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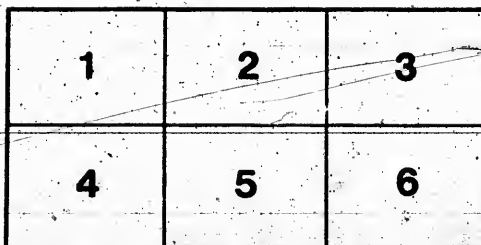
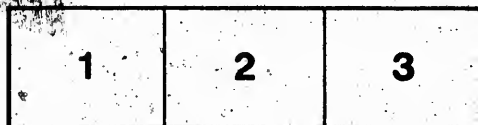
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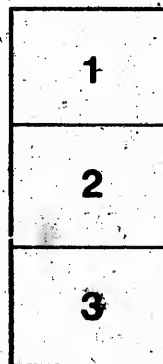
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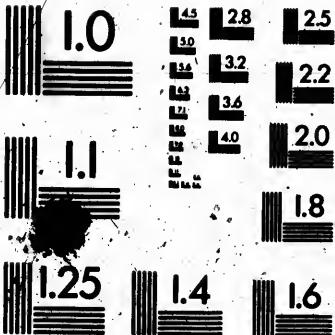
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SERMON

IN MEMORY OF

Rev. Isaac Newton Robinsen,

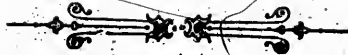
CHAIRMAN BRANDON DISTRICT, MANITOBA CON-
FERENCE, WHO DIED SEPT. 13TH, 1888,

DELIVERED IN

Stamford Methodist Church,

ON SEPTEMBER 23RD, '88, BY

REV. JOHN HOWSON ROBINSON.



W. M. Burdick, Printer, Niagara Falls, Ont.



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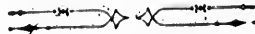
Rev. Isaac Newton Robinson,

Chairman Brandon District, Manitoba Conference,
who died Sept. 14th, 1888.

DELIVERED IN STAMFORD METHODIST CHURCH,

On September 23rd, 1888, by

REV. JOHN HOWSON ROBINSON.



DURING the past week a great sorrow has befallen me; my youngest brother has been called to his reward. I am now experiencing what it is to "pass under the rod." On all occasions and especially in time of trouble, God's children turn for help to the Bible that wonderful book, with its "wonderful words of life," and wonderful life, fruitful in comfort and merriment in guidance they are always assisted. It is the Book for all men and all ages, and perfectly fulfills the grand mission.

In the course of my pastoral visitation, I often hear the story of joy or sorrow, then taking the Bible I invariably meet with a suitable passage and say listen to what our God says for you. Oh how rich in adaptation is this inspired volume. I will give you two examples from my own experience in bereavement. Sixteen years ago the 21st of June, I was writing a sermon on II Peter 1 chap. 10 & 11 verse. "Brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things ye shall never fall; for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I had just got to the triumphant entrance into

heaven of the prepared ones, when a telegram came with the startling intelligence, "Father is very low, come quick," but before I reached home he had entered into the "everlasting kingdom."

The study of this Scripture greatly prepared me for that Providence. As my brother and I sat together talking and looking at buildings, fences, everything about the old homestead reminded us of him and with bowed head I said, my heart would sink beneath this great grief, were it not that we "mourn not as those who have no hope," and we know that he "gave diligence" and there has been "ministered unto him an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven."

Again, I was greatly assisted this week by the S. S. lesson on "the death and burial of Moses." I kept thinking God is with his children, goes with them where loving friends cannot, knows where the body is, takes the soul to himself, buries his workmen, but carries on his work. Long ages afterward Moses appeared on the mount of transfiguration, talking with Jesus. The bodies of our loved ones are buried but their souls are with Jesus, and at his second coming, his saints will accompany him. As I taught my

little boy the golden text, "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." I felt that this is the path dear brother travelled, and to him the shadows have fled away, and he now enjoys the clear shining of the perfect and eternal day. On the morning we got word that Newton had entered into rest, the lesson was Deut. 33. When we came to the 27th verse, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms," I remembered having talked with him about that verse. We thought it so grand, so precious, but now it was an inspiration to my soul, the "everlasting arms" appeared more than motherly tender, loving, sympathetic and divinely strong and enduring. I could see them, as never before, sustaining and lifting his children up to an eternal embrace. Under such an influence submission and confidence grow and we obtain grace to say "Thy will be done." "For blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Our loved ones go out from us, but their memory remains. "being dead, they yet speak" to us. Influence cannot be silenced nor their lives blotted from our memories. They went up the shining way to the celestial city with a lustre around their profession and lost to our vision: There is fragrance in their memory. "The memory of the just is blessed."

We will give you four reasons why the *memory* of the good is blessed.

1. A review of a good persons life is truly an inspiration.

It is natural for us to review the lives of our deceased. The friends of Dorcas proudly showed the garments, she had given them, so we speak of the blessed memory of our dead. We do not want to forget them, and we could not if we would. The text suggests that God wishes us to remember them. I once attended the funeral of a friend who was a military officer, the procession was grand, the ceremony was solemn, but as soon as the soldiers passed out

of the cemetery the band played a light tune, I was told that is the idea in a soldiers life forgotten as soon as buried. Not so with the soldiers of Jesus, their biographies are published to stimulate others. Read them, for in so doing many luke warm souls have been set on fire, believers in general greatly quickened and under its spell some have gone forth flaming evangels. See the list of ancient worthies recorded in the 11th chap. of Hebrews. All in the great multitude between righteous Abel, the first who went home to heaven, and St. John who closed the inspired volume on the shore of Patmos. Study the lives of the great and good of Bible times, they are written for our instruction, it will be an inspiration to you, for "the memory of the just is blessed."

Traits of character.

With subdued feelings I speak of my brother who is no longer with us. In memory I see him a bright eyed, curly haired, winning child. At school the brightest of our family one of the most obedient of children, In manhood preaching the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God" and this hour "he is not, for God took him." How his whole life comes before my mind. He was full of sympathy and tenderness, I have seen him easily moved to reach out the benevolent hand to relieve the needy. Winning in his manner he drew forth the respect and love of all, warm in affection, that told in the grip of his hand. True in friendship. These graces were inherited from one of the sweetest and most devoted of women, into whose face it was his privilege for only four years and a half to look and call her mother. He also strongly resembled his father in loyalty to conviction, nobleness of purpose, determination of character and firmness of will that made him as honest and honorable as truth. No wonder father loved him dearly, the Benjamin of our family, whom he had trained so well, without the visible aid of mother. Like both

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parents he was full of zeal and of the Holy Ghost. All that I remember about my mother is her piety, the tones of her voice, her personal appearance have all faded from memory, but the impression of her piety, has formed my life, and is indelibly written on my soul. Blessed memory! Father was desirous that we should succeed in life, but he was intensely anxious about our salvation. No marvel that we were all converted when young. It is said that parents owe it to their children to be educated, sober, industrious, and with emphasis we say, for their children's sake they ought to be pious. God demands it of them. They cannot discharge their duties without it. The devout lives will hold back the children from paths of sin more than any other earthly agency, and help them grandly along the path that leads to heaven. It will bring blessings upon them to the third and fourth generations. For the sake of your darling redeemed children I claim your service now for God.

Early conversion

I remember the hour when a bright boy of twelve he bowed beside his sister of ten years and earnestly sought and obtained a saving interest in Christ. And always afterward retained a joyful consciousness of his acceptance. I thankfully remember his effort soon after to lead me to Jesus. Work made him strong. To him the service of the Lord was gladness. Many religious lives are always weak, they are like some plants that start feebly, grow slowly blossom a little, and bear less fruit, but it is fruit. And God who is rich in mercy will "not break the bruised reed." They will be finally saved but have little or no reward. Labor, not to go out of this world empty handed. There are others that take deep root at once, grow steadily in divine life, they are always in the spirit of Christ, ready with a testi-
 mony, or a prayer or a rebuke, or a

word for the master. I have often prayed for grace enough in my soul to be like them. That is the life we all should live. Oh that we may all bring forth fruit abundantly unto righteousness and the end will be everlasting life. Those who are noted in Scripture for their early piety are also remarkable for the distinguished honor conferred on them. Joseph rose to be second man in Egypt. Samuel at four years of age obeyed the voice of the Lord, and became a prophet and Judge. Josiah at eight years of age began his reign as a christian king and established a tottering throne. Daniel the pious youth although tried sorely was faithful to God and became Prime Minister of Babylon. Obadiah served the Lord greatly, because he served him from his youth. Timothy from a child knew the Scriptures which were able to make him wise unto Salvation; and he became a useful man and the first bishop of Ephesus. Oh you who are young in years, let me persuade you to give God your life while in its bloom.

maiden speech in conference was on behalf of the children of believers. He claimed that they should be taught that they belong to Christ, are in the church, and should be so carefully trained that they would never be out of it. With him the religion of childhood was a burning question. In a letter he says of his eldest child, about 10 years old, that she is serving God to the best of her knowledge, and he believes it is an acceptable service.

He prays and believes that all his children will come in childhood to Jesus. God answer the prayers and give the sorrowing widow mother double ability to train the orphans up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." Parents and Sabbath School workers be encouraged, you have the most fruitful field to work on in all the range of christian effort. Let the motto on every banner be, all the children for Jesus.

Entire Consecration.

His desire was to be entirely the Lord's. I believe his experience was like the steady flow of a grand stream. Holiness to the Lord was his steady purpose. Thus he had power with God and men,—was ready to speak for Jesus on all opportunities, and watched for them. The work for souls was a labor of love. He could say "The love of Christ constraineth me." I heard him beautifully declare that the love of Jesus is transporting, that it bears us away with itself, that if we receive the nature of God's love who gave his only Son for us, so we should be carried away by the same love to give ourselves for others. Under the sacred influence of this transporting love he went to preach the Gospel in the Province of Manitoba, and cheerfully made all necessary sacrifice to bear an honourable part in laying broad and deep in that new country, the foundations of that church which had done so much for him, and comforting truth his labor was not in vain in the Lord. All christian experience proves that power is in proportion to consecration. By the memory of his life I urge you devote your undivided powers to Jesus.

2. Because we have an additional witness to the triumphant power of divine grace to sustain to the close of life. It must be a great comfort to have loving members of ones own family minister to our want in sickness, cool the parched tongue, or bathe the fevered brow, to accompany us to the river of death, and hear the last testimony. Although mortal friends can go no farther, "Jesus our Saviour, Brother, Friend," is still the Guide and support and will safely conduct over the delectable mountains. The testimonies to the truth of the 28 Ps. are legion. "The Lord" has been a "Shepherd" to provide, etc. Now "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." The collected testimonies of

christian death beds, is an inspiring book. Our dear brother has added still another, as he said, all is so clear "I am going to Jesus." We thank God that during his illness, he enjoyed the beauty of a cloudless sky, the Sun of righteousness shone in glorious effulgence on his soul, and in this light his spirit soared home to his redeeming Lord.

Dying Grace

Is never bestowed until required, and so we cannot realize its power, while in health, and often things done in its strength are to us at times marvellous. How hard to understand that the dying Christian can let go his hold on all earthly concerns—all the work into which the strength of his being was put—all human ties that are as his own soul and with the greatest confidence and perfect resignation commits all to God and sweetly falls asleep in Jesus.

Mother had her six small children called up in the night, and brought to her—she then gave us her last, loving kiss and commended us to God, now all is settled, she tarried for a little, then swept through the gates, to join the babe just gone before, and all the saints at rest with Jesus. Although the memory of that scene has been tinged with mystery, it has been a life long blessing to us. "The memory of the just is blessed."

So now our youngest brother, the first child to follow 85 years after, sees the boatman coming and sets all his worldly matters in order. Then says. I would like to stay with you, and work for Jesus—prayed God to bless the work he had done, and forgive all the mistakes, to take care of his circuit and save the people of that great country. Commended his wife and children to God with certain confidence of meeting them all in heaven. My heart says Lord grant it. I'm glad you say, Amen. Oh the power of dying grace enabling its possessor to say I am ready to stay and work, or go and receive reward "not my will

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but thine be done." Then passed on to meet those gone before. The thought of that meeting has overcome me. His own child, parents, grand parents, uncles, aunts, cousins—the souls converted under his ministry—surely half of our company has passed over. The scene is overpowering. Methinks, the shouts of gladness fill the echoing arches of heaven. That is "an abundant entrance into the kingdom of our Lord and Savior."

This providence is a great mystery to me. I looked at his dear wife and sweet children—his youth—qualification and love for the work—past success, present prospects, growing rapidly into honor and position in the church. I did think God would spare him, and we all so much wanted him spared for the good he could do; but our way was not God's way. He so promising, so faithful, so successful is taken, and others giving no promise, in fact a burden on the church, live on. Oh the mystery we cannot in this life unbraided. "Clouds and darkness are round about Him: righteousness and judgement are the habitation of His throne." True "death loves a shining mark." The Master passing through the garden plucks the choicest flower. The sharpshooters watch for the commanders of the army, and the watchmen on the walls of Zion are marks for the angel of death. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints" So precious, so important is the event that God does not allow it to occur only when it will most promote his glory. Like Sampson in death he may accomplish more than by living. If you measure life by successful work for Christ, a man of twenty years standing in the Christian ministry may be older than Methuselah, he may have travelled farther, seen more, spoken to larger audiences and directly brought more souls to Jesus. After all he worked quick and got an early promotion. I know that the influence of his godly life will not die while

many of us live. I pray that the sun of his influence may shine on to bless many generations.

3 The departed are as much ours now as they ever were.

When I first left home to come west, on the way in the early morning to take the train, I passed the cemetery that contained all that is mortal of my mother, as I gave my life anew to God, I felt that it was near to her, who is, and who forever will be my mother. No power can sever the relationship. When our loved ones pass away we feel so different to what we do on hearing of the death of strangers, and equally great is the difference when our thoughts follow them, because they are ours, forever ours. David could not have uttered his pathetic wail over Absalom, for any other than one very near of kin to him. It was "Absalom, my son, my son." etc.

Communion with the departed. I believe that our departed friends have an interest in and care over us. When the veil that separates between the seen and unseen worlds grows thin, there is often a view of loved ones. I know of several cases where heavenly music was heard in the room of the dying. Also of the dying one calling departed friends by name and asking the anxious watchers if they could see them. A child dying a few years ago said "papa's coming" and, reaching up his arms, expired. The father had died a short time previously. Who will say the child did not see and recognise his sainted father. In the chamber from which good people have taken their flight to glory, I have felt heaven near and could scarcely refrain from sending messages by the dying one to my parents in heaven. There have been times in my life when I have seemed conscious of my Mother's influence on my soul as my guardian angel. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him." "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of Salvation." A high authority

says the original means redeemed spirits, in opposition to angels—our translated loved ones.

Another thought of precious influence is closely allied to this—that those whom we have known and loved best on earth, who have preceded us into glory, may be, most likely will be the deputed of the Saviour as ministering spirits, our angelic guard to escort us to our home in the skies. So that our eyes may open at one and the same moment into eternity and upon the faces of those we best loved on earth, waiting to receive; and welcome us to our heavenly rest. Many have done like the aged and pious Hannah Moore who in her dying moments stretched out her arms as if to grasp some desired object, uttered the name of a much-loved deceased sister, faintly whispered the word "joy" and was away with her kindred to heaven. This leads us to another comforting thought, we will know each other in heaven. The doctrine of the recognition of friends in heaven does not I believe admit of a doubt. Is it not enough to say that we will at least be as wise then as now, and the spiritual perception will be marvelously improved. It is often so as we have just seen before the soul is entirely freed from the body. Oh what vast sweep of thought it will then enjoy when the untrammelled soul flies out into the clear light of heaven. How wonderful the acquisition of knowledge when as a translucent being light and truth pour in from all sides. Here we "know but in part" there we shall know as we are known, know then as God knows us now. No human plummet can fathom the profound depth. Heaven is a place Christ prepared for his people, then it will be suited to our nature and furnish enjoyment for the intellectual, worshipful, immortal and social elements of that nature. As kindred minds we naturally take pleasure in each others society and desire their presence in our enjoyments. So will it be in heaven where all is spiritual. Truly

it enhances the pleasure of anticipation to reflect that with christians the various friendships begun on earth will be transferred to heaven and there be perpetuated forever. David prayed for his child until he died, then he said "I cannot bring him back, but I can go to him." Not some child but his own darling child.

But additional associations will be formed. Doubtless we will on entering heaven and perhaps by intuition know and love all the vast company of glorious heaven. Abel and Enoch, and Abraham and all the saints of past ages. Who has not longed to see Joseph and Samuel and Daniel and Paul and John and every person worthy of entering heaven. Yes and all the members of the celestial host. The angels that announced the advent, ministered to Jesus, and have guarded us. "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels." I have wondered how Peter knew Moses and Elias on the mount of transfiguration. Was it by the meek countenance of the lawgiver, and the fire that dashed in the prophets eye? Was it from their conversation? Did Jesus tell him? He knew them, and that is enough. Peter in the flesh, knew the spirits, wished to honour and dwell with them. Then truly in heaven the saints will know and love all the celestial hosts. These friendships will be enjoyed and perpetuated. Christ will say "Come ye blessed of my Father" and they who are qualified will go away into life everlasting."

What does St. Paul mean by these words "Ye are to come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven and to God the Judge of all and to the spirit of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Heb, 12 chap 22, 23, 24.

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Is he not teaching that all the heavenly company is known and loved, and this is presented as an inducement and argument to these Hebrews to hold to the Gospel and gain heaven. Oh the glorious experience of heaven. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him."

In the last letter received from my brother, he stated that he was a member of the Conference Special Committee which would meet at Winnipeg in September and he would have the privilege of taking in the meeting of the General Missionary Board. How little did he know of the future. When that board was in session, he had the heavenly honor of passing through the pearly gates to the "general assembly and church of the first born," where Christ sits enthroned throughout the eternities. Our loved ones are enjoying the glory of heaven.

"We speak of the realms of the blest.

A country so bright and so fair,
 And often its glories confessed,

But what must it be to be there."

4. They are at home with Jesus. Home is one of the sweetest words that falls on our ears, it is a correct and beautiful symbol of heaven. We are "Strangers and pilgrims," "seek a country," a heavenly home. My heart has often been touched by that common motto "What is home without a mother." What was the tabernacle of old to the devout Jew without the Shekinah? What was the world to the disciples without their blessed Master. What would heaven be to the saints without a king, or a service without a God to adore. To live a christian life is a glorious experience and "to die is gain," especially by being brought into closer and eternal union with Jesus. Christ feasted with them, now they feast with him in heaven.

Jesus said "where I am there shall ye be also." There is much connected

with heaven we do not know, but of this we are confident, to be with Jesus is all that we require. Jesus said to the penitent thief "to day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Our loved ones are not sleeping with the clods of the valley, but consciously and actively associated with Jesus. "Ye are come unto Jesus the mediator of the new covenant." With what feelings of pride we tell of a brother who has the honour of association with an earthly sovereign and justly so. Oh how precious the memory of those who have actually entered into the presence of the King of Kings, to behold the glory which He had before the world was," and which lasts eternally, "at thy right hand, there are pleasures forevermore." Precious is the memory of those who are at home with Jesus, and receive a crown, not of gold, but of life. "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." The full reward cannot be given until the good of their "works" has been accomplished. The result of the earnest scriptural sermons, the fervent prayers, the warm exhortations, the holy life will be gathered up and the full reward given. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in his throne." The saintly Fletcher well said, here is honour I know not how to measure. Oh the blessed memory of those entrusted with Jesus.

Brethren, notwithstanding all these precious truths, when I think that the voice which has for years been faithfully preaching Jesus, is silent in death, a strange feeling of loneliness comes over me. We are human. He who wept at the grave of his friend Lazarus, does not deny us the relief that comes through tears, which we cannot hold back, although we know our loved ones are basking in the light of divine glory, and shaded with the splendour of their own starry crowns. In childhood we sang together

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled our house with glee
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mountain stream and sea."

Oh crushing thought it is becoming a strange reality I know you all have lost friends, so I kindly and tenderly appeal to you by the memory of the pious died that you now join yourselves in an everlasting covenant to Jesus Christ our Lord. And the loving, strong, everlasting arms, will receive, support you, and by and by lift to glory, and your memory will be blessed.

The following obituary notice appeared in the *Christian Guardian* of Toronto, Oct. 24th, 1888., from the pen of the Rev. J. W. Bell, B. D.

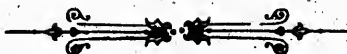
Rev. I. N. Robinson

Was born in the township of Smith, in the county of Peterboro, Ont., on the 28th of January, in the year 1850. His parents were devoted Methodists. None were more true to the interests of the Church than they. Of his mother especially it may be said, "To be born with such a mother is to be born rich" But his mother went to her reward when he was only four years old, and the care of the family devolved largely on the eldest sister, now Mrs. Walton, of Peterboro. Bro Robinson was a very bright boy, quick to learn, and of a very kindly and pleasant disposition. Even as a boy he was greatly liked by all who knew him. He was converted to God at the age of twelve years, and continued to be a member of the Methodist Church until the day of his death which took place at Souris City, Manitoba, on the 13th of September, 1888. His religion was a very practical kind; his experience was clear, and his love for souls was great. From the very first

he was impressed with the idea that he must preach the Gospel; but, he was modest and diffident, and shrunk from a work which seemed to him so great. When he and the writer went to school together, he often said as he talked of the great work, "O, If I could only preach so as to lead souls to Christ!" This indeed seemed to be his one ambition. For that he lived, and while doing that he died. He was not one to push himself forward, but simply and lovingly did his duty as a humble, devoted, Methodist preacher. His brethren, however, recognized his worth, and at the late Manitoba Conference he was elected chairman of the Brandon District. He entered the ministry in 1872, in Ontario, where he continued for nine years, when he volunteered for the work in Manitoba, and cheerfully took whatever place was offered to him, at a time when this Conference had but few comfortable places to offer to any one. All honor to him now that he is no more of our number.

"He asked not a stone to be sculptured in verse,
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse,
But he asked as a boon which his heart loved the most,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post."

He was a man of noble spirit, finely tempered, true to the Church of both his birth and choice, and true to conscience and God in all the walks of life. Our ranks are broken. A good man is gone; and it will seem strange to meet in a Manitoba Conference and not see his genial face and hear his kindly voice; but he who rules all things knows what is best, and we bow to him, humbly praying that when our time shall come we, too, may be found of him in peace. Bro. R. leaves a widow and five small children, who have our kindest sympathies and prayers in this their sorest bereavement. May God bless them.



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