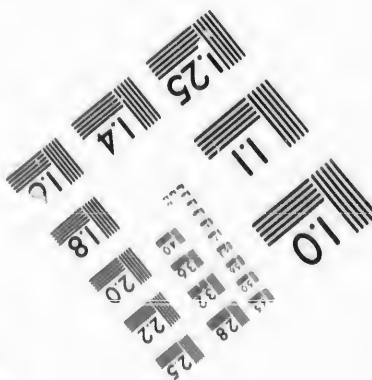
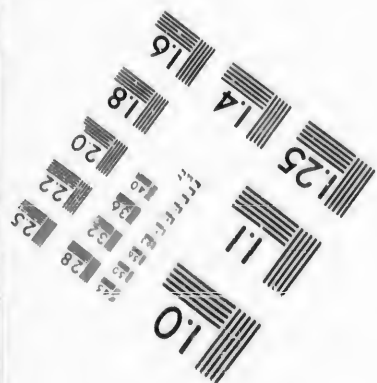
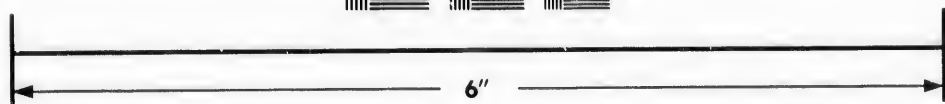
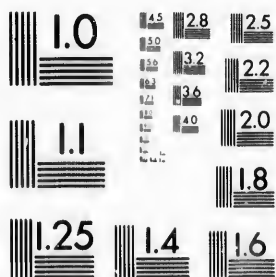


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14590
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1987

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

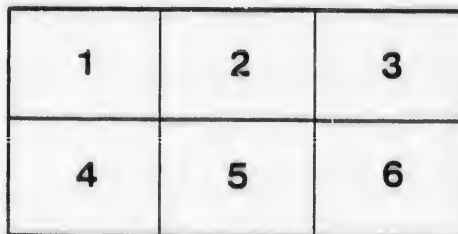
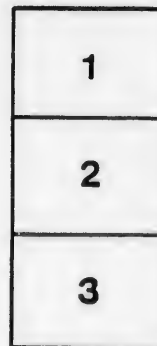
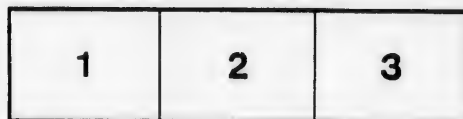
Harold Campbell Vaughan Memorial Library
Acadia University.

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Harold Campbell Vaughan Memorial Library
Acadia University.

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, at an conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

errata
to

pelure,
n à



32X

A
252
G95

A

A

SERMON

UPON

THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

SAMUEL C. WEST, ESQ.

PREACHED IN THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, HALIFAX, N. S.
NOV. 21, 1858.

BY

REV. N. GUNNISON.

“The memory of the just is blessed.”—Prov. x. 7.

Published by Request.

HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES AND SONS.



A
252
G95-

A

SERMON

UPON

THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

SAMUEL C. WEST, ESQ.

PREACHED IN THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, HALIFAX, N. S.
NOV. 21, 1858.

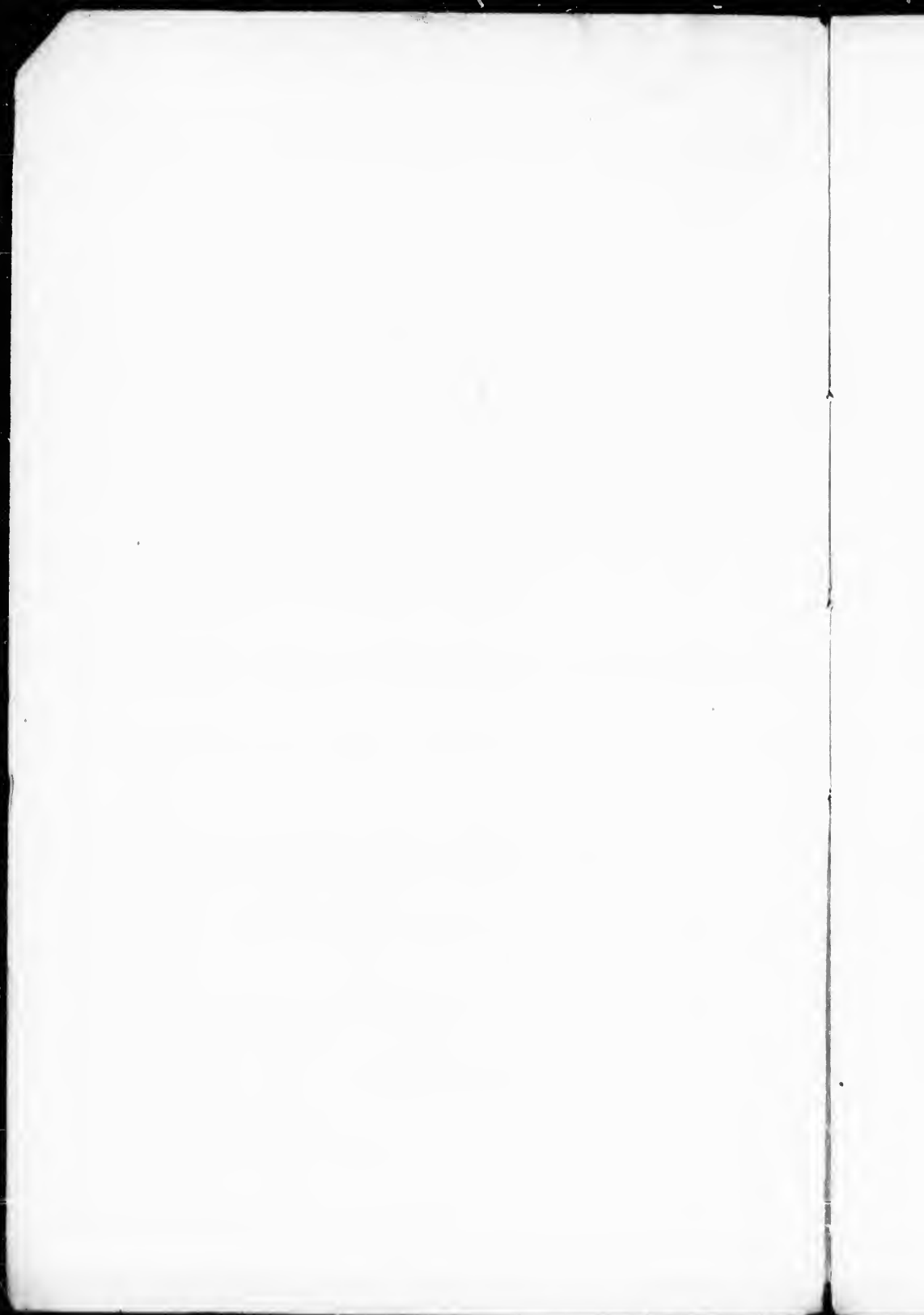
BY

REV. N. GUNNISON.

"The memory of the just is blessed."—Prov. x, 7.

Published by Request.

HALIFAX, N. S.
PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES AND SONS.
1858.



SERMON.

"The memory of the just is blessed."—Prov. x. 7.

THE text suggests the propriety of conducting ourselves in such a manner that our names may be held in grateful remembrance by the living after we are dead.

It is true that the opinions mankind entertain of us when we are dead cannot in the least affect us. The bitter words of enmity and the sweet tones of friendship will float over our graves without in the least disturbing our silent repose. The conduct of our past lives may be praised or censured, approved or condemned. Our virtues may be written in a book and chiseled upon marble ; or our vices may be recorded for the inspection of future generations, to warn them to shun the path in which we trod. Our names may be sung in loudest and sweetest strains, or whispered with the curled lip of reproach and shame. It will be all alike to us ; we shall heed it not, for we shall have entered upon other scenes, and become actors on another stage of activity and usefulness. Yet, while living, to know that our memories will be blessed, affords us no little satisfaction ; to feel conscious that we have so ordered our steps and performed our duties that our names will be cherished by those we leave behind, is a source of great comfort and joy to us while living, and should ever influence us to live the life of the just, and die the death of the christian.

Again, the consideration that the example of the just man has a direct and powerful influence upon the lives of the living, and especially upon the rising generation, should stimulate us to maintain the character of the just. Our daily walk and conversation have an influence upon mankind which in some degree will extend to the most distant generation. The present day is not to mark and define the limits of our influence. Our example lives after we are unconscious of its power. A good deed survives the hand that performed it. A great thought once uttered may pulsate the universe, and overturn empires and thrones which have withstood armies and resisted the onward march of time. The shades of night may close over us in death, but our past conduct will live on in its influence upon the rising generation, leading to the temple of virtue or luring to the haunts of infamy and death. Like the stone dropped upon the bosom of the unruffled lake, causing wave upon wave, circle beyond circle, even to the shore, so our conduct upon the broad ocean of human society continues to influence the surrounding waters, wave propelling wave, till the distant shore of coming generations has felt the impetus.

Hence it is that the history of great and good men belongs to the world. It is from the lives of the pure and noble, who have finished their career on earth, that the living draw their lessons of duty, and receive the inspiration necessary to its performance.

The name of Washington is immortal. It belongs to no one nation, but to every people who desire and seek for national freedom; and the spirit which operated through him, in his devotion to principle, still lives and sheds its inspiration upon the hearts of men everywhere. He was just and true; and how revered is his memory! It shall be blessed as long as the earth remains the theatre of human activities. And his memory—the memory of his patriotic deeds—is

not confined to the country of which he is justly styled the father ; but throughout the civilized world his name is spoken with the subdued voice of reverence by every tongue.

* * * * *

It is thus that the great and useful, the patriotic and benevolent, the wise and virtuous, though dead, speak to the living. Socrates and Plato, Howard and Melancthon, and the host of worthies whose bodies have for ages mouldered in common dust, are still speaking to us, and shedding abroad a purifying influence upon the world.

But there is a name and a memory greater and more blessed than all these, — an example of self-sacrifice and devotion upon which gathers all the inspiration of heaven, and which shall shed its blessings upon the dark pathway of humanity as long as eternity itself.

Eighteen centuries have rolled away since Christ closed his earthly career upon the cross. Empires and kingdoms have arisen and gone down ; thrones have been erected and demolished ; revolutions have followed revolutions, drenching the world with human woe ; the sun of national glory has come up out of the deep darkness of despotism, and poured its bright rays of prosperity upon clans and climes, and then declined in adversity and gloom ; the proud forest has been leveled by the industry of man, and the busy city erected upon the spot where the wild beast found a covert ; the desert has been converted into a garden, and the solitary place made glad with the voice of music and mirth, and yet again defaced and spoiled by the ruthless hands of Goths and Vandals ; — but amid all these changes and revolutions has the memory of Jesus lived, and shed its inspiration upon the world. His doctrines drop fatness upon the soul ; but his life, his example, his labors and sacrifices for humanity stir into new life all the energies of our best natures. His benevolence for the needy, his tears for the afflicted, his sighs over the approach-

ing doom of his own nation, and, finally, his prayer to God for his cruel murderers as he hung upon the cross, will never pass from mortal remembrance, but will have an abiding place in the hearts of men, and exert a power and an influence till the last pulsation of human existence.

We revere the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and meditate with delight upon his life, so harmonious and consistent with the doctrines he taught. His ministry was a ministry of love, of active good will towards the children of men. He preached the most sublime doctrines that ever engaged the attention of men or angels, and he demonstrated all that he taught in his own life, so that all the world might see the moral grandeur of the system he proposed, and the practicability of the truths he unfolded.

Sacred to our memories is the name of Jesus — the author and finisher of our faith, and the perfect pattern of human life and character. And all the way down through eighteen centuries has his name been the guiding star to honest pilgrims who were, in the purity of their hearts, seeking the city of rest and peace.

Blessed, too, is the memory of every true follower of Christ. How we love to think and reflect upon the long line of devoted christians who have lived and died since the great Teacher bent under the heavy burdens which the wickedness of the world heaped upon him! Luther, Melancthon, Oberlin, Murray, Ballou, and a host of other names come rushing up from the treasury of our minds, as we speak of the pure in heart and just in life, who have dwelt on earth, and now rejoice in heaven. Their memories are blessed, because their lives were a blessing to the world — examples for the imitation of all succeeding generations.

Such is the power of a good life. The truly great and good, even those of the faith of Abraham and Enoch, must die; but they, being dead, yet speak to the living. From

their past lives comes a voice more eloquent in its pleadings for faith in God and duty towards men than ever came from mortal lips.

But I need not call up the names of past generations to illustrate the truth of my text, for I feel that I may appeal to you all in justification of my application of it to one in private life, whose general carriage in life and daily acts are fresh in all your minds.

“The memory of the just is blessed.”

It will be understood by you all that I use this text in an accommodating sense. None on earth are absolutely just : none are wholly righteous. All are sinners, and have not therefore attained to the full stature of perfect men in Jesus Christ. Yet some men are comparatively just, righteous and holy, and according to their measure of christian character will their memories be sacred after their names shall be dropped from the great check list of the living.

Such, in an eminent degree, was the life of our friend and brother over whose fresh grave we would this morning drop a tear. It is no unmeaning word of praise suggested by personal friendship and sudden and unexpected bereavement, when I say that the name of SAMUEL C. WEST is associated with a life as free from stains and blemishes as it is our privilege often to witness in this age of excitement and conflict. He was known to you all, and known only to be respected and loved. In his business relations, and in the practice of his profession, justice and integrity seemed to characterise all his doings. He loved peace, and he counseled peace, where conflict and litigation might have been considered legitimate.

The profession of the law is a dignified and noble profession, when not perverted by selfish and unprincipled practitioners. In this age of jarring and discordant interests, where selfishness rules in the marts of trade, and gain prompts to the stretching out of the hand even to the touching of the

neighbor's profits, there is a necessity for the application of law, that the scales of justice be equally balanced, and the rights of all respected.

That our departed friend magnified the chosen profession of his life, by endeavoring to promote justice and right, and restore peace and harmony where conflict and confusion had crept into the civil and commercial affairs of men, is not a matter of question; for while living, and engaged in the activities of his calling, this word of fair report was on many lips; and, since the closing up of his business on earth, all seem to bear testimony to the integrity of his heart and the purity of his motives in the discharge of the duties and trusts of his profession. Here, in the outer court of the great structure of society, in the marts of business and the conflicts of social life, his name is written and his virtues recorded in the memories of those who moved in the same circle with him.

But, we must enter into the sacred precincts of home, even into the most holy place of the temple of human activities, to behold the brightest excellencies of his character. Home,—its relations, its affections, its manifold interests and duties,—held a place so vital in his heart, and had so much to do with the very essence of his life, that I cannot pass over in silence this chapter of his history.

It was in the ceaseless watchings of filial devotion, by the bedside of a suffering father, and the low bendings at the couch of an invalid mother, to catch the indistinct, half-expressed wish—and then the sacrifice of ease and pleasure and every personal interest to gratify that wish—that I first felt myself drawn towards my friend as a man not only to be respected, but loved. That home, and the loved ones there, received the best moments of his existence: and to make that home happy seemed the constant care of his life. His hand upon the door, or his footfall upon the verandah, was a sweet

sound to all its inmates. His cheerful countenance and hopeful words animated the hearts of the desponding and reassured the doubting even in the chamber of weakness and pain. It may be truly said of him, as it was said of another, "He brought joy into every house which he entered, but most of all into his own house when he returned to it." It is there, in the home of his youth and ripening manhood, where his memory is more than blessed, and from which goes out an example worthy the imitation of all who have homes to love, and friends to serve. O, how sacred the memories of the past! how cherished every memento of affection! how enshrined every word of kindness! and how, for years to come, shall brothers and sisters call up the scenes in which he bore a part, and drop the tear of affection at the mention of his name!

But I must speak of him as a christian. And here, too, he was faithful to the light he had received, and to the obligations growing out of that light. He early embraced the faith which was once delivered to the saints, but which is now, as it was in the days of the apostles, much spoken against; and in this faith he lived, and in it he died. The substance of his faith may be expressed in few words. He believed in one God, who is the Creator and Father of all intelligences. He believed in Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. He believed in man as a universal brother, and in heaven as the ultimate home of every child of humanity. In one word, he believed in the general doctrines of the Universalist Church, and most heartily sympathised with it in all its efforts to evangelise the world.

It is admitted on all hands that this faith is good to live by. It is indeed seldom that we meet with the objection, in reflecting and observing minds, that this faith is of doubtful tendency, so far as this life is concerned. Every person who has intelligence enough to reason from effect to cause, and

understand the workings of his own internal being, must acknowledge that a firm faith in God as the Supreme Good, the Infinite Father of our spirits, must awaken love in the believer's heart towards that Father; equally so, the faith in Christ as the universal and absolute Saviour, — and so, the faith in man as a universal brother, and in heaven as the final home of every son and daughter of Adam. Reason teaches that faith in these doctrines must work love in the heart, from which all true obedience flows; and experience and observation confirm the lessons of reason and the scriptures, which affirm that "we love God because he first loved us." And although it is generally admitted that this faith is good to live by, yet how often is it reiterated and published to the world that it will fail in the dying hour! And yet how entirely do they fail to produce an instance where it *has* failed at that most trying hour! Little do they know of the sustaining power of faith in God as the Infinite Father, and in Christ as the absolute Saviour, and in heaven as the one eternal home of the spirits of all flesh, who say this doctrine will fail in the hour of death. "O!" said one dying soul to me, who was educated in another creed, "that I could believe as you do! — *then* how willingly I could die!" And, thank God, the veil was lifted from that anxious soul, and the light of the everlasting gospel streamed in upon the mind, and low happy became that chamber of death!

Universalism fail in the dying hour! Why, that is the hour when we expect to witness its most sublime triumphs; and our expectations have never yet failed us in a single instance.

I need not say to you that this faith was a living principle in the heart of our departed brother; and guided and controlled his spirit while in health, producing the beautiful life he lived, — a life singularly devoted to others good, for all know this. But I must discharge a sacred trust, committed

to me by the dying christian, by saying to you that this faith more than sustained him in the dying hour !

Look upon him a moment : A young man in the strength of manhood, and surrounded with bright prospects for the future, prostrated by disease at a single blow ;—and yet how calm and how resigned to his Father's will ! “ I have much to live for,” said he, “ I feel that I could be useful a little longer : but if it is God's will, I am ready to go.” Almost the last words of his life were : “ Tell the people, from me, that I never felt so strong in the faith of Universalism as now ; say to them, from me, that I find it *good in the dying hour.*” And, when I said to him, “ We cannot consent for you to leave us so soon,” and when the same remark was repeated by one who stood in the most tender relations to him, he looked up with a mild rebuke, and said, “ What ! not submit to God's will ?”

And thus he passed away. His mind was unclouded,—his reason clear and discriminating to the last. He prayed much and earnestly for the friends he was so soon to leave behind, and commended them all to the keeping of the great Shepherd and Bishop of all souls. The last recognition of mortal vision was the face and form of his mother, and with that loved form in his vision his pulse ceased to beat ; and may we not believe that the first form that shall stand before him as he awakes in the resurrection world, will be the father who was called home but a few months before him,—and then the children who so nearly accompanied him through the dark valley ?

To you, my affectionate friends, does he speak in his death, by the sadly pleasing memories of his virtues, and his sweet ministries of affection. On every hand will you meet the memorials of his moral worth and christian excellence. His words of love, his acts of kindness, his examples of unswerving rectitude, and his uniform devotion to that religion which he has so beautifully illustrated in his life, and which was so

triumphant in his death—these all utter their voice in blessed memories, which to the soul speak a language to be felt and garnered up in your recollection.

I will not open afresh your wounded hearts by telling you how much you have lost by his death—this you keenly feel. I would rather lead your minds away from this, and fix them upon the glory to which he has attained! You have reason to be thankful for the life he lived, and for the death he died!

How rich the legacy he has left you all! in the ample treasures of moral wealth. And how consoling the scene when he assured you of his firm confidence that for him “to die was gain!” How precious and how inexpressibly lovely a religion producing such fruits in life and such hopes in the hour of death! Could his freed spirit, bending from the lofty heights of his blessed abode, address you now, no doubt he would say, “Weep not for me, for I am safe in my Father’s house, where are many mansions,—Wait a little while, and then come to me, and our re-union will be immortal!”

My friends, I know you feel a new and stronger tie binding you to the spirit-land, since there have gone a father, and now a brother and children dear. Be it yours to hope till hope shall end in fruition, and be assured of the more than sympathy of this congregation. We are all mourners with you, for we feel that we too are afflicted! Our chief consolation is in the bright prospect of meeting again where parting shall never be known!

But, I must say a word to this religious society of which he was a devoted member. To you, who worship around this altar, “He being dead, yet speaketh.” I know you regard the faithfulness which speaks in uniform christian example. You know how much he loved the Gospel, and how devotedly he cultivated its principles in his own heart. He was always ready to support, and punctual in his countenance of the religion inculcated in this desk. To him as to many others

before me the worship of God was amiable, and the place of the sanctuary beautiful! And, in the disposal of his earthly effects, he remembered the Zion of his worship, and provided for her future necessities.

Our society, my friends, has lost a pillar and an ornament, but our religion has gained a brilliant victory! We feel his loss, or rather, I should say, our loss, sensibly. He was a strong man in bearing the ark of the covenant through the wilderness of sin and error, and we can scarcely supply his place! Our confidence is in God, that if we do our duty, and bear without murmuring the increased burdens thus laid upon us, he will bless our efforts, and spread a knowledge of his own truth!

Brethren, may you so emulate his virtues and imitate his christian examples, that when you are gone to the grave, your good characters may plead eloquently for virtue and religion. May you so breathe in the spirit of your faith, and so cultivate its principles in your own hearts, that when death shall knock at your windows, you shall be able to say, "I am not alarmed at his approach; if it be God's will I am ready to go!"

O how beautiful is the death of the true christian! Is it not worth a life of devotion and earnest study to so acquaint ourselves with God and the Gospel of His Grace as to be at peace in the hour of death? Brethren, let the sudden and triumphant death of our dearly beloved brother teach us to put even a higher value upon our blessed religion, and let it admonish us to be more devoted to the interests of our Zion! His seat is now vacant, for he sits in a temple not made with hands! Let your seats, my brethren, in this temple, be vacant only when sickness lays its chains upon you or you shall be called to the great congregation above! Remember the ark of the covenant is upon your shoulders, and you must not halt this side of the promised land. Be faithful as our departed brother was faithful, and God, your Father, will own and bless your efforts!

I have spoken of our departed brother as I seldom dare speak of those who have gone to their final home! I have spoken of a friend in the warmth of a personal friendship. But in my remarks I have taken counsel of other hearts than my own, else I would have kept back what my own personal regards would dictate as proper to be said. I read the heart of this community assembled around his grave on the day of burial, as I saw nearly every eye drop its tear of affectionate remembrance over his silent bier. I heard the throbbings of the public pulse in the market place, and in the busy streets, in the kind words of esteem from all ranks and conditions. And, from this general expression of confidence and affection, I took license to speak as my own heart dictated. The partialities of personal esteem have been the expressions only of almost universal assurance and regard. And may the God we worship keep our hearts pure, and our faith unclouded, that our vision may be clear as we approach the dark valley which bounds the promised land. Amen.

are
ave
ip.
han
nal
heart
y of
ate
s of
ets,
ons.
ion,
par-
y of
God
led,
lley

