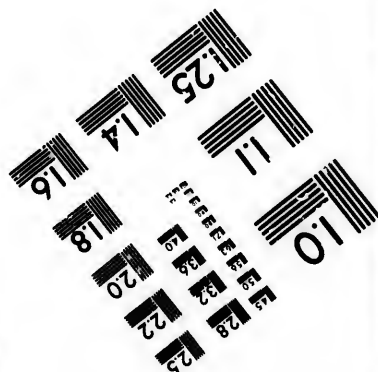
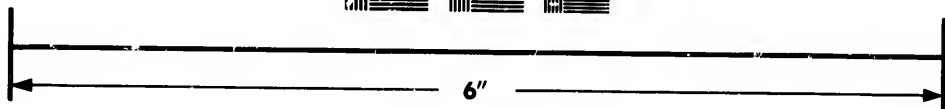
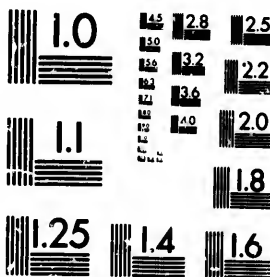


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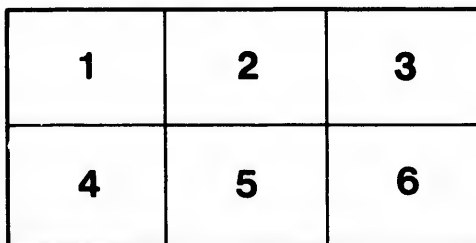
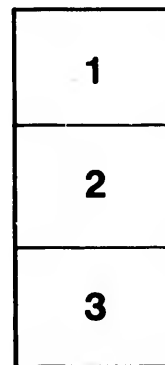
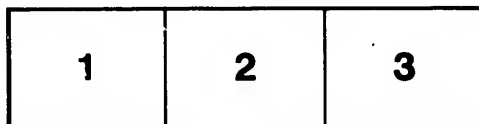
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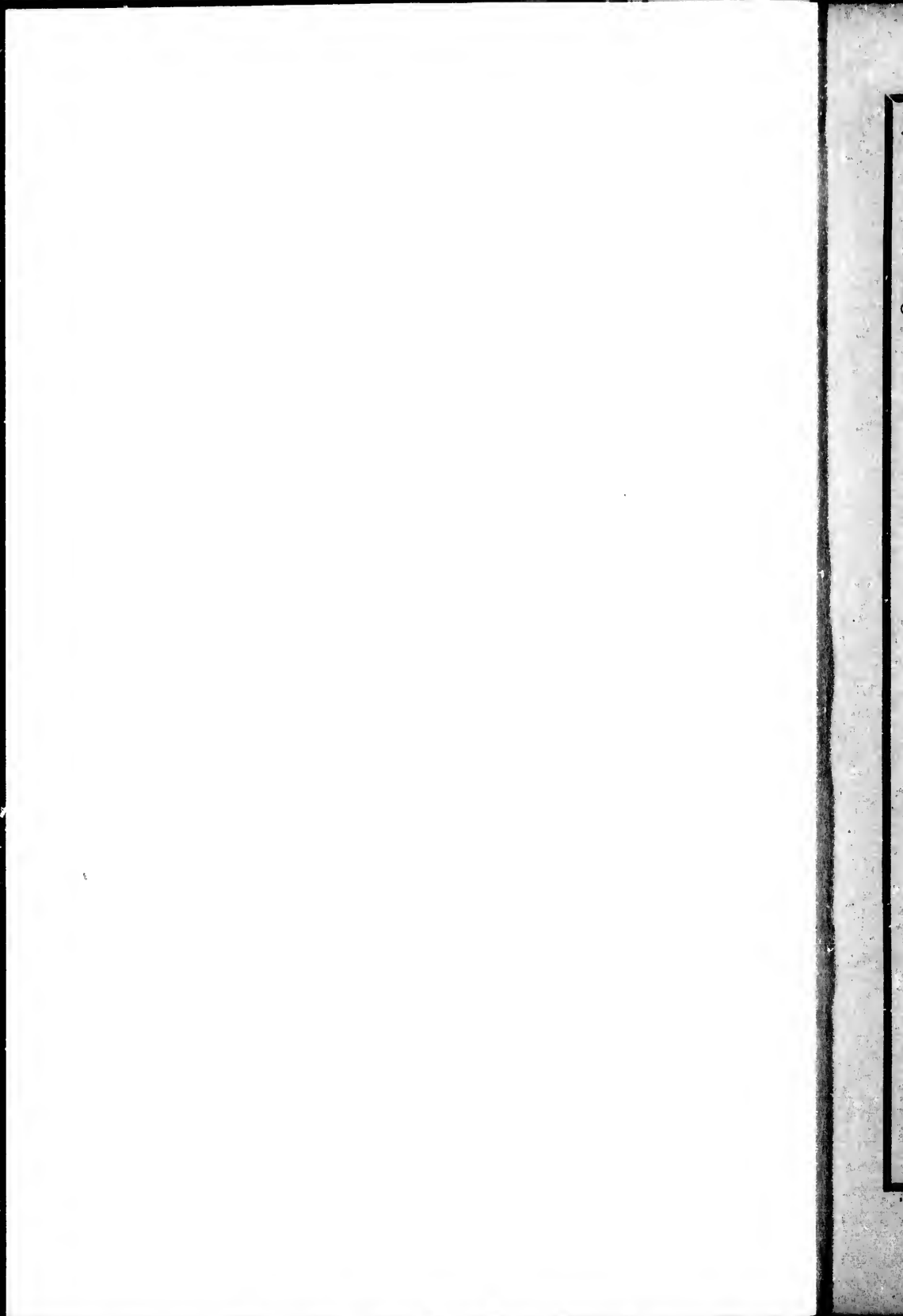
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A SERMON

PREACHED IN

St. Andrew's Church, Toronto,

ON THE OCCASION OF

THE LAMENTED DEATH

OF ONE OF

THE ELDERS OF THE CHURCH,

THE LATE

HON. ARCHIBALD McLEAN,

PRESIDENT OF HER MAJESTY'S COURT OF ERROR AND APPEAL
FOR UPPER CANADA.

BY

JOHN BARCLAY, D.D.,

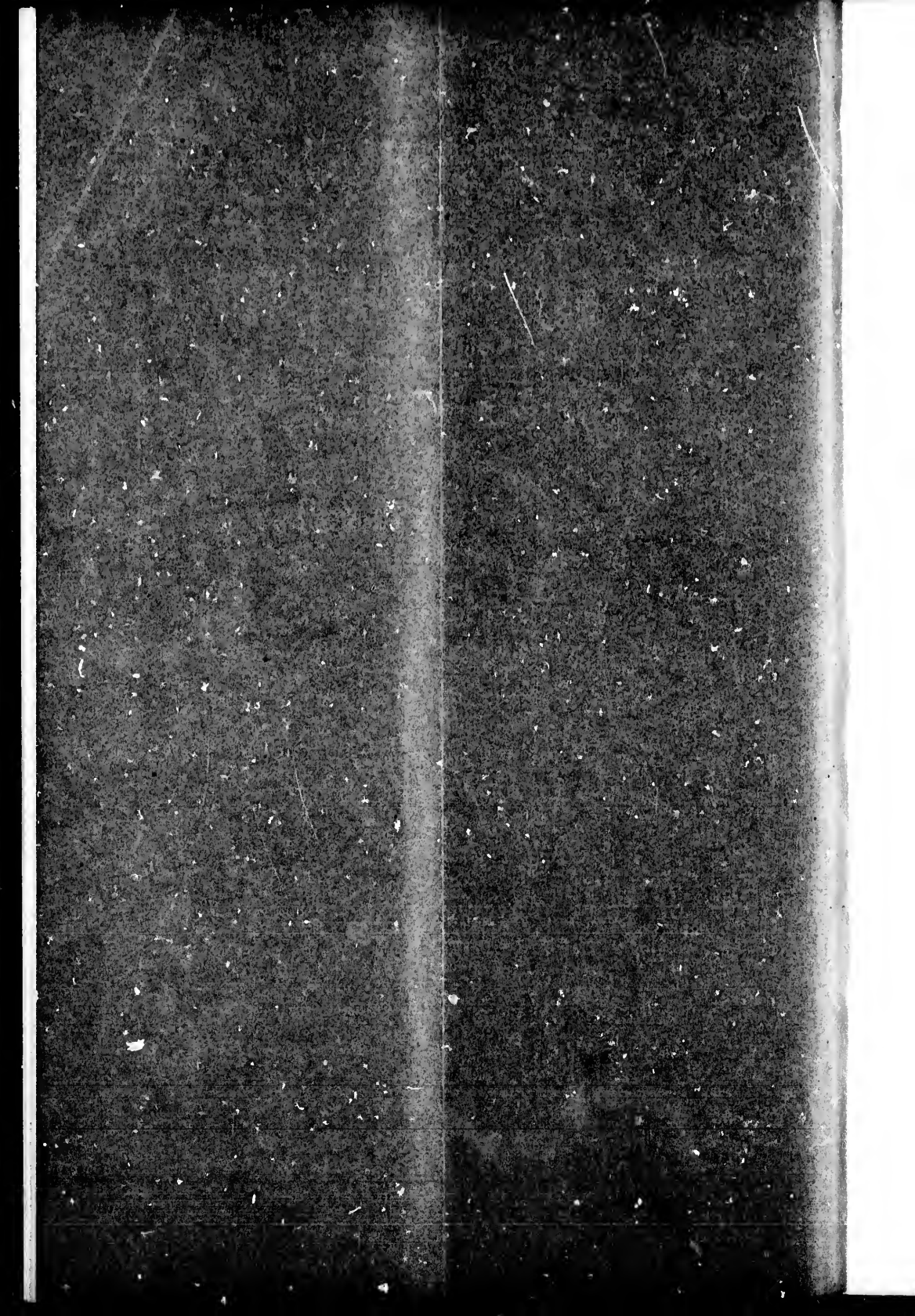
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TORONTO:

ROLLO & ADAM.

MDCCLXV.



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TORONTO:
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MDCCCLXV.

SERMON.

1. CORINTHIANS, XV., 26.

“THE LAST ENEMY THAT SHALL BE DESTROYED IS DEATH.”

The chapter in which these words occur is one of the grandest in its subject, and the most important and impressive in its statements, in the entire authorship of the Apostle Paul. There are here presented in clear and conclusive argument, and in their mutual relation to each other, some of the noblest truths of Christianity. Of the truths thus grouped together in instructive combination, we select one as the subject of the present discourse, that from the consideration of it we may draw some appropriate lessons suitable to the circumstances in which I am, this day, called to address you. May we catch the spirit, while we endeavour to illustrate the meaning of the Apostle's great announcement, that Death, the last enemy, shall be destroyed.

When we speak of Death as an *enemy* we utter a sentiment which finds a ready echo in every breast. We have but to think of what Death accomplishes when it enters the

homes of our race, to be convinced that to man, in many of his interests, it is an implacable foe. Wherever it goes on its errand of destruction, what desolations it carries in its train!—what proofs it presents of its inherent hostility! Its very aspect is that of an intruder; nor had it originally any rightful place and prerogative in that fair creation which, when it came from the forming hand of God, He pronounced to be very good. Amid the innocence of Eden it was unknown, and it is to have no admission into the heavenly world. Only here on this sin-stained earth does it assert its resistless and relentless authority over the hopes and fortunes of mankind, as that enemy to which all must yield, for “it is appointed unto men once to die.”

In contemplating the spectacle of Death going forth as the enemy of man, on its appropriate mission amongst our race, let us confine our view for a little to the physical changes it produces in the human frame,—whose strength it wastes—whose beauty it consumes—whose intricate organization it destroys: and as we behold how, under its touch, the once active frame becomes inanimate as a stone; and the eye which beamed with intelligence turns glassy, and dull, and unmeaning—how the face that was wont

to be lit up with the play of the emotions grows pale, and wan, and wasted; and the lips which oft had whispered words of affection, or roused other hearts to action by the eloquent appeals they uttered, are silent now that death has placed its seal upon them: when, in short, we behold what was recently a living being, animated with the hopes, the aims, the energies of existence, borne forth from all further intercourse with living men, and laid in the silent grave, we instinctively exclaim over the desolations which Death thus accomplishes, "surely an enemy hath done this!"

We may have admired some venerable temple, in which successive generations have assembled for the worship of Almighty God, and whose fine proportions are attractive to the man of taste. But while men sleep the midnight incendiary approaches it with stealthy step and wicked purpose. He ruthlessly applies the torch. The grand old edifice becomes a prey to the flames. Its blackened walls tottering to their fall, or tumbled into the shapeless heap of ruins which only remain of all that architectural beauty, but too plainly disclose the hostile intent with which the wicked deed was done that laid the venerable pile in ruins! But Death destroys a nobler temple than human hands

have ever built, when it shatters the temple of the human body which has been "so fearfully and wonderfully made." The hand that lays this living temple in ruins would seem to write, in the very corruption to which it consigns its victim, the proof that it is the hand of an enemy that has been concerned in the deed.

But let us take a nearer view of the triumph which Death achieves, that we may mark the character and extent of its enmity. With those heralds of its approach, disease and sickness—the various maladies "that flesh is heir to," Death claims admittance alike into lordly halls and lowly cottage-homes. The most robust frame it strikes down in utter helplessness. Youth is no safeguard against its approach. Wealth cannot purchase, even with all its accumulated treasure, an exemption from the power of the great destroyer. Beauty cannot charm it away. The feebleness of old age is but the welcome to its approach.

Behold that mother, who, with all the solicitude of maternal anxiety, has sat through the long hours of many a wakeful night, by the little cot in which her darling but drooping babe lies in its feebleness—evidently about to be snatched from her by Death's cruel messenger. As nature within her

breast regards it, is it a friendly hand which is thus tearing up the fibres of strong affection in that mother's heart, and wresting from her so great a treasure of her soul? What other foe could more cruelly despoil her? What other assailant could so sorely wound her? What trial so severe as that of parting with her child—yielding up to inexorable death the darling of her heart!

Look, too, at that young man cut down in his prime, the only son of his mother, and she a widow—her stay—her hope—perhaps her worldly all! Gone from her in the dark hour of her affliction, and *she* left to pursue her solitary way to the end of her days, with no hand of her kindred to help her now over the rough places of the journey! Death, which has thus overwhelmed her with so crushing a bereavement, has surely come to her as an *enemy*—remorseless in the pursuit of its purpose to the bitter end of extinguishing a young life, and with it the last earthly hope and comfort of an aged traveller through this vale of tears!

So, too, with that youthful maiden, whose innocent light-heartedness has given place to the languor, the feebleness, the wasted frame, and the hectic flush, which but too truly reveal the inroads of the fatal malady that is hastening her to the grave. The de-

light of all eyes that but lately beheld her in the freshness of her opening womanhood—the pride of many hearts—the very life of her home—and around whose young existence so many bright hopes and cherished anticipations clustered. But how changed now! Her fond dreams of life all scattered by the hand of the great despoiler—Death—which also pierces with many pangs the hearts of weeping friends around her as they bid her the long farewell. Surely, here, too, is Death seen and felt to be, as the text describes it, an enemy—a relentless enemy.

Enter that sick chamber, where saddened countenances and anxious hearts surround the death-bed whereon a kind parent lies in all the helplessness of approaching dissolution. It may be the Mother, whose gentle, loving nature has so often prompted her to self-sacrifices for the welfare of her offspring. Or it may be the Father who toiled for the support of wife and children, but whose arm is powerless to aid them now. In vain would affection in the anxious hearts of the inmates of that humble dwelling, impel them to long and labour to defeat, or delay, the final blow aimed by Death at its victim. And when at last the narrow house receives its occupant, how much of the happiness of that household, thus despoiled, is buried for the time in that

little nook in the quiet churchyard! How many subdued and saddened memories of departed joys linger around that lonely resting-place! Verily, here again there has been at work an *enemy* that will not be balked of its prey—though it be through sorrowing hearts, and broken circles, and desolated homes, that it attains its end.

Nor is it only to the private home-circle that the steps of this enemy are restricted. Death boldly enters the most public and prominent fields, whereon the most important human events are transpiring, and with irresistible power strikes down the highest in rank and influence—the most learned in human science—the most accomplished in human erudition—the philosopher in his quiet retreat, engaged in valuable investigations into Nature's laws—the statesman guiding the counsels of his country and guarding its interests and its honour in troublous times, and by his far-seeing political sagacity wisely directing the affairs of his own nation, and benefitting the world by the example he sets and the influence he wields. Even, as now, when the announcement has just reached us across the broad Atlantic, how a great man has fallen from the highest seat in the counsels of his country—cut down by death while occupying the proud position of Prime Min-

ister in the most prominent and powerful nation of the earth! It might have been at a time of even greater exigency than the present that the nation was deprived of its political head. It could hardly be at any time without regret that men beheld the close of so distinguished a public life, stretching over two whole generations, and rendered illustrious by many eminent services to his Country and to the Age. But Death as an enemy knows how to strike home to the heart of a nation, and to lay low, as in this case it has so unexpectedly done, the possessor of such honours from the proud pinnacle of his fame!—a proof of the vanity of earthly greatness—a demonstration that “our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.”

Even into the fields of Christian effort, where ardent minds are engaged in doing important service to the cause of Christ, as humble instruments in His hand, Death makes lamentable inroads. It silences the voice of the eloquent preacher, who could so clearly expound the words of eternal life, and “justify the ways of God to man.” It arrests many earnest workers in the midst of their efforts of benevolence, and suspends their plans for the promotion of the interests of truth and righteousness in the world.

And, as we think of the multitudes of faithful and zealous servants of Christ, in days gone by, who were thus interrupted in their important labours—cut down in the mid-time of their days—taken away from the work they had in hand, while seeking to promote the glory of God and the good of their fellow-men!—When death is thus seen to remove the great and good from this scene of things, how readily do we accept the verdict of the text which pronounces it to be *an enemy!*

Such, in a few of its aspects, is the view which, with reference to the visible elements of the question, we are warranted in taking of Death, as described in the text. And, without anticipating what belongs to the succeeding announcement it makes, we would here point to two features which diversify the judgment thus pronounced respecting it. The one casts a deeper shadow over that enmity. The other gilds the cloud with the radiance of a reflected glory from beyond the grave.

The darkest aspect of death is not its severance of earthly ties, nor its interruption of unfinished work. It is not so much Death the destroyer of life in the human body, as it is Death the messenger of God to the

human spirit, to call the man to account for all the deeds done in the flesh! It is the *penal* character of death, as "the wages of sin," that makes it the dire enemy it is to the human race. The broken law of God, with its threatenings of wrath menacing the sinner from above, and the fears of conscience haunting him within, arm Death with the greatest terrors that encompass it; and, were there none to interpose between the sinner and the doom he merits, what a terrible foe must Death have ever been to man! But, Christian faith and hope have shed their cheering light upon the scene, and truly blessed is he who brings to the encounter with this great enemy, a living trust in the divine Saviour who gives his people their victory over it; so that, upheld by the Shepherd of Israel, he passes safely through the dark valley, bearing with him the inextinguishable hope of eternal life.

Still, even the believer must call Death an enemy. It deprives him of loved and valued friends. It heaps upon him many trials, anxieties, and pains. It is to triumph over the mortal part of his being, and lay his earthly tabernacle amid the dishonours of the grave. Thus, in many ways, is he made to know its bitter hostility. So that the text

proclaims an important truth, the force of which none can deny; and, in whose universality all must concur, who duly ponder its weighty statement, when it pronounces Death to be an *enemy*.

The text, which describes Death as an enemy, also declares it to be the *last* enemy.

With the utmost unconcern, mankind may have contemplated that enemy from a distance; or, they may have been utterly insensible to its approach. But at length it comes, and with unerring hand delivers its assault—beneath which the defenceless victim falls in his helplessness.

During a long life, a man may have had to encounter many foes—trials and troubles, difficulties and disasters in varied forms—some of them, through prudence, avoided: others succeeding in laying, for a time, some heavy burden on his heart; but leaving him, afterwards, to recover from their visitation. But here, at last, is a foe that is destined to have its triumph. Irresistible in its might, it lays firm hold of its victim; that, from all the activities of the world, and all the vanities of life, it may hurry him away to the dark prison-house of the grave.

Consider the relation of an impenitent sinner to this, the last enemy! The even tenor of his worldly and sinful life may but

seldom have been disturbed by thoughts of anything beyond it. Or, if conscience were exercised with fears about a coming judgment, yet how soon did he succeed in silencing all its remonstrances. The Bible warned him that the world, as he was regarding it, was really his enemy. But, he looked to it as his only friend; viewed its friendship as the only good; and sought, in its vanities, the only source of his happiness. And though the threatenings of God's law were in direct opposition to his wicked and worldly life, yet he contrived to turn off from him the point of their reproofs. But now an enemy at last has come to hold him firmly in its iron grasp. The fetters of death are clasped on his hands. The awful question of his hopes and fears can no longer be evaded; nor can the great realities before him be now ignored. Finding escape no longer possible, his terrified exclamation may well be—"Hast thou found me at last, O mine enemy!"

It is the mission of death to all impenitent sinners, to bring them face to face with the mighty facts they may heretofore have disregarded, and with the terrors they had hitherto despised. As he is being driven away in his wickedness, what can the trembling, desponding sinner do, seeing he had refused to be warned in the day of his merciful visi-

tation, and had turned away from offered mercy—what is there for him, now that he can cling to life's vanities no longer, nor hide himself from the face of God, as he thought he could continue to do? Surely there is a terrible earnestness in the despairing cry which has come from the quivering lips of many a dying sinner—"Lost! lost! my soul, my all!" In the grasp of the last enemy, even that world, in which he sought his portion, is nothing to him now, when he has to leave all his worldly possessions behind—and "all these things shall be dissolved."

If then there be amongst us any who are living with no reference to the great hereafter of their being, acting as if this passing world were their home, and seeking in earthly things the only portion for their souls; then, for such, the text lifts its warning—telling you that you may have temporal good things in large measure; but that, as a provision for eternity, they are unsatisfying and transitory: for an enemy awaits you to despoil you of all your worldly possessions, and, if God's mercy avert not, to lay you hopelessly in the prison-house of perdition and despair—"These shall go away into everlasting punishment."

Be persuaded, then, to give heed to the things that "belong to your everlasting peace,"

and lead lives of faith on the Son of God. Let your life here be a true preparation for the life hereafter. And thus, when death overtakes you, it will be as a disarmed foe—unable to “separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

The text, which pronounces death to be the last enemy, speaks also to humble Christians. For the true, the consistent, the faithful followers of the Lord Jesus it predicts the happy issue of their trials. It assures them that though here and now they are beset with difficulties, or overwhelmed with troubles, or pierced with many sorrows, as they fight the “good fight,” “resisting the devil,” and maintaining unflinching opposition to all their spiritual foes, yet that assuredly their deliverance draweth nigh! Earnests and foretastes of it they have already had in the grace that upheld them in their spiritual warfare as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, but now that warfare approaches its close. There is one enemy still awaiting them. Stern may be its aspect, repulsive its mien, and painful the wounds it can inflict. But this enemy is the *last* they shall have to encounter. Fall, they doubtless must, under its attack; but then comes the hour of their triumph! Through the portals of the tomb their path

lies to the land of rest and peace, where there is "no more death"—nothing to hurt or destroy. Their arduous service in the Church militant gives place to the holy rest in the Church triumphant. "Planted together with Christ in the likeness of his death, they shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." And, adopting the words of the Psalmist, they can lift their triumphant song as the night of death settles down upon them—"Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil for Thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Have there not been multitudes of tried and suffering Christians who could thus "sing of mercy and of judgment," as they passed through great tribulation and were conquerors still—yea, "more than conquerors, through Him that loved them!" Even martyrs, whose lot it has been to lift their testimony for Christ amid the perils and pangs of persecution, have, among other blessed words of consolation and good hope, had this great truth in the text to comfort them; and even though their trials culminated in tortures at the stake, yet, these over, all their troubles were forever at an end! The last enemy having expended its last effort against them, no enemy remains

to vex them more! This is Faith's triumph over death—this the immortal prize which Christ promised to bestow on his people—this the blessed destiny awaiting them, that, the sting of death being removed, the grave is deprived of its victory, because death is the last enemy, and even "death itself shall die;" for as the text, rising to the climax of its great announcement, further declares—"Death, the last enemy, *shall be destroyed.*"

What a glorious consummation—death *destroyed!* In one sense that victory over death is even now virtually accomplished. Death was conquered by Christ the Lord, when He cast off the fetters of the grave, and rose triumphant from the dark prison-house where for three days his body was entombed. The iron sceptre of the king of terrors lay broken beside the place where the Lord lay; and when the divine Saviour left behind him an empty tomb, he carried with him the keys of death and of hell. It was a victory, not for himself alone, but for his followers—for whom he deprived death of its sting and the grave of its victory: for he giveth them eternal life, "and none is able to pluck them out of his hand."

The reversal of death is *life*—life restored, and in this case rendered *immortal!* Centuries may have elapsed since there passed

under the power of the great destroyer the mortal remains of departed believers who died in the Lord, or the fresh sod may have been laid but yesterday on their new-made graves; but whether it were in the remote distance of by-gone ages, or from the passing generation, that death has taken them away; still, unto Him who is now hailed as death's Conqueror, "their very dust is dear," "and He will raise it up at the last day."

What an imposing spectacle shall be presented in that great day of the Lord, when every occupant of every grave-yard—all the myriads of the departed—shall start into life again at the sound of the Archangel's trumpet, which shall arouse them from their long repose—when Earth and Sea shall give up their dead; and the scattered dust of all past generations shall be gathered into a living multitude—soul and body being restored to their former union, never more to be separated; that thus the complex nature of man may again be perfected and prepared for that future existence which is to be the everlasting portion of the human race.

What that future and final life shall be, in each individual case, depends on the preparation that has been made for it—whether, on the one hand, there has been the living

here and the dying in impenitence, being driven away in their wickedness; or whether, on the other hand, it has been the life of faith in Christ who is mighty to save. In the one case the end being misery unceasing; in the other, everlasting joy upon their heads—endless blessings at the right hand of God! This latter is the only *true* life—the life of faith in Christ—the life with Christ in glory—the life that has its consummation at last in a complete resemblance to Christ, “who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto His own glorious body, according to that working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself.”

Such is the prospect which the text unfolds—the glorious destiny to which it directs the faith and hope of Christians true to their union with Him who conquered death for his followers. Even here and now there are the rudiments of this great hereafter of our being. And the true believer, who places his trust in his heavenly Father, and leads a life of faith in his Son Jesus Christ, has within him the root of the matter. His hope, like an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, is fixed already within the veil. Even here he enjoys the earnest of that glorious life on high, as “he dies unto sin and lives unto righteousness.” For to be in union with

Christ is to lay hold on the blessed hope of everlasting life. To be a member of Christ's mystical body, is to have also the life of Jesus as the very essence of his own; for, as Christ declares: "As I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me."

A living member, thus, of Christ, his great living Head!—precious are the promises to sustain him—rich and free the grace to guide him in his earthly pilgrimage. For him there is "peace in believing," and "joy in the Holy Ghost." The darkest hours of life's journey are cheered by the bright beams of Divine love entering his soul with manifold consolations. And, leaning on the rod and staff of the Good Shepherd, as he descends, with humble confidence, into the dark valley of the shadow of death—even then his heart exults in those blessed words inscribed on the very portals of the tomb where the righteous rest in peace, as he is about to join their noble company, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Truths like these are well fitted to warn unbelieving and careless sinners, as to the

greatness of their loss, and the extent of their folly, in failing to lay up their treasure in Heaven ; while, on the other hand, such hopes animate the Christian pilgrim who journeys to the promised land. Even beneath the deep shadows of the grave they furnish a fit solace to sorrowing hearts amid earthly separations, when death asserts its ancient prerogative, and completes its present, though temporary, triumph, over dear friends departed in the Lord. "They have received the end of their faith, even the salvation of their souls." And, "them who sleep in Jesus, God our Saviour will bring with him."

In the line of remark thus followed in the exposition and enforcement of the text, I have been endeavouring to illustrate, with my words, the great truths it proclaims ; but others, in their own experience of these truths, have been practically illustrating them far better in their actual reality ! I have been describing death as an *enemy*, which my text represents him to be ; others have been encountering that enemy on his chosen field of conflict ! I have been unfolding to you the fact, that death is the *last* enemy the people of God have to meet ; others have already met him—passing in humble faith and tri-

umphant hope through the dark valley, to find it doubtless to be the case, as the text tells us that it is—no enemy beyond—no trials nor conflicts now ; but the sepulchre a place of peaceful rest—death, gain ! I have been endeavouring to interest you in the glorious truth that this last enemy is himself to be overcome—that the destroyer shall be *destroyed* ; others have gone from us in the true faith of Jesus, the Conqueror of death, and in the assured hope of being sharers in the fruits of that victory : for the children of faith shall become “the children of the resurrection !”

These are the great realities to which the text points, and to which the faith and hope of all true Christians are directed. Let us stand fast in the Apostle’s doctrine, and be faithful unto Christ, whether through good or through evil report. Thus shall we know Him in the power of His resurrection ; and, as joint-heirs with Christ, be inheritors of a blessed immortality.

In connection with the subject of this discourse, it cannot be considered out of place should I claim your attention for a few minutes longer, while, with a saddened heart, I give utterance to some thoughts and feelings which, while expressive of my own sympa-

thies, will doubtless find an echo in your breasts, with reference to the loss sustained by us as a congregation, and by others beyond our number, through the demise of the late Chief Justice McLEAN. In pronouncing his venerated name, in the circumstances in which I am this day called to utter it, I can not forget that I speak in the presence of many to whom that name was as an household word ; for our departed friend was well and widely known throughout the Province, and, wherever known, he was highly esteemed as a man of worth—the possessor of many excellent qualities of head and of heart. Although the leading events of his life may still be fresh in the recollection of the generation which is now passing away, yet it may be permitted me to narrate, from this place where I stand, a few facts connected with his long and upright career, that we may learn some lessons for the regulation of our own conduct in those respects in which “ he, being dead, yet speaketh ”—in the principles he held, and the worthy example he presented.

A native of this Country, where he first saw the light of day, about three quarters of a century ago ; and allied, by descent, to the chiefs of one of the old Highland Clans, and to other leading Families in the western Highlands of Scotland—his Scottish extrac-

tion, with its hereditary associations, doubtless, had an influence in giving breadth and depth, and peculiar character, to the loyal and patriotic principles which were an animating principle of his life. Having received his education under the present Bishop of Toronto, in the Grammar School at Cornwall, over which that venerable Prelate then presided;—and where he had as class-fellows some who afterwards, like himself, occupied leading positions, at the Bar, on the Bench, and in other professions and offices of prominence and of public trust; he was, thus, early associated with several of those who subsequently became the most distinguished men of the country, in laying, in their youth, the foundation of their common preparation for the coming battle of life.

Scarcely had he completed his education, and entered on the special studies for the Legal profession, when an emergency arose, in the history of this Country, which hindered, for a time, the accomplishment of his object. With others of kindred spirit, he responded with alacrity to the call, made, full fifty years ago, on the loyalty of the people of this Province; and, with gallant comrades-in-arms, came forward to the defence of the Colony, against the inroads of

an assailing foe. History has recorded what good service was done, and how successful were their efforts, in the long struggle that ensued. The deceased was present, as a commissioned Officer, in several of the leading operations against the enemy—in one of which engagements, he saved the colours of his Regiment—in another, he was severely wounded—whilst, through others still, he passed unscathed. He was by the side of Brock, when that gallant general fell, at Queenston; and, in the heat of the conflict, he went to the assistance of an officer of distinction, who had fallen mortally wounded—when he was himself partially disabled with a wound. Finally, on the bloody field of Lundy's-lane, he was taken prisoner by the enemy, and spent some time, thereafter, in captivity. Regaining his liberty at the close of the war, he resumed, and at length completed, his preparations for entering on the profession he had chosen; and, in due time, commenced the practice of the law in his native district—Glengary. At one period of his professional career, he was retained by the North-west Company, during what were called the Selkirk troubles; and, in that capacity, he visited the Red River settlement—making the voyage by canoe—

then a more formidable undertaking, perhaps, than it is *now*.

He was honoured with the confidence of the people of his native County, and sat in Parliament for that, and the neighbouring constituency of the Town of Cornwall, for the period of seventeen years—during which, he was twice elected Speaker of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, the duties of which high office, he discharged faithfully, and with all the dignity and courtesy that were natural to him. Perhaps, it may not be amiss here to add, that when the proposal to construct the Welland Canal was before Parliament—a measure thought, by many leading men of that day, to be of very doubtful expediency ; or, at least, premature—the question was decided in its favour by his casting vote, as Speaker : Thus, he helped to hasten the development of the material resources of this young country.

After an honourable career at the Bar, he was elevated to the Bench, in the year 1837 ; and, thereafter, took up his permanent residence in this city. A few years ago, there was added to his other honours, that of promotion to the high office of Chief Justice of Upper Canada. And, finally, he was advanced to the Presidency of the Court of Error and Appeal

—the highest legal position in this Province —which last-mentioned office he held at the time of his death: The same integrity and high-principle characterizing every succeeding step in his Public career—which commanded the respect and esteem of the entire community.

In giving this sketch of a life, over whose close we this day mourn, I have thus been led into details, which, some may consider too minute for mention from this place. But, it may not be without its use, if it lead any aspirant for advancement, in the honourable profession of which *he* was a member, to cultivate the virtues which adorned the deceased; and to copy that unswerving probity, which fitted him for the dignified and upright discharge of the duties, belonging to each successive elevation he attained—and made him honoured by all, during the many years he has gone in and out among us.

Of his qualifications as a Judge of the Supreme Court of the land, it would be presumptuous, in me, to attempt to speak. It was in that character he has been longest, and most widely, known to the general community. And, none could fail to see that he combined eminent professional acquirements with integrity of the highest order, and had

—what is as valuable as either—a large share of sound, practical, common sense! It is not necessary to claim for him any unusual profundity in the science or literature of a profession, in which some of the loftiest intellects have built for themselves enduring fame. But to his credit be it said, that the proportion was but small, of his *judgments*, that were reversed on appeal; and none, I am persuaded, ever brought to the discharge of the juridical office, greater integrity and honesty of purpose, or more resolute determination to judge righteous judgment! Happily, in these days “the integrity of the Bench” is a phrase of no unwonted use, nor of rare application. But if one were in search of a model of the *righteous judge*, one might safely turn to the career of that upright man, who, in being taken from us, leaves behind him so honourable a name for unswerving personal and official integrity.

Should we essay to speak of him, in his private capacity, as a citizen—his personal deportment, as a man—his social relations, as a friend; we might sum up the whole by styling him, what he pre-eminently was in each—the true Christian gentleman! His abundant charities, so unostentatiously dispensed: his ready helping hand, where he

could properly aid, and had the power to befriend, those who needed advice and assistance in their straits:—There is a hidden record of many, such, generous deeds engraven on the hearts of not a few whom he thus served. What he was beneath the domestic roof!—we would not rudely lift the veil, from the fresh sorrows of a bereaved home, too closely to contemplate. There are hearts, there, saddened by the separation from one who was so dear to them. Respect their sorrows—and let your sympathies surround them, now, that their heart-wounds are fresh, under the stroke that has deprived them, as an household, of their earthly head.

As a Christian, he was sincere, though not demonstrative—feeling, and acting consistently under the practical influence of Religion, rather than being forward or loud in his professions respecting it. Exemplary he was, in the regularity with which he waited on the public Ordinances of Religion—furnishing, in this respect, a pattern to all; and, by his uninterrupted attendance in the House of God, lifting a silent but significant reproof to those who “forsake the assembling of themselves together” on God’s own Holy Day; and even to those who, from any slight

cause or for insufficient reasons, absent themselves from the Sanctuary.

Need I remind you how strong and steadfast was his attachment to the Church of his Fathers!—from which he never swerved in his allegiance, even in her days of trial and reproach—and how earnestly he ever sought the peace and prosperity of our Scottish Zion! His services to her, at a critical period of her history in this Province, should not be passed without grateful recognition—although an entire generation has now departed, since, with a faithful band of her true-hearted Sons, he had to contend, in her behalf, for rights which had been withheld, and for the position and privileges which were at length secured as her lawful inheritance.

With an enlightened liberality of sentiment towards other Branches of the Church Catholic—whom he could bid God-speed, he yet clung with an ardent attachment to his own; and he was ever ready to lend a helping hand to her, in her plans and operations. A liberal contributor to all the public objects of our Church, he joined heartily in the efforts to extend her usefulness. In the Church-Courts, in which he frequently sat as a representative Elder, his counsel was valuable and his opinions of great weight. He brought

to the discussion of the questions coming up there, for decision, that calmness of judgment and clearness of apprehension, which his professional training had helped to develop—and which he uniformly employed with a single eye to the promotion of the Church's efficiency and prosperity. In recent years, his growing infirmities prevented him from taking the same active part in Ecclesiastical matters, which, in former times, was his wont. But, to the last, his interest had not abated, in whatever tended to promote the prosperity of the Church, with which he had been so long connected—and in whose welfare, from its first institution in this country, he took so lively concern. One circumstance may be mentioned as illustrative of this, and which, from its relation to this Church where we are now assembled, may be the more interesting to you. Long ago, when the deceased was merely a temporary resident of this city, as a member of the Legislature, he had often been concerned that, notwithstanding the number of adherents of the Church of Scotland in this place was considerable, there was no Church-edifice in connection with the Church of their Fathers to receive them. To see this state of things remedied was his ardent desire. It had often been a subject

of conversation between him and a fellow-member of Parliament, the late Hon. William Morris—to whom, also, the Church of Scotland in this Province was deeply indebted, for services rendered to her in the earlier days of her history. The two friends, as usual, had talked over the matter, one Sabbath morning, on their way to the Episcopal Church. In a prominent part of the Service for the day, these words of the Psalmist were quoted by the Preacher,—“ I will not give sleep to mine eyes or slumber to mine eyelids until I find a place for the Lord, an house for the Mighty God of Jacob.” The coincidence was striking—the quotation was appropriate—the sentiment prophetic ! It stimulated them to increased exertion in the good work. The proposal, which had already been taken up by leading resident adherents* of our Church, now took practical shape ; and the result, in due time, was the erection of this House of Prayer, in which we are now assembled.

But time forbids me to linger over the reminiscences of other days, with which the deceased was so honourably associated.

* Reference is here made, among others, to the late John Ewart and Thomas Carfrae, Esquires, whose names are worthy of special mention, in connection with the erection of St. Andrew's Church.

He has gone down to the grave, in the quiet evening of a good old age—closing, with a serene and peaceful death, a long life of usefulness and honour. But he leaves behind him a name, which deserves to be long remembered, for the many estimable qualities that so greatly distinguished him. Into the “dark valley” the descent, for him, was slow—the journey protracted, amid the gradually increasing infirmities of a drooping, enfeebled frame. But, throughout the whole of his long confinement to a sick-bed, he was a patient and uncomplaining sufferer. From the nature of his ailment, his powers of speech were greatly impaired, for many months preceding his decease; so that it was sometimes with difficulty he could make himself understood. Thus his intercourse, through conversation, with friends around his bed, was greatly restricted, and occasionally impossible. It also happened, at one period of his illness—perhaps owing to a particular phase of his disease at the time—that his mind wandered, somewhat. But it was interesting to observe, how, almost on the instant, it seemed to regain its balance, and approach to its wonted vigour, when brought into contact with Divine truth—and, even then, the Words of the Lord Jesus found an intelligent, re-

sponsive echo, in his heart. As when the anchor, let down from a drifting vessel, fastens itself in the bottom of the stormy sea, and brings the vessel *to*, and keeps it from being cast ashore: so the old familiar truths of Scripture, which had a sure lodgment in his heart, seemed to stay the incipient wandering, and make him *himself* again. Was it not because the anchor of his hopes was "within the veil?" If, a short time before the advent of the partial, or complete, unconsciousness which preceded dissolution, he faintly spoke of being tired—worn out, doubtless, and weary from his long confinement; it did not seem, or sound, like the complaint of a murmuring spirit, but rather the confession of one patiently waiting his change; and who still, in humble submission to the divine will, felt he was on the way to that place "where the the weary are at rest"—"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Every death-bed lifts a voice of warning and of admonition to the living. It proclaims the transitoriness of the *Earthly*, and confirms the pre-eminence and permanance of the *Heavenly*! Are you resting in mere worldly things, as if, of these, you could lay up a portion for the hour of death, and for the

necessities of an approaching eternity? It is a delusion to which, in that case, you are trusting—which God's Word exposes—and which death will utterly destroy. A voice from the tomb ever and anon re-echoes, among the living crowds of mankind, salutary lessons concerning Earth's vanities, and Heaven's realities and glory!

Be persuaded, then, to lay up *your* treasure in Heaven, and to have your hearts there also, as the true preparation for the hour of death—make sure of your interest in Christ,—and be firm in the faith of that Gospel in which, alone, you can stand. Thus shall you have comfort in your sorrows, because they flow from a Father's hand—who will also give grace to make them work for your good. Thus shall you benefit by the dispensations of God's Providence towards you, however adverse these appear to be—if they lead you to be “not slothful but followers of those who are now inheriting the promises.” Thus too shall you, at last, be joined with dear friends departed in the Lord, in the kingdom of glory, where “there shall be no more sickness or sighing, pain, sorrow, or death, for the former things shall have passed away.”

From the "Upper Canada Law Journal."

"The manner of the late President of the Court of Appeal upon the Bench, was dignified and courteous. Unsuspicious and utterly devoid of anything mean or petty in his own character, his conduct to others was always that which he expected from them.

"The Profession generally—the young student as well as the old practitioner—will long remember with affection his courtesy and forbearance in Chambers and on the Bench. Others will think of him as an entertaining and agreeable companion and a true friend; while others still will call to mind the stately form of the old Judge, as he approached and entered St. Andrew's Church, where he was a constant and devout attendant, rain or sunshine, until his last illness, which terminated in death.

"Archibald McLean was a man of remarkably handsome and commanding presence; tall, straight, and well formed in person, with a pleasant, handsome face, and a kind and courteous manner, he looked and was, every inch, a man and a gentleman. He belonged to a race, most of whom have now passed away—the "giants" of Canada's early history. He was one of those honest, brave, enduring, steadfast men sent by Providence to lay the foundation of a Country's greatness.

"On the second day after his decease a meeting of the Benchers of the Law Society of Upper Canada took place in the Convocation Room at Osgoode Hall, for the purpose of taking such steps as were fitting under the circumstances. The Hon. John Ross was appointed chairman, when the following resolution was passed on the motion of Mr. John Crawford, seconded by Mr. Vankoughnet:

"That this meeting has heard with unfeigned regret of the death of the Honorable Archibald McLean, late President of the Court of Appeal, and as a mark of the high estimation in which he was held by the Members of this Society—be it resolved therefore, that a deputation do wait upon the Family of the late President and request that the Funeral do take place from Osgoode Hall and be conducted by this Society, and that the Hon. John Ross, and the mover and seconder compose such deputation."

"A committee was also appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the feelings of respect and affection of the Profession to the late President, and the mode of testifying the same.

"On Saturday before the funeral a meeting of the society was held to take into consideration the resolutions which had been accordingly prepared by the committee. The Hon. John Ross being again called to the chair, the following resolutions were passed:

Moved by Mr. Kenneth McKenzie, Q.C., seconded by Mr. Duggan, Q.C., and resolved—

"That the Members of the Law Society now assembled, desire to record their feeling of profound regret at the death of the Honorable Archibald McLean, President of the Court of Error and Appeal, and their sincere sympathy with his Family in the great bereavement they have sustained. In paying this humble tribute to his virtues as a Judge, and his worth as a man, they are but giving feeble utterance to the sentiments of the whole Profession. His great public services, extending over nearly half a century of our Country's history, and embracing offices of the highest trust, will cause his loss to be widely mourned, but by no part of the community as much as by the Members of the Bar, with whom he was so long and so intimately associated. By the upright and conscientious discharge of his judicial duties, he gained the confidence and secured the esteem of his fellow-citizens; by a happy union of courtesy with dignity, he inspired affection, as well as respect, in those who practised before him, and thus helped to foster the spirit of mutual regard and cordial co-operation between the Bench and the Bar, which distinguishes the administration of Justice in Upper Canada."

Moved by Mr. Gamble, seconded by Mr. Brough, Q. C., and resolved—

"2. That the members of the Law Society shall wear crape on their left arm for a month, as a testimonial of respect and affection for his memory."

Moved by Mr. Crawford, seconded by Mr. Alexander Cameron, and resolved—

"That the treasurer be requested to transmit a copy of the first resolution to Mrs. McLean."

Moved by Mr. Roaf, Q.C., seconded by Mr. Crooks, Q.C., and resolved—

"That the Treasurer do lay these resolutions before the Convocation, and on behalf of this meeting request their insertion in the minutes of the proceedings of the Society."

"The corpse, attended by personal friends, was taken from his residence on Peter Street to Osgoode Hall, where the funeral was arranged under the direction of the Law Society. Shortly after two o'clock the burial service of the Presbyterian Church was performed by the Rev. Dr. Barclay, when the coffin was placed in the hearse and the procession moved off. The pall-bearers were: The Chancellor of Upper Canada, Ex-Chancellor Blake, Mr. Justice Morrison, Mr. Justice Adam Wilson, and Mr. Vice-Chancellor Mowat. The procession was composed of the Bishop of Toronto, such of the Judges of the Superior Court as their duties on Circuit permitted to attend,

the Hon. S. B. Harrison, and others holding public positions, the Mayor and Corporation, the members of St. Andrew's Society, of which the deceased had been President for several years, and the Members of the Bar, in their robes, besides a large number of Citizens generally. The funeral was a very large one, and would have been much larger but for the inclemency of the weather, and from the fact that a number of the Profession were out of town on Circuit, and many from the country were, for the same reason, prevented from attending.

“The funeral cortege proceeded to the Necropolis, where, amidst the sorrow of all who knew him, were deposited the mortal remains of the Honorable Archibald McLean—the brave soldier—the upright judge—and the Christian gentleman.”

