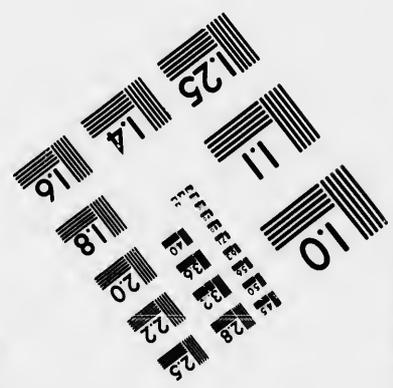
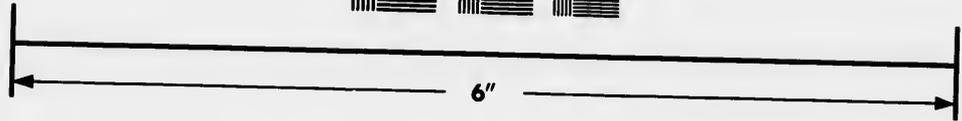
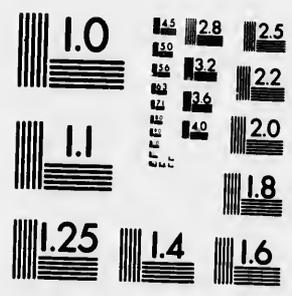


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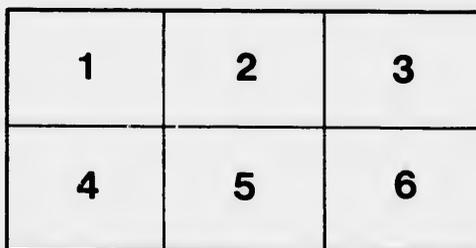
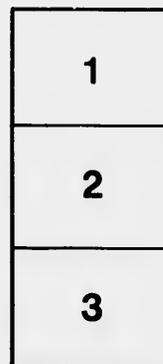
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**THE LIFE OF THE DEPARTED:**

**A SERMON**

**OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH**

OF THE

**REV. JOSEPH CRANDAL,**

OF SALSBURY.

**PREACHED IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL,**

GERMAIN STREET, CITY OF ST. JOHN,

**BY THE REV. I. E. BILL,**

MARCH 7, 1858.

Know ye not, that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?

2 SA<sup>M</sup>. III. 38.

*Published by Request.*

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PRINTED BY BARNES AND COMPANY,

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## THE LIFE OF THE DEPARTED.

*Your Fathers, where are they? Your Prophets, do they live forever?*

ZACHARIAH 4. 5.

THE time was when Jehovah commanded his prophet Isaiah to make a public announcement. What was the import of the message with which the prophet was charged? Was it that a new world had been created? or that some new law was about to be introduced by the Supreme Divinity, which should give direction to the destiny of empire? Nay. He had a declaration to make, which was suited to the case and experience of every son and daughter of Adam; and the truth of which would be confirmed in the history of universal man. "The voice said, Cry; and he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass." What a solemn proclamation! What an impressive spectacle! Entire humanity withering, drooping, dying, under the righteous indignation of a sin-avenging God! "Dust to dust," is indelibly inscribed upon our physical nature, as God's unchanging law. To this law, the wisest, holiest, and best of men must bow in humble submission, as well as the most polluted and degraded of the race. From its sovereign authority there is no exemption. The bright and glorious stars that shone with so much lustre in the religious firmament of other days, have long since been extinguished in the darkness of the sepulchre. Righteous Noah lived to witness the burial and resurrection of a world; but at length was compelled to submit to the reign of death. The fathers and prophets of Old Testament renown, who in their day proclaimed God's law, unfolded the mysteries of his will, and stood boldly forth in vindication of his truth, all fell in this mighty conflict. So in all succeeding ages, those who have served their sovereign Lord in all fidelity, and devoted their best energies to the highest interests of mankind, have passed like others to the land of shadows. Such is the decree of heaven. The mysterious cords which connect matter and mind must be severed. "It is appointed unto man once to die." And

die he must—the good as well as the bad must feel their “heart-strings break.”

“The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
Must lie as low as ours.”

Your Fathers, where are they? your prophets, do they live for ever? Inspiration propounds these questions. What shall we say? Where are the fathers? Their bodies are in their graves. Do the prophets live? All that was mortal of them is dead. But they are nevertheless alive. Their souls are alive—their characters are alive; these can never die.

The thought which my text suggests, and to which I invite your prayerful consideration, is, *THE LIFE OF THE DEPARTED, OR THE LIVING DEAD.*

The popular idea is, that when man dies, his work on earth terminates. This, in one sense, is true; but, in another, it is not true. You may cover up a man's body in the grave; but you cannot confine his influence to these narrow limits. Man's character is immortal. Our words and our actions reverberate through all succeeding ages; and their echoes are repeated amid the solemn scenes of eternity. Man, as he passes through the world, inscribes his name in imperishable lines upon its tablets; and these will be read and re-read by those who come after him; and every reading will make its impression, and exert its influence, for weal or for woe—for life or for death—for heaven or for hell. This is true of the wicked as well as the just. Cain speaks as well as Abel. We hear them both, and are influenced by the testimony which they give. The utterance of one is a word of awful warning; but the language of the other is full of consolation and hope. It is true of every man that has slept in death from the days of Adam, that “he being dead yet speaketh,” no matter where he lived, or when he died. He may have dwelt amid the splendours of a gorgeous palace, or have occupied a hut in the wilderness; he may have swayed the destinies of empire, or have been ruled with a rod of iron; he may have luxuriated in boundless wealth, or have felt the crushing power of pinching poverty. Still, when he departed this life, he transmitted an influence to his successors, which can never be extinguished.

There is no such thing as a perfect blank in human life. We cannot be neutral if we would. The author of our being has so linked us in association with those around us, that we must necessarily live and act in them and through them, when our bodies shall have returned to dust. Such is the law of our being, and from this law there is no appeal.

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How awfully impressive, therefore, are the responsibilities of life—the life of a Christian—the life of a sinner. It is a solemn thing to die; but is it not equally solemn to live? Death is solemn, because it is the gateway to eternity. Life is solemn, because it is a preparation for eternity, and because it is all the time uttering words, and performing acts which are invested with the attributes of immortality.

We all know the anxiety of men to be remembered after death. Warriors, statesmen, poets, philosophers, and divines, are all the subjects of this aspiration. It seems to be an inherent element in human nature, and is cherished to a greater or less extent by all. And man will be remembered. No epitaph may mark the spot where his body lies; but he has been rearing monuments around him all through life, more enduring than marble; and though he die, and turn to dust, these monuments will live, and they will speak, too, with a power that shall mould and fashion human character, and give direction to human destiny.

It were easy to illustrate this fact, by calling up those of past generations. Abel lives in the sacrifice which he presented when he offered the firstlings of his flock, as typical of the sacrifice of the Cross. Enoch lives in the purity of a spotless life; Noah, in his marvellous preservation amid the wide waste of waters by virtue of his obedience to God. Abraham lives, in the power of a matchless faith; Joseph, in the unsullied purity which resisted temptation. Moses, in his renunciation of the honours and treasures of an Egyptian court, for the sake of a connection with the despised and persecuted people of God. Elijah, in the omnipotence of prevailing prayer. Job, in a patient submission to the will of his God, when stripped of all earthly comforts. David, in those choice utterances of his own experience, which have been the comfort of the Church in all ages. Isaiah, in the glowing strains of his evangelical prophecy. Jeremiah, in his weeping lamentations over a rebellious people. Daniel, in the undaunted courage of a religious integrity. And Habakkuk, in his importunity for the revival of God's work.

The holy Apostles still live in their apostolic acts, in their mighty triumphs over the powers of darkness, and in their inspired utterances to the Church and to the world. The dead martyrs encompass the pathway of the living Church, by the light and glory of their self-sacrificing example in life, and by their fidelity to the truth amid the shame and torture of an ignominious death.

Martin Luther sleeps in the dust of Wittenburg, but he nevertheless lives in the spirit of the glorious Reformation kindled by his

instrumentality. The voices of Calvin and Melancthon are still ringing long and loud through all the congregations of the redeemed. Shakespeare, Milton, Young, and Kirk White, still live in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." The eloquent and successful preachers of other days yet live in the subduing influence of the sermons which aroused multitudes from the slumber of sin, to call upon the name of the Lord.

An elegant writer has said, "The earth is a vast whispering gallery, and the centuries are but telegraphic wires, which convey the thoughts of one age to another. The nineteenth century sits at one end of the electric telegraph, and the first century at the other; and the former hears transmitted to it lessons from the latter, that mould and shape it for heaven—for happiness or woe."

Nothing that ever man says or does is annihilated. Its duration is coeval with the immortality of the soul. Professor Babbage, an able writer, says, "The air is one vast library, on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said, or woman ever whispered." It is an understood principle in philosophy, that the pebble thrown into the sea, will produce its undulations as long as the sea endures; and that the blow struck, will transmit its vibrations through all succeeding ages. So with the words and deeds of men. The influence they exert will live on, making their impress on the minds and characters of humanity, while time lasts, or eternity endures. The brave Havelock fought his last battle, and went to his grave, with many laurels upon his sainted brow; but his heroic acts in the war camp, and on the battle-field, and above all, his deeds of self-sacrificing piety and religious devotion, speak as with trumpet-tongues to the living, and will continue to do so, until the funeral fires of the last day shall kindle upon these lower grounds, and the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up. How truthfully has the Apostle said, "No man liveth to himself, or dieth to himself." In life and in death we are bound up with others, and through them transmit ourselves from age to age. Coronets, station, rank, riches, honours, are all temporary and fleeting; but character bears the impress of immortality.

How many ways there are of living after death; some of course that are much more impressive than others. Your magnificent paintings, so true to life; the monuments in your grave yards, and in your public places; and the institutions founded by the spirit of benevolence, are all invested with the mysterious power of life, and exert their influence for good or for evil. But the most effective mode is probably through the wondrous power of the press. Thou-

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sands of years have passed since the five books of Moses were written; but they still exist, to tell the wondrous story of creation's birth, the burial and resurrection of the planet upon which we dwell, and to unfold the history of God's dealings with a people that he had chosen for his own inheritance. The laws promulgated from Sinai's burning mount, live in many of their essential features upon the statute books of all Christian nations. By the mighty power of the press, the thoughts that glowed in the minds of prophets, stirred the souls of the Apostles, and came fresh and pure from a Saviour's lips, are taken up, borne on from age to age, and scattered like drops of morning dew amongst the nations of mankind. Bunyan wrote his enchanting dream in the solitude of Bedford prison; but the press seized hold of it, and has gone on repeating the dreamer's story in all the languages of christendom, and multiplying its copies beyond the power of human calculation. Through this medium the influence of Bunyan will go on accumulating and gathering strength, so long as there is a Christian to be comforted, or a sinner to be saved.

Through this same channel, Baxter, Alliene, Doddridge, Scott, Hall, Fuller, Foster, Wesley, and a host of others that we might name, live in the libraries of Christians of the present age, and are heard with telling power in all the evangelical pulpits of christendom. The man whose thought are thus transmitted through the press, possesses an influence over human minds and passions, which no figures can compute or imagination conceive. For example, Spurgeon preaches one of his best sermons; it is heard by two or ten thousand people, as the case may be, and they are deeply moved by it. It is then taken up by the press, published by tens of thousands of copies, and read by multitudes in every section of the globe. In the first instance, he speaks simply to a London congregation; but in the second case, his audience is the world.

The first Mrs. Judson sleeps beneath the hopia tree, and Judson himself found a watery tomb; but through the press, their sufferings, labours, achievements, as given in their own touching, eloquent strains, are giving direction to millions of hearts, and rousing the missionary impulses of the Church universal. The same may be said of Buchanan, Swartz, Brainard, Carey, Marshman, Ward, Williams, Cook, Knibb, and many more, whose names and memories are embalmed in the hearts of untold millions.

But let me remind you, my hearers, that life after death as well as before, is invested with the marvellous power of speech. It is said of righteous Abel, he "being dead, yet speaketh." Is not this

true of those with whom we once held sweet communion and delightful association on the earth? Do we not hear their voices echoing from the other side of the flood, and saying, "Fear not—be not dismayed; the struggle will soon be over, and the victory will soon be won. Gird on thy armour, be faithful unto death; a crown is in reserve for thee."

Some of those living dead who address us, were once our own flesh and blood. It may be a beloved mother, who died in the triumphs of the gospel, that speaks to us from the celestial hills. Hark! what does she say? "Son, daughter, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves. The moment I closed my eyes in death, I opened them to gaze upon the transcendent beauties of these celestial regions. All that I ever conceived of the bliss, the joy, the glory of heaven, is as a dreamy shadow compared with what I now see, hear, and feel. What disclosures of the Infinite are here made! what songs of victory and praise break upon my ear! what rapturous joy swells my bosom! I left my church in conflict below, to join my church in triumph here. I am separated from some I love on earth; but I am joined with those I love in heaven. Prepare, dear children, to meet your glorified mother in glory."

Of all the beings that speak to living man, it appears to me none speaks so impressively, so tenderly, so lovingly, as a departed, Christian mother. For myself, I seem to hear ringing in my ears, the lullabys of my mother, that she sung in the days of my childhood. I seem to listen to that voice, as it went up in prayer from a mother's loving heart, that her sinful boy might be regenerated, sanctified, saved. The counsels and admonitions of my mother's tongue, long since silent in death, come echoing over the hills and across the waters, and make their appeal direct to my heart, with all the pathos and tenderness of maternal love, bidding me *onward*, *onward* in the path of duty, in the way to heaven. The hand that smoothed my pillow in the hour of sickness, and administered the needful remedies to counteract disease and restore to health, appears to be still stretched out in love to perform the same motherly acts. I speak from experience, then, when I say, that a pious mother, though dead, speaks in accents sweeter and more impressive than those which angels use.

Cannot you, my hearers, call to mind some departed one, in whom you feel a special interest—a father, mother, husband, wife, child, brother, sister, relative, friend? Listen. Is it a father that speaks from the heavenly hills? What does he say? "Son, daughter, I once wrestled with doubts, fears, temptations, trials, as you do

now ; but here I am, reaping the laurels of victory. Urge your way in the path to heaven, and I will stand at the gate of the celestial city, to bid you welcome." Is it a mother? how tenderly does she say, "My dear child, I once pressed thee to my bosom in all the ardor of a mother's love, and my prayers for your salvation, unworthily as I felt them to be, have been graciously answered; and I am just now waiting for the blissful moment to arrive, when I shall say to my Saviour, here am I and the child that thou hast given me." Is it a husband that speaks? What does he say? "My loved wife, we were united on the earth with strong ties—death came, and those ties were severed; but other cords bound us in perpetual union, these shall never be sundered. The separation is momentary; we shall soon meet where parting is unknown." Is it a wife that speaks? What does she say? "Husband, in girlhood and in riper years, I loved you with all the enthusiasm of my first love. That love was ultimately tempered and sanctified by the religion of the Cross, and then how earnestly I prayed to God for you when you knew it not. You loved the society of the gay and of the worldly; and when watching for your coming in the midnight hour, strong cries and tears were sent to heaven in your behalf. Early I went to my grave, drooping as a frost-nipped flower, and I told you not the reason why; but in solitude you pondered, and that prayer that had been lying before the altar, and that had been baptized in scalding, burning tears, gushing from a woman's loving, confiding, but aching heart, was at length answered; and as I looked down from my seat of glory, I saw you a penitent at the foot of the Cross; and now I bid you be of good cheer: you will soon join me in the triumphs of the skies." Is it a child that speaks? What does he or she say? "Father, mother, early you taught me the way to glory, not thinking I should reach this blessed place before you; but my master called—I had to obey; and while you were weeping in sadness, I was singing hallelujahs to God and to the Lamb; and while you committed my clay-cold body to the grave, and mingled my tears with the clods that covered it from your sight, my soul, released and glorified, was filled with the unutterable joys of this celestial state. Come, come, I long to greet you on these blissful shores." Is it a brother or a sister that speaks? What does he or she say? "My dear brother, my darling sister, once we were intimately associated under the same parental roof. We lay upon the same mother's fond bosom, and listened to the same father's prayer; we read the same Bible, attended the same school, engaged in the same plays, went to the same church, and the same blood coursed in our veins. I was

taken, and you were left; heaven is now my home—I partake of its delicious food, and drink from its pure fountains; I mingle in its glorified society, and join in its sublime anthems. Are you, oh! are you prepared to meet me here? If so, all is well; if not, hasten, hasten to make your peace with God.” Is it simply a friend that speaks, or one who was once our neighbor, or a member of the same community, or of the same church? Still the voice is powerful, urging us to a diligent improvement of all the means of grace, that we may be prepared for a better inheritance.

But, my hearers, be reminded, that not only voices from glory speak, but tongues scorched with the fires of hell speak. The profane swearer, the guilty Sabbath breaker, the boasting infidel, the painted hypocrite, the arch seducer, the reeling drunkard, the polluted sensualist, the avaricious man and the moralist, the worldlying and the almost Christian. All speak to us from their shroud of flame, and say to us in the language of the rich man in the parable, “Come not to this place.” Ten thousand times ten thousand voices are continually speaking in thunder tones to the wicked, warning them to escape the fury of eternal fires. Young man, I hear a voice coming up from that dark world. Who speaks? Your associate in sin. He was once with you in the theatre, at the card-table, in the ball-room, and where the sparkling glass went round, and boisterous mirth was heard. By his own folly he cut short his days, and where is he now? In hell he lifts up his eyes, and in wailing accents cries aloud to you not to add to his unutterable torments, by becoming his companion in suffering, as well as his associate in guilt.

O friends! the dead speak to us. They speak to us from the past; they speak to us from their graves; they speak to us from heaven; they speak to us from hell. Let us see to it, one and all, that we heed the solemn message.

But I selected this passage, “*Your fathers, where are they? Your prophets, do they live for ever?*” feeling that it is peculiarly appropriate to the painful event which we are called upon to improve. I refer to the death of our venerated FATHER CRANDAL. He has for some time constituted the only connecting link between the fathers of our denomination and their successors in the ministry. Thomas Handly Chipman, Edward and James Manning, Harris and Theodore Harding, Joseph Dimock, Thomas Ansley, and Joseph Crandal, for many years stood prominently before the people as the “Fathers” of the Associated Baptist Churches of these lower Provinces. A class of most excellent and useful men were united with these valiant soldiers of the Cross in their day; such as Est-

brooks, Hammond, Ennis, Peter Crandal, Reece, David Harris, Potter, Towner, Burton, M'Curley, and others of precious memory. All those first mentioned were converted to God about the same time, and embarked together, with the exception of Thomas Ansley, in the great work of winning souls to Christ. These men were all preserved to a good old age—all of them to three score years and ten, some of them to upwards of four score years, and one, Harris Harding, to the extraordinary age of ninety-six years; and what is remarkable, they all retained their pastoral connection with the churches over which they were called to preside in the days of their youth, until their Master called them to their reward. They lived to see the third and fourth generation called, sanctified, and saved, and to introduce them in person into the churches which they had planted in the morning of their ministry. No marvel, therefore, that they should be spoken of as the "fathers" of the denomination. Father Crandal was the last of the eight patriarchs to leave the conflict below. One after another took his departure, in the full assurance of a blissful immortality. Joseph Crandal, last but not least, has gone also. Your fathers, where are they? your prophets, do they live for ever? These fathers all sleep in death; Father Manning in the old grave-yard at Cunard; Father Harding at Wolfville; Father Dimock in Chester; Father Chipman at Nietaux; Father Harris Harding at Yarmouth; Father Ansley at St. Andrews; and Father Crandal at Salisbury; all side by side with the precious dust of those whose souls they had been instrumental in bringing home to Christ. Sleep on, ye heralds of salvation, until your Master bids you rise! The trumpet will ere long sound long and loud, and you and your beloved associates in death will hear that sound, and start from death's sleep, to meet your Lord in the air. "Sown in corruption, raised in incorruption; sown in dishonour, raised in glory; sown in weakness, raised in power; sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body." Yes, "death shall be swallowed up in victory."

"So Jesus slept. God's dying Son  
 Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed.  
 Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.  
 Break from his throne, illustrious moru;  
 Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;  
 Restore thy trust a glorious form,  
 Called to ascend and meet the Lord."

These remarkable men of whom we speak, though slumbering in death, as we have said, are nevertheless invested with all the elements of a breathing, living, speaking power. Their souls, regene-

rated, justified, sanctified, glorified, live in heaven, and celebrate together the anthems of redeeming love. And they live also in the influence of their ministry, example, labours, successes, conflicts, and triumphs, in the ministers they ordained, in the churches they planted, and in the souls they were instrumental in saving from eternal burnings. In this respect they will never, never die.

But it may be expected in this connection, that I should make special reference to the revered father that has so recently taken his departure to the spirit world.

Joseph Crandal was the son of Webber and Mary Crandal (originally Mary Vaughn) of Freetown, Rhode Island. His parents emigrated to Nova Scotia the year before the American revolution, and settled in Chester. He was then in his infancy. His mother died when he was thirteen years of age; and not many years after his father died also, leaving him a lonely orphan in a cold-hearted world. But God was merciful to him, and in his providence made all needful provision for his support. It would appear that his mother was a pious woman; for when she was about to depart this life, she summoned her son to her bedside, took him by the hand, and said, "Joseph, the Lord has a great work for you to do when I am dead and gone." Had she spoken by the spirit of prophecy, she could not have spoken more truthfully. These words, uttered with all the pathos of a dying mother's love, made an impression that never left him. His convictions of sin and of the need of salvation, were greatly strengthened by the ministrations of Handley Chipman, and Joseph Dimock, who visited Chester to proclaim the gospel message. Years, however, passed before he obtained peace in believing. These were long years of anxious concern about his soul. While thus troubled in spirit, business called him to Onslow, and on the Sabbath he attended a meeting conducted by Harris Harding and Joseph Dimock. In that meeting the power of God was signally manifest: and suddenly this young man had such a discovery of the glorious majesty of Jehovah as to fill him with the utmost dismay. His sins rose up before him steeped in crimson guilt, and he saw himself justly condemned to endless misery, and could behold no way of escape. Anguish and horror inexpressible filled his soul, and he expected soon to sink in eternal woe. But unexpectedly to himself, the way of salvation by the cross was opened to his view. He saw that it just suited his case as a lost condemned sinner, and he embraced it with his whole heart. It was a glorious moment in his history. So overpowered was he by what he saw

and felt, that he could not refrain from telling all around him of the preciousness and fullness of a Saviour's love.

In a series of letters addressed to the *Visitor* by Mr. Crandal in 1853, he thus speaks of this wondrous change—"My mind was completely absorbed in the solemn and marvellous scene. It appeared to me that the whole human race were exposed to endless ruin, and were altogether at the disposal of that holy being whose glory had so overwhelmed my soul. I saw mercy so connected with the justice of God, that they were both one; that what God had done in the person of Christ was alone sufficient to save all that would come to God for mercy through Jesus Christ; and I felt as though the whole creation ought to know what I felt and saw; for indeed it appeared of more importance to me than the whole world. I continued speaking for more than an hour. I could not hold my peace, for it was like the bursting forth of an overflowing fountain. A world of sinners came up before me, like a vast field, to which I could see no end. When the scene had passed from me, I looked around me, and the two ministers, Joseph Dimock and Harris Harding, were weeping, and many more wept for joy."

Such, my hearers, were some of the most important features in the early experience of Joseph Crandal, and is highly characteristic of the religion of the early Christians of these Provinces. The truth of God, as revealed in his Word, by a long process of conviction, followed by a distinct and in many cases marvellous conversion, became to them a matter of personal experience; and this prepared them to speak the truth in the love of it.

By this experience of the power and grace of the gospel, Father Crandal, though dead, still lives, for in his case we see the riches of Divine goodness wondrously displayed. Was he a lost sinner? So are we. Did he need a change of heart to fit him for God's work? So do we. Was he justly condemned on account of sins? So are we. Were the blood and righteousness of Christ his only hope? So in respect to us. We, my hearers, must experience the same grace, or we shall perish in our sins.

## 2. Notice his call to the ministry of the Gospel.

This, like his conversion, occasioned a painful struggle in his mind. Shortly after he had tasted the sweetness of the Saviour's love, he became impressed with the idea that he ought to devote his life to the Christian ministry; but how could he think of doing so—no education, no means of obtaining it; and how could he venture to embark in so great a work without it. Conscious insufficiency in himself held him back, while the holy impulses of the love of Christ

in his soul impelled him forward. While labouring under severe trials in reference to his call to the ministry, he became convinced, from reading the Scriptures, that he ought to be baptized, and accordingly he was buried with Christ in baptism by Elder Joseph Dimock. Shortly after this event, he was induced to accompany Harris Harding on a preaching mission to Liverpool, not intending, as we suppose, to preach himself. It so happened that he attended several meetings before the Sabbath. Here again we will quote his own language. He says—"On the Lord's day we met at the meeting house; Elder Payzant preached in the morning, and Harris Harding in the afternoon. At the close of Mr. Harding's sermon, he called upon me to pray. I had not expected to be called upon, and felt much cast down in my mind. It seemed as though a dark cloud of spiritual gloom surrounded the whole meeting; but as soon as I commenced praying the scene changed—the light of heaven shone into my soul. How long I was engaged in prayer I know not; but when I opened my eyes and looked round, I saw the two ministers weeping in the pulpit, and the whole congregation seemed overpowered with an awful sense of eternity. From this time the work of the Lord commenced. The two ministers said I had a special call to preach, and the next day insisted on my ascending the pulpit. But oh, how I trembled! my great fear was that I was not called of God to the great work of the ministry; but when I began to speak my fears all left me." This was his first attempt to preach a sermon, and the result satisfied ministers and people that he was a chosen vessel to bear to a perishing world the glad tidings of salvation. The call of this young man to so important a work, distinctly proclaims the sovereignty of God in the dispensations of his grace. As in the case of the primitive preachers of christianity, the learned, the wise, and the noble were passed by, and the unlearned fishermen of Galilee, and those of humble birth and attainments, were chosen to be instrumental in founding the infant Church, and extending the glory of the Redeemer's name. So in regard to the youthful Crandal and his coadjutors in the work of the Lord. Without the aids of scholastic attainments, and without riches or rank, they were chosen by God to do a mighty work—thus proving that "God," as the sovereign disposer of all, "hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen; yea and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence."

Let it not be supposed however that those heralds of the cross to whom we refer, were satisfied with their intellectual attainments, or despised learning. They applied themselves with much assiduity to the acquisition of sound knowledge, and sought by every means in their power to "approve themselves workmen that needeth not to be ashamed;" and as they advanced in the ministry, it became obvious to all that they were scribes well instructed in the things of the kingdom of God.

3. Notice *the success which attended his self-sacrificing labours.*

These labours were abundant. Having completed his visit in Liverpool he returned to Chester. Some of his old associates were surprised to hear that he had commenced preaching, but as the Minister of the Church was absent the deacons invited him to preach. He complied with the request, gainsayers were confounded, and the christian people bade him God speed. From Chester he travelled 30 miles through a dense wilderness to Windsor, and held meetings in Windsor, Newport, Falmouth, Horton and Cornwallis. In all these places he had seals to his ministry. In the summer following he visited Onslow and Amherst, and in these places God made him instrumental in the conversion of souls. He spent the following winter in Sackville, and in the district of the Petitediac, preaching the word with power. Saints rejoiced, and sinners were converted to God. In the spring he revisited Cornwallis, spent a few months labouring successfully with Elder Manning, and then returned to Salisbury. Here he became united in marriage to the eldest daughter of Mr. Young Sherman. As there was no Church to provide for his temporal support, and having married a wife, he naturally felt that it was his duty to provide for her. The result was that he procured a tract of land in the wilderness, and engaged in manual labour. This subjected him to severe mental conflicts. In speaking of his trials at that time in the letters referred to, he says, "I thought there was a probability I had deceived myself, and if so, I had deceived others. Under these overwhelming fears I came to the conclusion that I would preach no more. I went out to work on a new farm, and determined I would be like other people. I used to meet with the people on the Lord's day, and when urged to open the meeting I could not deny. I continued in this way about eighteen months; but one Sabbath morning as I entered the meeting in a place called Pollet River, about three miles from my house, the cloud of darkness that had so long rested in my mind disappeared, and the Lord so blessed my speaking that a number of people cried aloud for mercy, and the meeting conti-

nued a number of days. O it was wonderful to see groups of people at the hour of midnight returning home from the meeting with torch lights, making the wilderness echo with the praises of God. Surely these were happy days. This work spread in all the regions round. The doctrines preached were man's total depravity by the fall of Adam, salvation wholly and alone through the Lord Jesus Christ, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and sanctification progressive, producing obedience to the Lord's commands. Many believers followed Christ in baptism."

The Lord so blessed the ministry of Mr. Crandal at this time, that the friends called him to ordination, and a Council was convened, composed of Elders Edward Manning, Theodore H. Harding, Joseph Dinock, and others. A Church was formed, and Mr. Crandal was ordained its Pastor. Mr. Harding continued after the ordination for some time, aiding his youthful brother in the work of the Lord.

He travelled extensively in this revival, visiting Salisbury, Mone-ton, Coverdale, Hillsborough and Sackville, and proceeded on to Parsborough and Cornwallis, preaching the gospel frequently in log houses—thus verifying the Saviour's utterance, the poor have the gospel preached to them. Multitudes gladly received the word, and were baptized.

About this time he was filled with an anxious desire to visit the people on the River Saint John. It was the dead of winter, and how to go he could not tell; but he could find no rest. Finally, in company with a young man going in that direction, he girded on his snow-shoes, and hastened forward with God's message. This was in the last of January, 1800. Not being accustomed to this mode of journeying, he endured much fatigue; but he travelled on, preaching in all the villages the Lord Jesus. He visited Norton and Bellisle, and in the latter place many were brought to know the truth. Among the number was Mr. Drake, afterwards Deacon Drake of this church—a man of precious memory. From Bellisle he passed on to Canning, where he made the acquaintance of the late Elijah Estabrooks, a devoted man of God, and a successful preacher of the gospel. In this district he saw the work of God revive. Thence he passed up the river, preaching in different places. On his way he met a Mr. Cole from Kingsclear, who was in pursuit of him to engage him to preach a funeral sermon. He preached—the word was attended with the Spirit's power, and many were converted to God.

Mr. Crandal in his letters makes special reference to this visit, and

says—"A pious sister asked for baptism, and I answered that she would be immersed at 10 o'clock, A. M. the next day. Accordingly, before the hour arrived, people came from all directions for many miles around, and the ice having been opened, the candidate related a clear Christian experience, and I baptized her. When we came out of the water, two more told what God had done for their souls, and we could not leave the water until fourteen happy converts had been immersed in conformity to the Saviour's example. Surely this was the Lord's work. Four or five hundred people were present, and it was a great day of God's power. The work of the Lord spread in every direction."

He remained on the river for some time above Fredericton, preaching the gospel and immersing believers as far up as Woodstock.

On his return he called again at Canning, and was immediately met by crowds of people, many of whom had been searching the Bible on the subject of baptism during his absence, and had come to the conclusion that it was their duty to be baptized. In the room where they were assembled, the Lord made himself manifest in great power. Many of these people had been united in a Congregational Church, but they now saw it to be their duty to be baptized. Their leader, Mr. Estabrooks, led the way, and the aged, middle aged, and young, declared what the Lord had done for their souls, and were immersed by Mr. Crandal in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. There was a mighty outpouring of the Spirit upon the people. Mr. Crandal notes it in the following style—"At the second conference many related their experience. An aged man arose from his seat; it was Esquire Esty, an old New England Congregationalist, rooted and grounded in the old Puritan practice of infant sprinkling. He was a man much beloved. He said to me, 'I see you are going to break up our church.' I said to him, 'Sir, if your church is built on Christ, the gates of hell cannot prevail against it.' He replied, 'Do you not call us a Church of Christ?' I said, 'I consider you a company of pious Christians, but not walking in the order of the gospel as Christ has commanded.' He took up his hat and walked out, saying, his parents had given him up to the Lord in infancy, and from that he would not depart. As he was going out, I said, 'Esquire, I have one word to say to you—the Scribes and Pharisees rejected the counsel of God against themselves, not being baptized.' The next morning being Lord's day, we met at the water at nine o'clock, A. M. A great host assembled to see the effects of the new religion, and to my great surprise, the old gentleman who had said he would depart from his

infant sprinkling, was the first to yield obedience to the commands of Christ. Such a day of the Lord's saving power was rarely witnessed on earth. Nearly thirty candidates were baptized, and the meeting did not break up until the going down of the sun. It was truly solemn and delightful to hear the praises of the Lord sung by great numbers of happy converts in boats returning home from the delightful scene. The work of that day I can never forget. The clear setting sun, the large expanse of unruffled water, the serenity of the atmosphere, the delightful notes of the feathered songsters, and the solemn sound of hymns sung by many happy voices, presented to me an emblem of the paradise of God. It seemed as though heaven had come down to earth, and that I was on the brink of the eternal world."

The next day he crossed the river and baptized a number more, and then proceeded on his way, preaching the gospel and baptizing believers, as the Saviour had commanded. At Long Island his preaching was much blessed, and many were baptized. On his return he visited this city, and was joyfully received by the Christians of that day.

Time would fail us to detail further the labours and successes of our departed friend. Suffice it to say, that during these early years of his ministry, notwithstanding the newness of the country, and the badness of the roads, and many other inconveniencies, he was impelled forward in his evangelical labours by the holy impulses of love Divine. Frequently he went forth weeping, bearing precious seed; but he returned again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. In all these lower Provinces the fruits of his evangelical ministry are abundant. Hundreds, we doubt not, were at heaven's gates to greet him, on his entrance into that bright world, as the honoured instrument in God's hand of leading them to a knowledge of the truth, and many more will follow after. His name and his memory is embalmed in the best affections of thousands now living, who have listened with joy and delight to the message of mercy from his lips. In this city his labours have been much blessed, and by many highly prized. Some of you now think of him as your spiritual guide in the path to heaven.

Does he not still live in the success of his ministry? That success testifies to his devotedness to his Master's work, and to his reliance, not upon human wisdom, but upon the prowess of an arm Divine. No man believed more firmly than Joseph Crandal that the salvation of the sinner was not by might or by power but the Spirit of the Almighty. This sentiment inwrought deeply in his own in-

dividual experience made him a man of earnest prayer, and brought him into close and intimate converse with the Deity. Like Jacob he wrestled with God, and like him he received the blessing. The enlarged success of such a ministry, imbued with such a spirit, speaks most loudly to all ministers and churches, calling upon them to bestir themselves to the exercise of faith and prayer and labor in the Master's work.

His doctrinal views were of the Calvinistic type; hence in his ministry he gave much prominence to the doctrine of the universal depravity of man through the first transgression—God's choice of his people in Christ before the world was—the co-equality of the Lord Jesus, and of the Holy Spirit with the Eternal Father—the vicarious and perfect sacrifice presented on the Cross by Jesus, the sinner's substitute, in accordance with the conditions of the immutable covenant of grace—regeneration by the sovereign grace of God—justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ—sanctification progressive under the guidance of the eternal spirit, and producing holiness of heart and life—the certain perseverance of all the saints of God to eternal glory—the resurrection of the dead and eternal judgment. He, however, held these sentiments as being in perfect harmony with the full and free proclamation of the gospel to every creature, and with the obligations resting upon all who hear the gospel, to repent of their sins and embrace its rich and ample provisions. Firmly did he advocate the right of private judgment, calling upon all to examine for themselves the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, as constituting the only rule of faith and practice, and as the book that will judge us at the last day. In the advocacy of these sentiments, both in public and in private, he was bold, zealous and persevering; but he at the same time cherished towards the pious of every name who differed from him, christian love and good will.

To what appeared to him as the truth and as the path of duty he adhered with unwavering fidelity. We might refer to many incidents in his life as illustrative of this trait in his character, but let the following suffice. Some thirty-five years ago, he was induced by the urgent solicitations of his numerous friends in the County of Westmorland, to accept a seat in the Provincial Legislature, as a member for that County, and was returned by a large majority. At that time the Government of the country was entirely in the hands of the high Tory party: those who believed most firmly in the doctrine of "vested rights," and in the right of the "select few," to govern the many. To dissent from the Church and State notions

of that day was, in the judgment of some, treason against the laws of the land. When Mr. Crandal appeared in the Legislature, he found himself surrounded by men of this type; but he had resolved upon a straightforward manly course. Hence whenever a question came up implicating the rights of the people, Mr. Crandal stood up as the bold and uncompromising advocate of equal rights. This very soon subjected him to a severe trial. He, of course, had no idea when he entered political life of abandoning the ministry, and hence he continued to preach the Gospel as usual. When in Fredericton he preached regularly to the Baptist Church in that place, and they were much edified by his ministrations. This fact was known to the Government, and as Mr. Crandal had taken a stand in the House in favour of popular rights, to the great annoyance of the men in high places, they determined by a marvellous expedient to get rid of him. Hence in their sovereignty they decreed that no avowed preacher of the gospel should have a seat in the Legislature. Mr. Crandal and his many friends felt that the decree was arbitrary and unjust, but they had no alternative but to submit. Then came the question of duty. Should he pursue the labors of political life, share in its emoluments and honors, and abandon the christian ministry? or would he abandon the former and cleave to the latter? This question he was not long in deciding. Like Moses he esteemed the reproaches of Christ greater riches than all earthly treasures. The matter was up for discussion, and he was given to understand that if he preached in Fredericton as usual on the Sabbath, he would be dismissed from the Legislature early in the week. Sabbath morning came, and he was found in his place in the sacred desk, declaring with more than usual energy and power the unsearchable riches of Christ, and exclaiming with an Apostle, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, by which the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." As was expected, early in the week an order passed the Government forbidding him to occupy his seat as the representative of the people. Accordingly he left, feeling that it was "better to obey God than man." Such, however, was his influence in the County of Westmorland, that for many years after the event to which we refer, no man could succeed in a contested election in that County unless he had Mr. Crandal's interest on his side. This extensive influence was invariably in favor of civil and religious liberty, and to the maintenance of equal privileges. For many years before his death he took no active part in politics; yet his sentiments were very generally known, and probably to him more

than to any single individual, this Province stands indebted for the diffusion of correct sentiments regarding the matter of civil and religious liberty.

As might be expected, his influence in the denomination was very extensive. He took part in the formation of the first Baptist Association organised in these lower Provinces. This event occurred in Lower Granville, Nova Scotia, on the 24th of June, 1800. The departed was then in the vigour of his youth, and preached on the occasion with great power from Zach. xiii. 7—"Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord." Strong as he was in faith at that time, he probably had not the remotest idea that he should live to see that infant Association extending its membership and ministry over the three Provinces, and ultimately becoming sufficiently large to form five Associations, and the smallest of the number four times as large as the one then organized. But so it was; and to this remarkable increase, he, with the Divine blessing, contributed in an abundant measure.

Fifty years from the date of the first Association, Fathers Crandal and E. Manning met at an Association held at Nictaux; and these veterans of the Cross both preached in their turn to the assembled multitude. The effect of their administrations was overpowering. Many felt that they were hearing them both for the last time; and so it proved to be. At the close of the session, they took their leave of each other, expecting not to meet again until they should meet in the great association above. The sight was deeply affecting. They wept, embraced each other, and rejoiced together in the prospect of a speedy re-union in the skies. They had entered the field of conflict about the same time, had fought many a hard battle with the principalities and powers of evil, and had witnessed on all hands the mighty triumphs of that Gospel which had been committed to their trust; and now that they contemplated the moment as drawing nigh when they should exchange the helmet and the sword and the breastplate for laurels of victory at God's right hand, and for crowns of glory studded with many precious gems, is it any matter of marvel that they should be deeply moved in the retrospect of the past, and at the opening prospect of the future?

At all our denominational gatherings, Father Crandal filled a distinguished place; frequently chosen, especially in younger life, to preside, and was always expected, when present, to preach. When the New Brunswick Baptist Education Society was formed, he was elected its President. This was nearly thirty years ago, and

by the unanimous wish of his brethren, he continued to fill this important office until removed by death.

His pastoral relations were extended, and somewhat peculiar. Having been so extensively blessed in the Counties of Westmorland and Albert, he seemed to feel that he was called to exercise a special oversight over all the Churches in that extensive district. Hence he was sometimes the pastor at Salisbury, then at Sackville, then at Moncton, then at Hillsborough, then at Coverdale, and then back again at Salisbury. If he had confined his pastoral labors more to one given point, and satisfied himself with simply visiting the Churches in the other sections, enquiring after their welfare, it probably would have been better for him, and for the cause in which he was engaged. The tendency was, though not designed by him, to unsettle younger pastors, and to induce in the people the love of change. The fact is, that steady, pastoral guidance, in connection with an individual church, was not his strong *forte*. His mission was more in the direction of evangelization, and of an extended proclamation of the Gospel of peace, and hence his love for itinerancy, and his success in winning souls to Christ.

As a preacher, he was very effective. His appearance in the pulpit was calm, dignified, and impressive; his voice commanding, and his intonations at times peculiarly touching. His topic was generally Christ, and him crucified. To whatever branch of the great system of truth he turned his attention, he generally found his way to the Cross, as the great central point in the christian economy. To him, Christ was the Alpha and Omega of salvation; hence he loved to proclaim him in his Divine original, in his complex character as the God-man, in the infinitude of his love, in the purity of his obedience, in the agonics of his death and passion, in the all-sufficiency of his atonement, in the power of his resurrection, in the glory of his ascension, and in the prevalency of his intercession before the Throne above. As he expatiated upon these sublime and soul-stirring features in the great mystery of godliness, his lips not unfrequently seemed as if touched with a live coal from God's burning altar. The effect of his ministry under such circumstances, was thrilling and impressive, beyond the power of language to express. It was this unction from the Holy One doubtless, that gave him such power over human hearts. God grant that his mantle in this respect may rest upon those he has left behind.

It is worthy of remark, that while Father Crandal was thus honored by his brethren, and blessed by God in the salvation of souls, and in the extension of Zion, he was habitually impressed

with a sense of his own unworthiness to enjoy such distinguished favor. He felt that, in himself, all was imperfect, and that his proper place was that of an humble suppliant at the foot of the Cross. Often have we heard him exclaim in the language of Paul, "By the grace of God, I am what I am." While we speak of him, therefore, as a good man, let us at the same time be reminded that he was perfected but in part, and that we should follow him no further than he followed Christ.

We have already remarked that in youth he was married to Miss Sherman. By her he had three sons, David, John, and James, and three daughters Mary, Lucy and Rebecca. His son David has long been a successful preacher of the Gospel of Christ, and still continues a watchman on Zion's walls. His son John is also an office bearer in the church, and valiant for the truth.

His first wife having been removed from him by death, he married Miss Martha Hopper, of Sackville, by whom he had five sons and three daughters, all of whom are living at the present time. The second Mrs. Crandal still lives. May God be her support in the decline of life, and her comfort in the hour of death.

Finally, we notice his quiet, peaceful, and triumphant death. Notwithstanding he was in his eighty-seventh year, he nevertheless died with his armour on. His was the death of a truly Christian hero: only six weeks before he died he preached the gospel to the people supported by two of his deacons, and took his leave of his affectionate and weeping church; and during his last illness, though his sufferings were at times severe, yet he staggered not at the promise through unbelief, but was strong in faith giving glory to God. Sensible to the very last, he met the King of terrors with perfect composure, and feeling that death was doing its work, he closed his eyes and his mouth, and died without a struggle or a groan.

Thus old and full of years his sun went down without a cloud, leaving a dazzling splendor in its train. He had indeed fought the good fight, finished his course and kept the faith, and for him the crown of righteousness was in reserve. Of all the messages which his protracted ministry and his entire history addresses to man, none speaks in louder or more touching tones than that calm and peaceful death. It tells us how a christian warrior can die with glory in his view.

I have only to remark in conclusion, that the removal of Father Crandal from the scenes of his earthly connexions, is an event not unexpected it is true, but which nevertheless produces a sensation

that is deeply felt, not only by his own church, but throughout the Provinces generally.

All feel that "a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel." His form so manly rests in the grave, and his tongue once so eloquent is silent in death. What remains for us but to prepare to meet him in a brighter and better world. By faith we see him standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, in white robes and palms in his hands, crying with a loud voice, "Salvation to God that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever."

To that state of felicity all godly ministers and people are tending. The wheels of nature, by an immutable law, are rolling forward and hurrying man to the eternal state. Meanwhile heaven is attracting to itself all that is virtuous and good upon the earth, and peopling its pure mansions with the spirits of just men made perfect. Let us, dear friends, follow in the track of those venerated Fathers, who instructed us by their counsels, and cheered us by their example, that like them we may at last finish our course with joy, enter into rest, and unite eternally with them in the employment and bliss of the heavenly world.

"No chilling winds, no poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore:  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death  
Are felt and feared no more."

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