray of sunlight, made up of the primary and secondary colours of life. But without a strong individuality, a human being can accomplish little. No individuality, however, is so great as that of the christian spirit, and where natural gifts and spiritual graces are mixed in their proper proportions and parts, Nature herself might stand forth and say to all the world, "This was a man."

Mr. Woodside was strongly intellectual. This term may be abused by accounting every man who has gone through the schools intellectual; but asses have gone through colleges. A university never yet changed a man's nature. It is not what a man does in college, but what he does after he leaves, that stamps him as intellectual. The subject of this criticism never wasted his hours in idleness. Ever and anon, except when engaged with pastoral work or the cares of his home, he was at his books. He was always a student. The movements in the intellectual world to the very last interested him. In his sermons the trained mind and logical thinker were invariably in evidence. Weighty words can only come from a well disciplined brain. His intellectuality gave one of the charms to his ministry. Men soon tire of listening to the winds. But the voice of sanctified reason is an echo from the throne of Infinite wisdom and is always captivating.

We might mention also the power of the deceased's imagination. At an address presented to him once, the following advice was tendered: "Guard this emotional nature as your choicest treasure." Imagination needs reins. By the Divine Grace Mr. Woodside's imagination was never allowed license. It was made subservient to the greatest end, the honor and glory of God. But a

sermon without the use of the imagination is as dry as a stick. Imagination expresses itself in parable, simile, allegory, hyperbole, but above all in the burning metaphor. The bible in the apt use of rhetoric far transcends all human compositions. The psalms as lyrical compositions are unapproachable in this respect. A certain minister after listening once to Mr. Woodside's preaching, feeling the force of his sanctified imagination, began the study of romance to beget a sensitive mind in himself. But such a treasure is not to be sought or found in the flesh-pots of Egypt.

The love of the beautiful was another characteristic of the subject of these memoirs. Nature everywhere and in all moods had for him elements of the sublime. The Conoquenessing River that flows past the grounds where his Sabbath school's annual pic-nic was often held, with the surrounding romantic scenery, would send him into raptures. Niagara Falls he could never pass without a long study of its wonderful sights and scenes. Ireland was to him a land of unexcelled beauty. Earth, sea and sky impressed, melted, exalted him, as he would gaze upon them or bring them to remembrance in some fervid discourse. To him :

The wonders of the Lord our God
Are great above all measure,

And he could echo the concluding lines of the stanza with emphasis :

Sought out they are by every one
That doth therein take pleasure.

His appreciation of the ludicrous was moreover a marked attribute. He was never taciturn, morose, unapproachable. The luckless plight of some self-important individual, when accompanied with no evil results, would convulse him with fits of laughter. His laugh was a very hearty, sympathetic laugh. He could laugh until tears ran down his cheeks at a comical story. The best story teller always found a match in Mr. Woodside. He never took pains to collect anecdotes, but his sensitive nature and receptive mind would not easily let slip anything that was of more than a passing interest. And yet, the deceased was always dignified and grave in his demeanour. He knew that the serious was alone worthy of man. His appreciation of the ludicrous never developed into frivolity. He understood the meaning of the law, both naturally and spiritually, "A bishop must be grave."

The departed was a philanthropist in the true sense of the term. He did not die rich, but poor. The cry of those in need was never heard by him in vain. Many an unfortunate wretch he has assisted. All those in trouble could go to him for advice and would invariably receive sympathy and, if possible, relief. To none did he ever show greater regard or attention than to ministers who might emigrate to America from the Old Land. His house was one of the first to which they could come, and his door was never shut in their face. His deeds of love and kindness were whenever practicable done in secret. He was half ashamed that many of them should be known. To a fellow-student in distress he once sent a sum of money to relieve his straits, but no name was ever signed to the letter, or any hint as to from what quarter it had come. As one goes among the homes of the members of his late congregation, they hear again and again the grateful testimony, while warm tears course down the cheeks, "Mr. Woodside was a kind friend to me and mine." This is ministerial duty, but it takes Divine grace to make it possible.

The late Mr. Woodside was a musician of no mean order. His violin was a constant companion. His playing was always expressive, his touch sympathetic. The violin is the king of instruments so far as the power of musical expression is concerned, and remarkably well did it suit the late subject of these remarks whose soul was so full of sweet harmony. In playing it, appreciation was not merely seen in the touch, but in the curvature of the body as he would bend like a bow over the precious instrument; his feet, instinctively marking time while he would walk backwards and forwards across the floor of the study in step with the swing of the melody.

Mr. Woodside was moreover a voluminous writer. His writings were mostly confined to ecclesiastical periodicals. There were limitations to these publications. Their defects may be accounted for in large part by hurried composition. A busy minister has not the time to round off sentences, polish periods, correct logic, and punctiliously perform all the other little odds and ends that go to make up fine writing. We append, however, three specimens of his poems, one of his "Bab McKeen" letters, and another of a published sermon, which will evidence his no mean abilities in the field of literature. The three poems are printed as giving the clearest illustration, perhaps, of his great versatility. "Through The Reek," the first poem, (selected, by the way, by Professor

Sleeth,) is written in the north of Ireland dialect, in which, as already shown by the Bab McKeen letters, the author was entirely at home. The other poem, "Heroes of Long Island" is, in our estimation, of equal literary merit, and illustrates, at the same time, the poet's warlike fervor and intense American patriotism. The third poem, "Prayer for the President," is of melancholy interest. It was the last he ever wrote. He was lying then, upon what ultimately proved the bed of death. The news of President McKinley's attempted assassination aroused him, and in a moment of temporary, but, alas! only forced strength, he himself also, as it happened, in the cavernous jaws of the tomb, poured forth his soul in these melting lines of prayer for the wounded President's recovery. Both he and his loved Chief recovered, but only through the gift of eternal life.

As a citizen, he was unswerving in his loyalty to his native land. With reference to Old-World politics, he believed in home rule for Ireland, and always sided with Mr. Gladstone's party. His views on this point were not unreasonable, but tempered with logical sanity. His own family had suffered much from governmental oppression in their distracted isle, and the afflictions of his ancestors never failed to arouse within him feelings of opposition towards those who had so tyrannically misruled the people of Ireland. In the home of his adoption, he was a strong republican in politics. He loved his country for its freedom from oppression, its democracy, and for the many things which he saw in its government and life God-glorifying. He was not oblivious to the dangers of the great American commonwealth. He was opposed to the gigantic trusts, to the political bribery, the rule of unscrupulous men in corrupt "rings," but before wavering in allegiance to his own party, he would prefer to know if iconoclastic forces were themselves purged of all low and selfish elements. One thing above all others he testified to, one thing he prayed for, that the United States, both in its instruments of Government and Legislative enactments, might acknowledge the Lord Jesus Christ, —as the God-man,—King of nations, and supreme in the commonwealth. His love and loyalty to his country were above reproach, and, at the same time, held, we believe, with an eye single to the honor and glory of God.

As a public speaker, he was sympathetic, eloquent, gifted with passionate utterance that swayed large bodies of men, clear in his enunciation, emphatic in word and gesture, and above all,

intensely in earnest, contending for the truth as against evil and heresy. In moments of powerful pathos, for example, while preaching at communion seasons upon such subjects as the sufferings and death of Christ, he was melting. It was our privilege to be present at one communion scene, especially, when, in handling the text, "His face was marred more than the sons of men," he was enabled by God's grace to so pathetically and eloquently portray the agonies of the Saviour, that there was hardly a dry eye in the house. The weeping was not only general, but copious, and before going out into the streets the audience found it necessary to stand in the vestibule of the church, and with handkerchiefs to dry their faces, endeavoring to cool the inflammatory redness of their eyes; while all the time, in silence, sedulously avoiding each other, unable positively to talk.

Turning now to the official side of his character, we are compelled above all to acknowledge that, so far as man can judge, he was a sincere Christian. His every day life was an altruistic, not a selfish one. His single aim, we believe, was to glorify God in Christ Jesus his Saviour. Family worship in all its parts was kept up in his home, morning and evening. The fast days preceding a communion service were observed like veritable Sabbaths. The Lord's Day was always sanctified in his house; no levity, no non-sense was allowed during its sacred hours. He was preëminently a man of prayer. Great as were the prayers he offered in the pulpit, even greater were those offered in his own home. With his family gathered around him, and some godly ministers knelt within the family circle, the father and friend would wrestle at a throne of grace, until heaven seemed to approach the quivering earth. The vanity of things terrestrial was then strongly felt; the grandeur, glory and majesty of Jehovah was almost overpowering in intensity; the Mediator's person and sacrifice became terribly real, and the Third Person's efficacious power in the salvation of men was brought vividly forward. As he would continue to wrestle for the conversion of the heathen, the overthrow of the Papacy, the extension of scriptural and divine truth, all would feel visibly moved, and arising from our knees it would seem to us as if we had but recently left the everlasting habitations to descend to our present surroundings. His preaching was always with power. Scripture was to him a new and deeply interesting volume, not the lifeless and insipid tome that it appears to so many of our ministerial *roues*. He not only presented God's truth, but defended it against every-

thing contrary to sound faith and the power of godliness. His loss is a keen one, we may not say irreparable, but, "when comes there such another?"

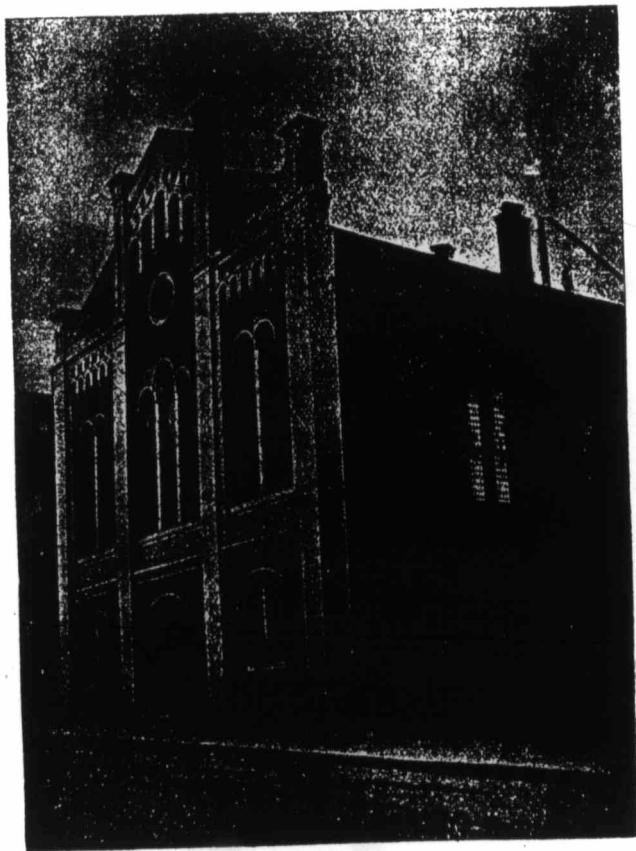
He was deeply learned as a theologian. Theology was his specialty; his talk in divine things was characterized by the accuracy of his theological expressions. He could balance definitions almost to hair-splitting minuteness, but he was never effeminate, or a critic of sacred mysteries for criticism's sake. With him all was essential in theology; there were no non-essentials. No accuracy could be too great, no definition too exact to describe the doctrines of Holy Writ. Nor in the discussion of theological distinctions in the pulpit was he ever dry or uninteresting. His passionate nature made everything live, move and have a being. The importance of even an abstruse doctrine became apparent, and, after its presentation by him, stood forth a living fact, to be remembered and weighed carefully thereafter in the experiences of life. More theology (we know whereof we affirm) could be learned by an attentive hearer in one year under his ministry, than in four years in most schools of the prophets. So accomplished was he in this department of sacred science, that he was accurate without being arid, comprehensive without being confused.

—As a Covenanter, he loved the history, testimony and practice of his church. He was a "Purity" man. He would countenance no organ in the public worship of God, or any other songs than those given the Church by the Spirit's inditing, namely, The Book of Psalms. He testified against Prelacy and Erastianism, and upheld the Lord Jesus Christ as King and Head of His Church and Mediatorial King of nations. The General Synod of the United States he passionately loved, despite her unmotherly treatment of him. He has oftentimes said, with tears in his eyes, "I want no hand to strike her, in defence of myself, but my own." He would indicate by these words that *he* had no mind to strike her. The saddest thing connected with Mr. Woodside's death is the fact that, not as many think, a bone of contention has been removed from the church of his fathers, since he now lies in the grave. He still lives, and his appeal for justice still insists. But it is now utterly impossible for the General Synod to ever do justice to him personally. Another sad thing, in connection with the present state of affairs, is that many, very many, of those who were instrumental in driving him out of the church have not shown

themselves as zealous as he, while *they* have held the fort within her, for the truths and testimonies of a Covenanted Reformation. If reports be reliable, sad innovations are entering within her bounds. To the deceased this was not surprising. Injustice is born of impurity. The latter state of the beautiful house is apparently fast becoming far worse than the first. The building is being swept and garnished. Broken hearts are now being translated; despised ordinances removed. May God prevent, in his own time and way, the continuance of the desolations that are descending upon the Covenanting Church, and may He cause that all men at last shall finally be brought to do justly and love righteousness!

Such is a brief, imperfect sketch of the one who is taken from us. Much more might be added, but we pray that he who is now in his grave may still speak to us; that his words and life may live before us, and by God's grace be the means of our added sanctification and growth in heavenly grace. And we shall for Heaven's protracted blessings ever ascribe all the honour to the Triune God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, through Christ Jesus our Lord. AMEN.





GRANT STREET CHURCH, PITTSBURG, PA.

PART II.

REMAINS.

NUT GATHERING.

SERMON BY REV. N. WOODSIDE.

"I went down into the garden of nuts, to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded."—Song vi, 11.

THE Divine Spirit brings before our minds in this beautiful passage a winter scene. In mid-winter, or towards the close of that bleak and cold season, nature furnishes some of the most gorgeous pictures for the human eye.

The mountain capped with snow and glistening in the sunlight with the dazzling beauty and purity of silver of the seventh refining; the lake, ice-bound from shore to shore, and sleeping like a polished mirror in the midst of hills and forest trees that skirt its shores; the icicles that hang upon the branches of the trees like cut glass, or depend from the eaves of the houses in irregular lines, are all attractive and beautiful. The winter garden has its charms as well as the spring or summer garden. If there be no buds or blossoms in winter, fruits are to be found. These fruits are such as cannot be injured by the biting frost, or rendered unpalatable by protracted snows.

Writers on this subject have taught that the speaker is Christ. But we take the view advanced by Moody Stuart, that it is the spouse who speaks. The Bridegroom never soliloquizes, but speaks directly to the Bride. "The Bride is the narrator," says Mr. Stuart. "The Bridegroom never speaks in soliloquy as she often does, 'My Beloved is mine and I am his,' and while she constantly tells of her transactions with the watchman and others, he never introduces any narrative except what forms part of a direct address to the Bride."

According to this view, it was to a winter garden the spouse went down, that she might see the fruits of the valley, and see

whether the vines flourished, and the pomegranates budded. Her errand was praiseworthy. It was not an idle stroll she took among the trees of the garden. Time, even in winter, was too precious to be wasted in the gratification of natural curiosity. She went on business of great importance into the garden of nuts. The season of the year, the latter part of winter, prevented her from reclining on the green sward, or sitting under the shade of a spreading tree in dreamy contemplation, or resistless somnolence. The nipping north wind quickened her footsteps, drove slumber from her eyelids, and sharpened her powers of observation. She went to look for nuts, and she must be able to distinguish them from the clods of the garden, among which they might have dropped, or from the furtive leaves that clung tenaciously to the branches during the storms of winter. It was a period when physical strength and moral courage and intellectual acumen must be brought into exercise. The person before us is the believer, the garden is the church, the nuts are the doctrines or truths contained in the Bible, and the season is one of awakening by the north wind of conviction, producing earnest inquiry.

I remark that the nuts were found in the garden in sufficient quantity to satisfy the desires of the person who went to gather them. There is a wealth of doctrine in the word of God that no other book contains. There is more instruction in five lines of a Psalm, than in forty pages of an ordinary hymn book. There is no barren chapter, page, verse, or word in the revelation which God has given of Himself. Take up any book in the Bible, even those books filled with hard names, and you find enough there to instruct the mind and engage the affections. Some books are exceedingly barren. Read them from beginning to end, and you find them as destitute of valuable thought as the sandy desert is of vegetation. Lift the stray leaf of some worn out Bible, and you find in that one leaf enough to occupy your attention for days, weeks and months; yes, for a lifetime. It seems to the student of Scripture a waste of time to go into any other garden, because the trees there are either barren, or bearing only the apples of Sodom. In the garden mentioned in my text there are sixty-six trees. One would suppose that a short time would suffice to collect the fruit from that number, and leave not a nut behind; but strange to say, that thousands of ministers and millions of men, women and children have gathered from these trees, and the supply has never been exhausted. Come one, come all into this garden, there is abund-

ance for you all. Come, ye that love to climb to the highest branches and cull the fruit nearest the sun, there is abundance for you. In thought you climb the starry pathway to the heaven of heavens, the seat of the eternal, and you long to feast upon the things that are unseen and eternal. Climb the tree planted by the beloved disciple, and you will find this fruit clinging to the highest branch. "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." (John xiv, 2.) Or go to the top branches of that other tree planted by the same hand amidst the silence and solitude of Patmos, and there find an abundance respecting the heavenly city, New Jerusalem, its boundless extent, its indescribable glories, and its royal inhabitants. "And the city has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. xxi, 23.

Come, ye who climb to lower branches and look into the future to see the signs of the times, or to know what shall be in days to come. You shall find an abundance to engage your whole attention, arouse the spirit of inquiry, and test your powers of calculation. You shall find such fruit as this ready to be plucked: "But in the last days it shall come to pass, saith the Lord, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills and people shall flow unto it."—Micah iv, 1. "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine and all the hills shall melt."—Amos ix, 13. Come ye who take the branches nearest the ground and love to dwell upon your own experience, there is enough for you. Climb that tree planted by the fugitive from the palace of Saul, the first king of Israel, and you will gather abundantly appropriate fruit. You wish to know the character of the man who is to enjoy a seat in the kingdom of heaven. Here is the fruit you seek:

"Within thy tabernacle, Lord, who shall abide with Thee?
And in thy high and holy hill who shall a dweller be?
The man that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness;
And as he thinketh in his heart, so doth he truth express.
Who doth not slander with his tongue, nor to his friend doth hurt,

Nor yet against his neighbor doth take up an ill report,
In whose eyes vile men are despised but those that God do fear.
He honoreth ; and changeth no', though to his hurt he swear.
His coin puts not to usury, nor take reward will he
Against the guiltless. Who doth thus shall never moved be."

Do you wish to know why the Lord has afflicted you? Here is the fruit at hand to satisfy your gracious desire :

"Ere I afflicted was I stray'd, but now I keep thy word.
Both good thou art and good thou dost, teach me thy statutes Lord.
It hath been very good for me that I afflicted was,
That I might well instructed be, and learn thy holy laws."

Do you wish to know where to find comfort in the midst of your affliction? Here it is on this old Davidic tree :

"This word of thine my comfort is in mine affliction ;
For in my straits I am revived by this thy word alone."

But, why should I dwell in speaking of the abundance provided for men of all ranks and degrees? Here is nutriment for babes ; here is strong meat for grown men. Here is literature for the scholar, here is science for the philosopher. Here is skill for the physician ; here are directions for the patient. Here are instructions for the mariner and light for the astronomer. Here the merchant and mechanic will find much to help them in their different employments. Here the editor and the statesman will find lessons never to be forgotten. Provision is made for kings and subjects, pastors and people, masters and servants, parents and children. Healing for the lame man, sight for the blind, balm for the wounded heart, joy for the disconsolate, riches for the poor, guidance for the wanderer, tenderness and love for the outcast, protection for the helpless, emancipation for the slave, justice for the oppressed and *life for the dead*, are all to be found here.

"Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God, how unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out !"

These nuts are the best to be found. There is not a rotten or decayed one upon any tree. Often when we buy nuts in the market they are either decayed and musty or they are without kernels. But this is not the case with those found in

the garden of my text. There is no empty fruit to be found there. No father need be afraid to allow his child to cull all the fruit that can be gathered. Other fruits may destroy the children, may produce weakness and blindness, but these have never injured any. It may be that some of these nuts are sweet to the mouth and bitter to the belly. One of the ancient prophets had this experience. "Eat that thou findest," was the command he received. He obeyed the command, "Then did I eat it; and it was in my mouth as honey for sweetness."—Ezek. iii, 1. The experience of the writer of the Apocalypse was similar. He was commanded to eat this fruit. He says, "It was in my mouth sweet as honey; and as soon as I had eaten it my belly was bitter."—Rev. x, 10. The sweetness and bitterness of this fruit are not injurious. Its medicinal qualities have been hinted at already and it is not necessary to enter into a detailed description of its healing power. There are other qualities of great value to us. It is indestructible. Every effort that could be put forth for its destruction has been made by man and devil. Falsehoods have been circulated regarding it. Men have unblushingly proclaimed it to be poison. Its use has been prohibited by civil and ecclesiastical law. When these enactments, prompted by the arch fiend, have failed, then attempts have been made to adulterate it, to mix it up with an inferior grade. When this polluted addition to it failed, another plan was laid, namely, to diminish the number of trees in the garden. Very scholarly men, but very foolish men, have attempted to root up five of these trees, among the oldest that grow in the garden. Very cunning and deceitful men have put their filthy hands in the heap and have made vigorous efforts to take away and destroy for ever the second commandment. But all assaults upon trees and fruit have hitherto proved abortive. The owner of the garden has said, "Verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled."—Math. v, 18. and Is. xi, 8.

It is palatable in winter. Some kinds of food are more desirable in the winter than in the summer. During the cold seasons we need stronger food to keep up the animal heat. Weaker food will sustain us in summer weather. So it is in the spiritual life. We have our seasons of coldness, and storms and difficulties of traveling. There are periods when family troubles burst upon us with the suddenness of a northwestern gale; when congregational difficulties will arise and divisions in the church will occur, not-

withstanding the strenuous efforts put forth to prevent them. There are seasons of strong temptation, when Christians often appear like men on the verge of ruin. These are the seasons to go and gather nuts. In such a season the royal Psalmist could say :

"How sweet unto my taste, O Lord,
Are all thy words of truth,
Yea, I do find them sweeter far
Than honey to my mouth."

This fruit will keep up the heat within you in the cold seasons. "Is not my word like as a fire."—Jer. xxiii, 29. Like as the fire drives the cold away, or the strong food keeps up the animal heat and enables us to resist the cold, so does the word of the living God. When we experience the coldness of indifference creeping over us, we need to go down into the garden of nuts. The cold wave of doctrinal indifference is sweeping over the Christian church at present. There are many who would like to see the truth maintained, but they are unwilling to put themselves to the trouble of defending it, or to the expense of circulating it. Some leaders in the church are too cowardly to stand up for the whole truth and nothing but the truth. They will sell it rather than buy it. They will part with it around us for a peeled egg, a cushioned pew, or a gorgeous parlor. When such coldness has come upon us it is high time to betake ourselves to the garden of nuts. The fruit will prevent the coldness from entering our hearts. Of the supernatural quality of the fruit I need not wait to speak. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." We can with the utmost confidence commend it to men of all lands as genuine. Those who have tried it have published their commendations of it. If you want testimonials setting forth the value of it, we can furnish them of the highest standing, both in ancient and modern times. There is a cloud of witnesses to testify to the value of it. Read the testimonies of dying saints, of sinners rescued from the power of sin, and from that sufferer on the borders of the lost Paradise to John, the exile, in his island home; and from John down the whole line to the last sufferer for the truth the testimony is clear and explicit respecting the authenticity and value of the word of God.

To gather the fruit requires skill. As the owner of the orchard will sometimes stand upon the ground and shake the trees, and the fruit will fall plentifully around him, so may we enter this gar-

den and with comparative ease obtain a large quantity. The gardener, however, is sometimes compelled to bring his ladder and with difficulty climb the highest branches, and separate the fruit from the branches by considerable muscular strength. So there are choice nuts to be found in the garden that are not easily obtained. It requires considerable climbing to be able to reach them, and when they are reached, it requires great strength to be able to cull them. An unskillful person attempting to gather the highest fruits exposes himself to great danger. He needs to have a steady head, a firm nerve and a courageous heart. The complaint has come to our ears from more than one source, that the men whose business it is to gather the fruit most difficult of access, have scarcely ever allowed the people to taste it. It has been hanging upon lofty branches beyond their reach. Like the hungry animal sitting upon the ground and watching the skylark soaring up into the cloudy heavens, so have the people sat expecting a feast of the choicest fruits, but as they looked and longed, the fruits seemed to go further away from them. The men appointed to gather it were either too unskillful or too timid to climb for it. Rashness in seeking this fruit is to be deprecated. Much of the fruit may be overlooked by rashness. Indolence on the part of those appointed to gather it is exceedingly offensive to God. There are too many who wish to avoid the toil of gathering the choice doctrines of grace and presenting them to the people.

" 'Tis not for man, to trifle. Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours ;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we.
One, only one ;
How sacred should that one life ever be,
That narrow span.
Day after day filled up with blessed toil.
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil."

It is well when the ministers are learned, and cautious, persevering and active.

The nuts would be of little value if they were simply gathered

together in heaps. They must be broken, that the kernel may be reached.

This is the most difficult task of all. It requires strength to perform this part of the work. If you will turn your ear to the busy world, you will hear sounds that if they will not alarm you, they will amuse you, sounds of hammers on all sides attempting to break these nuts. There is the scientific hammer, and you can hear the ringing of it from Boston to Pittsburg, and you would imagine from the noise it makes that all the nuts in the garden would be crushed in a trice by it. But it simply accomplishes nothing. There is the literary hammer, and it falls so smoothly and regularly in many places that you would conclude the kernels must be all laid bare under it.

There is the speculative hammer employed by vast numbers who are constantly guessing about the harvest home, and the future of divine revelation. There is the hammer of public opinion which is deemed by many the most powerful of all, and when you would expect it to fall and lay open before you some tempting kernel of divine truth, it veers to one side and strikes the ground. There is the old hammer of fireside conversation, which has done grand work many a time, but it lies in many homes, rusty and unused; and in many others it accomplishes but little. The hammer of divine revelation is the best to employ. Scripture is the best expositor of Scripture. We can only crack the old nuts of Prophecy by the powerful hammer of New Testament doctrine. The Old Testament must be read in the light of the New, and the New in the light of the Old. We cannot get a full and clear understanding of the Bible until we compare Scripture with Scripture.

This is what is meant by the divine command, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life and they are they which testify of me." Exposition of God's word is the business of the ministry. Difficulties are to be explained. There are some doctrines men cannot fully explain. They can show that the doctrine of the Trinity or of the divinity of Christ is clearly taught and is to be believed, but they are not able to explain by illustration these profound doctrines. Election, foreknowledge and predestination are nuts that many men do not attempt to crack. It is amusing with what tact they pass them by, and leave them neither touched nor mentioned.

The people are losing desire for the kernels found in them, and the reason is that they never taste them. When they are set

out on the table before them, they stare at them as if some new food had been imported from a strange land. Instead of eating them with pleasure, they look at them with a curious, searching glance, and lift their eyes from them, as much as to say these are not for us. Alas! the purest and the most nutritious of the fruit is often never set before the people, and consequently never tasted. The reason is that men have no ability to expound the deep doctrines.

There is the old nut of human equality which appeared at one time to be unpalatable to a large portion of our countrymen. They rolled it between their teeth, or pushed it aside without attempting to give the kernel to the people. Many persons appeared utterly unable to break the doctrine that God had made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth. It remained for the old Covenanting hammer to fall on this nut with such effect, as laid its contents before the public. When we use this phrase we include of course, others besides Reformed Presbyterians, who nobly stood out against the monster evil of human slavery until it was destroyed.

The doctrine of human equality is not new. It has been gathered from the Word of Life by ancient and modern theologians, and fearlessly presented to the people. It is not peculiar to the American Republic. The bards of the Old World have sent it out among the masses, even in the face of those who claimed some superiority over their fellows, because they imagined that superior blood flowed their veins.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that ;
Though thousands worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.

The church has always needed and must always need a ministry thoroughly trained in doctrine. Without a theological training the preaching will be barren. We have alighted upon a period when the discussion of great truths is studiously avoided, or if entered upon at all, it is not followed up with any degree of earnestness or sincerity. There will however, be a reaction, because the Head of the Church demands it. The choice fruits will not be left upon the trees unused. They are for the use of men. All are invited to come and partake of them. As soon as men are weaned from the food that belongs to an infant state they shall eagerly seek for that

which is stronger. This is very clearly taught by Isaiah. "Whom shall he teach knowledge? and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line; line upon line; here a little and there a little."—Isaiah 28; 9, 10.

The present discussion in the United Presbyterian church will result in good.

After partaking of the best fruits we look for results. There will be, generally, constant commendation of the fruit. Others will be told of its excellent qualities and pleasant taste. This will perhaps be the very first of the results. On the part of those who have tasted it, there will be an increasing desire for more, and as it is appropriated, there will be a corresponding strength derived from it. People become stronger by the use of it. They can join with the writer of the 119th Psalm and sing:

" This word of thine my comfort is,
In mine affliction ;
For in my straits I am revived
By this thy word alone."
—Psa. 119 : 50.

The Spouse went down into the garden of nuts to see if the vines flourished and if the pomegranates budded. The Spring was approaching. The shortest days were over. The sun was lingering longer in the western sky; and the twilights were prolonged. It was the season of expectation. Buds and leaves were soon to appear. So when men begin to take delight in the pure, wholesome doctrines of grace, the result must be increase, the manifestation of the vitality that is within. There never has been a great revival of religion yet unaccompanied by the powerful preaching of the truth. When the cloven tongues like fire, came down and sat upon the disciples every man heard those masters in Israel speak the wonderful works of God, in his own language. Peter broke the nuts and gave the kernels to the multitudes, and the people were enlightened, strengthened and quickened. Paul and Barnabas, James and John did the same. They climbed the old tree of divine revelation, plucked the fruit from the highest branches, broke it and gave the multitudes something to carry with them. Then followed the increase of the Church. The word had its course and was glorified. The buds of profession soon ap-

peared all round Jerusalem and throughout Judea. The vines began to flourish over in Asia Minor, and Italy, and the British Isles. The vine of liberality began to grow with amazing rapidity. The pomegranates of brotherly love budded. Difficulties were settled; breaches were healed; heart came to heart; old grudges were forgotten; low suspicion was banished; slander ceased; tale-bearing and whispering and false accusation were driven away, as the wild beasts of the forest are driven from the habitations of men. The white dove of peace nestled in every home, and the people had all things in common. The injury of one was the injury of another. The prosperity of one was the joy of another. Envy, the ruling passion in the mind of Satan found no entrance for a time into the homes of those who embraced the Lord Jesus Christ. The Crucified One by His Almighty Spirit had entered heart and home and had driven out the author of evil and his dark brood. Lips once filthy with blasphemy were filled with the praises of the Lord Jesus Christ. Minds once dark and gloomy were enlightened and filled with thoughts of heaven. Hands once corrupt with murder, robbery and bribery were filled with gifts to God, or uplifted in fervent prayer. Knees were reverentially bowed that never bowed before. Churches were planted where none had ever stood. This was the sequel of the trip to the garden of nuts. Those were the glorious results that came from eating of that royal fruit which Christ had provided. Such will be the result again. There must be a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. It is promised and it will come. But it will be preceded by a process of nut-cracking, of breaking open the doctrines of grace that are, to many, harder to break than the fruit of the hickory or walnut. We look for a revival of religion. We expect it because of the wonderful interest manifested in the preaching of the gospel. We shall not look in vain, for God has said: "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."

THE PRATA MARKET.

REV. AN DEER SUR :

Efter the purty dhream A had, A got oot o' bed wid a loup, A lukit at the clock an sa' the big han at twinty minutes past three. Get up James A cried ta the servant man in the kitchen laft, an get the horses fed, this is the prata market day. Get up Nancy an get the breakfast ready, while we're loadin the kerts. Ye're aye in a splutter, sez she, nae fear o' me bein behine wi' ether breakfast or dinner, "The mair haste the waur speed said the tailor tae the lang threed" sez she, an A'm afeart that's the case wi' you, Bab. Get the pratas in the kerts, an A'll hae a noggin o' stirabout ready for ye, an a guid cup o' tay, whin you're ready for them. Humph, sez I tae mysel, Nancy dizna lake to be waukened even on a market mornin, afore hir reglar time. Oot A gaed, wi' the servant man at my heels, wioot anither word. The pratas wir in bags an it didna tak lang tae get them on the kerts. There wiz a big bin o' skerry blues that we had nae secks for, so A sed till James it widna be a bad plan tae throw them in-tae the auld wheel car, it 's braid and deep eneuch tae hauld them a'. A'll shane pit them in sez he. We set the wheel car wi' the hine on tae the dure o' the prata hoose, an it didna tak James lang wi' the big prata shovel tae pit them in the car. Get the graith on the din meer sez I, an pit her in the wheel car, an she'll be the best leader o' the ither horses, she hez a fine step an she's cunnin as a fox. When A gaed in, Nancy had the breakfast on the table, an wiz sittin smilin at me. Ye thocht ye wir geian smart Bab, sez she, but ye couldna haud the canle tae me in an emergency. Weel Nancy, A dinna care tae praise folk tae their face, but atween oorsels A niver foon you behine time. Men noo and then get a glaik at wumin's worth, if she is the waiker veshil. It wid be a poor worl wioot her, an ye maunna think we canna see hir shupriority if we're no iverlastinly soft-soapin hir. Dinna trust the men that dale sae freely in that chape commodity. It costs little and its little worth when you get it. A'm no lukin for compliments, sez she, but for appreshiashin. Ye get that, A'm thinkin, sez I for if ye wid only tak notish o' the contentit luk on

my face, onther my braid brimmed hat, whin A come in frae the plow, an see the flure sae clean that A'm afeert tae set my fit on't, and the pewter plates shinin on the dresser, an the tins, frae the big quart tin doon to tae the wean's wee neggrin, a' in a row shinin lake silver on the wa', an niver a dhreep frae the water cans, ye wid say, there's no mony men like Bab, for he just thinks the worl an a' o' me. Nane o' yer blethers, Bab, sez she, finish yer breakfast, an pit past worship for its time ye were on the road. Ye needna wait tae sing, sez she, jist read yersel for the market opens early an ye'll be late eneuch, Ye hae a drive o' echt miles afore ye, an ye maunna drive ower fast, for a mercifu' man 'll be merciful to his beast. We hae time tae sing a dooble verse o' the first Psalm whaur it describes the honest man.

He shall be like a tree that grows,
Near planted by a river ;
Which in his seasons yields his fruit,
And his leaf fadeth never.
And all he doeth shall prosper well,
The wicked are not so,
But like they are unto the chaff,
Which wind drives to and fro.

Whin A had committed a' tae Him that guides iz, A gaed out and helpit James tae hitch the horses. We got the horses in line wi' the din meer in the wheel car, leadin the ithers. Take this umbarell wi' ye, sez Nancy, for it might rain afore ye get hame. Blissens on yer thoughtful heart, sez I, for ye're ay plannin for my comfort. Be aff noo, sez she, ad nae nonsense, tak care o' yersel, an be hame in guid time. A touched my hat till hir like a French man, an driv aff. It wiz a nice gray mornin, and the rays o' the sun were glintin ower the tap o' Knockladey, and there wiz ivery prospec o' a nice day. Ye could a heard the clinkin' o' the kerts miles awa. It wiz a big market in Cowleraune, and as we crossed the Bush brig at Binverdin A could see dizens o' loads comin ahint us. A sed till James, A'm feart we'll no get hame very early the day; frae the appearance we'll no hae a very ready sale, for the market place will be crowded. Tae keep up heart, James began tae whistle the "Protestan Boys." The din meer steppit oot as if keepin step till the music, an she led the horses up the Brae at Binverdin wioot a stap or a stumple. Iverything gaed weel wi' iz till we got awa doon ayont Belderashane meetin hoose. There

wiz a wee burn doon there, an a place tae water the horses. The din meer had afen stapped there tae drink. A wiz at the hine kert whin she cum till the place, an afore A could reach hir she steppit tae yin side tae get a drink. She turned hir heid up the stream tae get at the water, an tumbled the hale load o' pratas in the burn. For a minnit A stud dumfoundit. Naebody wiz tae blame but mysel, so A set tae work tae mak the best o' 't. It's nathrill for some folk tae tak pleasure in ither folks' kilemities. Yip fella driv by an sed, it's a saft mornin Bab, at the same time pitin his tongue in his cheek. Anither wi a big smile on his face said, it's very kind o' ye Bab tae wash the pratas for yer customers. Anither cried oot what time will ye get hame the nicht, Bab? Still anither, tantalizing me, sed, A'm thinking it wid be better tae tak a drink yersel an no slocken the pratas ower muckle. Yin afther anither gaed by an niver offered tae gie me a helpin han. We got the meer oot o' the shafts, got the car back on its wheels, an James an I woerht like Trojans till we got the pratas back in the car. Oot come a wee man wi a paper kep on his heid, an wi-oot a word gaed tae work tae help iz tae get the pratas oot o' the water. A gied him the fu' o' his aprin for his kineness, an aff he gaed tae boil them an see what soart they wir. They wir as dry as meal, big soon beauties. We wir nearly twa oors ahint time by the accident. When we got tae the market an put the horses in the stable the first man at the car was the wee man wi the paper kep. He bocht some himsel, an he stud there an praised the pratas tae iverybody that came along, an as fast as we could weigh them we disposed o' the three loads, an we could a sowl as mony mair if we had taen them tae market. A wiz the first man in the market that got redd o' the hale o' my goods, early in the day. The ither men who made fun o' me at the burn stud roon wi their hans in their pockets, and their faces as lang as a yerd stick, dull an daein naethin. When we got through I gaed James a guid hot dinner, bocht a present for Nancy and startit hame. A walkit in the kitchen dure jist as the clock struck six. Ye're hame in fine time the nicht, Bab, said Nancy, what broecht ye hame sae early? Ye had guid luck the day A'm thinkin. Dinna name luck, sez I, Nancy, you ken A dinna beleive in ony sic thing. Then A tellit hir the hale story. There' a ssumethin till ye tae remind ye that ye wirna forgotten. She gaed ower tae the big arm chair at the back winda, covered her face wi hir apron and couldna keep frae greetin wi joy. See, sed she, what the Lord hez done for iz.

Aye, sed I, we may weel praise him for He niver maks a mistak. We afen wound Him by frettin whin we canna acoont for His wyes o' working. The tummlin o' the wheel ear wiz the very means o' gettin me customers for my goods, and a speedy sale. Wha wid thoct o' such a plan but himself? When we belang tae Him the things that aye seem tae be against iz, ir aye for iz? Oor minis-ther preaches that doctrine, an A hae foun'it tae be true tae the letter.

Weel Nancy had supper on the table, a meal fit for a lord. A wiz geian tired wi' the excitement an the extra work, but efther A saw iverything settled for the nicht, A read the 8th chapter o' Romans at worship. Whin A come tae the 28th verse, A read it, an read it, till the tears stood in my eyes, an my heart wiz fu'. "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." Didn't the tummlin o' the wheel ear prove it?

Your Sincer Freen,

BAB McKEEN,

Joonyer

THROUGH THE REEK.

A wee thatched hoose, a braid hearthstane,
A guid peat fire bleezin,
An' ould man sittin' no his lane,
An' young yins roon him teazin,
A guid ould wumin steppin roon,
Wi' bit o' bweed an' noggin
O' milk warm shippit frae the coo,
An' ould man's mem'ry joggin'
About the calves that's in the craft,
An', should he no shane luk them,
They wid a' mebbe jump the dike,
If evil spirit tuk them,
Through the reek.

Ye'll see wi' me the first bit ride
I've had on shilty,
An' if ye feel as I did then,
I wish ye *mille failthe*,
Wi' hair in mane, an' feet stuk close
Into Miss Fannie's weather,
An' naethin' on the meer but me,
A heedstale an' a tether,
Through the reek.

Ye'll see wi' me the boys at school,
Ye'll hear their pencils scratchin',
Ye'll copy frae yer nibor's slate
Whin mesther isna watchin',
Ye'll get a wollap cross the back,
Wi' soople bit o' hazel,
As mony a yin I got mysel,
Which made my blinkers dazzle,
Through the reek.

Ye'll spin yer peerie, bounce yer ba,
An' shoot lake ought at marbles,
Ye'll cry and fecht, and fécht and cry
Till yer ivery bit in warbles ;
Ye'll get weel thonged for dhirty claes
Or breeks that's needin' stichin',
Ye'll get a lecture lang's the Boyne,
Against the crime o' mitchin,
Through the reek.

Ye'll see wi' me the folk a' hame,
Afore the chie's broken,
Or separation's left its mark,
Or pertin' words ir spoken,
Ye'll feel yer on a sadred spot,
Yer ears in rapture dingle,
An' tears roll down yer wrinkled cheeks
Hearin their voices mingle
Through the reek.

Ye'll see some things ye'd like the mist
To hide foriver frae them,
Which penetration's mem'ry calls
Thro' reek, an' brings up tae them,
Till sleep at last pits oot the pipe,
An' dhreamland's shadows quiver,
An' float yince mair afore yer ee'n,
Doon mem'ry's crystal river,
Through the reek.

HEROES OF LONG ISLAND.

Come see these heroes, view these mighty dead,
For freedom, we enjoy, their blood was shed ;
Though dead, they speak with one prophetic voice
To us, who in this prosperous year rejoice.

What speak those moldered lips from silent graves,
Where bough of forest tree no longer waves,
Where sound is heard of strangers' hurrying feet,
And wagons rattle o'er the graded street ?

They tell of agonies, and deadly strife,
Of weeping children, broken-hearted wife,
Of mothers wailing in depleted homes,
Of sisters praying 'neath cathedral domes :

Of fathers toiling 'mong the forest trees,
And braving dangers on the swelling seas,
And founding homes by lake or woodland fair,
And sickening with miasmatic air :

Of cruel deaths by savage Indian tribes,
Of wrongs imposed by hands corrupt with bribes,
Of patience broken, by the galling yoke
Taxation, when they struck their final stroke.

They tell of frightful battles bravely fought,
Of Hessian cruelties, when life they sought,
As on the ground lay weak defenceless forms,
By Hessians slain, by Britons trod like worms.

They tell of groans when quarter was not given,
Of piteous looks and prayers that rose to heaven,
Of burning thirst, lips pale by loss of blood,
Of quivering frames, sighs heard by none but God.

Of bleeding wounds unstopped by surgeon's hand,
Of broken limbs unswathed by healing band,
Of sight vanishing from brilliant eyes,
Of souls breathed out and mounting to the skies.

They speak of *liberty*, for which they fought,
That rich bequest which with their blood they bought,
They say to all, uphold, transmit, defend,
Till it reach forth to earth's remotest end.

From yonder mound enriched by heroes' dust,
From plots and streets where guns and sabres rust
From creek and pond where wounded soldier sank,
From crystal-spring where dying patriot drank,

Come blended voices to the listening ear,
Which start in freemen's eye a grateful tear,
And calm the doubts and fears so oft expressed,
By those whom lordly power has much oppressed.

They all foretell Columbia's future fame,
So long as freedom reigns in more than name,
In telling cadences their own refrain
Is, *Down with traitors ! Break oppression's chain !*

PRAYER FOR THE PRESIDENT.

O Lord hast Thou one boon to give,
To our nation now bowed at Thy throne?
Oh ! let our dear President live,
He's the gift of Thine hand to Thine own

Grant life till his great work is done,
In expanding our national power,
From setting to rising of sun,
Let him still be a strength and a tower.

Spare his home, that model, bright place
Where the purest love rules each detail,
See in it, yon pensive sweet face
Shade it not with the widow's dark veil.

O Lord, by the hand of Thy foes,
Let her not at this time be disgraced,
Lest people should say that her woes,
In Thine hands had been sadly misplaced.

For eternal blessings we crave,
Such as faith, resignation and peace,
To dispel the dark gloom of the grave,
When trouble from vile men shall cease.

Through Christ, all these blessings we seek,
As Custodian of death and of life,
Though patient, long-suffering and meek,
Yet his hand's in the heat of the strife.

REV. NEVIN WOODSIDE,
Presbyterian Hospital,
Sept. 9, 1901.

APPLES OF GOLD

GATHERED FROM MR. WOODSIDE'S TREES OF ELOQUENCE.

STRAY THOUGHTS FROM HIS SERMONS.

You may as well think to hurl the angel of the covenant from his seat in glory as to extinguish the smoking flax of grace from the heart of the believer."

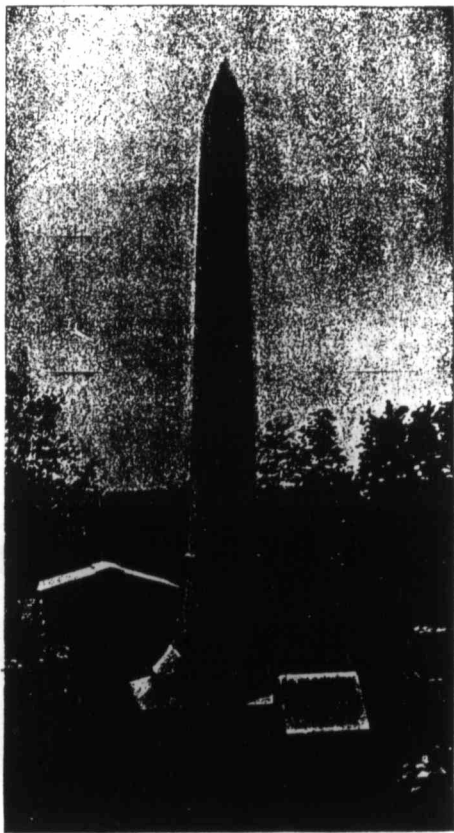
"One little congregation, as a faithful and true witness of the Lord Jesus Christ, has more influence in the church than a thousand large congregations, known to be false witnesses."

"One hour with Jesus in prayer leaves more abiding pleasure than all that could be produced by the symphonies of the best composers."

"I would not barter my standing as an ambassador of the court of Christ for the crown of England or the wealth of the Californias."

"The love of my people is greater compensation to me than all the money they ever gave me."

"The sweetness of solitude is never so great as when we are confined to bed with sickness."



MONUMENT AND GRAVE OF MR. WOODSIDE, HOMEWOOD CEMETERY,
PITTSBURG, PA.

PART III.

MEMORIALS.

THE FUNERAL.

MR. WOODSIDE'S funeral was a most impressive one, and a fitting tribute to the memory of him who had been in deed and in truth a sincere friend to his people as well as a great and faithful minister. From the Monday on which he died until the following Thursday the day appointed for the funeral the remains had reposed in the parlor of his own home. Dressed, as ordinarily, in his black clerical garments, he lay upon a couch as if in deep slumber, covered with a rich purple pall, one corner of which, upon his breast, was loosely turned over, the folds being grasped lightly in his right hand.

On Wednesday evening October 9th, a short service, designed for the family and immediate relatives was held at his late residence.

So great was the desire, however, of members of the church to do honor to their late pastor, that a very large company was present. Rev. James Kelso, D. D. Professor of Hebrew in the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, this Divinity Hall being Mr. Woodside's alma mater, was present and made a few remarks and afterwards offered a touching prayer. Rev. Samuel Dempster, of Toronto, also addressed the mourners from II Timothy, iv. 7, 8, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." All present were deeply moved at the thoughts of the great bereavement, and tears flowed from every eye.

On Thursday, October 10th, a little before noon, the body was removed to the Grant Street Church and there lay in state, the members of the Board of Trustees forming a guard of honor, until shortly after one o'clock. We quote the following comprehensive description from a local paper, of the decorations of the

church and also of the many flower designs sent as a tribute to the memory of the dead :

"The church was draped in purple and black, while on either side of the casket, which was placed in front of the pulpit, were placed the floral tributes from the various organizations and individuals. The floral pieces were many and beautiful, not all of them being placed in position in the church on account of the great number. Only the largest were brought with the casket into the building. Perhaps the most artistic, and at the same time the largest, was the piece from the Sabbath School. It was of chrysanthemums—yellow and white—and represented a loving cup. The piece was about six feet square, and stood on an easel.

"The session of the church sent a wreath with the inscription : 'Our Pastor,' over white roses. The teachers of the Eleventh ward school, the pupils and the school board all sent designs. The Republican Association's tribute was a large floral anchor of roses entwined with ferns. The Young People's League of the church sent a large wreath, while the trustees of the church tendered a beautiful design worked out in carnations, ferns and roses. It is an open Bible under an arch, with the inscription : 'He has fought a good fight, he has finished the course; he has kept the faith,' on the pages of the book. The top of the casket, when it was brought into the church, was entirely hidden by flowers."

The church was crowded by members of the congregation and friends from far and near. The funeral services began shortly after one o'clock. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Samuel Dempster, of Toronto, from the text, II Samuel, iii, 38. "And the king said unto his servants, 'know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?'" The Psalms sung at the obsequies were xc., first four verses, to the tune Evan, and the xvi., verses 7 to 11, to the tune Martyrdom. After the sermon brief but very appropriate addresses were delivered by the Rev's. Robert J. George, D. D., Professor of Theology in the Reformed Presbyterian Seminary, Allegheny; John McNaugher, D. D., Professor of New Testament Literature in the U. P. Theological Seminary, same city; Henry P. McClelland, D. D., Pastor of the Bellefield (Pittsburg) Presbyterian Church; D. C. Martin, D. D., of the East End (Pittsburg) Reformed Presbyterian Church; Robert S. Coffee, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian Church Bellaire, O.; James T. McCrory, D. D., of the Third United Presbyterian

Church, Pittsburg; and Matthew Griley, late Professor of Hebrew in the Reformed Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Philadelphia. The sermon, and all the funeral addresses have been incorporated in these memorials.

The casket having been closed before the service began was not re-opened, but immediately after the last psalm was sung, was lifted by the pall bearers composed of the members of the Session, as follows: Messrs. James Shaw, Hugh Walker, Prof. Geo. M. Sleeth, Thomas Woodside, Thomas Wallace and Joseph B. Dilks. The funeral procession was then formed. Preceding the casket, the officiating ministers slowly passed down the middle aisle of the church. The pall bearers, bearing the remains, came next; and following these came the mourners. The congregation, as the funeral procession passed out of the church, remained in their seats, sobbing alone disturbing the awful stillness reigning throughout the church as the stricken people watched the final departure from God's earthly tabernacle, of their loved pastor and friend. The scene in the sacred edifice that day was one, which by those who witnessed it, will never be forgotten. Simple as were the services of our beloved church, they proved themselves most edifying and perfectly adequate.

The great cortege of carriages that accompanied the deceased to his last resting place was also a moving spectacle. Between forty and fifty carriages were in line. It took some little time to start the numerous conveyances, but finally the long and impressive funeral train began to move towards the cemetery. Passing along the New Grant Boulevard, along which the dead had often loved to wander when in life and health, the solemn procession wended its way to the beautiful Homewood Cemetery. Just inside the main entrance, in a grave, on a commanding elevation, his body was laid away to rest until the sound of the resurrection trumpet awakes the righteous from this their last deep slumber. The services at the grave were brief and simple, and consisted of the reading of a few verses from Scripture rehearsing the promises of Christ to believers who fall asleep in Jesus, especially to such as, in the ministry of the Gospel, turn many to righteousness—and finally, the pronouncing of the Apostolic Benediction.

Long did the mourners linger around the fast closing tomb. The setting sun had already passed over the western hills, but a flood of his golden light yet persisted among earth's deepening

+ James
McAdoo

shadows. So, we thought, as we turned away, is the influence of the ministerial life just ended. Like righteous Abel, "He being dead yet speaketh." Unlike the beams of the natural sun the resplendent light of testimony streaming from the holy characters of God's glorified saints shall never fade, but shall triumphantly merge at last into, but only to augment, the overpowering blaze of the perfected, declarative glory of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Sabbath, October 13th, being the Sabbath following the day of the funeral, memorial services were held in the Grant St. Church, at which Mr. Dempster preached from the text, Proverbs, iv, 18. "But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." On the following Sabbath, after due preparation, in accordance with the good order of God's House, the chastened and yet reconciled congregation, so recently bereaved of their Earthly Shepherd, sat down at the Sacramental table, to commemorate their Lord's dying love to His blood-bought church. Over seven tables were filled with communicants. The church was filled with an eager and attentive audience. The celebration of the Supper was felt to be a time of refreshing, as if it there was realized not only communion with Christ himself but also with the recently translated minister of the commemorating church; and, indeed with the whole of the Church of the Firstborn whose names are written in Heaven, comprising the myriads of spirits of just men made perfect. On that calm Sabbath evening many truly realized that the mansions in the skies were not so very far distant after all. Yea, they could see the Celestial City's gates, as did John in the Apocalypse, swing open once more upon their hinges, and could hear again the voice in Rev. xiv, 9: "He saith unto me, write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. And he saith unto me, these are the true sayings of God."

THE FUNERAL SERMON.

IN preaching the funeral sermon, Rev. Samuel Dempster, pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, Toronto, took for his text, II Samuel iii, 38. "And the king said unto his servants, know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Saul's great general, Abner, at this stage of the sacred history has just been assassinated. Joab, David's most valiant warrior, imbrues his hand with the blood of a man under the guise of friendship. Abner had but a little before his death deserted the house of Saul and allied himself with the Lord's anointed king, David. Abner had many faults. His loyalty to the house of Saul led him to oppose David for a length of time as lawful king. In being very ambitious too, by his evident desire to assume royal power, he had erred. Nevertheless the Holy Ghost through the mouth of David, speaks of Abner as a prince and a great man. He was a prince, being cousin to King Saul. He was a great man, as his deeds of valour on the field of battle testify. That he had been foully used by Joab in his death is unquestionable. Even had he, as Joab asserted, been guilty of the death of Asahel without excuse, he should have been delivered over to justice. The victim in this case was not as guilty as the murderer, and the offended monarch, David, now gazing upon the dead body of Abner, bursts forth into the language of deep sorrow, uttering words of exceptional beauty and power. This question in his lament, the subject of our discourse to-day, has gone ringing down the ages, and have formed again and again the basis of remarks at the funerals of the great and the good. In making choice of the text once more, as we do at this time, beloved friends, it is because its wonderful suitability as well as its remarkable freshness and beauty are borne in upon our hearts with irresistible force and power.

In endeavoring to rehearse some, at least, of the virtues, of

your dead pastor, this is not for any mere purpose of adulation, but only that the leading of God's hand so long manifest among you, in the life and work of the deceased may be revived in your members, and that the necessary lessons taught, and to be well learned, may by the Divine blessing redound to the honour and glory of our risen and ascended Lord.

Permit us then to say, in the first place, that David characterised the great Abner, as a prince. The meaning of this word is too well known to require definition. It signifies that the person so called has royal blood in his veins, that he belongs to a kingly line. Now there are princes who are such by the suffrage of men;—earthly princes; there are others who are such by Divine Grace. The glory of the latter, as far surpasses the glory of the former as the light of the sun surpasses the light of a candle. In thinking of him who has been removed by the hand of death from prosecuting any further the ministry of re-competition in this pupil, we feel like echoing the words of the sweet singer of Israel as he mourned for Abner, "a prince has fallen in Israel."

Is it not true, that the dead was a prince, in that change of heart, that new birth, which his life testified, he very early experienced? We know well that we are treading upon dangerous ground, in speaking concerning a man's standing in the sight of God, that it is impossible for flesh and blood at all times to judge infallibly of any individual's regeneration; and yet, while acknowledging this, it is also true that God's word declares that there are infallible evidences of regeneration, that for these we are to look. It further testifies that assurance can be given to the man himself and to the church of Christ as to the certainties of conversion, and the apostle Paul, for instance, could say, "I know in whom I have believed." That the late Mr. Woodside lived close to God, both in testimony and in life is a patent fact. The life of a minister is by no means a hidden one. His every action, one might say, is brought before the world. His testimony is by no means an obscure or ambiguous one. There is no testimony so great as that of a life dedicated to the honour and glory of God, in the ministry of the Word. Now for a spiritual principled, it is necessary that there should be a change of character. The man after God's own heart, no matter what may be his temporary sins and follies, wears a crown, and when he falls, the wall arises, "know ye not that a prince has fallen this day in Israel?"

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Bear with us, brethren, we would go still farther. The deceased we believe was a king in royal purposes. The thoughts of a king should be great. The heart of a prince should devise mighty things to God's honour and glory. The early purpose of the heart that is now stilled in death, was the exalted one of dedicating himself to the ministry of Truth. Such is indeed a princely determination. The nobility of England think it not derogatory to become ministers in the national church, and in every christian age and country, princes have esteemed it honourable to become bishops. While many have no desires, above labouring for mere earthly rewards that perish, the soul of your late pastor was early stirred by the desire to be an instrument in Christ's hand for the proclamation of the Gospel and the salvation of souls. Nothing short of the great recompense promised to those that "turn many to righteousness" would satisfy him, and to qualify himself for this, his great life work, he bent every energy, relying humbly at each step of preparation for Divine guidance and strength. The office of the ministry is a princely one. Oh! that our young men might appreciate this more and more to-day, when there is a dearth of pastors in the church although a plethora of hirelings! Would to God that there might come such a movement among us, as that our young men might see visions, such as the deceased in early life saw, that our young women might dream those dreams preeminently of supporting the ministers by word of mouth and active labour in the Word and Gospel. Such a time *shall* come brethren, may it come speedily to Christ's greater glory.

Your late pastor was princely in his affections and munificence. He never hoarded up wealth. His ear was ever open to the cry of the needy. He used playfully to call his home, in private conversation, "The Woodside Hotel." That this was a well-merited name, everyone who has partaken of its lavish hospitality must feel justified in declaring. His affection for great men was the love of a princely heart. You who have listened to his preaching know with what veneration and strong admiration he spoke of such men as General Ekin, who in dark days had stood out for purity in Church and State. His poem on the late President McKinley, written on the bed of death, is still fresh in our minds. For a man like the Rev. Mr. Stavelly, the Apostle of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Ireland, words of his could never be too appreciative. The faithful contentings of the martyrs of Jesus he unflinchingly witnessed to, through the long period of his earthly

ministry. He himself was undoubtedly of the stuff the martyrs are made of. Is it any wonder then that his affection for Christ his King, General, Saviour and Friend, that glorious Being who as man is the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely, was such as is very rarely witnessed in these days in even ministers of the Gospel. Oh! for more of this loyalty to the crown rights and prerogatives of King Jesus. For more of those melted feelings in the pulpit, at a communion table, in admiration of the glory of Christ's presence by those who are the professed ambassadors of the Divine Sovereign and Head of the Church.

In the last place your pastor was princely in his possessions. The wise man said, at death, "It is certain we can take nothing away." Yes, we can, by the grace of God. We can take away *our own soul* as a prey from the hands of the spoiler. We can take away a holy name, the "*well-done*" of the Judge of all the earth. We can take away with us our *voice* of Spiritual testimony. "He being dead, yet speaketh." The *works* of the holy and the wise "do follow them." Your pastor, beloved brethren, at the call of his Royal Master has passed within the veil, but not we believe empty handed. He has taken with him *jewelled hearts* to lay at the feet of Christ. In heaven our pastors won't forget us, will they? Nay! They have taken with them memories fragrant of the love of Jesus and the effectual work of the Holy Spirit of the affections of the children for whom they have travailed in birth. He has also already, we believe, laid his *burden of praise* at the feet of the Lamb slain from all eternity, and with the ransomed of every tongue and nation, joins now in the song of heavenly praise, "unto Him who hath redeemed us and made us kings and priests unto our God."

Secondly, Abner is called by David a great man.

I cannot dwell for long upon this head, but would say, in the first place, that in our estimation your late pastor, was great in the knowledge of God's Word. Its phrases were frequently upon his lips. His every speech and sermon were redolent with the spices from the banqueting house, the sweet smell of the cedars of Lebanon.

He was also great in doctrine. Never shall we forget how clearly one Wednesday evening,—experiences for us, never, alas, to return,—he drew the distinction clearly between submitting to men for wrath's sake and conscience's sake. Perspicuously also he was accustomed to show that Christ has not a mediatorial office, but

Christ, in His glorious person is Mediator. His offices are three-fold, Prophet, Priest and King, but the God-man is Mediator in His mystical person, and does not merely hold a mediatorial office. Wonderful doctrines! like rain on the mown grass. You will not soon forget weeping hearers, how on the mountain tops of ecstasy he spoke of Christ's vicarious work, that the Saviour of men stood in the room and stead of the sinner as their substitute, their one and perfect efficacious sacrifice. Truly a great man has fallen this day in Israel. He was great, moreover, as a herald of the Cross. As a most appreciative listener to his sermons once remarked, he was "monotonously good," as a preacher. His discourses never, by the grace of God, were allowed to fall into the commonplace. Blessed with a commanding figure, a strong personality, a powerful voice, and acute reasoning powers, he never failed to impress himself whether for weal or woe, upon his hearers. There were times however, that the man seemed to rise above himself, especially upon communion seasons, and while tears would frequently run down his own cheeks, the hearts of the people became like wax under a scorching sun. Would to God that this tenderness might in all cases remain, and that the image of Christ as it then shone through the ordinances, might never be obscured in the hearts of those so deeply affected. The loss of a powerful preacher is not easy to replace, but those who have ever been brought under the ministry of the great and good, should revere their memories. Exalt the King and Head of the Church, and ask for grace to reveal to others the light from Sinai's mountain top that once streamed upon your own countenances amid the clouds of the sanctuary.

Lastly, brethren, we apply the interrogation, "Do ye not know this?" Ye answer, "Yea we know it, hold ye your peace." This audience convulsed in sorrow, husbands and wives once for life united by these dead hands, fathers and mothers whose children he has baptized, children who have stood with him by the open grave while he laid away parents fallen asleep in Jesus, say "yea we know it only too well, hold ye your peace." Bear with us brethren. Sorrow is sacred, and we would not lightly disturb you in this great valley of Baca. But instruction, edification is necessary. If ye know all this, let us say ye will know that this congregation is not permanently injured by the loss. Your loss is especially great. Ye have fought as a people against tyranny in church courts. There were not found many to hold out to you a

helping hand in time of trouble, but alone with your pastor, whose warfares are now all o'er, ye broke from ecclesiastical connection intolerable to you. Contending as ye were, for the right of a congregation to choose its own pastor, ye stood with the one who now lies in his death casket. Some will tell you that your case is now hopeless. But we ask you did the deceased in life ever utter such a word? Did he ever, supported as he was by God's invisible grace, lose faith in the justice of your cause? Was truth ever annihilated? If crushed, phoenix-like does it not again rise from its ashes? Thanks be unto God that testimony to the truth of God and against prevailing heresy is not to be a temporary employment, a mere gymnastic exercise, but is to continue until iniquity and error affrighted fly away for ever. As an evidence of God's goodness to us, we propose according to his grace, to go up from the mouth of your pastor's grave to the very summit of the Mount of Ordinances, and to sit down within two weeks at his holy table, for the purpose of commemorating the dying love of the death of his and our Master, the Lord Jesus Christ.

If you know this you will not think our Presbytery is dishonored. Rather is the Presbytery highly honored, by this removal of one of its members to the general assembly and church of the first-born whose names are written in Heaven. We are still Presbyterians. We have still as much of the good order of Presbyterianism as Christ in his wisdom sees fit to grant, and like young Renwick, and Mr. Stavely and others we shall wait Christ's time until the complete order of the house has again been established, be that next year or even eighteen years hence.

If ye know this, ye will pray for sanctified memories. You cannot forget the dead. You cannot forget his words. Ah, Brethren! you will remember the man longer than you will his message, but the man and the message should be remembered co-temporaneously. Pray for memories, sanctified memories, to remember the Saviour whom he presented, who is easily forgotten by sinful men, to pray for the hatred of sins he condemned, the emulation of virtues he commended. Your honourable memory of your pastor will be shown by the fact that you become a praying people, a people zealous of good works.

If ye know this, ye know that we shall meet again. Death does not end all. It merely effects for the one taken a change of habitation. This change of habitation brings him into the heavenly home. Thither soon shall all the saints be gathered.

This is not our home. Here we have no continuing city. Oh! the meeting on the other side of Jordan. No tears there. No Fears there. No Sin there. No harsh looks or covert glances there. How warmly we welcome back our pastor when he comes from a far journey across the seas! How he will welcome his people in Heaven! But all this meeting and greeting will be subsidiary to the sight of Christ. He is the sun of the celestial city, he is its temple, he is its glory, and every believer great or small shines even in Heaven in light borrowed from him. Gird up then the loins of your mind. It is but a little while and we shall again behold the dead alive redolent with eternal youth; and knowing these things, then, be steadfast, brethren, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

One word of comfort to the sorrowing widow and her bereaved family. We know words here are vain. The strong heart of the afflicted is already near to breaking. But God will give you, O! ye hearts emptied from vessel to vessel, strength to kiss the rod. He will enable the sorely bereaved widow some time to understand that in taking her precious husband away, it is only to give, according to Divine promise, to the erstwhile sufferer's weak and emaciated body, graciously, the most delicious and exquisite rest. Your loss, unutterable as it is, is unutterable gain to that eternal spirit now in Jesus' breast. He is not lost, only gone before. May Christ bind up the wounds he has made and once again prove himself in a glorious manner the widow's shield, the orphan's stay.

ADDRESSES.

BY REV. ROBERT J. GEORGE, D.D.,

Professor of Theology in the Reformed Presbyterian Seminary,
Allegheny, Pa.

"And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee; Holy Father, keep through thine own name, those whom thou hast given me." JOHN 17 11.

THese words were used by our Lord in that wonderful prayer of intercession which He offered up to God as He was entering the valley of suffering and death. They reveal the loving heart of the Great Shepherd, unmindful of His own impending woes, in His anxious concern for the safety of the flock which He had gathered about Him and which He was now about to leave in the world, while He went back to God.

My mind was directed to this prayer of Christ when I heard of the death of Mr. Woodside, by the remembrance of my last interview with him. It was in the Sanitarium at Clifton Springs. He sat in his reclining chair, feeble, wasted, the pallor of approaching death, already upon his thin, white face. But he spoke only a few words concerning himself, when he turned the conversation to the care of his people. He had not, at that time, abandoned the hope that he would again be permitted to minister to you from this sacred desk. But he said it would be, at least, a year before he could expect to take up again his pastoral work. His great anxiety was that his congregation might not suffer loss through

his disability. He was seeking for one to act as temporary supply for his pulpit and in pastoral over-sight of the congregation.

He said, (and I can give you almost his very words) that he wished to secure some one who would lead his people forward in the ways in which they had been accustomed to walk. One who would maintain the devotional services of the Sabbath morning by expounding the Psalm, and who would feed their souls with the doctrines of grace as well as guide their steps in the paths of duty. He desired that the pulpit services should continue to be what he had always aimed to make them, devotional, doctrinal, practical.

I was touched, at the time, by this yearning of the heart of a loving Pastor for the welfare of the beautiful flock which had been committed to his care. And when I heard, that not for one year, only, but for all years, his place here should know him no more, I knew that before he had yielded up his life at the call of God, he had surrendered the care of his flock to the Shepherd of Israel. Could these silent lips now speak it would be in words like these:—"And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee. - Holy Father, keep through thine own name, those whom thou hast given me."

To you, his beloved family, I commend these words as giving assurance, that his prayers on your behalf, are lodged with the Hearer of Prayer, the Covenant Keeping God, his God and yours, and that these prayers will never be forgotten, but in all the years to come they will compass you about as with a shield.

And you, the people of his pastoral affection may be confidently assured that even when the mists of death were gathering about him, he bore you still upon his heart of hearts before the throne of God, and with his dying prayer committed you to the care of Him "who ever liveth."

And, you, the Elders of this bereaved and sorrowing Congregation, yourselves bowed down in grief for him who will no more meet with you to constitute the Courts of the Lord's house, do not these words take you bound by the sacred memories of the past and by the solemnities of this hour, to be true to the trust which is now reposed in you to keep the flock of God over the which the Holy Ghost has made you overseers?

And shall we not, all of us, yielding submission to the will of God in this sore affliction direct our eyes to Him, who ever liveth to make intercession for us, and who still prays: "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me."

BY REV. JOHN McNAUGHER, D.D.,

Professor of New Testament Literature in the United Presbyterian
Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa.

It is a privilege, though a sad one, to stand in this presence together with other brethren in the ministry and pay reverent homage to the memory of Nevin Woodside. Among those who mourn him because he is gone I must be counted. As we reflect to-day upon the life that has closed its course on earth, we are oppressed with the sense of loss. Our friend and brother was a prince among us by reason of his strong, commanding personality, his beautiful Christian spirit, and the rare devotion with which he gave himself to God and men. To his distinguished labors, labors made possible by his exceptional abilities and consecration, this great sorrowing assemblage bears silent witness.

He will be remembered for what he was in himself. Deeply disciplined in the school of hard experience, he exhibited a ripened piety beyond what is attained commonly, and walked among us as one who walked with God. The impression was the more distinct as acquaintance with him became close and intimate that he matched his high office with a holy character. This was the real basis of his success in spiritual leadership. And then, besides, he had other qualities and graces which win esteem and love. He was not only courteous, kindly, and considerate, but genial and large-hearted. He was equipped with wisdom and sound judgment. He possessed the moral courage of his Scottish ancestry, and he was endowed with a subtle, potent magnetism which drew men to him and kept them under his helpful influence.

As a preacher, when measured by right standards, he stood in the front rank. His thought was clear, logical, and forcible. Full of fire and eloquence, almost dramatic at times in delivery, always terse and vigorous in style and felicitous in illustration, he held easily the attention of his auditors. His sermons were genuine messages, rich in gospel content, and delivered with that solemnity and earnestness which befit the oracles of God. What will never be forgotten regarding his pulpit work was his unswerving, invincible fidelity to the truths of the Word. He was a true conservative, ardently attached to the evangelical faith. This is noteworthy in these days of easy-going liberalism in

religious teaching. The great doctrines of grace found constant and loving utterance at his lips. And also as a prophet of righteousness and morality, none can reproach him with unfaithfulness in declaring what men needed to hear. He dared to speak forth what was unpalatable, without any pandering to popular sentiment. There was in him an independence of soul which was not cowed by opinion, which never stooped to flatter passion or prejudice. He stood at his post with the assurance of a divine commission and a sacred duty, and this nerved him to denounce individual sin and, as well, the evils entrenched in our social and political system.

In thinking of him as a pastor, how can I tell how he endeared himself to you his people. All his relations with you were warmed with the glow of sincere friendship, a friendship whose abiding benediction will ever remain. God gifted him with a generous, sympathetic nature that served him to good purpose in his ministry. They who went to him with anxious questionings had an adviser whose concern was unmistakable. Those in affliction were met with an outreach of hand and heart that was itself comfort. The wayward were entreated with a solicitude that was brotherly. No wonder that our friend was so vitally interlocked with the membership of this congregation, that both young and old clung to him. No wonder that he inspired great affection toward himself, and that his lamented death excites many tearful emotions. A pathetic instance of his profound interest in this his beloved charge fell under my own observation on the last communion Sabbath which he spent with you. Unable to preach, he had asked me to undertake that part of the service. After my sermon he rose, trembling in his feebleness, and in a few touching remarks reminded you that this might be the last time that he would join you in the Lord's Supper, and then concluded with some appropriate admonitions. It was with broken accents that he spoke, scarce able to control himself, and in all that he said there was a yearning which revealed the strength of love by which he was knit to this his people. I could see also the response how that most of you were looking that day upon your stricken pastor through the mist of your tenderest tears.

I cannot close without recalling how he gave himself without stint to the work of Christ. He held a Pauline conception of the ministry, and toiled with a zeal which knew but little relaxation. He was absorbed in the care of his large flock, giving it unflagging

oversight. But amidst this arduous ministry he had other lines of effort, none of which were neglected. Whatever philanthropic enterprises were practical had his best support. The leading reforms also enlisted his hearty co-operation. We of the National Reform Association will miss him at the meetings of our Executive Committee, where his counsels were sought and heeded. In addition to this, he made a large use of his pen, giving proof of his fitness for the editorial chair.

His was a life abundant in good deeds unselfishly performed, a life of unpretending greatness, of singular devotedness to Christ. Let us thank God that we have known him, and let us trust that by grace, when we too shall have had a summons from our hidden Lord, we shall meet our friend again amidst the repose and bliss of the paradise of God.

BY REV. HENRY T. McCLELLAND, D.D.,

Pastor of the Bellefield Presbyterian Church,
Pittsburg.

DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOWS IN BEREAVEMENT :

My personal recollection of our brother Woodside goes back to the very beginning of my ministry. It was in the summer and the Woodsides had found a home for the heated term with one of the families of my country charge. I was most favorably impressed by our brother's warm-hearted, manly, vigorous cordiality towards me, a mere tyro in the pastor's office. Then sprung up a friendship which never failed, but waxed with the more than twenty years that we have labored almost side by side. I thank God even in the midst of your sorrow and mine to-day when I recall the breezy tonic of his cheery greeting, his unfeigned interest in mine and me. He supplied this was one of his many talents; the felt want of a sympathizing friend, strong and true. In this also he was like his Master.

One of the most vivid pictures in my memory is that of the distribution of the tokens on a Thursday to those who intended to commune here on the following Sabbath. Brother Woodside had invited me to preach a preparatory sermon and I had complied.

Then he with the session of this congregation took their places in a convenient part of the room, and a long line of men and women, young and old, came forward quietly, solemnly, to receive at their pastor's hand the token for the high privilege of the coming morning of the Lord's day. It was wonderful to hear the apt quotations of the good word of God which fell from the pastor's lips as he gave each applicant the desired token. How the whole transaction linked us with those dark times when in Scotland the persecuted covenanters were making wonderful church history, and with that bright day when He whom we serve shall come and give to each victorious saint "a white stone, and upon the stone a new name written which no one knoweth but he that receiveth it." Joy unspeakable must fill the glorious spirit of this departed pastor even now, as he finds himself "at home with the Lord," and anticipates the great day of the triumphant manifestation of the sons of God.

And so for a little while farewell, true friend, dear brother, "good minister of Jesus Christ."

BY REV. D. C. MARTIN, D.D.,

Pastor of the East End Reformed Presbyterian Church (O.S.)

Mr. Woodside certainly enjoyed the devoted loyalty of his people, and of his household. Of the loyalty and devotion of his people, this large congregation is unquestionable evidence.

Through all vicissitudes he could ever rest assured that he was sustained by a people who were willing to serve his cause even to the extent of great sacrifice.

He possessed the rare magnetic power of not only drawing people to his standard; but holding them to himself and his cause.

Through prosperity and adversity, in health and service and suffering and sickness, the same devotion never seemed to flag.

And to-day the loving tributes, the gathering, the floral tablets, and more than all, the flowing tears which cannot be suppressed; the deep bereavement which no words can express, strike one most impressively with the thought that Mr. Woodside was a man eminently blessed in the loyalty of his people.

Nor was this peculiar favor anywhere more marked than in the untiring devotion of his beloved and faithful wife.

During his affliction it was my privilege to meet them at Clifton Springs, where they had gone with the hope of securing anxiously desired recuperation.

Sometimes, on his invitation, I would drop into his room to minister a little cheer, and carry his case, before leaving, to the Great Healer of body and soul. Under all circumstances the loyal devotion of his wife was indelibly impressed not only upon myself, but was often, in my hearing, remarked by others. While beyond these circles he may have had his cares and trials and heavy burdens, which drew upon his strength to its utmost limit, within the circle of his people and his home, no one can question that he enjoyed unreserved devotion and loyal affection.

I hold this, no small tribute, which to-day I am permitted to lay upon his casket. His was, "That which maketh sweet amends for absent heaven - The bosom of a *friend*."

BY REV. ROBERT S. COFFEY,

Pastor of the 1st Presbyterian Church, Bellaire, Ohio.*

I am unable to recall the time when I first made the acquaintance of Rev. Nevin Woodside. As long as I can remember anything I seem to have been familiar with the tall, spare, bespectacled, very earnest looking young man. His curly hair, impressive manner, very hearty, genial hand-shake and glorious laugh stamped him as no common character. But he was a Covenanter, and although I was closely connected with that section of the Christian Church, my father having married a daughter of the Rev. William Toland, I did not fancy the idea of a stern son of the Covenant for a room mate at college. I had thought of Nevin Woodside as very austere, a relic of the 17th century, who would like to lord it over God's heritage in my modest personality. So when I strongly deprecated the idea of

**(Mr. Coffey has since removed to the Pastorate of the Hamlet and Perryton Churches, Rock River Pks., Ill.)*

having Nevin for a chum, which my father thought would be a fine thing for me, I just showed my ignorance of that young man's character.

We were drifted apart and remained so for some thirty years. But when we met, about midnight, at the Union Depot in May, 1897, I knew him at a glance, and his warm hand-clasp did me a lot of good. He had sent me a most cordial invitation to visit him and learn what I could about American Presbyterianism.

Two visits which I paid him at brief intervals covered a period of some three months, I should think, although I have no very accurate recollection of the number of times I preached for him.

He was a fine critic of sermonising and of public prayers. I may have done some good, I know I got a deal of good. It was impossible to have constant personal intercourse of the closest kind with such a character, and not to have one's ideas of the Christian Ministry raised. In other cases I have said to myself "the feet are of clay, of clay!!" Never in all my dealings with Nevin Woodside did such a thought strike me; quite the reverse.

I lived in the house with him, saw much of his private life, admired and loved his precious wife and dear, clever children; never thought so much of him as when I saw him in the midst of his happy family; was sometimes spellbound under his preaching; marvelled at his family prayers; and often said to myself—"I have known never a more thoroughly consistent man. It is an honor to know him and to have lived under his roof. But he was born out of due time."

Some who read this will understand what I mean. I certainly do not mean that he was not well read-up to date. How he got through the marvellous amount of work of which he was *guilty*, for he shortened his days, I know not. I can only stand afar off and wonder!

And what a helpmate he had! I know just one and only one, better woman. Her family name begins with a C.

And what devoted sons and daughters! Nevin Woodside was certainly beset with warm hearts and generous hands. His congregation, in spite of all the difficulties it has encountered, is perhaps second to none in Pittsburg in point of intelligence and keen appreciation of what is good, and fine liberality.

My experience has been considerable, and I am bound to say that I never met anywhere a smarter, more intelligent, more like-

able set of young men and women than those belonging to the Grant St. Church.

Dear friends, believe me when I say that I take a deep interest in you. Oh! Keep together for your late pastor's sake. Keep his memory green! You will never know his equal. May it be our happy lot to meet somewhere in his neighborhood when the fitful fever of life is past and the voices of the world have ceased to trouble us for ever!

P.S. Mr. Woodside preached my installation sermon in the 1st Church, Bellaire. Often since that evening have the Ministers spoken of "that masterly discourse."

BY REV. JAMES T. MCCRORY, D. D.,

Pastor of the Third United Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg

MY SORROWING CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:

In saying a few words to you on this very sad occasion, I do not know that I can do better than put into the past tense some sentences spoken by me on a joyous occasion a few years ago, at the celebration of the 30th anniversary of the ordination of our deceased brother to the office of the gospel ministry. What I said then in his living presence I now repeat to his honor as a servant of the Master, who has heard the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It is a matter of comfort to us all to-day in the midst of our sorrow that Mr. Woodside was permitted for so long a time to preach the Gospel of the Son of God, to tell the glad tidings to suffering men. If there is any calling on earth that is to be desired above everything else it is the ministry of the word. The man who is so fortunate as to be called into this office is to be congratulated. His life is to be consecrated to the welfare of his fellowmen. He labors for the highest interests of men both temporal and eternal. Every life he touches is helped by the contact. To have been permitted to carry on this good work for more than thirty years is something to thank God for and is to be considered a distinct mark of the Divine favor and love.

In my deep sympathy for you, his people, I would yet congratulate this congregation to which he has so long ministered. It is something to have had a pastor whose Bible had sixty-six books, every one of them inspired by the Spirit of the living God. Not every congregation is so fortunate. There are not a few ministers of the Gospel to-day telling their hearers the old Book is not a safe guide. Jesus believed it was and Paul and John and Peter were satisfied to follow their Lord in their unswerving adherence to the truth of the old records, but wiser teachers have arisen. They know Jesus was mistaken when he referred the authorship of the Pentateuch to Moses, the Prophecies to Isaiah, Daniel and others whose names the records bear. But fortunately for you your late pastor was not one of those men wiser than his Maker or his Saviour. He told you the Book is inspired. That the records are genuine. That the word can be trusted. That Jesus Christ was not mistaken neither did he intend to mislead.

Then too it is a matter of gratitude to God to have had a pastor whose decalogue had ten commandments in it. It is not an uncommon thing to find congregations presided over and ministered to by a man whose decalogue has suffered the loss of from one to nine of the Commandments. This city can furnish you a number of pastors whose decalogue is innocent of the fourth Commandment, while the tenth, sixth, second, first and possibly others are not very seriously accounted of. Indeed, the fragments of the old table Moses brought down from the Mount at the time of the dreadful apostacy would be entirely satisfactory in some quarters to-day. But such was not the attitude of the man who preached from this pulpit toward the Holy Commandments. He believed the voice of Jehovah thundered from Mount Sinai. He believed God still speaks to men through the Moral Law, and he did not hesitate to tell you so. He believed men are still under supreme obligations to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, money and culture and greed and pleasure to the contrary notwithstanding.

Then it is a matter for gratitude that you had a preacher whose gospel had a Cross in it. There is a gospel of "sweetness and light" promulgated to-day that has become very attractive even to some apparently godly ministers. It does not harmonize with either the culture or the philosophy of the age to talk of the blood of the Lamb "that taketh away the sin of the world" as

that uncouth cousin of Jesus Christ, John the Baptizer, talked of it. Sin and wrath and hell are harsh words and should not be intruded on cultured society, even to save the souls of men, though Jesus himself gave great prominence to them in His own teachings. Atonement by means of the blood of the crucified Saviour is not to be emphasized. But your late pastor was not one of these advanced thinkers. On subjects of this kind, thank the Lord, he was not wise beyond the teaching of the Book. He was willing to follow Paul as he followed Christ in this as in every other regard. In this you were indeed wonderfully blessed.

And permit me to say in conclusion your pastor was greatly favored in being permitted to preach to a congregation that was at all times willing to hear such a gospel. May his messages of the gospel, spoken in the days gone by, although he himself now lies in his casket, continue to be "as God's mouth" to you, and from whatever source it shall still come, may you continue to receive the word of truth and treasure it in your hearts and practice it in your lives

BY REV. MATTHEW GAILEY,*

Prof. of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature, in the Reformed Presbyterian
(N. S.) Seminary, and an old time friend and co-laborer
of the deceased.

DEAR FRIENDS:

* We are assembled to-day in this house of God, which has so long resounded with the living and burning words of our deceased brother, under circumstances peculiarly sad and solemn. We meet to perform the last service—the rites of sepulchre—for one who filled an enviable position in your hearts and homes, and in this community. God in His Providence has summoned us to sojourn for a brief season in the border-land that lies between time and eternity, and to read us a lesson on the mortality of man, the evanescent character of earthly things, and the importance of

** (On November 17th, 1902, Mr. Gailey also was called to glory. A beautiful brochure has been already published "In Memoriam" of this great and good minister of Christ. How wonderful that even in death "David and Jonathan" are not divided!)*

preparing to meet God. Truly we may say, "Your fathers where are they, and the prophets do they live forever?"

The Rev. Nevin Woodside is no more, for God took him. The stalwart champion of the whole heritage of precious truth transmitted to us by our Covenanting forefathers, the faithful ambassador of King Jesus, the eloquent herald of the glorious gospel of Christ, the accomplished scholar, the beloved pastor, the loyal friend, the honored citizen, the devoted father, the loving, tender and affectionate husband, is laid low in death—gone, but not forgotten. Personally, I feel that I have met with an irreparable loss. My companion, counsellor and bosom friend is gone—gone to be with Christ, gone to his reward, gone to be forever with the Lord. There are few, if any here, who have had a longer or more intimate acquaintance with the deceased than the person addressing you. It is forty years almost to a day since we first met with each other. He had been in Belfast for some time, and was about to enter the Queen's College. I was going to Belfast to prepare to enter, and having heard of his kind and obliging disposition, I wrote asking him to meet me at the station and help me to find a boarding house. It was an exhibition day in Belfast, when thousands were flocking to town. My wonder was how we could ever recognize each other (having never met before) amid so many crowds, but as if by instinct we singled out each other as the persons whom we were seeking, and then I received a grasp of the hand which I can never forget. It was a meeting of kindred spirits, and thus a friendship was formed which was little short of that of Jonathan and David in days of old.

I have felt that Mr. Woodside was my pioneer, and that he blazed the way for me through the intricate paths of life. He began his preparation for college in his native town of Ballymoney; there I began mine, and in the same academy; he studied in the Royal Academic Institution, in Belfast, I took the same course; he took his undergraduate studies in Queen's College, so did I; he studied theology (in part) in the Divinity Hall, Belfast, I did the same; he immigrated to this land of liberty, stimulated by his warm-hearted letter I followed; he was called to be pastor of the Third Church, Philadelphia, so was I; he declined but I accepted. And now he has been translated to the Church triumphant, and I await the Master's call to attend the General Assembly and Church of the first born in heaven, where there shall be no parting. I shall expect him at the gate to greet me and welcome me, and

accompany me to the great white throne, where we shall bow together, and cast our crowns at the feet of our enthroned Mediator, and bless His holy name for the hallowed and sweet fellowship and communion which was begun on earth, and will be continued in heaven while eternity rolls on its endless cycles.

And now as I look upon that silent face, and think of the joys unspeakable into which the soul, so noble, has entered, I would say with Peden, by the grave of Cameron: "Oh! to be with Richard." Oh! to be with Nevin Woodside, and to partake of the glory, bliss and joy unutterable of the ransomed, saved and white-robed throng that bask in the smile of God, and sing salvation unto our God and unto the Lamb forever and forever.

If I were to speak of some of the excellent qualities of his character, I would say that he was a man among men; pre-eminently a manly man; a hero, one of the valiant of Israel. He was a scholarly man. He possessed mental capacity of a high degree. He studied in institutions which have produced some of the finest scholars of our age; and he took high rank among his compeers. His facile pen and poetic gifts showed the student and the scholar. He was a social and friendly man. He was no recluse. His happy home, his cordial welcome, and his cheerful disposition gave ample evidence of the bright and happy sunshine which pervaded his entire nature. He partook largely of the spirit of Him who sticketh closer than a brother. He was pre-eminently a consecrated man. One of my members who was raised in the same community told me years ago that it was no uncommon thing to hear the boy Woodside, in some lonely spot, when he thought that God alone was near, Jacoblike, wrestle with God in earnest supplications for things spiritual and eternal. Nevin Woodside was a good man. He was raised in a godly family—a family that gave two sons to the gospel ministry, and others to high offices in the Church of Christ. The speaker can truthfully affirm that he has never enjoyed more hallowed fellowship, or sweeter communion with any servant of God in this world than with this brother. He was full of enthusiasm. This accounts for his remarkable success in his Master's work. It was, however, as a pulpit orator that he shone as a star of the first magnitude. Herein lay his great strength. He preached with a power, unction, fervor that was truly magnetic. His kindly nature and amiable disposition made him equally beloved and successful as a pastor.

He was faithful to Christ, whose ambassador he was for more than the third of a century—faithful in declaring the whole counsel of God—faithful to his vows in preaching no mutilated gospel—faithful to his flock in feeding them with knowledge and understanding, warning the unruly and comforting the feeble-minded. Like his Master he was faithful to Him that appointed him. His life, his ministry, his service, was a grand success, the secret of which was that he drank deeply at the living fountain that makes glad the City of our God.

The Reverend Nevin Woodside has served his generation, and has fallen asleep in Jesus. He now rests from his labors and his works follow him. He worked hard, he needed rest, and now he has entered into that rest that remains for the people of God. No doubt he can say with the Apostle: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not only to me, but also to all them that have loved his appearing."

"A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he has gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

"The mourners through the ways, and from the steeple
The funeral bell tolls slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro;

"And saying as they meet, Rejoice! another
Long waited for has come;
The Saviour's heart is glad—a loving brother
Hath reached the Father's home."

BY REV. JOHN KIRKPATRICK,

Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Boston, Mass.

[COMMUNICATED]

The announcement of the death of the Rev. Nevin Woodside is one which will bring tears of regret to the eyes of multitudes,

not only in the United States and Canada, but in the old country, where he is still remembered with affection by the friends of his youth.

My earliest recollection of Nevin Woodside is as a student. He attended the Classical School in Ballymoney, Co. Antrim, taught by the Rev. John Paul Marcus, who was a minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church (New Light), and pastor of the church of that order in Ballymoney.

Mr. Woodside's home in the Struan was some three miles out of town, so that it was necessary to walk or ride that distance back and forth every day. The young student was a good walker and many a morning might be seen book in hand, closely scanning his lesson as he went to town.

To expedite his progress and save time he procured a pony. It was neither large nor handsome, but it got over the ground, and was a pet with the younger boys, who enjoyed many a ride on its back, while Mr. Woodside walked in order to enjoy the company of the grown boys and go over the lessons with them. He was ever a diligent and painstaking student, and seemed more seriously bent on his work than those of us who were younger in years. Although fond of the pastimes of the younger boys, he was so much older than most of us that he seldom entered into our sports, but, at recess, might usually be found in conversation with the "Master" or conning over his lessons for the afternoon.

He always seemed to look upon the serious side of life, and to make conscience of his work in preparing for his recitations. Yet he was far from being gloomy or austere. No one could enjoy a joke more heartily. He was the soul of good humor, and the monotony of study was often relieved by incidents which, whether ridiculous or amusing, created general merriment, in which he always joined.

His religious convictions were formed at an earlier age, and when opportunity offered he did not hesitate to express his approval of right and his disapproval of wrong in his intercourse with "the boys."

We instinctively looked up to him, and had a certain respect for his opinions in all matters which were a subject of controversy.

It was not until the year 1859 however, that we obtained the fullest insight to his religious character. We knew him to be a sober, well-meaning young man, very earnest and diligent in his studies, as became one who seriously apprehended the nature of

his future calling, but we never knew him to take any position very much in advance of the rest of us until this "year of grace."

The great Revival of 1859 found the young student fully absorbed in his preparatory studies, but when its influence made itself felt in Ballymoney he was one of the first to enlist in evangelistic effort and preached the gospel wherever opportunity offered. This was regarded as something remarkable in those days. Only full-fledged ministers had been accustomed to appear in public as "preachers," but 1859 brought to the front a host of qualified evangelists who went everywhere preaching the word. Mr. Woodside's efforts were at first confined to his fellow students and then he was heard in school-houses and at open-air services.

His mind was well stored with knowledge, and he had acquired a certain facility in expressing himself, which, added to a vigorous elocution, and animated and earnest manner made him a popular speaker at a time when every one was eager to hear the gospel from laymen as well as clergymen.

Mr. Woodside was a member of our "Debating Society," at Kirkhills, and The Garry School, and there we saw him measure swords with his fellow-students of equal age, but when he began to preach he arose to a plane where few of us could follow him, and we were content to sit at his feet as he proclaimed the gospel of salvation, and urged the unsaved to come to Christ.

I remember one of those meetings in the local National School at Ballinagashell where Mr. Woodside preached to a crowded house from the words, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation," and he so pressed this question on his hearers that many thoughtless persons were led to the Saviour before he closed. These were days to be remembered, and doubtless many will recall similar incidents now that he is gone.

A prayer meeting was started in Mr. Marcus' Classical School in which Mr. Woodside was one of the leaders. It was a severe test of his strength of character, for he was often non-plussed by godless young men who did their utmost to upset him. He did once lose his usual equanimity through a young man who stood beside him and shared his Psalm book with him. The young man had not a very musical voice at the best, but he purposely assumed a *falsetto* so close to the leader as to create a ripple of laughter among the boys and Mr. Woodside had himself to yield to a disposition to laugh very much against his will. This young man subsequently studied medicine and became a

physician, but never professed Christ. He only lived a short time.

The year 1859 gave an impetus to young men who thought of entering the ministry. Mr. Woodside's purpose had been formed before this so that he could hardly be called a product of the Revival of '59, but he assuredly had his heart fired by the experience of that wonderful year, and he never lost the spirit he then imbibed.

Our college courses led us apart, he going to Edinboro at one stage, and I remaining in Belfast. He subsequently emigrated to the United States, and I settled at home.

When I reached America in May, 1874, Mr. Woodside was pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. I, of course, sought him out and was warmly welcomed.

I conducted a service for him and subsequently supplied his pulpit during his absence at Synod for two consecutive Sabbaths. This led to my being called to New York in the following July, and we were more or less intimately associated, he often preaching for me and I for him, until he was called to the Oak Alley Church, Pittsburg, Pa. I have since occupied his pulpit in Pittsburg on more than one occasion, and have been frequently his guest when passing through the city.

The announcement of his death has revived many pleasant memories and I feel a sense of personal loss now that my friend is gone. It has been my privilege to know perhaps as much as any other of the inner life of this man of God. From the very first he was characterized by great strength of purpose. He began his studies at an age when others usually have commenced to preach, and probably he required to be all the more diligent in them, but first and last Nevin Woodside never forgot his mission to preach, and this inspired him to greater and greater efforts, until he finally reached the goal of his ambition.

In his chosen profession he found full play for those faculties of head and heart which marked him all his life. He was not only a strong preacher of the doctrines of grace, but he was a kind pastor. He was a true friend to his people and held them to the last with cords of love.

His success in the two churches he has served is not to be accounted for by the presence of any new-fangled arts or modern inventions in his methods. Mr. Woodside was a man of the old

school. He scorned to lower the standard and he went forward without thinking of failure.

He won the love of his people by a hearty devotion to their best and highest interests and by a strong and inspiring presentation of truth. He believed in the old gospel. He preached "Christ and Him Crucified." He has laid the foundations of a strong church in Pittsburg; and he has done his work so well that it does not need to be done over again. He was thorough and systematic in all he undertook, and the Lord blessed him and caused his work to prosper. It will be hard to fill the place of such a man. The times need such men as he, but where are they to be found? May God raise up a man to lead the bereaved flock into the "green pastures," and feed them with the pure doctrines of truth as faithfully and constantly as did Nevin Woodside.



RESOLUTIONS

RESOLUTIONS OF NATIONAL REFORM ASSOCIATION

A Committee of three, consisting of Rev. J. R. J. Milligan, Dr. W. J. McConkey, and Rev. S. J. Crowe was appointed to prepare suitable action on the death of Rev. Nevin Woodside. This committee the next day brought in the following minute. Minute was presented at the Convention held in the 2nd Pres. Church, Pittsburg, Nov. 1901.

Whereas, in the Providence of God, one of our number, the Rev. Nevin Woodside, has been called away from his earthly labors to the rest that remaineth for the people of God, we, the members of the National Reform Association, desire to place on record our sense of the loss we have sustained and our appreciation of his splendid qualities as a man and as a reformer.

The Rev. Nevin Woodside was a man of commanding presence, strong mental powers and extraordinary executive ability. Having received a liberal secular education in the colleges of his native country, and having been reared by pious ancestors in the fear of God and to the performance of religious duties, he was thus by nature and education specially qualified for leadership both in church and state.

As a Reformer Mr. Woodside was brave and courageous. He feared not to stand alone. He was brave but with discretion. He had the courage of his convictions. Mr. Woodside believed in the principles of the National Reform Association and was perfectly at home in the discussion of them. His pulpit afforded him a platform from which to declare these truths both in theory and practical application. In his travels he was wont to disseminate its principles both by literature and by conversation. In the meetings

of the Executive Committee he was recognized as a wise counsellor, deep in his sympathies, broad in his grasp and keen in his judgments. He did not seem tenacious as to methods though he was unyielding in his adherence to principles. He counselled rather than dictated. These qualities of heart and head made him a most valuable member of the Executive Committee. And we do, hereby, place the above on record, as a very feeble expression of our sense of loss in the passing of the Rev. Nevin Woodside from our Association, and tender our sympathies to his family and congregation in their sad bereavement, praying the God of all grace and comfort to comfort them and establish their hearts in love.

RESOLUTIONS OF ELEVENTH WARD REPUBLICAN
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF PITTSBURG.

It is with sincere regret that we, the Eleventh Ward Republican Executive Committee record this minute in memory of our much esteemed fellow townsman, Rev. Nevin Woodside, who has lately finished a well spent and useful life.

As a man, by reason of his strong traits of character, he stamped his individuality upon the community in which he lived, ever standing for honesty, integrity and right living.

As a citizen, though clothed in the sacred garb of a religious sect, he found time to lay aside the dogma of his chosen church to assume the arduous duties of school director in the school district in which he resided, and by reason of his liberality, integrity, and wisdom, as such director, was elected by his fellow members the President of the Board of Directors of the Eleventh Ward Public Schools.

As a divine, let it be said of him, "He has fought a good fight ; he has kept the faith."

Let us, therefore, as a committee, out of respect to him as a man, a citizen, and a divine,

RESOLVE—That in the death of Rev. Nevin Woodside, republicanism has lost a staunch supporter, the community has lost an honest and upright citizen, the School Board an able and efficient

God and "present them spotless before the throne of grace."

His example persuaded us "To press forward for the prize of the high calling which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

His vacant chair reminds us of our mortality, and admonishes us "That we too must appear before the judgment seat of Christ" and while we drop the tear of sympathy and lay upon his tomb the sweet forget-me-not of remembrance, we shall say,

"Yes, we all live to God :
Father, Thy chastening rod
So help us, Thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit land
Meeting at Thy right hand,
Th'will be our heaven to find, that - he is there."

Nannie Mackrell, Vinnie B. Bennett, Mary Bishop, Margaret Lytle, Martha L. Troop, Mary Norris, Maud Turner, Carrie Lindsay, Mary Roll, Olive Caldwell, Mary Kerr, Mary Semple, Jennie Nelson, Carrie Tomer, Jennie Campbell, Ella M. Smalley, Lula Weir, Fannie McClelland, Winnifred Crawford, Anna Dines, Iantha Kiefer, Ida McClure, Mary Spratt, Nannie McConnell, Lucy Shryock, Amy Blume, Anna Little, Florence Cook, Anna Lytle, Annie Price, Camilla Wallace, Ida Crothers, Martha Christian, Marion McKibbin.

RESOLUTIONS OF SESSION OF GRANT ST. REFORMED
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—(MR. WOODSIDE'S CHURCH.)

Seeing that our Heavenly Father, of His own good pleasure, has called home our beloved friend and Pastor, Rev. Nevin Woodside, we sincerely say, "The will of the Lord be done."

We acknowledge with gratitude God's great mercy in having given us such a man in the Ministry of His Son ; one who was faithful in all his work, who lived a life fearless and blameless, who adorned the doctrines of God our Saviour, and who died as he lived, full of faith and love.

As the Session of the Congregation over which he so long and so faithfully served, we desire to record a sense of our loss, and our determination, by God's grace, to sustain the work that he so long and so successfully carried on.

To the family of our deceased Pastor we extend our Christian sympathy, and will ever pray that the God of all consolation may keep their hearts and minds safe unto the coming of the Lord.

A copy of this Memorial shall be engrossed and presented to the family of our deceased Pastor, and also spread on the Minutes of the Session.

JAMES McADOO,	JAMES SHAW,	} Members of Session
GEORGE M. SLEETH,	HUGH WALKER,	
JOSEPH B. DILKS,	THOMAS WALLACE,	
	THOMAS WOODSIDE, SR.,	

RESOLUTIONS OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF REFORMED
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GRANT STREET.
(MR. WOODSIDE'S CHURCH.)

Death has removed from us our beloved Pastor, Nevin Woodside, and we, the Board of Trustees of this congregation, while deploring the loss, yet bow in humble submission to the will of God in this exercise of His sovereignty and render to Him grateful thanks for the life that has passed away and for the many memories afforded by his worthy example of exalted Christian life.

While fearless and devoted in pursuing the path of duty, and uncompromising in his stand for truth, and clothed with dignity and Divine authority, yet the meekness and gentleness of Christ softened and adorned his whole character and pre-eminently qualified him to administer consolation to those stricken with sorrow.

As a Board we shall miss his counsel, his judgment and the infinite resources of his intellect and heart. His familiar form, dear to us, his striking individuality and vivid imagination will remain among our fondest memories.

To the family of the bereaved we extend our condolence and commend each one to Him whose "Rod and Staff" will be their comfort.

We direct that a copy of this memorial be sent to the family of our late Pastor and that it be published in the Christian Sentinel.

WILLIAM MOODIE
JOSEPH G. McAMBLAY
JAMES McCLURE

LETTER FROM LADIES' AID SOCIETY

Of Carlton St. Reformed Presbyterian Church, Toronto, to Mrs. Woodside

TORONTO, OCTOBER 18th, 1901.

DEAR MRS. WOODSIDE:

If any consolation can be afforded under so heavy an affliction as you have just experienced, it must come from a Higher Power than ours.

Your own strong sense of religion, and our duty of resignation to a Power that is beyond our control, and a Will that is ever beneficently directed toward our good, must uphold you in this most bitter trial.

It would be a melancholy pleasure to dwell on the many virtues of your late beloved husband, but the subject is too painful; and in the confidence that he is in the enjoyment of an everlasting happiness such as could never be realized under any circumstances on earth, we trust, dear friend, that faith and hope will mingle with your natural sorrow, and that you may look forward to that brighter and happier world in which we shall go to those who cannot return to us. May God comfort and support you.

Yours in sorrow and sympathy,

Signed in behalf of the L. A. S. of the First R. P. Church of Toronto.

MARION T. GIBSON, Sec.

[P9016 - oh. ANW]

PRESS NOTICES

THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW REPRESENTATIVE PRESS NOTICES. THE LIST MIGHT HAVE BEEN INDEFINITELY EXTENDED, SO FAR AND FAVOURABLY WAS THE DECEASED KNOWN.

PITTSBURG papers report the death of the Rev. Nevin Woodside, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, in that city. Mr. Woodside was known to many in Toronto, having several times visited the city in connection with the work of the First Reformed Church. He was born at Stroan, Antrim County, Ireland, and was a man of unusual culture and high devotion to the service of Christ. His church in Pittsburg is one of the largest in Western Pennsylvania, and his death is widely mourned. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. S. Dempster, of Toronto.—The Witness, Toronto, Nov. 9, 1901.

Nevin Woodside, pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of this city, died at the Presbyterian Hospital, Alleghany, on Oct. 7, 1901. His disease was degeneration of the heart. Mr. Woodside was born in Ireland in 1834 and educated at Queen's College, Belfast. After coming to this country he held a Reformed Presbyterian pastorate in Brooklyn, N. Y., for several years. In 1886 he removed to Pittsburg, having been called to be pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian church, whose place of worship was located at the corner of Oak and Cherry alleys. There was much opposition to his installation, and the trouble resulted in a division of the congregation. Mr.

Woodside and his adherents, still retaining the old name, established themselves in a church edifice on Grant St., where they have since worshipped. He possessed great decision of character, and was an untiring worker in his pastorate. He was a man of fine talents and liberal education, and a preacher who commanded the attention of his audiences. He will be missed among the reform and church workers of our city.—The United Presbyterian, Oct. 17, 1901.

The death of the Rev. Nevin Woodside, is a great loss to the Reformed Presbyterian Church. He attained eminence in this denomination by force of character united to earnestness and eloquence. His power was demonstrated in Ireland, but it was not until he came to the United States and was ordained as a pastor in Brooklyn that he attracted attention by his logic and aggressiveness. He waged constant warfare with evil. His ministry in the church erected for him by an admiring congregation was very successful. It was while he was engaged in drawing to him a large congregation that he engaged in missionary work. More than one mission testifies to his earnestness and energy. A voluminous and forcible writer, he contributed largely to various publications. Mr. Woodside was married in Brooklyn to Miss Mary McVetty, who, with the following children, survives: Robert G., a graduate of Washington and Jefferson College, and a member of Company H, Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers; Louise, Annie June, Elizabeth, Margaret, Emily and Nevin.—The Presbyterian Banner, Oct. 17, 1901.

PART IV.

TESTIMONY

MR. WOODSIDE'S DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES AS
SET FORTH IN HIS PREFACE TO THE VOLUME
ENTITLED: "THE YEARS OF THE
LORD'S RIGHT HAND."

THE chief aim of this volume is, not merely to commemorate thirty years of labor in the work of the ministry, but to give to the world a succinct statement of the principles of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and transmit to the generations yet unborn an accurate account of our Scriptural worship as strictly observed in America, Canada and the British Isles, in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Like Paul, we can say, we are "set for the defence of the gospel." There is much to be done before the mission of the Reformed Presbyterian Church will be complete. She is a public witness for the rights of the Lord Jesus Christ as Governor among the nations, and as the Prince of the Kings of the earth. Her distinctive principles have been published to the world again and again by faithful ancestors, but the world at large is slow to embrace the truth, and hence the necessity of renewing our testimony, and publishing our principles afresh. Each generation of the human family grows up with natural antipathy to Christ and His truth, so there is increasing demand for the faithful teaching of the doctrine of total depravity, and the necessity for regeneration by the Holy Ghost.

As a body of Christ's followers we believe in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and that they are the only infallible rule of faith and practice. The bible is the heaven-appointed guide, not only for the individual soul, but for the family, the church and the nation. Rulers are as much under obligation to frame and administer state, municipal, national, and international law, according to it, as the individual soul is to be "holy in all manner of conversation." All christian denominations do not give this place to the bible. But we teach that the word of God is the ultimate standard of appeal in all matters civil as well as ecclesiastical. There cannot be national peace, prosperity and perpetuity without national conformity to the revealed will of God.

The doctrine of Christ's universal headship over all things, to

the Glory of God the Father, is closely allied to the doctrine we have just stated, the infallible supremacy of the bible. As Mediator He is clothed with authority to rule the nations. We claim and exercise the right of dissent from all nations which do not pay Him proper homage. When civil governments refuse to grant civil and religious liberty as provided by the Supreme Ruler, we refuse to incorporate with them, and testify against their iniquity. Against the state that robs the church of her spiritual independence we raise our testimony. We believe in a free church in a free state; the state not dominating the church, nor the church exercising the prerogatives of the state, not blended but co-ordinate, like the "two anointed ones standing by the Lord of the whole earth." We teach, moreover, that Christ as Mediator is the legislative, executive, spiritual, and only Head of his body the church. To Him belongs the exclusive right to appoint her government, laws, sacraments, other ordinances, officers, discipline, and worship in matter, manner and object. The government which he has given the church is Presbyterian. The sacraments are only two, baptism and the Lord's Supper. They are not to be administered by any but ordained ministers of the gospel. The infant children of members of the visible church are to be baptized, and adults on profession of their faith. Rulers in the church are ministerial not magisterial. Fines, imprisonments, financial assessments collectible by civil process, cannot be imposed by them. They have no authority to evade or overthrow, or modify her government, laws, and discipline. They are not clothed with authority to embellish, increase or diminish the sacraments. They have no discretionary power to make prayer-books, hymn-books, or instruments of music, and use them in the worship of God. While to the session belongs the right to nominate elders, and it should exercise that right without denying the right of counter nomination to the people, yet to the people belongs the right to elect all their officers.

Rulers are not lords over God's heritage. When Presbytery or Synod attempts to rob the people of this right, their action must be resisted. The majority of a congregation acting in accordance with the law of the church, is the legitimate elector and the minority is bound, in the interest of peace and good order to submit, unless the majority has apostatized or wantonly trampled under-foot the law of the house. If the majority of a church court violates its own law, its action is not binding. Owing to the imperfections of church officers, Synods may err. The error of a Synod

can never bind the conscience of a member of Christ's house as a law of the Great Law-giver. The doctrine of passive obedience to unscriptural authority is not in our creed. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to Christ." Such resistance is not schism, but necessary to the establishment and perpetuation of the unity of the church.

So far from advocating the maintenance of different denominations, we believe and teach that the church should be organically united. This doctrine has been taught by all our worthy ancestors. In the year 1687, the year before Renwick suffered martyrdom, he and Alexander Shields published the "Informatory Vindication of a poor, Wasted, Misrepresented Remnant, of the Suffering, Anti-Popish, Anti-Prelatic, Anti-Erastian, *Anti-Sectarian*, True Presbyterian Church of Christ in Scotland, united together in a General Correspondence." Our terms of communion are brief and scriptural, and intended to promote the unity of the church, for which we pray and labor

We hold that the religion of Christ as taught in the Word of God is sufficient for evangelizing the world, that all idolatrous, semi-pagan, semi-christian or corrupt religions are an abomination unto the Lord. This leads us with great care to oppose the illegitimate, or unscriptural use of the oath. Taking an oath is an act of religious worship, and should be taken with the uplifted hand, and not by kissing the bible. None but an ordained minister in the church, and a duly qualified civil officer has authority to administer an oath. Extra-judicial and immoral oaths are not binding upon the conscience; but all scriptural vows, oaths and covenants bind the conscience until the ends of them be effected. Secret oath-bound, immoral societies are at variance with the teachings of the bible, and inimical to the best interests of individuals, families, churches and commonwealths. Our church has always protested against them.

Lay-preaching is a violation of scriptural order and precept, and our church condemns it as ecclesiastical anarchy. The judicial appointment, by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, is a part of the scriptural qualifications for the ministry. "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets," but the spirits of self-constituted evangelists are subject to no church court, and their conduct is the lifting of the sluice to send a flood of errors and irregularities throughout the christian church.

All persons who have the gospel preached to them are under

obligation to enter the communion of the church. Faith in Christ is necessary to acceptable fellowship, and a profession of that faith is required for admission to her communion. Saintsship is not required, but a scriptural profession. "The end of church-fellowship is to exhibit a system of sound principles, to maintain the ordinances of gospel worship in their purity, to promote holiness, and to prepare the saints for heaven." That these great ends may be effected the church is not at liberty to invite those who refuse to place themselves under her jurisdiction to her highest privilege at the Lord's table. "Occasional communion may not be extended to persons who should not be received to constant fellowship."

That these great principles and practices shall yet prevail, we have not the shadow of a doubt. While we contend for them, it is not in the spirit of self-righteousness, but of love to Christ. We do not say to sister churches, who cannot see as we see, "We are holier than thou." But we ask them to give these principles a prayerful examination, and adopt them, as they are founded upon and agreeable to the word of God. We are conscious of many very great imperfections and inconsistencies in our own denomination, but our aim is to bring the church up to conformity to the divine law, in faith and practice.

We are truly grateful to our brethren of other denominations for their words of kindness, and their presence at our thirtieth anniversary, and we assure them that we wish to co-operate with them in every good work where we shall not be expected to compromise our own distinctive principles.

In humble dependence upon the blessing of Christ, we send forth this volume on its mission of testimony, comfort, and enlightenment.

NEVIN WOODSIDE.

MR. WOODSIDE'S LAST MESSAGE

To the Members and Friends
of his late congregation :

"Stand together and work earnestly for the
principles of the Reformed Presbyterian
Church."