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J. Shenton.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH  
OF THE LATE  
REV. JOB SHENTON,  
BY HIS WIDOW,  
WITH SOME OF HIS  
SERMONS AND LECTURES.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTICES

BY

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"God buries His workmen, but carries on His work."

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ST. JOHN, N. B.  
J. & A. McMILLAN, 98 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

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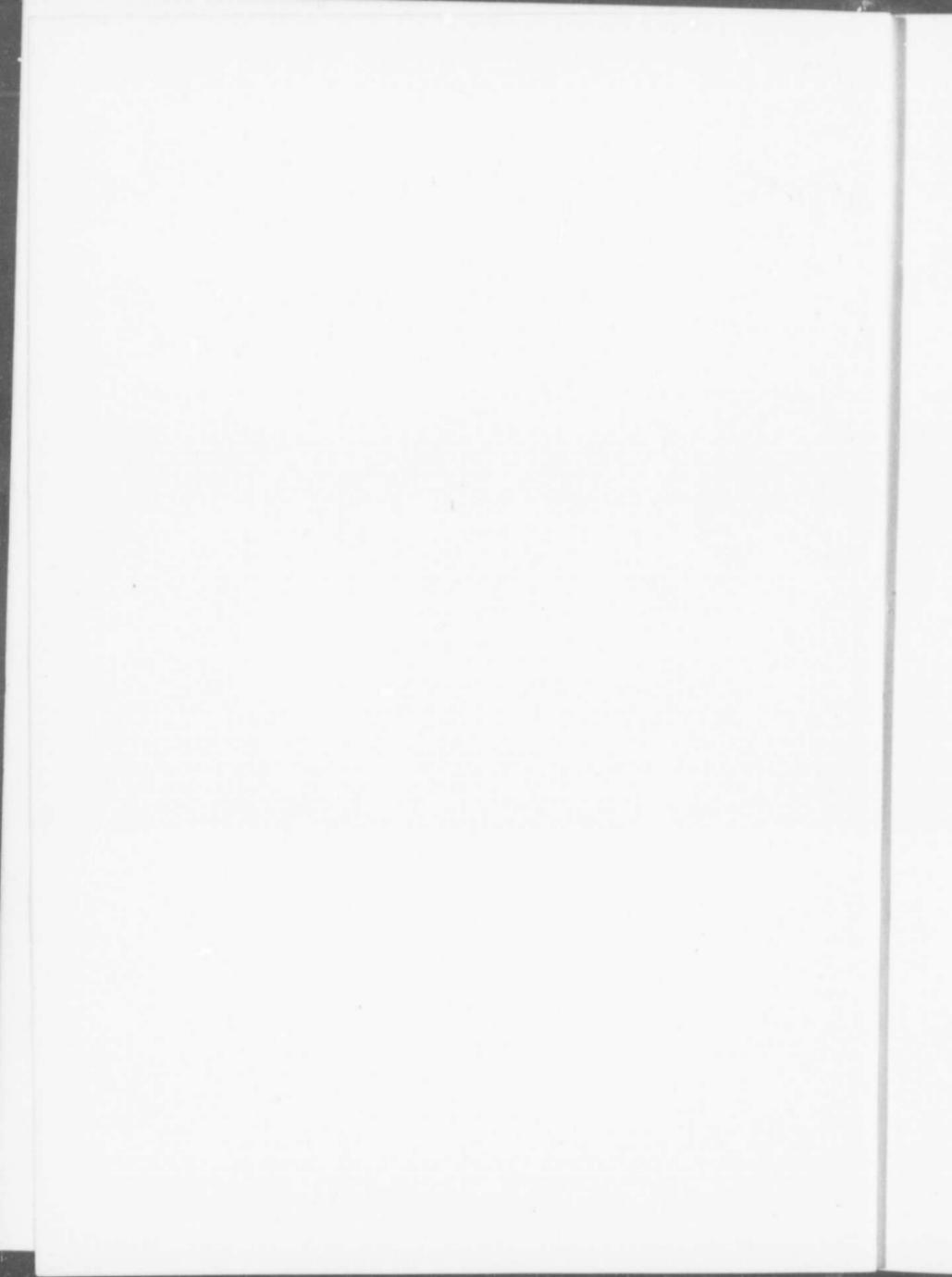
## DEDICATION.

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To all those who have loved him for his own sake, as well as for his faithful ministry of over forty years, I DEDICATE THIS BOOK in loving remembrance, and to such I believe it will be acceptable, although missing the touch of his hand in revision, and the inspiration of the voice that was so suddenly "hushed into silence." In this brief sketch I make no attempt to be otherwise than desultory, as I can only wander through the garden of memory and pluck here and there a leaf, a bud or blossom, as they present themselves to my hand; and these I venture to offer my readers, although loosely tied together and crude in their arrangement, and sometimes, I fear, losing much of their fragrance and beauty in the handling. My object is not to eulogize the dead, but to allow his sermons, as silent monitors, to carry appeals once uttered, thus allowing his departed servant to preach the Gospel.

*"For he, being dead, yet speaketh."*

M. J. SHENTON.



## INTRODUCTION.

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An introduction need not mean an apology. Any book that helps to mental improvement and moral strength bears its own justification. John Milton said: "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up, on purpose to a life beyond life." If it be true that "no man liveth to himself," then the most should be made of a life that has been signally honored and blessed. This volume is designed to promote God's glory and perpetuate the memory of a noble man, "who served his generation by the will of God."

Some one asked Coleridge if he could prove the truth of Christianity, and he said: "Yes, try it." "Taste and see that the Lord is good." Mr. Shenton did this. He sought and found Christ as a personal Saviour. A heart-renewed experience was his—an intellect clear and strong—a style that was attractive—a mind well stored by reading—commanding, eloquent and popular in the pulpit—faithful in the discharge of pastoral duties. No wonder that the best churches of his denomination in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland gladly welcomed him to the occupancy of their pulpits. In these he made full proof of his ministry, and there was demonstrated "that the gospel of Christ is no cunningly devised fable, but the power of God unto salvation."

Goethe exhorts, "Make good thy standing ground and move the world;" and Thomas Carlyle emphasizes wise counsel when he intreats some of his hearers not to be "a passive bucket to be pumped into." Mr. Shenton was broad minded and many sided. He lived to get good and do good. He was a connexional man. Appointments of trust, labor and honor he held by the suffrages

of his brethren. In the wider circle that touches sister churches he was genial and catholic—"the friend of all, the enemy of none." Invariably he illustrated that his object was not a living but a life—a life full of God and good deeds, to help humanity towards God.

The characteristic sermons and addresses of this volume will be welcomed by many personal friends. Whilst they will miss the living voice, they will recall the impressive utterances, the finely rounded periods and eloquent sayings of the preacher. Let us be grateful that loving hands have selected sermons that God blessed in their "pulpit delivery," on themes grand and fundamental—full of the best things of the kingdom.

Personal acquaintance with Mr. Shenton for over forty years caused me to esteem him very highly. He was "a manly man," sympathetic and charitable. His home life revealed the generous friend, the affectionate husband, and considerate father. His passage hence was more like a translation than death. He has gone, to be "forever with the Lord."

W. H. HEARTZ.



## A Tribute to the Memory of Rev. Job Shenton.

In his own *home*, as husband and father, he was thoughtful, tender and loving.

As a *man*, among men, he was straightforward, easily approachable, manifestly sincere, and transparently honest.

As a *pastor*, he was unremitting in his devotion to his people, visiting systematically from house to house, from his entrance into the ministry until he passed away. In this way he received the confidence of his flock, and cheered and counselled them in times of trouble and perplexity.

As a *preacher*, he was at times eloquent, always reaching a high average. Though not unfamiliar with new phases of thought, yet ever true to the old evangel, and speaking with the full assurance which results from genuine experience.

As a *friend*, he was true, "grappling as with hooks of steel" those whom he had proved, and giving them back an equal leal-heartedness.

As a *brother minister*, he was careful of the reputation of those with whom he was associated, rejoicing in their successes, and always glad to recognize signs of ability among the younger ministers. Every part of his work received due attention—nothing was unimportant to him.

As a *Christian*, he was humble in spirit as a little child, and regular in habits of devotion. Prayer, Scripture reading, and all means of grace were used by him with a regularity that knew no variation. "He knew whom he had believed," and was confident of his acceptance in Jesus Christ. In view of his life of devotion and successful labor, the prayer is appropriate,

"O may we triumph so  
When all our warfare's past,  
And, dying, find our latest foe  
Beneath our feet at last."

GEORGE STEEL.



## A Tribute of Affectionate Regard.

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The late Rev. Job Shenton's name is an evergreen with the old Methodists of St. John's. His three years' pastorate with us in Gower street, from 1878 to 1881, were years of prosperity in our church work, peace and harmony prevailing amongst us, his popular sermons and church work contributing to build us up in the service of the Lord.

Our departed brother possessed the affections of our people. He moved in and out amongst them in pastoral duties, contributing to their spiritual growth and comfort, always welcomed, sympathetic, loving and kind, a constant visitor to the afflicted and poor members of the church. His genial manners endeared him to very many of our citizens. He and his good wife were earnest workers in the temperance cause, and helped very much to the spread of prohibition principles throughout our Island.

His popular lecture of "Paddle Your Own Canoe" was much appreciated when delivered in our Athenæum; some citizens who heard it talk of the salient points even now. Very general regret was expressed here when the news of his sudden call reached us. "A good man translated from earth to heaven."

In our five Methodist churches in the city special prayers were offered to our Heavenly Father to sustain and comfort the sorrowing widow and family in this unexpected bereavement, and in many homes here heartfelt sympathy was felt for the loss of a dear friend. May we meet in the better land when the Voyage of Life is over.

J. J. ROGERSON.



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

When the ministers of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference assemble in the Sackville Church, June, 1902, and on the first morning of their meeting will sing

“And are we yet alive  
And see each other's face?”

they will miss the familiar face and form of JOB SHENTON, for at the noon-time of December 11th, 1901, he passed from his home and work, the Fairville Parsonage and Church, to the home of the glorified, and to the Church Triumphant, which is before the throne of God.

“God's finger touched him and he slept.”

Great is the mystery to those who mourn, why, in the fulness of his strength, he should be so suddenly called to step at once into his “perfect rest.” Yet to the vision of faith the mystery is streaked with light.

“So many worlds, so much to do,  
So little done, such things to be;  
How know I what had need of thee,  
For thou wert true as thou wert strong,”

and we are told “that His servants there shall serve Him still.” It is the dictate of affection which prompts us to visit the graves of our departed, and as we kneel beside the spot where we laid them to rest, we seem to be brought nearer to them, and to feel the spirit

life more real. The soul touch that death could not sunder touches us again,

“For if Heaven is but life made richer, therein can be no loss  
To meet our love and longing; they have no gulf to cross.”

And with feelings akin to those who stay their beating hearts to hear “the voices lost to mortal ear,” I take my pen that I may linger a little longer beside the desk that he vacated, happier for being even thus associated with his life and life work, to which my own has been so long and so happily linked; and while my hand trembles as it is put forth to this work, lest a valuable gem be spoiled in the setting, I take courage from the thought that biography has to deal with the real and not the ideal, and will allow the unfinished autobiography of the subject of this memoir to tell the story of his young life, and the first years of his ministry; afterward compiling from the press notices what others thought and said of his work on the different circuits where he labored; and I will now and again pick up a crumb from the carpet of memory as explanatory of the time and circumstance, and will conclude this imperfect sketch with some of the incidents connected with his death and funeral services.

In his autobiography, Mr. Shenton says: “I was born in the Parish of Audley, Staffordshire, England, April 6th, 1838. My parents names were William and Hannah Shenton. My father was a man of strong common sense and choice character. He was a great reader, and beside the leading periodicals and newspapers of

the day, he had a good library, and his habits of self-culture made him a valuable counsellor, especially to the young. My mother was a model of kindness and patience, and of unwearied attention to all the interests of a large family; so that in my home life I had more than the ordinary advantages, and the remembrance of its surroundings are of the happiest kind. My earliest recollections of school days are vividly retained. I first went to one Mr. Turnock, who taught the national school at Talk-oth-Hill. The vicar of the parish, Rev. Mr. Wilbraham, often visited the school, and we boys were supposed to be respectful and deferential to a high degree, and woe be to the one who forgot his obeisance. For some years I continued there, when I went to another school in the adjoining parish of Lawton, Cheshire, but the teacher was very cruel to the boys, and, after seeing him whip a boy unmercifully and without cause, I left, determining to avenge that boy's suffering as soon as I should get large enough to handle the teacher. I then prevailed upon my father to let me go to Tunstall, where I made good progress in my studies. The teacher's discipline was excellent. His school numbered nearly one hundred, and after a while he used to get me to help him with the smaller scholars, and in return for my services I received extra lessons from him in the more advanced branches as early as seven o'clock in the morning. This was early, considering I had walked three and a half miles. Up to this time I had regularly gone to Sabbath school, my teacher being my uncle, George Shenton.

“About this time my father and mother were converted and joined the Wesleyan Church at New Road. After this event the whole tone of my father's life was changed, and, while he still derived keen pleasure from good literature, he now sat an humble learner at the feet of the Divine Teacher, and the book that moulded his character was the Bible. At the family altar my father spoke pointedly to us about giving our hearts to God. Impressions were made on my mind by his words and prayers, for he mentioned us each by name. At the Christmas time of that year these impressions ripened into conviction under an address from the pious Ralph Proctor, and at the Watch Night service, when called a few minutes to silent prayer, the load of sin was removed, and I arose happy in God's forgiving love. I then met in Mr. Rigby's class until the following March, 1850, when I received my first ticket from the Rev. G. Rawlings. After giving me my ticket he sat down beside me, and, with his hand on my knee, said, 'Who knows but God will make a preacher of this lad.' Prophetic words! Nothing worthy of record happened for a few years, when a number of young men joined our church. We now established a Sabbath morning prayer meeting at six o'clock, which was a most precious means of grace. We also had a meeting between services, at which in rotation some ten or twelve of us led and gave an exhortation. At last my turn came, and with the greatest fear I went expecting to fail. I attempted to speak from 1 John 4, 9-10, and was

wonderfully assisted by the unction of the Holy One. I was not elated, but an inward monitor told me that I must preach. I thought only as a local preacher, as my father had then been preaching for some years. The next time my turn came to speak I had not the ready utterance nor the deep feeling of the previous occasion, and I thought something must be wrong, and I was much discouraged. After this I kept exercising my gifts as occasion required, until on Good Friday, 1856, my uncle, Job Shenton, was to have preached for us, but could not come. That morning, at the prayer meeting, the leader and three of the local preachers, with my father, talked the matter over about the supply for evening, and urged me to take the appointment. With many misgivings I complied, and took for my text Matthew 27, 42: 'He saved others; himself he cannot save.' This was my first regular pulpit effort. From that time my way opened rapidly, for Mr. Whiston that day, at the Hall Green missionary meeting, spoke to our superintendent, W. R. Rogers, about me, and he gave me an appointment the following Sabbath at Harriseahead. I had to preach before T. Hargreaves, who gave me a recommendation, and soon afterward I received a note from Rev. Mr. Rogers, authorizing me as a local preacher to occupy any pulpit on the circuit. I continued preaching from Sabbath to Sabbath, but my mind was much exercised whether I should make it my future calling, and I was praying earnestly, if it was God's will for me to preach the gospel, He would give me some seals to

my ministry. I well remember the Sabbath that I went into the pulpit with that thought in my mind as the test by which I would abide. In the prayer meeting, after the sermon, two souls professed conversion, and I had no further doubt as to my duty. For nearly two years longer I continued on the local preachers' plan, and had every assistance from the circuit ministers. One instance is worthy of record to the glory of God. At HARRISEAHEAD, one Sabbath morning, I took my father's appointment, as he was sick. I spoke especially to the young men, from Hebrews 6 and 12, and we had a glorious season. Mothers came with their children, and some who left the church returned again to the after meeting, unable to stay away, and at ten o'clock, when I closed the service, upwards of twenty had decided to live a new life. On the following Sabbath it was my own appointment, and we had a similar season. It was the last time I preached there, as before my turn came again new plans had arisen that were to change all my future life. At the March quarterly meeting of that same year I was urged to offer myself for the English ministry, but did not, owing to my youth, although much to the disappointment of the leaders of our church as well as to many of my friends. My father had been thinking for quite a long time about removing his family to America, as he thought there were better opportunities and wider possibilities in the new world. This thought had taken possession of him early in his married life, for before I was six years of age he had

removed his family to Johnstown, Penn., U. S. A., but being dissatisfied, he returned to England in less than a year. The spirit of change was again upon him, and, after much deliberation (in which I was always included), I was not much surprised when, in April of 1858, he asked me if I would go to Canada on a tour of inspection, and, if my report of the conditions were favorable, he would follow soon after with the rest of the family. I at once consented, and while making arrangements I went to obtain a certificate of membership and note of removal from the superintendent of our circuit, Rev. Mr. Simmons. He did not wish me to leave, and refused to give me the note, saying that I was wanted the following spring to enter the English ministry. When he found I was determined to go, he gave me my credentials, but said again and again that they would expect me to return as soon as I had fulfilled my father's request. (As I take this letter from its original envelope I find the following) :

"TUNSTALL, Staffordshire, April 10, 1858.

The bearer, Mr. Job Shenton, has been for the last seven or eight years a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society on this circuit. He has for the last two years been engaged as a Local Preacher. His character is good; his attention to his public and private duties in every way satisfactory. We recommend him to the notice of the Methodist Churches in America, and shall rejoice to learn that he is likely to be a great blessing in whatever place he may fix his abode.

SAMUEL SIMMONS,

*Resident Minister and Superintendent  
Tunstall Circuit."*

Again he says of this time : "The last Sabbath came before I expected to leave my English home. I preached twice, took sacrament, bade good-bye to all my brethren, and on Monday left home, sad and lonely, and went down to Liverpool. Father stayed with me until I sailed in the 'North American,' and when I said good-bye to him I did indeed feel alone. Home-leaving is a great landmark in life. It not unfrequently gives a new direction to the powers and develops new emotions and thoughts, and, if the character is developed, stamps it with yet more indelible outlines. From the calm and unruffled love of my home life I entered upon the nobler and grander, if sterner, experiences of my young manhood. In twelve days after leaving Liverpool we landed in Quebec, thence to Portland and St. John, and afterward to Hillsboro. Dismal it looked, for the spring had not opened, and snow was still lying on the Shepody Mountains. The country looked as I felt—desolate. When we left England, May 5, 1858, the hedge rows were green and beautiful. For five or six weeks I busied myself in getting information, and continued in that locality until October, preaching nearly every Sabbath. The people were anxious that I should go as assistant to the Rev. J. Buckley on the Hopewell Circuit, which I did for the rest of the year, and met with much kindness and good success. (And as testimony of the regard and remembrance of his labors, over forty years ago, I insert the following, which appeared in one of the daily papers after his death) :

'There was sorrow in Albert County when the sad news of the death of Rev. J. Shenton reached here. He began his ministry on the Hopewell Circuit and was very popular, and two of his sermons, 'Death on the Pale Horse' and 'The Swellings of Jordan,' are still remembered by the old residents as being wonderful expositions coming from a young man just out of his teens. It was while living there that he first connected himself with the order of the Sons of Temperance in Golden Rule Division, No. 51, of that place.'

"In the spring of that same year I offered for the E. B. A. ministry, attended district meetings in Sackville (T. H. Davies, chairman), and passed examinations. I then asked to go to Sackville and the request was granted, and in August I went as a conference student and took all of the prescribed studies. I preached during the year on the neighboring circuits, Wallace, Pugwash, Amherst, Parrsboro, Dorchester, Moncton and Sackville. On Good Friday preached for Brother Narraway, a trial sermon, subject, 'The Glory of the Cross.' In May attended the Sackville District meeting in Amherst, Dr. Pickard, chairman. Was examined, and passed again. During the interval I supplied the Sackville pulpit for Mr. Narraway, who went as deputation to the Canadian Conference. Anxiously I awaited my appointment, which was for Sackville, Dr. Dewolfe my superintendent, a gentleman and a Christian in every sense of the word. Oh, how I loved and respected that man, and through all the years his memory has been precious to me. I entered upon my labors at once, and boarded at the home of Mr. Ovid Weldon, Dorchester.

Nothing very special happened during that year. My time was spent in study, preaching and general pastoral work, but to my mind with very meagre spiritual results. At Conference, Dorchester was divided and made the head of a new circuit, to have a married man. This of course precluded me from returning to that circuit. In June, 1861, I attended the District Meeting, held in Moncton, under the presidency of Dr. Pickard, passed all of my examinations with ease and credit to myself. My next appointment was the Parrsboro Circuit, J. L. Sponagle, Superintendent. There was plenty of work to do, but a kind and willing people ever ready to help.

“The Parrsboro Circuit then included what is now Advocate Harbor, Parrsboro, Southampton, Spring Hill, Five Islands and Economy circuits. I think I must have had very little worldly wisdom at that time, as I never thought of it being a hard circuit, although I remember now that there was very little time to rest. We had several acceptable local preachers on that circuit, some of whom preached nearly as frequently as the Conference supply, and in that way we were able to keep in touch with all the appointments in regular order. That winter I held special services at two of the places, and over sixty were added to the church, while Brother Sponagle was similarly engaged in another direction with good results. In the spring I attended District at Sackville again, Rev. J. Snowball, president. I then went to Hillsboro to see my parents, as they had come out to this country. The family circle was broken,

as two brothers and one sister had died since I left England. After Conference I returned to the Parrsboro Circuit, Rev. W. Ryan, superintendent. That year the new church at Spring Hill was opened, and during the services held at that time many were converted, who are still in the fold of Christ.

"At the next Conference was appointed to St. John West, H. McKeown, superintendent. A pleasant year, but I longed to see more good done. In the spring of the next year, Fairville, a part of the circuit, determined to have a minister for itself, and I was invited to become its superintendent. The Quarterly Meeting, District and Conference granted the request. This year the Conference was held in Sackville, and eight of us went up for ordination, and were examined as to our qualifications, on Saturday, and unanimously passed. Our President, Rev. W. L. Thornton, advised us to think solemnly of the step we were about to take, as our ordination was a most important event to us and to the Church. I preached on the Sabbath evening at Tantram from 'Christ, the Power of God.' Monday, kept myself in prayer and meditation. In the evening went down to the church, which was crowded. We were placed in front, and four of us were asked to relate our religious experience and call to the ministry, Brothers Turner, J. R. Hart, Ephraim Evans, and myself. After sundry questions were answered we knelt down, and when the President and others put their hands on my head, I was most solemnly and powerfully impressed.

It was the Church's seal on my work, and confirmatory of the Spirit's inward call. We received a charge, weighty and comprehensive, full of pathos and power, based on 2 Timothy iv, 5-8. The charge was never printed, as death closed the life and labor of the Rev. W. L. Thornton the following winter; one of the most honored and beloved men of English Methodism. At the close of the Conference I went down to the Parrsboro Circuit, to the place now called Mapleton, and on the 5th day of July was married by the Rev. J. Read to Miss M. J. Lodge, daughter of Matthew Lodge, whose life and work had meant much to Cumberland Methodism. Immediately after our marriage we started for Fairville, our first home in the itinerancy. On the Saturday, about thirty of our people met us at the home they had so daintily furnished for us, and gave us such a warm welcome that our hearts went out to them in a tender friendship that strengthened between us during our pastorate. I opened my ministry among them on the Sabbath and had many kind words of approval, which were most encouraging to me. During all of that year had large congregations and every financial interest increased, but I was not satisfied with the spiritual results, although the membership had increased from sixteen to forty. I was invited to return for a third year, as they contended I had only been their minister for two years. They said if the Conference would send me back they would build a parsonage, enlarge the church, and pay full salary. I had very little hope of

their request being granted, as I knew Dr. Scott, an English President, was going to preside, who, with his old world notions, would not be inclined to make any concessions that would not tend to keep the young man humble. The Fairville Quarterly Board then went in a body, as the Conference met in St. John, with John N. Moore at their head, to press the claim of the young circuit, but it was not granted because I had preached in Fairville occasionally when I was the young man for Carleton.

“ At the close of that Conference I found my appointment was Sheffield, N. B. We never expect to find a kinder people, and perhaps never a home, that will mean just the same to us as our first home, but we started for the new circuit with high resolves and strong faith in Providence, earnestly desiring to do our whole duty as far as we possibly could. We soon made many friends who were congenial on all parts of the Sheffield circuit. The people were well to do and intelligent, and kind to us in every way. In the autumn of the first year the church at Oak Point was opened by Rev. John Addy preaching in the morning from ‘Isaiah’s vision,’ while I took for my text in the evening ‘The glory of the latter house.’ Held special services, at which four joined the church, one being a very old man. The second year held services at Scotchtown, when over forty joined the church. I formed them into classes and met them every Saturday before my appointment there on the Sabbath. The third year I continued much in prayer, and asked for fifty

souls. Began on the 21st of October to hold special services at Oak Point again, and at the close of three weeks baptized nineteen and received on trial forty-four. More than fifty were converted, a few going to other churches. To God be all the glory for so many who have started heavenward. In November I received a letter from T. M. Lewis, circuit steward of Yarmouth South Church, asking me if I would accept an invitation to become their pastor. I replied favorably, although within two weeks I received invitations to two other important charges. I was always glad that I went to Yarmouth for many reasons, but for one especially, as I believe it has been a great advantage to myself as well as to my circuits. I found nearly all the officers of that church wide awake Christian business men, who believed in doing the work connected with the church in all its different lines, with the same energy and precision that they gave to their own secular duties. The minister on that circuit was only expected to carry his own burdens, and the brethren were always ready and willing to give him a timely lift with those. For the first two years Brother Joseph Hart was my neighbor on the Milton Circuit, Yarmouth North, and Rev. John Lathern the last year of our stay on that circuit. Our relations as brethren and as families were of the happiest kind, and, with the other strong friendships that we then made, will mean much to our lives as we journey thitherward to the place

'Where the friendships of yore  
Will blossom once more  
And we'll all meet again in the morning.'

“In the second year we were in Yarmouth I lost my beloved father, who had been the companion and wise counsellor of my boyhood, and to whose pious example I am a great debtor. He had removed with his family, some three years previous, to Iowa, and had bought land and had built a home for himself, where he intended to remain permanently, but death came after three weeks' illness, and at the age of fifty-two years he exchanged mortality for life, leaving my mother, five sisters, and two brothers to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father. His last message to me was: 'Tell Job to be a faithful minister of the gospel, and to always preach *Christ* to his congregations,' which, by the help of God, I will try to do.

“The pleasing memory of a sainted father is sweet to me as fragrant immortal flowers. He led my child feet to the cross, he held my hand in trial, and as I trace his life, I know that God never failed him, and if I covet anything, it is that I may so walk and live that I can commend my God to my children, and say: 'Thine own Friend, and thy father's Friend, forsake not.'”

His diary here ends, with this explanation: “I wrote consecutively thus far from memory, which accounts for the narrative form of these desultory notes.”

As his readers complete the perusal of this, the earlier portion of his life, they will be impressed with the sameness of the personality, and will notice that while the original character grew in power, it never altered in

quality. Honesty, truthfulness, gentleness and purity seemed native to his soul.

“Tender as woman ; manliness and meekness  
In him were so allied  
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness  
Saw but a single side.  
And now he rests ; his greatness and his sweetness  
No more shall seem at strife,  
And death has moulded into calm completeness  
The story of his life.”

As a man and a Christian he reached out after high ideals, and in order to attain to these he attended faithfully to every duty. The Divine word was his constant study. He treasured it in his memory and his heart, hence his great object was to put himself in communion with God, to live in fellowship with Christ, to receive the Holy Ghost. His life was a great belief, and all the blessings and joys thereof were the fruits of a living faith, as he held nothing as impossible that was found in the promises of the Bible. In the reading of the Scriptures and private prayer he was regularly and often alone with God. From the family altar his petitions went up richly laden with his heart's aspirations for the welfare of each soul committed to his care, always associated with a tender affection, the remembrance of which will ever be a precious and sacred memory. His faith was not limited alone to his own personal experience, but existed as a power, which was applied to the whole business of his being. Wisdom, goodness and tenderness were finely blended in his character. He

was no friend to the doctrine of expediency, but there was nothing arbitrary in his disposition, no violent opposition to those who were of another mind. He could never so far forget himself as to say anything purposely to wound a friend or brother, and if sometimes he came in contact with men of a coarser nature, his sensitive spirit would suffer pangs to which they must ever be strangers, and he would pursue his Christian course as though he were incapable of receiving offence, saying: "I must keep myself right with my God, and I could not do that if I fostered the spirit of unforgiveness in my heart."

For the pulpit he made thorough preparation, but was not hampered thereby. In every detail of the sanctuary he was most careful. The hymns were chosen in keeping with his subject, and he read them and the Holy Scriptures with the emphasis of a man who understood them, and did not think that he could make them better by the elocution of the schools. "He played no tricks in presence of his God." As a preacher he was clear and pointed in statement and exposition. He was well informed on almost every subject, and with his retentive memory could turn his reading to good account as occasion demanded. He never put up men of straw, the production of minds of doubtful orthodoxy, for the sake of airing some literary digest, as a means of knocking them down again. He never used a figure for the sake of itself, but for the point it bore to a fact. He was an eloquent preacher in the best sense of the word, a

thought painter, whose words were all aglow with the fire of a sanctified intellect, and while he often soared to heaven in his conceptions, he did not always stay there, as his preaching was addressed to beings who had an interest in both worlds. "Christ crucified" was his great theme and the "unction from above" his great power. He lived and worked for one object, the winning of souls to Christ. Cowper says of such as he :

"I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;  
In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,  
And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,  
And natural in gesture ; much impressed  
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
May feel it too ; affectionate in look,  
And tender in address, as well becomes  
A messenger of grace to guilty men."

There was not a particle of asceticism about him. He could not be gloomy, and did not believe in the religion of sadness, and "His face was attuned to the harmony of his soul."

He was particularly kind and affectionate to the young, and his great gift of remembering faces enabled him, when meeting any of the children of the various households, to recognize them at once, and call them by name, and he was never in so much of a hurry as to pass them without a kindly word of greeting. As he lay in his home on the days preceding his burial, from all parts of the city came the young people of the different congregations to look once more upon the face

of the man whose heart was always young. Many touching incidents occurred during that time, only one of which I will mention in this connection. Two little waifs from the street came in, and the lady in charge of the door, not recognizing them, asked if they belonged to Mr. Shenton's Sunday school. "O, no!" they said, "but he always spoke to us when we met him, and we wanted to see him once more." These were some of the traits of character which enabled him to exercise such an influence over others, because "He had a daily beauty in his life."

In the summer of 1872 the wheel of the itinerancy turned us over to Truro, an important town and an educational centre; and although our church did not at that time take the foremost place in numbers or in wealth among the denominations, yet Truro Methodism was taking the position which it should always take among the churches. Our church and parsonage were both new and commodious, and their minister entered at once with his people into all the different departments of work, carrying a happy influence wherever he went, which excited universal love and admiration. The four years of his labors on that circuit were marked by ceaseless activity. In his study he did some of the best work of his life, both for the pulpit and the platform, and this strength of effort was recognized by large congregations on the Sabbath, and admiring audiences who listened to his lectures and addresses, not only in Truro, but all over the country, where he gave of his best to

aid every moral or religious enterprise. And of one of those lectures the *Truro Sun* said :

"Wanted" was one of the best lectures ever delivered in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, if not the best ever delivered in Truro, and, with Mr. Shenton's numerous friends, we much regret to hear of his departure shortly from our midst, for we can ill spare from our town a gentleman of such high literary ability, so eloquent a preacher, and so willing a worker.

I could give many complimentary and appreciative notices from the press, but it is my purpose to use those very sparingly.

On leaving Truro Mr. Shenton was presented with addresses from the Y. M. C. A. and the different Temperance bodies, accompanying which was a gold watch bearing this inscription : "Rev. Job Shenton, from his Temperance and Y. M. C. A. friends of Truro, N. S., June 19, 1876 ;" a gift which he much prized, and which he wore to the day of his death.

There was not a circuit on which he labored but he found congenial spirits in other denominations. His own words are : "As a minister of the Methodist Church I rejoice in the broader liberty that recognizes all who believe in Christ by every name and creed." He never supposed that all spiritual religion was enclosed within his own religious community, and this catholicity of spirit was nursed and fostered by his fellowship with good men of other persuasions until it developed itself into his thinking and habits. Perhaps one of the closest friendships formed during these earlier years was with

Dr. McCulloch, the veteran Presbyterian minister of Truro, who guided the same people for over fifty years. Many times has he spoken of the rich experience of that man of God being so helpful to him, especially in reference to pastoral duties, as at that time his own heart took hold more fully of the grand secret which gave him the power through all the years since then to touch so many lives for good, as in this ministry of sympathy and love he abounded.

At the bed of suffering he was always welcome ; and in the hour of conflict, when the soul was losing its grasp of life, he would point them to the Refuge and the "Everlasting Arms." There are many hallowed memories in the hearts of bereaved ones of his tender sympathy in the chamber of death, when he would bear their loved ones on the arms of faith and prayer almost to the very gates—

"Until they were not hard to find,  
Nor was it far to go."

But I must not linger too long around the memories of Truro, when life was young and hope was shadowless ; but the years of our stay in Truro have ever been a fragrant memory.

Many of the good men and women who were his fellow helpers have passed over to the other side. Rev. Thomas Smith, Samuel Nelson, J. W. Killer, S. Rettie, Mr. Shaw, Dr. McRobert and Israel Longworth, beside honorable women not a few, have met their "Pilot face to face," "in that land which no mortal may know."

Before the close of the four years in Truro, Mr. Shenton received an invitation to become pastor of the Moncton Church, N. B. This necessitated a transfer which, for reasons of its own, the transfer committee refused, although very strongly urged by the Moncton Quarterly Board to accede to their request. That year his appointment was Liverpool, one of the prettiest seaport towns in Nova Scotia. As we drove in by coach from Annapolis, and neared what was to be our home, the climbing roses, acacias and old chestnut trees were all in bloom on that July day, making a picture of loveliness, and, added to the warm welcome, made us feel at once that there was no mistake in that appointment, with the natural conclusion that the transfer committee, *after all*, must have had some providential guidance. The social element was particularly agreeable. We met for the first time two of Dr. Pope's sisters, Mrs. J. Mulhall and Mrs. N. Freeman. They had been "daughters of the parsonage," and they, with their families, had more than a passing interest in all that went to make up the happiness of the minister's home and the advancement of the church. In this place Mr. Shenton's temperance work was very energetic, as well as doing much outside work of other kinds and attending carefully to every detail of his church duties. No wonder that his circuits, so faithfully watched over, always advanced in prosperity both spiritual and material, and Liverpool was no exception to the general rule. Many honored names ask for recognition before we leave this home, as "the very

air seems burdened with whisperings to me," but I only stay for a moment to call up the name of Joshua Freeman, a man whose strong individuality had been steeped in Methodism, and who held to its usages and traditions with a tenacity that was only equalled by the firmness of his convictions. His wonderful gift in prayer was a surprise to those who heard him for the first time, and an inspiration always to the devout heart.

Without any leave-taking from Liverpool, or explanations of the how and why we went to St. John's, N. F., I give, as the shortest way of transit, a newspaper notice found in the March issue of 1878 :

"The Rev. Job Shenton, of the Nova Scotia Conference, has received and accepted an invitation to the Gower Street Church and to the Superintendency of St. John's, N. F., Methodism. Should the Transfer Committee concur, here is one step toward practical union."

Comparatively speaking, few people in Canada have any idea of the natural attraction of St. John's, N. F., and its surroundings. It abounds in grand and awe-inspiring scenery. We can never forget our first impression just before entering the harbor: the sun in mid-heaven, hurling his light deep in the emerald billows; while the floating clouds seemed to have their edges bordered with gold; the ruined ramparts crumbling into decay,

"Where wild white breakers battle,  
And grey cliffs watch the shore."

And when you have passed through the "Narrows," and have caught your first glimpse of the strength of

its hills and magnificent outlooks to the old sea which has rocked so many ships to its stormy cradle song, you can better understand why Whittier should say—

“The ocean looketh up to Heaven as 'twere a living thing,  
The homage of its waves are given in ceaseless worshipping.  
They kneel upon the sloping sands, as bends the human knee,  
A beautiful and tireless band, the priesthood of the sea!  
They pour their glittering treasures which in the deep have birth  
And chant their awful hymns about the watching hills of earth.”

And what shall I say of that greeting, so full of soul and heartiness and hospitality, and in all our intercourse with the people we found them like the rocks on their shores—strong in their friendships and loyal in their attachments to their church and ministers.

Of those who met us that first day many have crossed over to the world which the Scotch people so beautifully call “the land o’ the leal”—the land of light and love, and joy and happy fellowships beyond the sunset. Some of the veterans linger a little longer on this side; among others, Hon. J. J. Rogerson, the great souled man, whose sympathies are as broad as the ocean that washes the shores of his island home.

Mr. Shenton was particularly fortunate in having for his colleague Rev. Charles Ladner, the sunny-hearted, devoted and faithful minister, as well as Wm. Kendall, George P. Story and James Wilson as the young men of each year in the order named. Perhaps in all the years of his ministry he never touched so many lives that were so completely in accord with his own ideas and tastes. It was more like the English Methodism to

which he had been so much attached in his boyhood. The crowded vestries at the prayer meeting, the quarterly love feasts, and the class meeting that was still continued as the test of membership, were all to him very delightful means of grace, and many times in the quiet of the home, while remembering "all the way" in which he had been led, he delighted to call up the honored names of the men who were numbered among the membership and congregations of old Gower and George Street Churches. Human fellowship can so stamp itself on hearts as to give a tender and radiant immortality.

At this time Mr. Shenton was in the full strength of his manhood and intellectual powers, and he entered with even more than his wonted zeal and energy into his work. He saw the waving harvest fields and was eager to thrust in the sickle. His ministry possessed a power beyond that of mere eloquence, as there were oftentimes when the congregation seemed conscious of the Divine presence in the awakening of the careless, and when Christian hearts were filled with sweet and strong consolation. The gospel which he preached was "not in word only, but in power, in the Holy Ghost and in much assurance." His was thus eminently a ministry in the Spirit and by the Spirit, making it the channel of rich and saving influences. I find in his memoranda that 221 were added to the Gower Street Church membership during his pastorate, but as we can not take the spiritual census, we know not how all the ends of the gospel were secured

in the perfecting of saints or of the triumphal song of great numbers who have passed into the Paradise above through his instrumentality.

Speaking of his sermon at the meeting of the Newfoundland Conference, held at Carbonear, the editor of the *St. John's Ledger* wrote :

" In the evening the pulpit was occupied by Rev. Job Shenton. This gentleman has, however, become so popular as a pulpit orator that it is needless for us to say more than that he was absent from his accustomed place in St. John's, where he sometimes electrifies his congregation, and was quite at home in the church at Carbonear while discoursing on 'Physical and Moral Miracles.' The reverend gentleman treated his subject in a masterly manner, presenting his argument strongly, clearly and impressively."

Mr. Shenton was decidedly an extemporaneous speaker, and here his wonderful memory came to his help, as it was no unusual thing for him to hold an audience for an hour or more, while his memory carried easily the burden of the address or lecture. There was no hesitation, no effort to recollect, because he had made himself perfect master of his subject before he entered the pulpit or stood on the platform. He delivered addresses and lectures on many subjects and for various objects while in St. John's to most appreciative audiences, and the applause and commendation he received might have caused a man with less balance to think too highly of himself ; but that was not one of Mr. Shenton's failings, as it was seldom that he was so well satisfied that he did not reconsider again and again the same subject, adding, strengthening and enriching by the fruits of matured

thought and experience, and we believe this an explanation of the fact that his influence, instead of remaining stationary or going back, was growing up to the last. Of two of his lectures delivered in St. John's for outside objects, I allow the press to speak :

“ PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.”

“The Athenæum course of lectures for the season was opened by the Rev. Mr. Shenton. Mr. Pinsent, Q. C., the president, in introducing the lecturer, gave some interesting details of the progress made by the institution in the year past. Mr. Shenton's reputation as a lecturer attracted such numbers that the standing accommodation even being exhausted, several applicants for admission had to be refused. The reverend gentleman spoke extempore, and with an eloquence and animation that did not allow the attention of the audience to wander for a moment, and which elicited frequent expressions of applause. The reading of a paper may save the lecturer from the extreme of perfervor, but it falls behind the 'spoken speech' in energy and in its power of holding the hearer interested. The wide field of illustration to which the reverend gentleman had recourse to point the moral of his text, 'Paddle Your Own Canoe,' was a record of many who had attained to eminence by force of character and self-denial; but he overcame the *embarras de richesses* by the choice of some of the most striking examples. We trust the young, to whom the exhortations more appropriately addressed themselves, will not easily let die the seed of virtue inculcated so eloquently and energetically.”—*Advocate, St. John's, N. F., January 28, 1880.*

“ MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.”

“An immense audience was drawn together in the Athenæum Hall, on Monday evening last, February 28, to hear a lecture by the Rev. J. Shenton. Subject: “Mind Your P's and Q's,” and seldom have we seen a lecture listened to with more profound

attention or more evident gratification. The reverend gentleman is thoroughly master of the art of addressing a popular audience with effect, and never for a moment allows their attention to flag. While a high moral tone pervaded the lecture, which was designed to inculcate self-culture and high and pure aims in life, there was no mere sermonizing, and the moral lessons were brought home with freshness and power, and ever and anon enlivened with racy humor and happy touches of pathos and poetic feeling. The lecture was certainly one of Mr. Shenton's ablest and happiest efforts. It is a matter of deep regret that this is probably the last lecture with which the Athenæum will be favored by Mr. Shenton, as he is anticipating a removal, this year to another sphere of labor. He has laid our leading literary institution under great obligations during his residence here by his eloquent lectures, and by his readiness on all occasions to render it support and encouragement."—*St. John's, N. E., Chronicle.*

During Mr. Shenton's second year in St. John's he was made Chairman of the District. Although he never exalted himself or contended for precedence, no man more appreciated honors from the hands of the brethren than did he, and truly he must have held a warm place in the hearts of the Christian brotherhood, as has been abundantly testified by loving tributes to his memory and of sympathy to his sorrowing family.

Rev. James Dove, one of our oldest ministers in Newfoundland, writes :

"We were much startled when it was announced at the evening service in George street that your beloved and distinguished husband had been so suddenly called away from his work on earth to service in a higher realm. His many friends in St. John's are much affected by the sad intelligence. They do not forget his

labors as an eloquent preacher, nor his valuable services as a Christian minister, and his numerous labors in other departments of church and social work."

And Hon. J. J. Rogerson says :

"In Gower street Mr. Coperthwaite announced the sad news of the sudden death of our much beloved brother Shenton. All our friends are deeply touched. We so loved him, it was like losing one of our own family. Going home to God without suffering or pain was like God sending his chariot and horses to take him to himself. His work was done on earth, and he is now with the glorified in heaven. We went to God in prayer to sustain you and yours, and I believe thousands of prayers have been offered in your behalf. How good it is to have the prayers and sympathy of the Church of God."

We are rich in the possession of kindred sympathies from men and women of every class and creed, that must prove the sentiment of Tupper correct :

"A man may travel through the world,  
And sow it thick with friendships."

Rev. L. G. Macneill, who was the pastor of Saint Andrew's Presbyterian Church in St. John's at the time we were there, but now of this city, remembers him thus :

"I recall the good old days in Newfoundland, when he was a friend indeed, and the temperance battles we fought side by side, and the pleasant intercourse at the homes of our mutual friends, Goodfellow and Rogersons. It is all a pleasant memory, and since we came here, though not so often found in each other's company, I always knew him for a brother beloved, and felt stronger to know he was 'working at the wall' not far away, and now, strange to say, he has gone to his reward ; and I verily believe it will be a

great reward, for my late friend, your dear husband, was a sincere and earnest worker for Christ, and now, resting from his labors, his works do follow him."

The congregations had been increasing so rapidly that a third church was called for and needed. The trustees and leaders of Gower and George Street Churches recorded their opinion and generous gifts, with results that led up to the following notice :

"According to announcement the corner-stone of the Methodist church, about to be erected, was laid yesterday, September 7, 1880. The superintendent of the circuit conducted the exercises according to the ritual and discipline of the Methodist Church. Addresses were delivered by Rev. J. Shenton, Rev. G. S. Milligan, Rev. C. Ladner, Rev. L. G. Macneill (of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church), Rev. T. H. Hall (Congregationalist), and Hon. J. J. Rogerson. Then, by request of the trustees, a silver trowel, made for the occasion, was presented to Mrs. Shenton, who laid the corner-stone in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. One extract from Mr. Shenton's address was : "We have to say, as said the sons of the prophets to Elijah, 'Behold, now the place where we dwell is too straight for us,' and although we have not gone over Jordan for the beams of this new house, yet the forests of the Dominion of Canada have furnished us with the timbers, and our island quarries with stone for the foundation.

"A few years only have gone since to the Mother of our Churches—Gower Street Church—the children said, as said Caleb's daughter : 'Give me a blessing ; thou hast given me a south land, give me springs of water,' and the venerable parent said : 'Go, my daughter, and build,' and with her blessing rose the beautiful and substantial George Street Church—'the upper springs.' Again the children say to the mother and daughter : 'Give us the nether springs,' and here we are to-day to take

possession, in the name of the Lord, of the 'nether springs' of the fertile and fruitful field of Methodism.

"And when this church is built and dedicated to its special work, the *threefold* cord of Gower, George and Cochrane Street Churches shall not—no, must not—be broken. And, standing by this corner-stone, I would express a firm confidence in the fact, that we have begun to build, and, in the name of the Lord, shall be able to finish. We have consecrated wealth; we have liberal hands, and express, without boasting beyond our measure, that this church enterprise must, will and shall succeed."

Mr. Shenton had a great love, which almost amounted to a veneration, for the older ministers, who had borne the burdens and isolations of the earlier and more laborious fields of toil, and when Dr. Douglas, the man of unique and saintly personality, came for connexional purposes to St. John's, it seemed to open up another friendship with one who was not in "the roll of common men." There were few who had not heard of his brilliant talents and heroic courage, so that preachers and people opened wide their arms to receive the distinguished divine, who was there in the interest of the Relief and Extension Fund, and Mr. Shenton thus wrote of this:

VISIT OF DR. DOUGLAS TO ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

"We were pleased to have Dr. Douglas with us on Sabbath, August 17th. He preached twice for us on that day, though for several years he has only preached once on the Sabbath. One or other of our congregations would have been greatly disappointed had he not been able to preach twice for us. As the superintendent of the circuit took all the other parts of the services, the doctor only preaching, he was able to get through the work. I

need not say how pleased and profited our people were to hear him unfold in logical arrangement and glowing language the subjects: 'God Mindful of Man' and 'The Testimony of Jesus the Spirit of Prophecy.' His travelling companion, Rev. Mr. Allen, also preached with profit and acceptance to our congregations. The visit of these brethren will long be remembered in St. John's. The collection that night was \$1,600."

The time came for farewell, and while we had said many "good-byes" in the course of our itinerant life, perhaps they were never more sorrowfully or tearfully said than upon that occasion, for in many cases we were persuaded we would look upon their faces never more in this life. Hallowed memories that were baptized with so much loving kindness

"Still in the depths of memory lie  
Like night gems in the silent blue."

The Halifax *Herald* of that time said:

"Rev. J. Shenton and family have arrived by the 'Hibernian' from St. John's, Newfoundland. Before leaving, we learn from St. John's papers, that they received many tokens of regard from their friends. Mrs. Shenton received a gold chain and locket from the Ladies' Union, of which, for nearly three years, she had been president. She received also a gold watch from the Reform Club, whose president, Hon. J. J. Rogerson, presented to her, as well as two addresses, one from the W. C. T. Union and the other from the Reform Club. The daughters of the family were remembered by numerous mementos from friends. The Quarterly Official Board of the St. John's Circuit passed a resolution expressing their high appreciation of Mr. Shenton's services for the past three years. At the session of the St. John's District meeting, held June 15th, a unanimous resolution was passed expressive of

regard, and regret at his leaving. The reverend gentleman preached his farewell sermons in George Street Church on Sabbath, June 12th, in the morning, and Gower Street in the evening. The latter church was packed to its utmost capacity, and hundreds had to go away unable to get in. From all classes of the city the reverend gentleman received expressions of regard for his services, and regrets at his departure. He has been transferred to Sackville, N. B."

Back again to Sackville, the classic ground of New Brunswick, and the scene of some of the most important events of his life. It was there, as a youthful candidate, he offered for the ministry, and it was his first circuit by Conference appointment when he entered upon his probation, and after the four years of that probation had been fulfilled, he came again to Sackville to take upon himself his ordination vows, under the presidency of Rev. W. L. Thornton, of the English Conference. Dr. Pickard, his first chairman, and Dr. Inch, whom he had known in school days at Sackville, were now in his congregation, beside a number of the friends of other times, who gave an inspiration and a gladness to the work upon which he then entered. He also numbered among his personal friends Revs. Drs. Stewart, Burwash and Paisley, and Professor A. D. Smith.

The Methodist ministry is the best university in the world for developing and bringing out all the talent there is in a man when brought face to face with so much concentrated wisdom and cultured criticism; and Mr. Shenton would sometimes say, "A congregation like this puts a man upon his metal as well as upon his

ease, for if you have really anything worth saying they understand how to appreciate it;" and if I remember correctly, from the frequent and general commendation expressed, even in this sphere of labor he did not suffer in comparison with his distinguished predecessors.

"Quiet, gentle and unobtrusive, he was nevertheless a man of power." "He was an ambitious man to do his duty, but he was never one

'Who hurries to and fro  
Seeking for some great thing to do,'

but instead he worked 'for the good that is highest,' and the sum total of that good was great." "To his fervent utterances and deep-toned piety, some who are now able ministers of the Word owed much of the inspiration which thrilled their spirits in the days when they were preparing themselves for their life-work in the cause of God and humanity." "He was an absolutely straight man." "He had a personality which it would be impossible to associate with anything mean or small." "The reputation of others never suffered in his hands."

These estimates of his character are from ministers who knew him, and who come and go in the fitting life of the itinerancy; but their accuracy is borne out by those who have worked with him through a succession of years. Dr. Paisley expresses his regard thus:

"For many years I have known him, always to esteem him highly, and the more highly as I got to know him better. In all my acquaintance with him I never knew him to do an act unworthy of a minister of Jesus Christ, and he had no small share

in business matters of the church, which sometimes place a person in a position of very great difficulty. On the very day of his death I received a letter from him, written, I suppose, the day before, in regard to a business matter in connection with the claim of a minister on the supernumerary fund. As I read it a few hours before I received word of his death, I said to myself, 'How careful Brother Shenton is to avoid doing an injustice in this matter!' but all his actions, so far as I knew them, were marked by a like carefulness to avoid wronging another. His name and life will long be remembered by Methodist ministers and people in these provinces, where his works will live after him."

And Dr. Stewart, another of his much prized friends, in a letter of truest sympathy, from which I take an extract, says of him :

"It was with an unfeigned surprise and sorrow that I heard yesterday of your great bereavement. Sorrow not on his account, who has been so unexpectedly taken from you and from us; but chiefly for yourself and the children who remain. To him indeed the change would be no less than a translation. To sit at your side, as he had done so long, for one brief moment, and then the next to find himself sitting down at the marriage supper of the Lamb! How marvellous and how blessed the change! No sickness; no long continued pain, and one might almost say no death. To him it was all gain, but for you is the pain, yet with what mitigation. You had his company so long; you knew him so well; you marked his serene, consistent, Christian life, and you know full well that the God whom he loved and served has Himself called him to His own presence and to eternal joy."

And in leaving Sackville to go to Queen Square, it will be scarcely necessary to give more than the barest outline of the last half of his ministerial life, which was all included in Charlottetown, Woodstock, Fredericton

and St. John. Before this time his reputation had become established as a preacher and a wise and judicious counsellor.

So far he had been a successful man in every department to which the church had called him, and when he preached his first sermon in Queen Square Church, July 22nd, 1882, from "Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me," there was a heart response from the congregation that throbbed in unison with the warm and sympathetic appeals of their pastor, as in giving utterance to his own desires, he voiced their aims and purposes. The saintly influences which emanated from the godly lives of many of the old disciples stimulated and vitalized the spiritual atmosphere, and were a bond of union between the past and the future. Many friendships were formed at that time with those of kindred thoughts and sympathies that had their roots in "esteem's deep fixed soil." Those were the days when our children were about us, the time when we had not to go back along the line of past years to the city of the dead, or reach across a lifetime of memories to find them. "To change and change is life;" "For man's yesterday can never be like his to-morrow."

During that first term in Queen Square, outside of his own work, Mr. Shenton touched almost every phase of Christian enterprise by preaching, lecturing, or addressing audiences for the different organizations that

came to him for help. He was largely identified with the temperance cause, and belonged to Gurney Division, S. of T. He served as Grand Chaplain, and at one time as Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance. He had a great interest also in the prosperity of the Bible Society, and it was at the sixty-fifth annual meeting of the N. B. Auxiliary that he delivered the address to which Dr. Donald Macrae alluded in such eloquent terms, on the day of his burial, saying that it was the first and only time when he had seen an audience at a Bible Society meeting in St. John applaud the speaker again and again. The almost new church at Queen Square was without a pipe organ, and the ladies of the Aid Society, with Mrs. George King as their president, went to work with a will until they had raised \$1,400 toward the \$2,000 that was supposed to cover the cost of a suitable instrument. Mr. Joseph Bullock offered to make a present of an organ to the church if the ladies would pay their \$1,400 to the Trust Fund. They accepted his offer, and the new organ, with Mr. J. Bullock as organist, added much to the interest of the services. Mr. Shenton was passionately fond of music, and as his daughters had inherited that taste to a high degree, it was a great joy to him to have their help in the choir and prayer meetings, as well as in the home circle. He loved the hymnology of the church, or, as he would say, "the liturgy of Methodist theology that touched every stage of Christian experience, from the dawn of repentance to the full triumph of victory over death."

Mr. Shenton had frequently talked of going to visit his English home, but opportunity had never seemed to offer, and as he had entered the ministry before the better day of ministerial vacations had dawned, he had never so allied himself with the new dispensation as to see his way open to leave his flock without a shepherd, or with a multiplicity of them, while he rusticated or travelled, so it was a great surprise to his friends when he began to make arrangements for his visit. His Quarterly Board strengthened that decision in a way both thoughtful and practical by adding to their good wishes a purse containing a generous supply of gold pieces.

From his notes of "What I saw in England," I will give but a few extracts from a most interesting manuscript :

"I started for England and sailed from Halifax on Monday, June 30th, 1884, and, while it was not particularly rough, at the breakfast table the second morning more than one countenance became "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and several of the ladies retired to their meditations in the solitude of their staterooms, which meditations continued in some cases for two or three days. On the Sabbath I preached in the evening on shipboard, although my head was not very steady. You can never get such a meaning into that immortal lyric of Charles Wesley,

' Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the *neaver waters roll*,  
While the tempest still is high,'

as you can when tossing in mid ocean. On Monday we were sailing along the coast of Ireland, 'the gem of the sea,' and many of the returning passengers were wiping away the tears as again

they saw the land so dear and green in memory to the Irish heart. As we neared the end of our journey there loomed up through the haze the English coast, and I touched my hat and said, 'Welcome again, old England, for thou art still as dear to my heart as when twenty-six years ago, I left thee,' and, with emotions not to be described, I stepped upon the shore of my native land; then to the train, and we dash along until we reach Stoke-on-Trent and the old home. There is my father's house where I was born; there the old trees, and the footpaths through the fields. Yes, I was a boy again, but my uncles and cousins did not recognize the boy who left them in the man who now stood before them. The Wesleyan Methodist Conference met in Burslem that year. The Conference Chapel seated about two thousand, and there I had the privilege of hearing and meeting many of the leading lights of English Methodism. Charles Garrett, the friend of the working man, Hugh Price Hughes, the noted evangelist, Thomas Champness, and a host of others.

"At the Conference missionary meeting at Bethesda Church, capable of holding three thousand, I was on the platform with the returned missionaries from Ceylon, Rome, India, Jamaica, Paris, and Owen Watkins from the Transvaal, and all honor, I say, to the grand missionary church that sends forth such men. The missionary spirit dead? No, never, while such men live. The missionary enthusiasm dead? No, not while such fervor of speaking aroused to applause and tears and shouts as were heard in that meeting. I would just like to see such a meeting in St. John. Come again to Bethesda Chapel to the Conference Temperance meeting. Hugh Price Hughes, the enthusiastic temperance worker, has the management of this meeting. Back there around the blind organist is a choir of one hundred voices, picked out of all the Methodist choirs in the Pottery Towns. Under the leadership of that choir the vast audience roll a volume of song, reminding us of the apocalyptic description—'like the sound of many waters.' One of the speakers was Charles Garrett,

who was greeted with a perfect ovation. In thrilling words, in touching incident, in fervid appeal, he made a most wonderful speech, and I was carried on the wave of his eloquence, while the hot current surged through my veins, and I had to clap and shout and cry. Said Charles Garrett: 'There are 12,000,000 children in Great Britain who do not know the taste of drink, and we intend to educate them and keep them from the curse, and in that, education will be a large factor in solving the problem of drink.' The last few days, before leaving for London, were spent in visiting the old haunts of childhood, crossing the fields for the sake of walking on the old paths, and on the last Sabbath preaching anniversary sermons in the church in which I had worshipped from the time it was built until I left England. Then adieu to my relatives and friends, probably for the last time."

He visited London, taking in the points of historic and Methodist interest, lingering around City Road Chapel and its memories with a tender interest, and at Wesley's tomb he says: "I stood, and, with uncovered head, blessed God for the Wesleys." The ancient Oxford had many attractions for him, not the least being the Cathedral and Christ Church College, where, in 1720, John Wesley, then a youth of seventeen years, was admitted, "and where he acquired that sound, classical learning, and broad culture, and strict logical training, which so efficiently fitted him for the life-work he was to do."

"A day in rural England at Chipping, Norton, where the hedges and roads were lined with bloom of fox-glove and honeysuckle, with its villages clustering around the ivy-covered churches, and the mansions of the squire peeping out from their bowers of beauty, made it a day long to be remembered. Next Stratford-

on-Avon, 'where his first infant lays sweet Shakespeare sang.' One of the pleasures of going from home is to come home, and while those old historic places are charming to visit, and it was pleasant to see old friends and revive the fading memories of the land of birth and childhood and youth, I would not exchange this adopted home for the land of my birth, for in its vastness and political possibilities, in the grand freedom that assures us of personal liberty and education, I think no land under the sun furnishes for the average mortal happier conditions of existence than can be found in the Dominion of Canada."

Time and the laws of the itinerancy give to the Methodist minister no abiding city, and the *St. John Telegraph* of July, 1885, emphasized this fact by saying that "Rev. Job Shenton, for three years pastor of Queen Square Church, leaves the city to-day for his new field of labor at Charlottetown, the largest and most important station in the Conference." A few weeks previous to this, at the Conference in Charlottetown, he had been elected president, so that he went to this charge with important duties to perform. How he acquitted himself will be told almost altogether by the opinions of others, and the one I first select was written ten years after he left the circuit, in one of the leading papers of Charlottetown, when the Conference again met there :

"From many people in this city Mr. Shenton will receive a warm welcome, because of his many qualities of head and heart. How kindly and constantly he ministered to the sick and aged many delight to relate. How efficiently he did his work in pulpit and platform is known to all. Few are as methodical in their ministerial and pastoral duties as he. Every family receives its share of pastoral oversight. In addition, he attends to all church and

conferential duties. 'Be punctual and do everything exactly at the time,' is his motto. His memory is most marvellous in its accuracy and retentiveness. His pulpit ministrations are always of a high order, yet many declare that his style in lecturing is even more attractive. When he was president of the Conference he presided over its deliberations, which were more trying than usual, with an evident desire to give every member fair play. He has been for several years treasurer of the Children's Fund, General Conference Fund, and secretary of the Supernumerary Fund, and in all these offices has rendered much good service to the church. His speech betrayeth his nationality, although he left England when little more than a boy. He has been over thirty years in the ministry, but displays mental and physical strength which shame many a younger man. It appears as if he might be good for many years' active service yet. He takes his full share of what is called connexional work, and is present at every session of the Conference he is now attending usually from beginning to end. He is the guest of ex-Mayor Dawson."

During the three years of this pastorate in the "Brick Church," Revs. Stephen H. Rice and William Harrison, pastors of the Prince Street Church, labored in conjunction with him. Of the confidence and friendship of each of these ministers he possessed a large measure, and their kindly feelings he most cordially reciprocated. Harmony was in their councils and success crowned their labors, and in this wise they remember him. Mr. Rice says: "I always entertained a sincere regard for him, as I believe he did for me, and deeply mourn his departure from us." And from Mr. Harrison: "In the going away of your dear husband I feel that a true and valued friend and brother of many

years has been removed. So manly, straightforward and genial, and so devoted to the service of God and man. He was one of the best beloved ministers our church ever had in its ranks. His long, faithful and unwearied service has been an unspeakable blessing to thousands, and his memory is enshrined in the whole church which he loved so well." June, 1886, at the Conference in Sackville, as retiring president he delivered the charge at the ordination service, and it was singularly characteristic, as it was almost an autobiography in reflecting throughout the secret of his own proficiency in Biblical knowledge and the source of his own success, "by reaching to the high ideal of the Christian minister that could only be attained by the anointing and sealing of the Holy Spirit." At that same Conference he was appointed to the General Conference. This great ecclesiastical court of Methodism assembled in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, September 1st. As this was the first meeting since the various branches of Methodism had formed one united body, a great interest was felt in that gathering, as the church had been travelling a path hitherto untrod; but the reports presented from all parts of the work showed that their leader had been "The Lord of Hosts." He there met with many of the great and good men of Canadian Methodism, who had been such important factors in its development, and he esteemed it a great privilege to be thus brought in contact with lives that he had heretofore admired at a distance. Some of the friendships then formed have

preceded him to the better land, while others, by letters, soothe for a moment aching hearts with sympathy and words of loving remembrance. Dr. Carmen says of him: "The death of our dear Brother Shenton is a great loss to his Church and his Conference. I had come to love him for his sincerity and fidelity, and am quite sure he lived in the affections of all his fellow workers in the gospel. In such days as these, when our beloved are passing on to their rest and their glory with Christ, what comfort we have in the resurrection of the dead and the blessed reunion in heaven." And Dr. T. G. Williams, of St. James Street Church, Montreal, writes: "I want to express to you the deep sorrow which came to us to-night when we read the news of Mr. Shenton's translation to the brighter land. It came suddenly to him, but his lamp was always trimmed and burning. The Master found him ready, for he always wore the wedding garment waiting for the coming of the bridegroom. What a comfort the blessed memories of his life will be to you, and you will dwell on them with great thankfulness through all the years that may be yours." And an extract from Dr. Potts' letter speaks thus: "I held Mr. Shenton in high esteem. He preached for me in Toronto, and his sermon was both earnest, eloquent and impressive. You have much to comfort you in memory of his pure good life." Mr. Shenton was the guest of R. Brown, of Jarvis Street, during his stay in Toronto, and received much kindness from that excellent family.

At the close of the Conference, Mr. Shenton went for a short visit to Newton, Iowa, U. S., to see his mother and other members of the family, among whom was his brother, Rev. D. Shenton, of the Iowa M. E. Conference. His mother, at the age of eighty, survives him, and is tenderly cared for by her eldest daughter at Newton. On his return to his circuit he entered upon his manifold duties with a zeal that had been sharpened by his touch with the outside world, and for the rest of the term of three years he preached and lectured both in and out of season for societies and organizations of many kinds. At the opening of the pipe organ in the Brick Church, August 28th, 1887, he preached a sermon on "Music," from Psalm 150, "Praise ye the Lord" being the theme, which was full of poetic beauty, concluding with: "Let us get under the shadow of the throne, so that we may catch the echo of notes from the celestial world. There have been experiences in our lives when they have floated down to us, and under their inspiration we have done better and nobler work. Then let us put more song into our lives and it will take the morose, the sad and the gloomy out of them, and give us the bright, the sweet, the sunny, and thus being joyful in the Lord we shall at last rise to the music of heaven, when the songs learned on earth shall roll around the throne, and as we are bathed in glory and bask in the light of eternity, o'erwhelmed with the rapture of the beatific vision, we shall say, 'Hallelujah! Amen.'" From a journal of April 6, 1888, he says: "I am this day fifty

years of age. To God be all praise for sparing me to reach the *summit* of life. The oldest of a family of twelve, now only half remain. I am now busy with ministerial and pastoral work in this large congregation. It taxes to the utmost energy of mind and body, but I have excellent health. Up to this time I have not missed an appointment on account of health, as I have not known sickness of any kind that has kept me to my bed or room. There are few who can say this after a ministry in these provinces for near twenty-eight years. Knowing the frailty of human nature I am slow to pen a resolve lest I fail as often before, but I asked in prayer that personally my life may be more holy, and that in my work I may be more useful. *Let all I am or hope to be, O Lord, be now consecrated to Thee.*" "On Sabbath, May 2nd, had a good but hard day's work. Buried Brother Higgins at 9.45, preached at Upper Church on 'The Holy Jerusalem,' then met two classes. In the afternoon addressed the Sabbath School on the Temperance Pledge, met another class, and preached in my own church in the evening, under a deep sense of responsibility, on 'The Great Day of the Wrath of the Lamb,' and closed with a prayer meeting." (And I may add to this that he never had to miss an appointment, as he was never sick a day in his life.)

But I must leave those memory-haunted days that were so full of music and of charm with just one more tribute of affection, from the pen of his "own familiar friend":—

"Some twenty-eight years ago, or thereabouts, during the Conference sessions at Charlottetown, the Missionary Meeting held in the Brick Church was filled with a deeply interested audience. The speakers were the Rev. Ingham Sutcliffe and the Rev. Job Shenton. Mr. Sutcliffe was a most magnetic speaker and, being full of his subject, immediately caught and kept the undivided attention of his audience, so that when, with a burst of impassioned eloquence, he was about to close, the large audience, as one man and with one voice, cried: 'Go on! go on!'

"To follow such a climax called for no common man. Mr. Shenton was, however, equal to the occasion, sustaining the enthusiasm of the people and the high tone reached by the previous speaker, thus stamping him as one of the best and most eloquent speakers of the Methodist pulpit. This position he retained to the close of his ministry.

"It was my very great privilege, from the time of his coming to occupy the Charlottetown pulpit, to call Mr. Shenton my friend, and for whom I had the highest esteem one can have for his fellow man, one to whom you could unbosom yourself, not merely as your minister but as to your brother man, knowing that one's confidences were as safely locked as if they had never been divulged, and I think that I can truthfully say I have been a better man through having had his friendship.

"I have been privileged to know (many of them intimately) the ablest of our ministers during the past fifty years, but, with two or three exceptions, none comparable to Mr. Shenton as a sympathizer with the members of the household or in securing their confidence and retaining their respect and affection by his genial manner, pleasant smile, and frank "How are you?" But a few weeks before he passed away, Mrs. Shenton and he spent several days with my family. He then had to all appearance several years of life before him, and was, as always, full of happy and joyous life, enjoying his few days of liberty, while anxious to return to his loved work. It was to all the members of my family

a few days of delightfully loving reunion, little thinking, however, that we should never see him again in the flesh.

"As a Preacher he always gave of his best and with no uncertain sound; his heart being established with grace, he was not carried about with divers and strange doctrines; he was a patient, earnest and prayerful student of the Word of God and of the Theology of the Church founded by the venerable Wesley, simple and nervous in style, manly and unaffected in delivery, full of truth because abounding in the sound and plain exposition of Scripture.

"As a Pastor he was especially faithful, visiting all the people of his charge at stated occasions, keeping up the old time Methodist custom of seeing each member of his congregation in the home. I well remember, on his coming to Charlottetown Circuit, that he very early announced from the pulpit his intention to visit all his congregation quarterly, which I believe he did, an immensely laborious task (added to his visits to the sick and the multifarious duties of the circuit), as the membership was between five and six hundred.

"His passing away was sudden and painless, being a great shock to his family and friends, still I have sometimes thought that could he have had his choice he would have chosen the Lord's way. He is gone to his rest, ceasing at once to work and live.

'With songs let us follow his flight  
And mount with his spirit above,  
Escaped to the mansions of light,  
And lodged in the Eden of love.'

W. E. DAWSON.

*Kilburn, 13th Feb., 1902."*

Mr. Shenton closed his ministry in Charlottetown, preaching from Acts 20, 24, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God," and

entered upon the active duties of his pastorate in the Woodstock Methodist Church, on Sunday, July 22nd, 1888.

"Mr. Shenton's hearers of these, his initial sermons, must have been impressed by his originality and independence of thought, the magnetism by which the orator attracts and controls attention, the fervency and richness of his imagination, the earnestness of his appeal, and his skilful application."

So said the press report of that place the following day. And Mr. Shenton's diary says :

"July 23rd. Since writing in this book have removed from Charlottetown. At our last services there had large congregations, and received many gratifying tokens of respect. Arrived here on Saturday, preached on Sabbath from 'My presence shall go with thee,' and had large and attentive congregations. Have a fine people; some are professors of 'holiness.' The kind reception left nothing to be desired, and, with the comfortable home provided for us, our lot has again fallen in a pleasant place with a goodly heritage."

To particularize about the character of the work here and in Fredericton, the next circuit, would be a repetition, as a minister's work when faithfully done varies but little on the different circuits, especially after middle life has been passed. "Our Age and Its Wants" was one of the lectures delivered in Woodstock, and "Lessons from the Life of the First Hebrew Premier" was another.

During Mr. Shenton's pastorate in the Fredericton Church there were many important occurrences in Methodistic life, and one of those was the celebrating

of the Centennial of Methodism, and in connection with that he prepared and delivered two sermons on the Sabbath of March 1st, 1891, in the morning, "John Wesley: his Life and Work," and in the evening, "A Century of Methodism," from the text, "What hath God wrought?" And connected with these services, on a week evening, was a review of "Fredericton Methodism" during the last fifty or sixty years, which was dealt with in addresses by Mr. Shenton, Wm. Lemont, C. H. B. Fisher and J. J. Weddall, and with the excellent music that was prepared specially from the Wesley hymnology, was a time of jubilation for the elders and an education in that particular line for the younger members of the congregation. He also had the honor of starting the Epworth League, about the same time, from which I have received a letter of sympathy and many kindly words of the departed. If I had room to give the addresses presented to him before his removal to Queen Square, from six of the Temperance bodies, they would give the sentiments of those who worked shoulder to shoulder with him, but I can only conclude with a few of his own words from his responses: "I will always remember the Temperance people. It is hard to say the farewell words to you, as I have just said them to my associates in spiritual work. The word 'farewell' is always getting harder to say, for as I become older the novelty of the many changes wears off, while the bonds that unite me to each church, as I leave it, grow stronger."

Mr. Shenton never regarded it as a derogation from his duty to his own charge to perform duties of a public character. Instead, he thought it greatly extended his personal influence and promoted feelings of Christian charity and brotherhood in the community.

Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, is situated on the beautiful St. John river, so much admired for its scenery and foliage, "where the trees make a murmurous music as stirred by the breeze, with their green garments trailing the waters that kissed them." Government House was occupied at that time by Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley, and with the surroundings of culture that the seat of government and a university town afforded, the advantages were very much above the ordinary both socially and intellectually. And our church shared in this prestige, A. G. Blair, then Premier of New Brunswick, and his family worshipped in the congregation, as well as a host of other noble men and women, some of whom hallowed their memory of him at his burial by laying a chaplet of white flowers upon the casket of their "Former Beloved Pastor;" and there were others, the standard bearers, who, when their mortal course was finished, left large space in the front ranks; and there were those who from his lips had heard of Jesus' love, and his the hand that led them to His feet. So there were many links in the chain that bound him in all after life with holy memories of "the days that are no more."

On returning to Queen Square after six years' absence,

while many of the old friends met us, the ranks had been thinned. In a sermon Mr. Shenton said: "In 1882 I first became pastor of this church. Of the class leaders of that pastorate Captain Prichard and Harmon Trueman have gone to their rest and reward." And after making reference to others, old and young, who had passed away, he said: "I may be pardoned if I put a simple wreath of loving remembrance on the tomb of two whom we all miss to-day; first on that of John N. Moore, my recording steward in Fairville in 1864-6, and my recording steward here in 1882. The friendship between us never ceased, never faltered for twenty-five years, and when the summons came to him in a moment, heaven was richer and earth poorer to me of a faithful friend. Then Andrew Gilmour, probably better known to the ministers of our church than any man in this city. I knew him only to respect him—I loved him only to trust him; and when he went home, another friend was gone from the friendships of earth, one of God's true noblemen, of which this earth has too few. And on these and others, the fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, who are gone from us, I lay the tribute of a pastor's love and friendship." Perhaps there were few men who understood and lived the meaning of the word *friendship* better than did Mr. Shenton, and fewer still who had the power of retaining the friendship and confidence of others for a life-time than did he. This has been especially impressed upon me by scores of letters from

the friends of long ago, one of which I give in this connection from John T. Mellish, of Charlottetown :

"Mr. Shenton and I were fellow students at Sackville in 1859-60, and I very well remember how greatly beloved he was by both teachers and students. Even then he was frequently called upon to preach in the minister's place in the Sackville Methodist Church on Sunday mornings, which he did with unusual talent for so young a man. I prize his friendship of so many years, and tender to you my sincere sympathy in this your sorrow and bereavement."

There were many pleasant episodes in connection with the last three years in Queen Square, but I dare not even touch them. His fellowship with the Christian brotherhood of the different denominational pastorates of the city were all pleasant in their relations. To the brethren of his own church he was true and constant, and the strong ties that death sundered when Father Daniel, Rev. James Narraway and Dr. Henry Pope went home have been renewed—where

"They who all for God surrender  
Bring their sheaves in heavenly splendor."

Hitherto our family circle had been unbroken, but during our last two years in Queen Square the two eldest daughters had gone to homes of their own, so that we only expected Emma, our youngest born, to go with us to the Exmouth Street Parsonage. But the look that sometimes comes on a young face had touched hers, and when we went to that home it was with a "hush in our hearts" and a shadow slowly passing over the thresh-

hold with us, carrying the burden of a coming sorrow. And now her eyes "grew bright and brighter still," whose loving glances oft our hearts had thrilled. She was so full of life and bright hopes that it was hard to realize that she would not much longer tread the paths her eager feet were pressing. But, like a fair, sweet flower, she faded. All through that last night we watched her with breaking hearts, trying to say "Thy will be done," and several times during that vigil she father commended her to God. The morning came at last—a bright, beautiful sunshine, that seemed too bright for the last days of the last month of the autumn. Again her father knelt beside her and repeated the twenty-third Psalm, and "Jesus, lover of my soul, let *her* to 'Thy bosom fly," and while still clinging to his child, down even to the brink of the river of death, her pure soul went out,

"Like the sunshine of another country  
Beyond our ken."

This was Mr. Shenton's first real sorrow. No man had ever loved with a stronger love his family and home than did he. These made up his life's completeness. To his daughters he had given a father's care and counsel, with companionship tender, gentle and beautiful, and for a time it seemed as though his sensitive spirit would sink under the strain of grief and separation. In a sermon preached a little after, he said: "The afflictions of life are often like death, as our affections die in our children and friends. Our hearts sink and we

weep over our loss. We list to the muffled oars of the boatman pale as he carries our dead to the mystic shore, and our feet seem to touch in that moment the cold waters of the river flood. Angels come down to our homes, though we see them not, and as they sweep away with the treasures we prize, we only catch a glimpse of the shadow of their wings. But here is the strange mystery, as from their death comes life—they are not lost, only gone before. God honors us in their death, as they strengthen our faith in immortality. And thus our anguish turns to glory, and our tears of bereavement crystalize into valuable jewels of faith in eternal life." This strong faith in God lifted and upheld him, and enabled him to preach to that people a gospel permeated with the strength of the "Afterward," which came from the grievous chastening, and which gave to his ministry and pastorate a truer sympathy with the sorrowing than it is possible to feel until personally you have tasted of the bitter cup. His great love of Scripture grew with his growth, and his life glowed more and more with the spirit of consecration.

In this retrospect I remember his burning desire to bring sinners to Christ, and his words of admonition and hope to the young, and the never to be forgotten times of blessing when he took "sweet counsel" with many of the fathers and mothers of that sanctuary. I also remember the sympathy and love that was given to us in our sorrow, and I will never forget how both old and young came to look tearfully upon the face of the

pastor who for five years had faithfully proclaimed to them the "glorious gospel;" for in Exmouth Street Church, during those five years, he received 121 into its membership, preached 454 sermons to that congregation, and made an average of 960 pastoral visits each year; of its dead he buried 147, baptized 177, and performed the marriage ceremony 70 times. And it was a fitting ending to his work in that church when, on the last Sabbath morning before he died, his message to them should be from the words "The love of Christ constraineth me."

No doubt the itinerancy has its disadvantages, but it also has its compensations. Who so abounds in reverence, love and sympathy from the high and the lowly alike as does the Methodist minister? And whose families, taken on trust, are welcomed to the hearts and the homes of the people of each and every circuit as are those of the Methodist ministers? And when these welcomes and friendships of Divine and earthly association cover a period of many years and many changes, you can scarcely take a newspaper in your hand that does not tell you something about either the joys or the sorrows of one or other of your widely scattered personal friends. Thus such a life is broader in its interest and sympathies, and deeper in its affections and hallowed memories, than is possible under other circumstances. It is not a life of hardship, but of holy toil, filled with sweet messages of peace to the people from lips touched with fire; and overflowing with ministries of

loving kindness and thoughtfulness from such a people to the occupants of the parsonage. And as one who has been honored to walk side by side its paths with one of God's messengers, until the many windings of the way are fast tending to the river, I would like to render a thanksgiving for all the precious memories and mercies of a life that has had far more sunshine than shadow, and for our happy homes—the people's homes and ours—where all that made life's harmonies found true expression; "God's smile upon us;" the sacred incense of morning and evening prayer; the voice of psalms; the simple songs of praise, sung first in unison with infant voices, until they reached the sublimer strains of later years; and above all, for the tender precious memories of a still dearer tie of which I may not speak, because the feelings connected therewith are of too sacred a kind for the veil to be uplifted. Names, faces, hearts, come back upon us fresh as yesterday, but I pause but for a moment to remember these before we go to Fairville, our first and last earthly home together, for when we leave it next our travelling days will all be over, and I will go out from it alone with the past behind me, and heaven and my friends before me, but

## NOT LOST,

For we are quite sure  
That He will give them back—  
Bright, pure and beautiful—  
We know that He will but keep  
Our own and his until we fall asleep;  
We know that He does not mean

To break the strands reaching between  
     The Here and There ;  
 He does not mean—though heaven be fair—  
 To change the spirits entering there,  
     That they forget  
 The eyes upraised and wet,  
 The lips too still for prayer,  
 The mute despair ;  
 He will not take  
 The spirits which He gave, and make  
 The glorified so new  
 That they are lost to me and you.  
     I do believe they will receive,  
     They will receive  
 Us, you and me, and be so glad  
 To meet us, that when most I would grow sad  
 I just begin to think about the gladness  
     And the day  
 When they shall tell us all about the way  
 That they have learned to go—  
 Heaven's pathways show.  
 My lost, *my own*, and I  
 Shall *have so much to see together* by and by.  
 I do believe that just the same sweet face,  
 But glorified, is waiting in the place  
 Where we shall meet, if only I  
*Am counted worthy* in that by and by."

In 1899 we went to Fairville once more, our first circuit, but it was nearly altogether a new congregation ; a few remained, just enough to link the past with the present. Mrs. Johnson, Senator Lewin, Mr. and Mrs. William Barnhill, and the old sexton and his wife, beside a few of our former friends who had found other church homes, but whose creeds were broad enough to allow them to show as much warmth of feeling in the welcome of 1899 as they had left in the lingering touch of the farewells of 1866.

We were very happy in our pretty home, just rural enough to give us the freedom that had not been ours in the more crowded parts of the cities, and although missing the companionship of our children, we had each other, kind friends, and a congregation that listened not only with profit, but with pride, to the words that fell from the lips of their pastor as he delivered to them the message touched with the sacred fire that was always burning brightly on his heart's altar. His purpose seemed to be filled more than ever with "This one thing I do." The highest model will be the highest inspiration. So he was living a life to be completed in the Eternal life, and in reference to that life I quote his own words: "I wait till the hour shall come when angels shall carry my spirit into that world where God is forever adored, and as I look up and know that when my work is done—*not till then*—I will become a sharer in his eternal victory."

But the shadows began to lengthen, for many, not only on the Fairville Circuit, but on other charges that had been his in the city, and by the request of their families and friends, frequently called him, with their resident pastor, to accompany the remains of those whom he had much prized to their last resting place; but the names of such are too numerous to mention in this record, as I have almost reached the limit of my space. Mrs. Johnson, of the Fairville church, passed away two months after Mr. Shenton came, at the age of eighty-two. Then the next to go was Senator Lewin, and although his

years had numbered eighty-eight, he was always in his place in the sanctuary, until, on the Sabbath morning of March 10th, 1900, before going to preach, Mr. Shenton knelt in prayer at his bedside, and before the service had closed came the tidings that James D. Lewin would no more assemble with the Church Militant, and the whole congregation mourned for him as a friend, a Christian, and an honorable man. Others followed, and one day the old sexton, Hezekiah Nelson, exchanged his humble cot for one of the many mansions, with songs of victory on his lips; and still death seemed to be reaping a rich harvest, and in April of 1901, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thompson went home within a week of each other. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided." Mr. Shenton was rather depressed at times, as the numbers seemed to be so rapidly thinning, and one day, after returning from one of those sad duties, he said: "It seems I have come back to Fairville to bury all my old friends." Many were the times he went to the cemetery during the year 1901, but he was always so well and so full of life, it never seemed possible that he, too, was coming so soon to the margin of the river, and would cross over before the bells should ring for 1902. On the Sabbath of October 6th he went once again to the cemetery, and this time it was with one for whom he bore no common friendship, and after the sad rites were performed, and he had returned only a little while before the evening service, as he lay on the couch for a few moments, I thought his face looked too white,

and I asked if he were very tired. He replied : " Not so tired as sad, for it was very hard for me to see William Barnhill laid away ; " and added, " He was one of my truest and best friends, and soon it will be to me one of the special attractions of heaven thinking of the renewal of friendships."

The doctrine of immortality and the recognitions of heaven were themes upon which he loved to dwell, and many of his richest thoughts were upon these subjects ; and during the last months of his life his sermons and prayers were full of pathos, full of power, full of Christ, and we can now see and mark what we saw not then, for " our eyes were holden," how his Risen Lord was preparing him for the joys awaiting him, by bringing very near to his view the glory, and permitting him, by the anticipations of a lively faith, to comprehend that to fall asleep is not to die. In one of his last sermons, speaking of the reunions and glories of heaven, he said : " Heaven is our Father's house, where He will gather His family, and in which our friends await our arrival, and where soon we will reach the sunlight of the cloudless Eden, for the 'Lamb is the light thereof.' It is all bright, for the saints are immortal and enjoy an eternity of glory. Let death meet us when and where, we are ready. If it sweep down as sudden as a flash of lightning, we will as quickly sweep up to the land of light ; or, wearied with the weariness of disease, we drop sweetly to sleep in Jesus, we will rise to the land of changeless beauty."

On the Sabbath preceding his death he took his appointments as usual, and with even more than his wonted fervency, and while many wondered as he seemed to speak face to face with the Invisible, they little thought that the voice that had so faithfully declared the gospel message was thenceforward to be heard in the pulpit no more. After the evening service we sat talking in our home until quite late. He had just accepted a call to Fairville for a fourth year. Speaking of that, I said: "When we have done with Fairville, let us have a little home of our own for a few years, if we live;" and he began, as he nearly always did if I talked of his becoming a supernumerary, to sing

" My body with my charge lay down  
And cease at once to work and live,"

and then he said: "I never like to think of the time when I will have to leave the work, for it seems to me my life would be so aimless; but," he continued, "I suppose it is as well to think over what may be a possibility." On Monday morning Mr. Shenton went to Preachers' Meeting, and afterward to his daughter's for dinner, as he always did; she thought he had a tired look, and said, "Papa, I wish you would settle down and have a little rest, as you have always worked so hard." He did not reply for a moment, and then, looking her in the face, said: "Jennie, I never intend to quit my work until I drop." And it was even so. Wednesday morning seemed like every other morning—no sign of weakness or sickness, no premonition of coming ill, the same tender thoughtfulness in attending to all the little things

in life as he had always shown. He had been down town and returned before eleven, and after talking for a few minutes, he went to his study, asking to have an early dinner, as he was going to the city that afternoon. Shortly after twelve he came down stairs and said something in a laughing way as we were sitting down to dinner. After asking the blessing he passed me my plate and helped himself, and I looked at him to speak again, when I saw a change passing over his face, which was the trace of the touch of the Death Angel, for although I hastened to his side and called him and begged him to speak to me, he never saw me, never breathed again. The awful calm was unbroken by any last struggle, for to him had been fulfilled in its highest declaration, "So He giveth His beloved sleep." "He had gone! but where? or how? or when? Unmarked, God's messenger had been beside me in that sacred place. No sound of footstep as he came, no gleam of glory as he went;" and I was left alone with my dead. His departure was like a translation, and the sweet serenity, the calm, holy joy with which he entered upon his eternal reward were beautifully depicted upon his countenance even in death. Heaven had left its impress on face and brow.

"We saw thy white soul shining  
Behind the face,  
Bright with the beauty and celestial glory  
Of an immortal grace."

And as I know of no words with meaning enough in them to tell of what the going out of that life meant to

his own family, I will furnish extracts from some of the copious and kindly notices of the Press, to tell what his life and death meant to others.

"Suddenly, at his residence at Fairville, at noon, December 11, 1901, from cerebral hemorrhage, Rev. Job Shenton entered into rest, aged 63 years and 8 months. He leaves a widow."

"There were three daughters, two of whom are living, Mrs. Dr. McAlpine, of this city, and Mrs. Grönlund, wife of Rev. Mr. Grönlund, lately of the Nova Scotia Conference, but now of Calgary, N. W. T."

"The feeling in Fairville and St. John at his death stroke was intense. Strong men came to look upon him, and broke down and wept."

"Rev. Job Shenton, one of the best known and most beloved Methodist clergymen in Eastern Canada, dropped dead in his Fairville home shortly after noon yesterday. Mr. Shenton and his wife sat down to their mid-day meal as usual, both in the best of health, apparently, and happy in spirit. Grace was said, and shortly after—without a sound—he expired. It was a terrible shock for Mrs. Shenton. Help was summoned, but it needed no physician to tell that life was gone. Mr. Shenton had been about in the morning, stopping and chatting in his usual happy vein. He appeared to be hale and hearty, and was seen almost up to dinner time on the street. Then he disappeared within the parsonage, and in the short space of half an hour it was announced he had died."

"The sudden and unexpected death of the Rev. Job Shenton awakened widespread surprise and regret throughout this city, in which he had resided during the last eleven years. Few men amongst us have been more widely and favorably known because of his genial and kindly manner, his zeal in the temperance cause,

and his ability as a preacher of the gospel. His unexpected removal will be heard of with regret in many a home in these maritime provinces, for he had ministered in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, as well as in New Brunswick. He has filled the chair of several districts, was chosen a delegate to the General Conference of 1886, held in Toronto, and was elected president of the New Brunswick Conference in 1885. Besides these, he has filled several other positions of trust and responsibility, and always with credit and efficiency. He has always ranked among the ablest and most influential members of the Conference, and will be sincerely regretted by his brethren in the ministry. Mr. Shenton was a student at Mount Allison. He served a term on the Board of Regents of the University, and was Theological Union Lecturer one year. His daughters were all educated at Sackville, and Mrs. Grönlund took the B. A. degree there. In all his pastorates Mr. Shenton was a great favorite. He was thoroughly practical, exceedingly generous and kindly, and at his home he and Mrs. Shenton dispensed a genial and lavish hospitality. Mr. Shenton was the friend of everybody, especially of the poor, and while his ability as a preacher placed him among the leaders in his church, his popularity as a pastor was equally due to his goodness of heart and unfailing cheerfulness. He always enjoyed excellent health, and looked remarkably young and strong for his years."

On the Sabbath after his death, as he lay in his home, and the church bells rang out their call to worship, he heeded them not, and another stood in his pulpit. Memorial services were held in all the Methodist churches in the city, and touching tributes were paid to his ability and Christian character by his former colleagues, of which I can but give the barest outline. Rev. George Steel preached in the Fairville church, and to the sor-

rowing congregation spoke most sympathetically. He concluded his remarks with these words :

"Mr. Shenton, though dead, will continue to speak of the attractiveness of religion. He drew men to himself. Everybody loved him. His goodness was singularly attractive. Good men are the pillars of society. They bind together the body politic and social ; they make government possible ; they stand for the unification of humanity ; they are the altar steps by which man ascends to God. For long years to come Mr. Shenton's life will speak for righteousness, temperance, and all that tends to make man better and earth more like heaven."

#### ZION METHODIST CHURCH.

"In the course of his sermon last night, Rev. Dr. Wilson said : 'During the past week our church has sustained a severe loss in the sudden death of the Rev. Job Shenton. Few men among us have been more widely and favorably known, for in a ministerial career of nearly forty-two years he has had the pastoral care of several of the most important churches in the three maritime conferences. As a pastor he was affable in manner, easy of access, rarely forgot a name or a face, and knew all, whether old or young, in his congregation. He was thoroughly orthodox, preached the old truths, the deliverances of the higher critics gave him no uneasiness, and with the so called 'advanced thinkers' of the day he had little sympathy. He was an excellent preacher of ready utterance, and his sermons gave evidence of careful preparation. In Albert county two of his sermons, 'Death on the Pale Horse' and 'The Swellings of Jordan,' preached when in his teens, are still remembered as away above the ordinary. He was one of the few upon whom devolved the work of the Conference. His seat was seldom empty, and as secretary of the Children's Fund and the Supernumerary Fund, he rendered the church important service. With his wife, who came to Fairville as a bride

thirty-seven years ago, but who will leave it as a widow, we all sincerely sympathize. He had excellent health, had never been laid aside by sickness, hardly knew the meaning of the word weary, and hoped to be active up to the last. He had his wish, and in his experience was realized the desire of the poet :

'O that without a lingering groan,  
I may the welcome word receive,  
My body with my charge lay down,  
And cease at once to work and live.'"

## EXMOUTH STREET CHURCH.

"Rev. T. J. Deinstadt, preaching from Luke ii, 29 and 30, 'Lord now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation,' referred to Rev. Mr. Shenton's pastorate of five years there, and of the fact that one of the last sermons he ever preached was delivered there. This was on the morning of Sunday, December 8, when his address was considered one of his ablest and most impressive efforts. 'As a minister,' said Mr. Deinstadt, 'Rev. Mr. Shenton was a sympathetic and true friend to all the poor and afflicted; he was most faithful and systematic in his pastoral work; was an earnest instructor and successful preacher of the gospel, being the means of leading many to Christ. He lived a godly and devoted life, true always to his profession and his God. With him at this time to be absent from the body was to be present with the Lord—his sudden death was sudden glory.' The pulpit of the church was draped with mourning emblems at both services."

## CENTENARY CHURCH.

"Rev. George M. Campbell's text, yesterday morning, was II Timothy iv, 6, 7 and 8 verses: 'For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and

not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.' After dwelling upon Paul's life as a battle, as a race, and a faithful guarding of that with which he had been entrusted, Mr. Campbell said: 'Our theme has been suggested by the sad bereavement which came into the life of our church on Wednesday last, when Job Shenton, the true friend and faithful minister, 'ceased at once to work and live.' A man of noble life, genial disposition, large heart and vigorous intellect, has been called, 'while his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated,' to join the white-robed throng who 'serve God day and night in His temple.' Of his long and faithful ministry I do not now attempt to speak. His record is before the church and the world, and is also written 'on high.' In his death the church has lost one of its noblest leaders, and the country a man who had in him vast possibilities for good, and who used them wisely and well. And 'having served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep.' 'Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' 'I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write—Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, said the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.' In your name, and my own, I place this brief tribute on the casket of Job Shenton—the calm, benignant, tender, brotherly, manly man."

QUEEN SQUARE CHURCH.

"Of Rev. Job Shenton, Mr. Weddall said: 'Our ranks have again been broken. Our pulpit is draped to-day in memory of one of the best known and most loved of our brother ministers, Rev. Job Shenton, who was so richly enshrined in the affections of this congregation. His was a noble life—his a glorious death. He knew the depths of holy living which find their best and most effective testimony in the way the man does live. To work for over forty years of continuous and uninterrupted service in labors abundant, without fatigue, with no sickness through all the years,

toil for Jesus unbroken by the weaknesses which so often dampen the ardor and discourage the spirit of the less favored, then simply to die and enter into rest and victory. What a splendid ending to a splendid life! Our brother is gone to meet those whom he led to the Saviour—those whom he helped amid the discouragements and sorrows of life; with whom he took sweet counsel and went to the house of God—above all to meet Jesus, whom he fondly loved, and whose glorious gospel he delighted to preach to a sinning world. We shall miss him sadly as we gather in our Preachers' meetings, as we assemble in our annual Conference, in whose work he was so deeply interested; but we must close up the ranks and attend to our marching orders—we must move forward in the battle. We cannot linger by the grave, we cannot tarry long by the side of the dead.'"

## CARMARTHEN STREET CHURCH.

"The pastor, Rev. George A. Sellar, preached yesterday morning from St. John ix, 4: 'I must work the work of him that sent me; the night cometh when no man can work.' In closing, Mr. Sellar referred to the sudden death of Rev. Mr. Shenton. 'We did not have his deathbed testimony, but we had his godly life to look to.' The preacher spoke of the different prominent positions Mr. Shenton had filled, and of his forty-two years of faithful service. 'Death to him was but a sleep, and that brought him into Paradise, with all its glory and celestial music.'"

## CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

"At the close of his sermon last night in the First Methodist Church, Charlottetown, Rev. G. M. Young paid the following tribute to the memory of Rev. Job Shenton, who was pastor of that church from 1885 to 1888:

'Few men in our ministry, in these Lower Provinces, were more widely or favorably known. During his pastorate in this church he made many warm and lasting friends, who have heard of his

sudden death with sincere sorrow and regret. For upwards of forty years no man was more abundant in labors or devoted to the cause of Christ. For forty-one years, through storm and sunshine, Mr. Shenton was to be found at his post. Wise in exposition of the scripture, faithful in warning, urgent in exhortation, tender in appeal, surely he has served his generation by the will of God, and quietly, though suddenly, has fallen asleep.'

"The pulpit was appropriately draped in black, and the choir sang 'Nearer Home,' and the 'Dead March in Saul' was played. At the close of the sermon Mr. Young prayed earnestly and tenderly that the widow, in her loneliness and sorrow, might be greatly comforted."

A correspondent writes :

"Perhaps there is no more striking testimony of the fact that the world respects—if not loves—a truly noble life and character than has been seen in the numerous tributes that have, in various ways, been paid to the late Rev. Job Shenton. The Queen Square Church, where he labored for six years; Exmouth Street, where for five years he faithfully ministered to its people; Fredericton and Charlottetown, where he is still remembered in love for his works' sake—all held memorial services last Sunday, with their altars and pulpits draped in the habiliments of mourning, in affectionate memory of him who once served them in the gospel of Jesus Christ. Just as the funeral service began a telegram of sympathy also came to the family from the Official Board of the Gower Street Church, St. John's, N. F., where he had labored twenty years ago. All this is to us an unquestionable assurance that the world has not lowered its ideal of true manhood, and as a further tribute, we believe that his noble life will stimulate the hearts of multitudes of young men, who knew him best, to emulate the life he lived, or rather, the Master's life as lived by him."

And Rev. W. W. Lodge, in a memorial of him, says :

"He was esteemed and loved wherever he went, and but few men can leave a better record of faithful service in the Kingdom of Christ than the Rev. Job Shenton. In his memoranda he states, and he was severely accurate in everything, that in the forty-two years of his ministry—the last record inscribed being November, 1901—he had made 19,864 pastoral visits, and had received into the church 924 members. He occupied the presidential chair for one year, and in the monetary work of the Conference (being an adept) he was honored by his brethren in filling many of the most important official positions and functions associated therewith. But the greatness of the man is best measured by the grandeur of the principles he advocated in the pulpit and on the platform, and in the force of the righteous character he possessed, giving quickening and sanctifying effect to his utterance. He feared God and loved humanity, and in his holy calling he honored the One, and lived and preached to elevate the other. In eloquent active battle for truth, for reform, for spiritual freedom, for full Salvation, for social and political purity, he was ever an uncompromising witness. His life was one of whole-souled allegiance to the Master whom he served and to the church he had espoused. A life so full of consecrated force, so full of quiet charm, so full of fruit, so potent in its hold on the consciences of men, so penetrating and winning in its sincerity, its sympathy, its lofty aims, will live, must live in lives, mayhap unconsciously for ages after the body has returned to its mother earth. 'How beautiful to die upon the walls of Zion. To be called like a watch-worn and weary sentinel to put our armor off and rest in heaven.'"

For six days we kept him with us while awaiting the arrival of our daughter, Mrs. Grönlund, who was coming from Calgary, N. W. T. During that time hundreds came daily to look upon that face so perfectly natural

and unchanged from its life-like appearance, and surrounded by floral offerings profuse and beautiful. Yes,

“White flowers as white as winter's whitest snow  
Were clasped in hands as white as they,”

and a cross of rare blossoms placed upon his breast called to mind the thought of another :

“Full many a cross in life he bore,  
But never one inwrought with flowers.”

Among those who came to look once more upon their friend was Rev. Richard Mathers, and as he stood beside the couch where Mr. Shenton lay, he told me that when he first read the sad news of his death, the thought that came to him was, “And after he had given thanks,” and the latter part of the verse, “I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.” “And although sore pressed with inward pain,” the uplifting of the thought so beautifully expressed by that man of God made my heart say

“So let our dirge become our sacrament  
Plighted to heaven upon this broken lyre.”

But the last day, and the saddest of them all, came to the noon-time, and then the casket was tenderly borne to the church by members of his Official Board, there to await the funeral services that were held at two o'clock Tuesday, December 17, 1901. The coffin was covered with flowers from friends and congregations. A handsome wreath from the Fairville Church, with the

inscription "Our Beloved Pastor;" an anchor from the Official Board of Exmouth Street; a basket of violets and roses from Queen Square; and a wreath, in memory of the love they bore him, from very dear friends of the Fredericton Church.

The following references from the daily press will give the remaining particulars:

"The familiar figure of Rev. Job Shenton, known for more than two score years throughout Lower Canada as an upright, Christian man, most excellent citizen and sterling example of what a man should be, was laid sorrowfully away in the family lot, Fernhill, this afternoon, in the presence of a large and representative body of clergymen and citizens. The cortege, which proceeded from the Fairville Methodist Church (the pastoral charge of the deceased), was very long, and included men of high standing, representing all classes in the community. Preceding the hearse were members of the Evangelical Alliance and officers and past officers of the Grand Division Sons of Temperance. Alike to all of these had the passed away minister endeared himself, and their last meed of respect was paid with heads bowed in deepest regret. The pall-bearers were Rev. R. W. Weddall, Rev. Henry Penna, Rev. George A. Sellar, Rev. Thomas J. Deinstadt, of the city Methodist churches; Rev. A. T. Dykeman, of the Fairville Baptist Church, and Rev. Mr. Hills, of the Fairville Presbyterian Church. After the memorial service these gentlemen bore the remains to the hearse.

"Draped in deepest mourning—black and purple—the pretty little church in the adjacent town told more eloquently than words how great a blow had been dealt the congregation. Hung over the vacated pulpit was a heavy black felt pall, upon which was lettered in white: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' The

choir and large congregation were largely attired in mourning. The service, as follows, was most impressive :

Scriptures from Burial Service—Read by Rev. Geo. Steel, Chairman of District.  
Hymn No. 370.

Prayer—Rev. J. A. Clark, M. A.

Music—Choir.

Scriptures, part of 14th chapter John—Rev. R. W. Weddall; and part of 15th chapter First Corinthians—Rev. A. T. Dykeman.

Hymn No. 804.

Addresses—Rev. G. M. Campbell, Rev. G. W. Fisher (Moncton), President of Conference; Rev. Dr. Macrae and Rev. George Steel.

Music—Choir.

Benediction—Rev. Dr. Wilson.

Rev. George M. Campbell, pastor of Centenary Church, in the course of his remarks, said :

“ The veterans of yesterday are being mustered out of service in the militant church. ‘ Our fathers, where are they ; the prophets do they live forever ? ’ We have sufficient cause to remember they do not remain long here as we take a last grateful retrospect of the faithful service of Job Shenton,—man, friend, victor, servant of the Living God.

“ After an allusion to the Shenton family, the congregation, and the church sorely bereaved by Mr. Shenton's death, Mr. Campbell referred to the close personal relationship between himself and the late minister. Mr. Shenton was born of an ancestry which gave him a sound mind and a healthy body, as well as traditions of virtue and self-reliance. His capability for work and his love of work were amazing. He learned the meaning of fatigue only by observing it in others, and in the forty years of his ministry had not been laid aside a single Sabbath through ill health.

“ Referring to Rev. Mr. Shenton's call to the ministry, it was observed that as soon as he realized his duty he began at once to prepare for the high office. He was an able minister of the New Testament, with talents of a superior order; literary and theological attainments, varied and accurate, tenderness and depth of spirit, which made him a master in Israel. He preached a gospel of Divine Love, of admonition, and of consolation. A hard

student, he gave his people that which cost him a good deal, and we do not wonder that he was greatly beloved by his people. He was intelligently attached to the Methodist church; its distinctive principles were held sacred by him; its enterprises called forth his zealous and prayerful co-operation. In all church courts he was a trusted and valuable member, and greatly loved by his brethren in the ministry. High official positions were conferred upon him. Mr. Shenton was an interdenominational man, and rejoiced in holding cordial and confiding relationship with all branches of the Christian church. He was not only a preacher and pastor, but an intelligent citizen. In all efforts to make the world better you could easily locate him. True to God, to himself, and to righteousness, his memory abides as a choice treasure in the church. Not soon shall we forget the man who, in all his goings in and out for more than forty years, 'wore the white flower of a blameless life.' And we go out to our work remembering the cleanness of his hands, the purity of his heart, the devotion of his life, his faithful preaching, and many prayers. He has not left behind him a more evangelical preacher or a more consistent man."

"Rev. G. W. Fisher paid a high tribute to the late clergyman on behalf of the New Brunswick and P. E. Island Conference."

Rev. George Steel added his testimonial to the worth of the mourned pastor of the Fairville Church, and this is to be found among the introductory tributes of this book.

"One of the chief speakers was the Rev. Dr. Macrae, whose address was an eloquent and hearty tribute to a worthy member of another faith. Dr. Macrae gave some very entertaining reminiscences of his acquaintance with Mr. Shenton, and earnestly testified to his manly character and nobleness of purpose."

The memory of his funeral will long linger in the minds of those who attended it, not only because of the

large number of ministers from all parts of the city and beyond it, but on account of the affecting character of the whole service. The quiet tears which fell from many eyes testified more eloquently than words to the affection with which he was regarded. The choir and congregation sang his faith in two of his favorite hymns, and just before the close the Male Quartette of his own choir came down and stood beside him for the last time, and, with tearful eyes and bowed heads, sang with tremulous voices a last farewell to their beloved pastor.

And after all was over on that day of chill December, they took him away, and all that was mortal of Job Shenton was laid beside the child of his affection, where

“We may garland their pillows with flowers  
And water with tears if we will,  
But they heed not such sorrow as ours  
In the City of Sleep on the hill.”

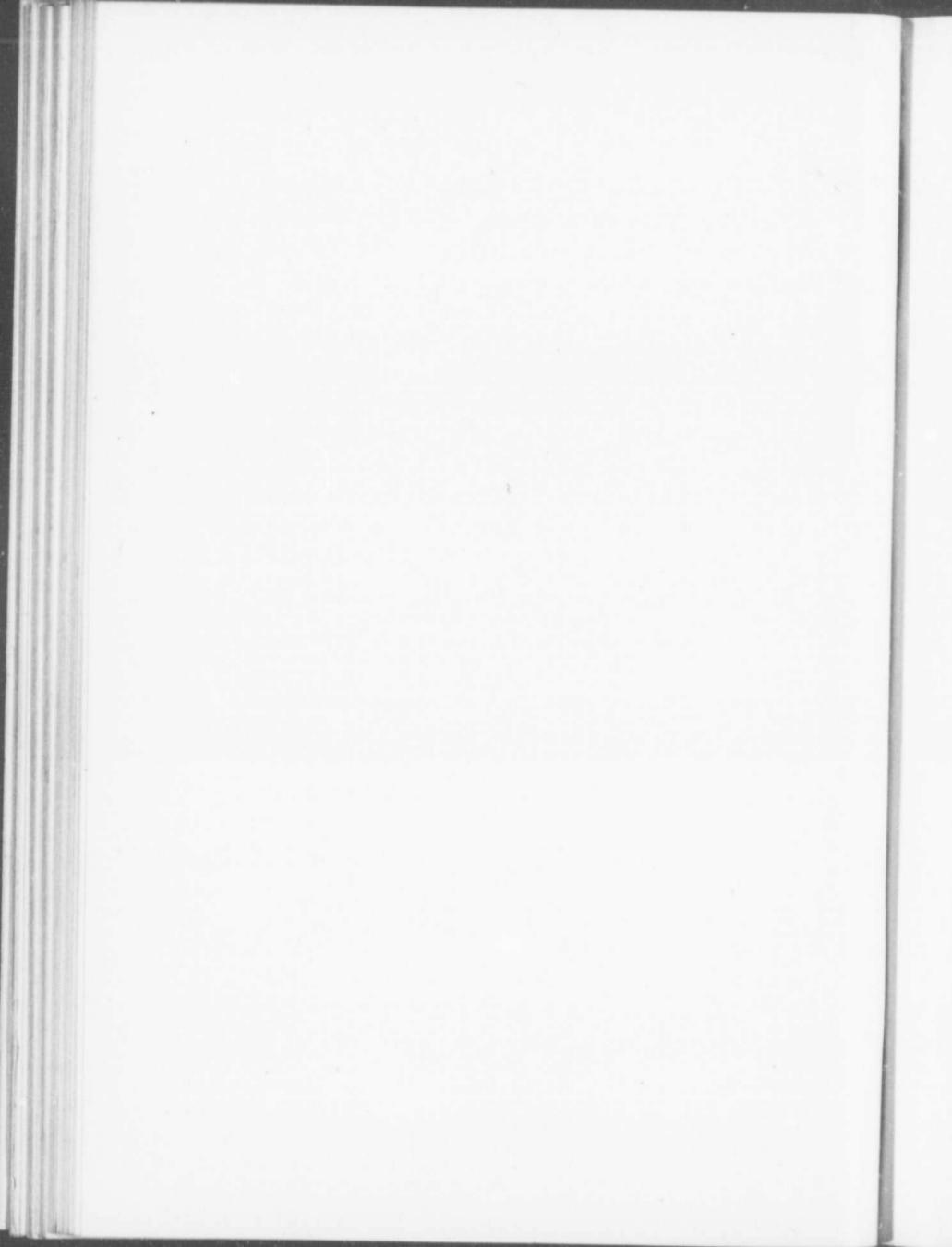
As we stood by that new made grave we saw the ladder of hope rise, and on it was written “There shall be a resurrection of the just,” and we came away to commune with our sorrow and to miss the true helping of a strong hand,

“Till through the storm and tempest safely anchored  
Just on the other side,  
We find his own face looking through death's shadows,  
Not changed but glorified.”

M. J. SHENTON.

*Fairville, St. John, N. B., 1902.*

SERMONS AND LECTURES.



# SERMONS.

## I.

*Last sermon preached by REV. JOB SHENTON, in the Fairville Methodist Church, Sunday evening, December 8, 1901.*

### THE CHOICE OF MOSES.

"By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. . . . for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward."—*Hebrews 11, 24-26.*

"There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

So sang the poet, as he gave expression to an incontrovertible fact of human life, of which the text is a forcible illustration.

You cannot fail to see the importance of the life of Moses; "for there arose not a prophet in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face." From the time of Joseph, the children of Israel had lived in the most fertile part of Egypt. They had multiplied so rapidly that the king was afraid of them, and formed the cruel design of enslaving these free-born "sons of promise." He issued the edict which doomed the male children to the Nile. But just when the decree of extermination went forth, the future deliverer was born.

Jocabed, fearing the royal decree, hid her "divinely beautiful son," as Stephen calls him, for three months. When it was no longer prudent to keep him concealed, his mother placed him in a small ark of bulrushes and committed her precious treasure to the care of Providence, as she laid the basket by the river's brink. The Egyptian princess came down to bathe in the sacred river, and when she saw the ark she sent her maidens to bring it to her. When she opened it she saw the child, and the babe wept. The foundling fell into hands that alone could save him, and the princess adopted Moses as her son.

What a singular providence ! that the Nile, intended by the cruel king to be the grave of the race, holds carefully the deliverer from that oppression ; the palace of Pharaoh becomes the asylum for the outcast ; the royal daughter, the foster-mother of the Hebrew law-giver. It was equally providential that his own mother should nurse him, instruct him in the destiny of his chosen nation and in the promise of Christ, and so lay up in his child heart that faith which would govern his early life. Warm and loving was that impress made on him, an illustrious example of a mother's influence.

A young lieutenant of Rhode Island was wounded in the fierce battle of Mechanicsville. After undergoing amputation in Washington, he telegraphed home that all was well. Unknown to him, his mother came, reached the city at midnight, and would have by the nurses been kept from him till the morning. One sat

fanning him, with a hand on his pulse. At length the mother was allowed to glide in through the darkness and to take her place at his side. She touched his pulse as the nurse had done. Not a word had been spoken, when the son awoke and said, "That feels like mother's hand. Who is this beside me? It is mother. Turn up the gas and let me see mother!" The two met in one long sobbing embrace, and the pent up fondness of each heart wept forth its expression.

All that Moses afterward became was crystallized into beauty by the love of his mother. She held the destiny of that child in her hand, and moulded him, so that the influence of his Hebrew mother rose above the grand, the learned—the honors of royalty, the pleasures of luxury, the riches of affluence—and he chose God's people as his people.

There is much in this choice of Moses upon which we may dwell with profit, either as a motive to incite us to action, or a fact to be real to us.

THE FIRST CONTRAST IS :

*"By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter."* It is easy to read this passage without entering into the meaning and marvel of it. But if you consider it a moment you will find it to be the most deliberate act of renunciation of the world, in preference for the spiritual, which was ever known. Tradition says that Moses, by his adoption, was the heir to the throne of Egypt. At that time

it was one of the greatest and most flourishing nations of the world. Its situation between Africa and Asia, and adjacent to Europe—in itself like a fertile garden—made it hold an important place in the political world.

Cities rose on the banks of the Nile, whose ruins, after the lapse of centuries, are the wonder of all who visit them. Thebes, the capital of a district to which it gave name, was flourishing at the time of Isaac's death, and was the seat of a powerful empire. Nay, even earlier than this, when Abraham was wandering as a shepherd prince, and depending on the unbought gifts of nature for the support of his flocks, the Egyptians were acquainted with agriculture, and all the arts of civilization and government, which indicate a social existence extending back for several ages. This is confirmed in a striking manner by architectural ruins, which have survived the ravages of thirty centuries. There rose Heliopolis, the city of the sun, whose obelisk, made of a single block of granite, is yet standing, as it rears its sculptured shaft to heaven. It stood there one hundred years before Joseph was a slave. Manassah and Ephraim were born under its shadow, and it was there when Israel wept and groaned in bondage. Moses grew up in the city it adorned, and learned wisdom from its priests and wise men.

Egypt was the fairest land under the Eastern sun, and its rich fields made it the granary of the world. And yet, in its power of empire, and grandeur of palace, and beauty of clime, Moses, in sublime faith, "refused

to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter." And the tradition of Josephus may have a sprinkling of truth in it: "That when three years old he trampled under his feet the crown which Pharaoh had playfully put on his head." It was surely no light thing to renounce a throne, and power, and honor, such as described.

#### HIS CHOICE OF THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

But your wonder will increase if you remember for what he made the sacrifice. He was a Hebrew, and he preferred to be a son of Abraham rather than to be called a son of Pharaoh. Look at that people with whom he cast his lot! They were a broken-spirited race of slaves, and had been so long crushed in bondage that they were hardly fit for freedom. They failed to understand the lessons of discipline, and with the spirit of bondmen strove against each other, and when Moses first entered on his mission of deliverance they resented his interference, and turned sullenly away. But this people were the children of Abraham—the elect seed—though the purpose of that election was hidden. There was a Divine royalty under the garb of the slave. The name of Moses might have been written upon some pillar of stone; he might have extended the conquests of Egypt, but he chose rather to be a son of God.

You can think with what lofty scorn the proud courtiers of Pharaoh would look upon this strange choice. O how eagerly they would have seized the honor of royalty! How glad to be the heir of the throne! But

they failed to view this decision aright. They looked at it by the eye of flesh. Moses looked at it by the eye of faith. He saw the crown of Divine sonship; he saw the throne of heaven, "for he had respect to the recompense of the reward." Was Moses mistaken in his preference of the heavenly over the earthly sonship? There burns within us an ambition for honor, almost as quenchless as the soul. Suppose that within our grasp were the highest prizes of our professions. We can get no higher. Yet further, suppose that we had within reach the throne, the crown of Britain's royalty. Would we be satisfied? How long would this last? But while I disparage not the honor of place, or station, or gain, I must exalt the honor of sonship in Christ. There can be no dignity compared with this, "I am a child of God." There may lack earthly social position; there may be no glory of residence; there may be hard and incessant toil; there may be no crown visible to the eye; the tokens of royalty may be wondrously absent, and you will search in vain for the trappings of the king. But every one justified by faith, and regenerated by the Spirit, is an adopted child of God. *Our royalty is spiritual.* We have access to our Father, and all the blessings of the redemption in Christ Jesus are ours in their full enjoyment. Better than the crown of an earthly monarch is the crown of acceptance in the Beloved. Higher in dignity is a child of God than any sovereign who occupies a throne.

Moses might have said: "Perish the royalty of Egypt! I am a son of Jehovah. Fade the marble

palaces, the floors of porphyry. I am heir to a mansion in heaven!" And the Christian can say: "Let all earthly honor be dimmed; it is most honorable to be a child of God. Sink all notions of ambition, though the prospect be all golden. I am an heir of God, and joint heir with Jesus Christ."

"For God Himself our Father is, and Jesus is our Friend,  
 With Him we walk in white, we in His image shine;  
 Our robes are robes of glorious light, our righteousness divine,  
 On all the kings of earth with pity we look down,  
 And claim in virtue of our birth a never-fading crown."

#### DIGNITY OF A CHILD OF GOD.

Now I would impress on you this thought, that no earthly dignity can be compared with being a child of God. O how rich are the expressions of the Bible upon this point. The best eulogy upon Abraham was that he was called "the friend of God." Moses was honored with such intimacy of friendship that "Jehovah spake to him face to face." And surely there is rapture in the words, "The Spirit Himself beareth witness—children of God." And John says: "Behold what manner of love. Beloved, now are we the sons of God." And surely if you know it by heartfelt experience, you will thrill with the rapture to which the poet gives voice:

"My God I am thine, what a comfort divine,  
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine;  
 In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,  
 And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His name."

Do you *know* that blessedness? If not, like Moses, let it be your deliberate choice to-day.

## THE SECOND CONTRAST IS :

*“ Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.”* As already stated, Egypt was one of the most powerful nations of the world, and probably the most corrupt. Its court was the centre of luxury and vice. To it resorted the pleasure-seekers of all nations, attracted by the facilities for indulging the most refined as well as the most debasing enjoyments. Did we credit all the accounts of its pleasures, we must regard the Egyptian court as the cesspool of the world. Brought up in its midst, alluring as they must have been, yet Moses regarded “ affliction with the people of God ” as preferable to “ the pleasures of sin.”

## PLEASURES OF SIN.

These words are true and most expressive, “ The pleasures of sin.” Put gall into every drop of earthly happiness, and it would be folly to drink its bitterness. The plea of the choice is not based on the poison of the draught, but upon the brevity of the pleasure. There is pleasure to walk the flowery path, but how soon the pleasure fades. There is a pleasure to the taste in the sparkling glass, but there is always the serpent coiled in the bottom of the intoxicating cup. There is pleasure in the round of gaiety, but it leaves a void within. Let us dismiss from our minds any thought that God has put poison, or at least bitterness, into every cup which men press to their lips. The sun pours his rays of pure

light on us, but I may take it to show me how to do deeds of darkness. The grape is delicious to the taste, but I can press its juice and put death in it. The grain is good for food, but I can make it ruinous to body and soul. The eye, the ear, the taste are to be channels of communication with what is outward to my soul, but these may be "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." And so it is not "pleasures," but "the pleasures of sin."

Bear this in mind, you can turn pleasure into a sin. It is said a famous actress once held in her jewelled hand a glass of clear crystal water, and said: "O! if only it were a sin to drink it, how sweet this water would be." It is a pleasure to be able to read, but you can make reading a sin by reading those books or papers that corrupt the mind, and so corrupt morals. It is a pleasure to mingle in society, but you can, by dissipation, destroy your body and ruin your soul. And so there is *pleasure* in sin, but it is only for a season. "The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucked them, for they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty."

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;  
Or like a snowball in the river,  
A moment white, then lost forever."

## AFFLICTIONS CHOSEN.

Instead of "the pleasures of sin," what did Moses choose? Surely he would know how to find a fountain,

whose sparkling waters would confer deathless happiness! Surely he would seek that which would be without a pain, but he "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God!" What say ye, proud courtiers, to that choice! You surely scorn such folly. Is there pleasure to be called a Hebrew, as this race were drinking deeply from the cup of sorrow? Is there pleasure to link his destiny to a nation of slaves? Cease your scorn, ye gay and gorgeously apparelled princes of the palace. Those children of Goshen have blood in their veins from Abraham, the covenant head of their race. Those slaves are heirs to a future of glory that will pale into imperceptible dimness all the grandeurs of the Pharaohs.

"Afflictions, pleasures," how wide the contrast! But interpreted under the light of eternity, heaven approves "affliction" instead of "the pleasures of sin." The *cross* of Christ is a burden to shoulders unused to bear it; but the disciples find it light, and while they bear it, by a strange law, it bears them. The cup is bitter as sorrows are poured into it. The wine is red, and you drink its dregs; but those who, like their Master, come to their Gethsemane take the cup, mingled by their heavenly Father, and say: "Not my will, but thine be done." The valley of death is dark: it is darkness itself to those who tread it without the light of Christian hope; but those who lean on God's rod of promise for comfort find the valley bright with hope, and see beyond its shadows "the inheritance of the saints in light." Give me, then, the cross, the yoke of

Christ, the cup, the dark valley, for "I know that our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Now contrast, and make the choice. "The pleasures of sin for a season—affliction for a moment;" pleasure of sin to end in eternal pain; glory to be revealed in us, and eternal in duration.

## THE THIRD CONTRAST IS:

"*Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt.*" This land was the richest in material wealth of any upon the face of the earth. During the seven years of famine it supplied itself, and other nations with food. Joseph bought the land for Pharaoh, and the king owned and ruled the country. In fact, it is impossible to estimate the riches of Egypt, which Moses esteemed as dross compared with the reproach of Christ.

Interpreted by the word of God, those whose company he forsook would reproach him for his Messianic hopes. The covenant of the fathers, the promise of the Shiloh, the land of Canaan, the Messiah in whom all nations should be blessed, these would be the themes of converse and the lessons of that boy in that Hebrew home. And "when he came to years," in the vigor of his lofty intellect, he deliberately made choice of that faith—gathered the wealth of that hope as his treasure, to which the gold of Egypt or the treasures of Rameses and Suctoth were dust in the comparison.

O stop, ye gold seekers, ye toilers for wealth, ye men and women allured by a dream whose form is only a shadow, and chasing a cloud fringed with gold, and let Moses, the royal adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, show you the true riches. Without Christ ye are poor! You may have the gold of earth; count your bonds, and mortgages, and deeds, and stocks by millions; your residences may be palatial, adorned with costliest art, and furnished luxuriously; your resources may be ample, and have everything to minister to your taste; but if you have not "Christ dwelling in your heart by faith," if "Christ is not in you the hope of glory," ye are poor, miserably poor. But to be spiritually rich may be your choice. Like Paul, it may be yours to say: "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ." For

" My Jesus to know, and feel His blood flow,  
 'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below."

#### DECISION.

Here we are in the valley of decision. Two worlds ask your choice. Which shall it be, with souls to outlive the crumbling monuments of earth? Yet a few days or years, and we shall reach eternity.

" A moment ushered us to birth,  
 Heirs of the commonwealth of earth,  
 Moment by moment years are past,  
 And one ere long will be our last.

" Twixt that long fled which gave us light,  
 And that which soon shall end in night,  
 There is a point no eye can see,  
 Yet on it hangs eternity.

"This is that moment, who can tell  
Whether it lead to heaven or hell ;  
This is that moment, as we choose  
The immortal soul we *save or lose.*"

O for this wise choice to-day !

## NEBO'S VISION.

And that we may see the glory, and be inspired to this decision, let us follow Moses to the summit of Nebo. His undimmed eye surveyed the promised land. The remembrances of the way blend with the vision, and as the past melts into the future, a gentle pressure is felt, and in His loving embrace God touched his soul, and the royal Moses ascended from Pisgah to heaven. And as he entered that rest, but faintly shadowed forth by Canaan, he received the rich reward of his deliberate choice. For *by faith* Moses made his decision, and *by faith* he entered upon all that his faith believed.

And so to us, guided by the Lord through our pilgrimage, we shall ascend our Nebo to die ; or in some quiet vale fall asleep amid the fragrance of early spring ; or cross the turbulent swellings of Jordan ; or quietly, on some Sabbath morn, touched by the gentle hand of the death angel, rise to the harmony and rest of the eternal Sabbath. Then eternity shall seal the decision of time.

"Heavenward, ah heavenward, this my daily choice shall be,  
Earth's sweet voices are unheard, I would heaven's glory see ;  
Heavenward the waves I'll breast,  
Till in heaven I am at rest."

## II.

*Preached on the last Sunday morning before he died, at  
Exmouth Street Church, December 8, 1901.*

### THE CONSTRAINING LOVE OF CHRIST.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—*II Corinthians 5, 14.*

"The love of Christ constraineth me," says Paul, as he fearlessly declares the master motive of his life. At his conversion the Holy Spirit sanctified all the natural powers of his mind to the service of the Lord Jesus. Intense attachment to Judaism became intense love to Christianity. Earnest zeal that fired his soul on the way to Damascus became quenchless zeal in the cause of Christ. Intellect, devotion, reverence, position, things which were gain to him, he counted loss for Christ. What impelled him in such apostolic labors? what urged him to brave such unwonted toils and trials? He was regardless of the smile or frown of men. He ran his race, he finished his course. He feared not the sceptical sneer of the Athenian, the derisive scorn of the luxurious Corinthian, the narrow-minded prejudice of the Jew. He entered at last into heaven, borne there in the chariot of martyrdom—the crowned victor sweeping to his royal throne.

Are you not already asking, What was the impelling force of such a man? what was the mighty motive of

such a beautiful, wondrous life? What saith the apostle himself, for his own words explain and answer the questions—

“THE LOVE OF CHRIST.”

Brethren, the same powerful motive exists to-day in all its divine force. Every life since that day which is worth following, or studying, has had no other element of forceful service. Are you called to holy work in the church—to bear witness amid trials, affliction, bereavements? Put aside all stoicism, all regard for the world's opinion, and let the love of Christ constrain you to bear, to do.

Paul's bold avowal that, whether he be beside himself, in an ecstasy out of himself, or he be sober, in a right state of mind, this love of Christ constrains him to belief to service, to faithfulness, to love.

LOVE CONSTRAINS TO BELIEF.

“We thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead.” There can need no argument that “Christ died for all men.” In writing to the Romans, Paul says: “God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” He has made such a display of that love, that there can be no question of its fulness to meet all our need as sinners. And though the apostle does not in any manner carry us to behold that love in its manifestation, only by the simplest statement of the fact of it, yet he clearly sets forth the greatness of the unspeakable gift when God

sent forth His Son into the world. "Christ being in the form of God." "He being rich, for our sakes became poor." These words carry us to the throne. The Lord Jesus possessed all the glory of the Father. Eternity's white symbol was around His sinless brow. Wisdom, without measure, crowned Him the royal King. Almighty power was in His arm. His robes were of unsullied light. He laid aside that glory, stooped to the poverty and humiliation of Bethlehem, assumed the name of David's royal son, without the throne or crown. The tears, pains and joys of perfect humanity belonged to Him, and as you stretch the golden thread of promise through the ages of prophecy, of song, of hope, till you touch with it the throne, where is the mind of angel or man that can tell the measure of that *love*? As Paul says: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was *rich*"—rich in glory, in power, in eternity—rich, "yet for our sakes, poor."

## GETHSEMANE.

Come to Gethsemane! The way is familiar over Olivet, by the rugged path along the bare hillside, down where the Kedron rushes over the sand and pebbles. Come under that clump of olives, with trunks of enormous growth and twisted branches, and thick foliage that keeps out the light. The darkness is around, unpierced by the starlight, making the stillness of silence around the spot. See that form, blood-baptized

with the intense anguish. There the fiercest baptism fell on Him, and the lightnings of more than a mortal agony scourged His soul. Tell me of that spot. *Hush, be still!* It is the dark garden of Gethsemane. And when you can measure the height of Eden's fall, and when you can tell the misery entailed by the curse of sin, then you can tell the amazing love of Christ.

"In Him the tribes of Adam boast,  
More blessings than their father lost."

CALVARY.

Come to Calvary! From the highest throne of heaven we have measured to the deep depths of humility and agony, and yet there is a deeper depth. With the blood of the garden, and of the scourging upon Him, Jesus faints on that road of grief. The nails, the spear, the dying groan, the death agony, speak of His love. And that death on the cross is the greatest exhibition of love that the universe has ever beheld. And as we gaze on it, and the inspiration kindles on the soul, we say: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

FACTS FOR FAITH.

Out of these facts comes the faith that Christ died for the world, for me, for you. Can I put a limit on the grand words of Jesus, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish." And that "whosoever" is a

word that has no limit of time and no boundary of space. It comes to those dead in trespasses and sins. There is no response to love within. You can pour all the intensity of your heart's affection upon a dead body, but there comes back none to you. And if you do not feel the Divine love—a love that we have no means to measure—it is because your heart that ought to love is dead. Let me probe a little below the fair exterior. If I were speaking to those whose lives are a flagrant violation of the law of God, there would need no word but this, *dead*. If there were those so filthy with sin that you would almost instinctively draw your dress or coat closer around you, I could say of these, *unclean*. But come here and put the probe into the heart, and no life-blood flows at the cut. It is dead to love. And it is only when the Spirit Divine reveals the meaning of the death of Christ, and faith is exercised in the atonement, that the soul feels and rejoices in the love of God.

And now that love becomes my life. And thus could Paul say: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me . . . loved me, and gave Himself for me."

Brethren, does this love of Christ constrain you? Are you dead or are you living? If dead, you feel no love, and for you Christ died in vain. If alive, you love, and that love constrains you in your faith in Jesus, "who loved you and gave Himself for you."

Eastern story tells us that Abou Ben Adhem saw in a dream an angel writing, and that, being asked what he was doing, the angel replied, "I am writing the names

of those who love God in sincerity." Then he said to the angel, "Am I among them?" "No," replied the angel. "Well," said he, "write me, I pray you as a friend, of those who love God." Is your name written in the book of the living as one of those who love God in sincerity? If not, why not? O that every one of you may be written as loving God.

LOVE CONSTRAINS TO FAITHFULNESS.

It was decidedly so with Paul. All his interests were against Christ and His religion. Did he pant for promotion to the highest honors of his nation—a ruler, a member of the council? By his espousing the cause of Christ all offices were closed against him. As a Roman citizen, with the powers only needing exercise that afterward developed themselves, he might have risen to be a great man. But Christian profession shut every door against him. As I study his character, the elements of energy, intellect, perseverance, learning, I see nothing that ought to prevent him sweeping like a brilliant star across the heavens of Jewish or Roman nationality. "But what things were gain to him he counted loss for Christ." And who is capable of estimating that loss, considered from the world's point of view? and who can measure that gain in the estimation of God? Faithfully to discharge his apostolic ministry, to trace his path of suffering and toil, to analyze his conduct, we must seek for something that mightily operated in his character.

*Ambition* will prompt to great endeavor. It will climb the steep mountain side, by the edge of the yawning precipice, over the sharp and loose stones; but the feet of ambition may grow weary; the zeal of ambition may give place to despair; the eye of ambition may grow dim, and, with the object still an object, may fail to seize the much desired prize.

*Wealth* will urge to great exertion, will press its votaries onward, and nothing is too great for the sacrifice made. For money Baalim will curse Israel; for thirty pieces of silver Judas will sell his Master; and that he may hide the consecrated gold, Ananias will lie to the Holy Ghost.

*Pleasure* has its devotees as earnest as ever the heathen, who worships at his reputed holy shrine. Health is nothing nor the bitter dregs from the midnight revel; but pleasure will cloy upon the taste, just as too much honey will produce repulsion.

But you find in none of these the motive that could urge Paul, and all true Christians, to fidelity to their profession of faith. One word explains all, and that word defies all analysis, *love*. "The love of Christ constrains to faithfulness."

"Apart from Thee all gain is loss, all labor vainly done,  
The solemn shadow of Thy cross is better than the sun."

#### LIVE FOR HIM.

This is the meaning of the words of Paul: "That they which live should not henceforth live unto them-

selves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again." They live not to themselves, but to Christ. You have the same thought expressed by the apostle near the close of his life: "For me to live is Christ." I do not belong to myself; I am wholly Thine. When Paul was converted he made a complete surrender of all he had, and by one act consecrated himself to Him who died for him and rose again. And in his self-renunciation he gives us the grand motive of his life, and includes not only the Roman Christians, to whom the words were addressed, but all who bear the Christian name: "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." (Romans xiv, 7-9). And that is the self-surrender constrained by the love of Christ. *It is the memory of love*, and as there come on the soul to-day the memories of Gethsemane and Calvary, memories of agony and death, and the resurrection seals the completed redemption, and the ascension declares the ever-living one, let our consecration be entire, as the blood puts on it the definite acceptance, and we say:

"Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
Take my love, my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure store;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, *all for Thee.*"

LOVE CONSTRAINS TO SERVICE.

Paul was in labors more abundant than any of the apostles. His zeal impelled him. You can trace his

footsteps over the rough mountain passes of Asia, exposed to the perils of rivers, of seas, of robbers. You can follow him along the streets of Corinth, amid the marble temples of Athens, amid the beauties of Damascus and Antioch. He never tired, his feet never grew weary, his head never rested, till the prison of Rome ended his apostolic travels, and the axe of the headsmen sent him to his martyr's crown. If men called him mad, if they branded him as an enthusiast, he vindicated his zeal, which heaven approved and applauded. "Whether we be beside ourselves," if I am mad, it is madness that is sane enough to a perfect consecration to the Divine; or "whether we be sober," of a sound mind, it is to bring to you the gospel of salvation.

#### OUR CHIEF DUTY.

The religion of Christ is united to our chief duty and to our chief happiness. "Godliness is profitable unto all things—promise—life is—come." Yes, touch duty where you will; enter into the busy shop, amid the sharp competitions of trade; in the field, on the swift rail, on the freighted ship; amid the toil of factory or loom; wherever the sweat beads the brow or the brain; amid the quiet of home duties, where Martha serves or Dorcas sews; amid the lessons of the school, or the plays of childhood, "Godliness is profitable in and to these things."

"Take," says Christ, "my yoke upon you." The yoke is the symbol of service; but it is not a galling

yoke—it is easy, it is lined with love. For any work you do for Christ is easy if love constrains. The father provides for the family. The mother forestalls the wants of her children; she cares for them when awake; she sleeps, but her soul waketh in her ministry for them. These parental duties, heavy at times, are made lighter by love. For love feels no yoke, it knows no burden; and so the love of Christ makes duty an easy yoke, a light burden. It takes possession of the heart, it blends in every motive, and so in this life of love there is happiness in work, in duty. And under that inspiration of Christ's love we do nobly, we do lovingly, our life work.

A century ago, in the north of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, we are told; but one day the sun's light, striking through a slanted window, revealed its matchless features, and ever after, year by year, upon days when, for a brief hour, it was illuminated, crowds came, and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of those features. That face, it is said, had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, the story runs, an old man, broken with the weight of years and cares, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, as well as for his misfortunes, the architect kindly granted his request, and set him to work under the shadow of the vaulted roof. Day by day, and week after week, with tireless patience, and

with quenchless zeal, the old man toiled at his appointed task. One day, at last, he was found in his accustomed place, but asleep in death. To the marvellous face above him, into whose features he had put the uttermost of his genius, his own was upturned with a placid smile. But whose were those features, to immortalize which, this artist had thus consecrated the expiring energies of his life. The sequel reveals the fact that *this was* the face of the one he loved best, and whose early and untimely death had become the unabated grief of his lifetime. Noble lover! Chivalric artist! Only when love inspired his ambition and guided his chisel, he executes his masterpiece, and produces an imperishable work of art, the most exquisite gem, it is said, adorning that august and solemn structure. And why have I told you of that act, but for this, that to produce the best and most enduring work of your life, the love of Christ, whose face you may always see, must inspire your heart with its deathless emotion, and nerve your hand in doing its perfect work in the moulding of your character for eternity. Does that love of Christ constrain you to-day?

#### LOVE CONSTRAINS TO LOVE.

It was not Paul's love to Christ that constrained him, but it was Christ's love to Paul that drew him, fastened him to his Lord with cords of love. And as we feel that holy constraint, we know what it is to love. We should never have loved Him, if He had not first loved

us. In the life story of the Countess Adelina Schimmelmann, she relates that after weeks of darkness and uncertainty she seemed to hear God saying to her: "My child, thy salvation does not depend upon thy love to me, but upon my love to thee, just as thou art." "Then," she says, "broke in upon my heart a sun of joy, in the beams of which I still rejoice, and whose light will shine upon me eternally. Now my cold heart began to burn, not on account of my love to Christ, but because of His love to me." Again let me say, and I repeat it to impress it upon you, that you will never love God until you feel that He loves you. The sun may pour its burning rays upon a stone for ages, and it will remain a stone cold and hard. But let the love of Christ come into your soul, by the shedding abroad of the Holy Ghost, and that love will kindle love sacred and divine. O how poor, poor indeed, are any words of mine to convey this thought to you, that if you want God's love you must open your hearts to receive it. And the spirit of God is here with Divine power to give you the conviction of the need, and then the consciousness of the possession of love.

Ian MacLaren gives this touching story of "The Transformation of Lachlan Campbell": "His daughter Flora, having no mother to guide her, went astray, and wandered into the far country. Then one day, in the little kirk session, Lachlan rose, and himself moved that Flora's name be struck off from the roll. But Marget

Howe, who, like him, had learned much in the school of suffering, went to find out Lachlan in his darkened home. And when she came to the cottage she found Flora's plants laid out in the sun, and one that was ready to die he had sheltered with his plaid from the wind. Then he showed Marget how, with his own hand, he had crossed out Flora's name from the family Bible. But she could see that the hand that held the pen had wavered, and the ink had run, as if it had been mingled with tears. Then a letter was written bidding Flora come home, for her father loved her, and mourned for her, and would not be comforted. And one day she came, and again the old Bible was brought out, while Lachlan, with bowed head, told her what he had done. 'Give me the pen,' said Flora, and when her father lifted his head this is what he read: 'Flora Campbell, missed April, 1873; found September, 1873.' Her father fell on her neck and kissed her."

And is God's love less than that of father or mother? And He waits to receive any one who will come to Him.

"O let His love your heart constrain,  
Nor suffer Him to die in vain."

And now let me hold up before you these precious gems of priceless value, as they sparkle with light Divine. First of all, in its diamond brilliancy, take the words of Christ Himself: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." "Greater love," etc. Then John says: "Herein is love," etc. And gathering all these precious words, in the throb-

blings of our heart-love over such amazing love, we say, in the ecstasy of our pure Christian experience, "The love of Christ constraineth me." Do you feel it? then you will know it. Do you know it? then you will feel it.



III.

*Preached at the opening of the Presbyterian Church, St. John's,  
Newfoundland, November 30, 1879.*

NEHEMIAH REBUILDING JERUSALEM.

"Therefore we his servants will arise and build. . . . For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded."—*Nehemiah ii, 20: iv, 18.*

Jerusalem was in ruins. It had been destroyed by the army of Babylon, and the people of Judea carried into captivity. During their exile they remembered Zion; and while they sat down by the rivers of Babylon and wept, while they hung their harps upon the willows, they said in deep patriotic, religious fervor: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

At the end of seventy years, Cyrus, predicted as the deliverer, issued a proclamation for the Jews to return to their own land, and there to build the house of the Lord. The chief men of Judah and Benjamin, with the priests and Levites, returned to Jerusalem under the leadership of Zerrubbabel, the prince, and Ezra, the scribe. Notwithstanding the royal decree, and the reinforcements in numbers and wealth which Ezra's government brought, the Jews were in abject affliction and

reproach. Their country was pillaged; their citizens were made slaves by their heathen neighbors; robbery and murder were in their capital; Jerusalem almost deserted, and the temple again falling into decay.

The one step that could save the nation, preserve religion, and lay the foundation of future independence was the restoration of the city walls. But where is the *man* to lead on the work. God, as in many other remarkable instances, has prepared the man. When Nehemiah heard of this forlorn state, he wept and mourned many days. He fasted, prayed, and pled the promises of mercy. For near four months he waited before opportunity occurred of presenting his request to the Persian king. As he appeared before Artaxerxes with a saddened countenance, the king said: "Why is thy countenance sad? Thou art not sick. This is nothing else but sorrow of heart." Then Nehemiah replied: "Why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres, lieth waste, and the gates thereof are consumed with fire."

#### NEHEMIAH IS NOW SENT TO JERUSALEM.

It grieved their enemies that one was come to seek the welfare of Israel. He viewed the ruins by night, and then said to the rulers, the nobles, the people: "Ye see the distress we are in, how Jerusalem lieth waste, and the gates thereof are burnt with fire; come and let us build the walls of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach." He told them of the hand of God which was good upon

him, and also the words of the king of Persia. Then they said: "Let us rise up and build." So they strengthened their hands for this good work. But when Sanballat and Tobiah and Geshem, who had given unequivocal proof of their mortification at Nehemiah's appointment as governor, and, before the work had begun, had scornfully asked if he intended to rebel against the king of Persia, good Nehemiah replied: "The God of heaven, He will prosper us; therefore we His servants will arise and build; but ye, Sanballat and Tobiah, and your people, but ye have men in Jerusalem."

The wisdom of Nehemiah soon became apparent in hastening on the work. These enemies of Israel not only poured a torrent of abuse and contempt upon the builders, but actually formed a conspiracy to fall upon them with an armed force and put a stop to the work. The project was defeated by the vigilance and wisdom of Nehemiah, who armed the builders and showed a determined front to the foe. This armed attitude for work, building the walls, but armed with the sword ready for the fight, continued till Jerusalem was rebuilt.

#### NEHEMIAH.

I might present you with the character of Nehemiah as one of the stainless and virtuous men of Israel. For pure and disinterested benevolence and patriotism he stands unrivalled. The sorrows and perils of his countrymen prompted him to leave the splendor and wealth, ease and influence of the first court in the world. As

a statesman he combined forethought, prudence and sagacity with vigor, promptitude, and decision in action. In dealing with the enemies of Israel he was wary, and not to be tempted by flattery, nor driven by threats from his purpose. So rapidly did the walls rise, that in fifty-two days they were finished. And then was the reward of the patriotic Nehemiah, whose reply to the challenge of Sanballat and Tobiah was: "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease while I leave it and come down to you."

This narrative of the rebuilding of Jerusalem, which I have briefly outlined, suggests this thought: that there is a spiritual building and personal work in the kingdom of Christ.

## I.

## IMPORTANCE OF BUILDING.

*First, let us look at the importance of the spiritual building, and the difficulties that beset the work.* The Bible abounds with allusions to this subject, and my warrant for the spiritual application arises from the fact that many of the Old and New Testament figures are drawn from the temple and the walls of Jerusalem.

The silence of the prophetic ages is broken by the voice of God: "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone." In the great confession made by Peter, Jesus said: "Upon this rock I will build my church." Believers, as fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God, are built upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles—"Jesus—corner-stone." "Ye

also as lively stones are built up a spiritual house." Build on this foundation, Jesus Christ, gold, silver, precious stones. "Building up yourselves on your most holy faith." There can be no building of the individual character of holiness, nor any building of the church, that does not rest upon the foundation of the Divinity of the person, and the atoning efficacy of the redemption of Christ.

*Personal character* is to be the first act of building. The sins of the nation are but the sins of individuals. The reformation of the city or country is by the change upon every person. Men are not saved in mass—"the new birth" is as personal as the natural birth. If the world is saved it will be in obedience to the message of the great commission, "He that believeth shall be saved." There must be personal trust in a personal Saviour. There must be regeneration of heart by the divine agency of the Holy Spirit. From this will grow the holiness of life in habits of devotion; in purposes of purity; in uprightness of dealing with others; in the constant walking, as Enoch did, with God.

There has been entailed on every one a corrupt nature whose tendencies draw from God. Having fallen from the heaven of holy fellowship with the Deity, the inclination is earthward. The image of God being effaced from the soul, the purpose of the new creation is to restore it to its divine original. The earthward tendency must be checked; the steps must move toward the throne of God. The broken down walls of moral

character must be repaired. And as I point you to the perfect man, as grace has done its work, beautiful as Solomon's temple, with its gold, its brass, its durable pillars wreathed in ornamental flowers of sculpture, I bid you mark that the perfect Christian laid the foundation of the building, so beautiful, upon the atonement of Christ; built up the structure as a temple of the Holy Ghost—adorned the building with the flowers of goodness, gentleness, honesty and truth; and when it was completed grace crowned it, as begun and finished by the operation of grace. Mark, then, the perfect Christian as one who builds on, through, and by Christ, and whose work shall endure.

DIFFICULTIES.

There are difficulties that beset this building of personal character. Physical organization may have an important bearing upon the spirit and nature of your life-work. Some persons are born with active natures. They abhor idleness, and are full of fire, full of energy. They find it extremely difficult to sit still. They keep their homes in motion, not with the regularity of clock-work, but with the motion of constant commotion. These active persons are so physically constituted that they have no time for dyspepsia, and sneer at biliousness and nervousness. In fact, it is a question of physiology how far down are their nerves, or if they have any nerves. They become despots to themselves and tyrants to others. This class of persons has its opposite. There

are those to whom life is a perpetual struggle with the body. They are so delicately organized, and so sensitive to impressions, that life is a battle for existence. They find it hard to build up a symmetrical character. You hear the sound of the hammer, the axe, the chisel, in the erection of the temple of their lives. But soon the work is perfect, built amid difficulties.

In the *moral* world there are as many varieties as in the physical. Some persons have a keen sense of wrongdoing. Their consciences, like a well-tuned piano, give music at the slightest touch. They cannot violate the letter of the law. A *lie* is a lie, and they cannot gloss a falsehood under any plea of business, or politics, or fashion. A *fraud* is a fraud, and no reasoning can make it honest. They respect the laws of right, and live in peace and harmony with all men. Others are the opposite of these. Touch them, and they are vibrations of discord. Their principles of action have not taken a firm hold on their moral natures, and it is hard to come into harmony with the laws of the Bible. And many single-handed battles they fight, and though the eye of the world sees them not, yet God sees them as heroes indeed.

In the Baptistery of Pisa, the dome is so constructed that a single sound will produce a response of melodious music, and a discord is converted into a symphony. So let our aim be to build up a perfect character, and the harmonies or discords around, in the ear of heaven will be sweet music. You will convert the alien forces of

the world into elements of strength. You will cut the blocks of rough granite into smooth stone or column. You will work through weary days of opposition from sneers, and jibes, and temptation, till finished in every part, the Divine Architect, who has superintended the work, shall smile, and say, "It is good."

## II.

## BUILDERS.

*Let us now look at the builders.* I find in these chapters a list of those engaged in the building of the walls of Jerusalem, but I can only single out certain persons in this inquiry to-day. I have spoken of personal building, but there is a church building that is necessary to be done, and for which the anointing of the Holy Ghost is the personal consecration.

First in the list I find the *High Priest* and his brethren built the sheep gate, sanctified it, and set up the doors of it. Through this gate passed the sacrifices for the temple; therefore the priests repaired it, and sanctified it for its sacred purposes.

Ministers build up by sound doctrine. They must take the word of God, and, as did Ezra, give the sense. They must not allow error of intellect or faith. It is impossible to have harmony of opinion, but opinion must not conflict with truth. They must not express doubts in their teaching, for a minister of Christ's gospel must be positive in his belief. He need not combat scientific speculation, for speculation cannot harm the truth, for

science can never conflict with the Bible. He must have the sword of the Spirit, and be able to meet any foe ; and if not possessed of a sword, he will do as his Master bid His disciples, " Sell his garment and buy one ;" but sword he must have, as his work is that of a defender of the faith " once delivered to the saints."

All gospel truth comes from the cross, and the heart of the true minister will turn to it as the pole of his faith. Christ's love will glow in his heart, and nearer he gets to the warm, throbbing heart of Jesus, his own soul will burn with the sacred fire. And his words will be a love-flame, that will soften and melt the hard hearts of sin, that will kindle sacred love in the hearts of the saints. Yes ! let ministers get under the vernal rays of Christ, " the Light of the world," and their lives will be luxuriant in beauty, fragrant in influence, and rich in fruit of holiness.

The building of the priests had relation to sacrifice. Paul never forgot " Christ crucified." And all through the history of the church the kingdom of God has been advanced, not in material prosperity, but in the increase of converted souls, as its ministers have, in singleness of aim, preached " the gospel of blood." They are consecrated at the altar for holy work. Ordination confers no grace, as the oath of the judge does not fit him for his office, but binds him to the faithful discharge of his judicial duties. Ordination sets apart, but the Holy Ghost anoints for the ministry. Give me this seal, and I ask not the absurdity of apostolic succession, which is

a venerable impossibility. Earnest in work, such ministers build up Jerusalem. They lead the erring, the sinful, to the cross. They guide the weary, footsore prodigal from his far country of want and degradation to the Father's house and the Father's loving welcome. And in your acceptance of the gospel of your salvation, by believing in the atonement; in your growth in the grace and knowledge of Jesus Christ; in your deep interest in all that concerns the temporal and moral welfare of this church, may your minister thus build up Zion. And when from the walls of the spiritual Jerusalem he is called, "Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel, to put his armor off, may he rest in heaven."

The *heads of families* build. Of many it is said, "Over against his house." What is that but family building. Children depend upon others for knowledge. They must learn the laws of health; they must learn the alphabet of letters. The process of physical and mental education depends upon others. Parental duty demands that you give your children a good, healthy constitution, as well as a good education. You must give especial attention to the moral education. "Train up a child;" not let the weeds of a depraved nature grow, and then wonder there are no flowers; not let children be unbroken as the wild ass's colt, that sniffs the unchained breeze, and wonder they are not gentle and governable; not allow them to plunge into the cess-pools of vice, gambling, profanity, and wonder they are not pure and white in morals and life. No, "train up

a child." To your teaching add a good example. If cross and angry you cannot teach gentleness. If untruthful, or dishonest, you cannot teach truth and honesty. Put the line of God's word, having on it the plummet of righteousness, to your work over against your house. Make it true to the perpendicular of God's throne, and your work will stand the test of age and receive the commendation of God.

*Wealthy men* built, Shallum, the ruler of half of Jerusalem: Replaiah, the ruler of the other part of Jerusalem. Wealth and position increase the influence for doing good, and open up avenues for service that the poor can not enter. But this luxury is often unheeded—this golden opportunity lost. O for more service! I do not say money that will come from those of social influence and ability.

*Skilled workmen* left their fine arts, their shops, and builded. The goldsmith left his golden carving, the merchant his business, the apothecary his perfumery, and builded. Unskilled workmen, hewers of wood and drawers of water were needed, and they helped.

*Young men* aided also, Malchiah, the goldsmith's son: Havun, the sixth son of Talup. Young men, you have a place, and if not found, seek it. You can speak to that young man. You can be a Samuel in the temple, or Timothy knowing the Scriptures, or Joseph in resistance to temptation, or Daniel firm in holy purpose. The fathers of this congregation will soon die, and you must be prepared by godly discipline to take their

places. Health and vigor are yours. "I write," said John, "to you, young men, because ye are strong." Gird on the sword; I would enlist you in this holy war for God and right. "Why stand ye through the radiant morning of your life idle?" O be consecrated, young men of God, and the stability and perpetuation of this church will be secured.

*Young women* helped in the building, Shallum, the ruler of Jerusalem, and his daughters. They encouraged the workmen, and perhaps gave money. Daughters of the church, you can visit the sick; you can be a vowless and veiless sister of mercy in succor and sympathy to the needy and distressed; you can be the little maid to Naaman, useful in her sphere as Elisha in his office. Paul speaks of some good women who helped him in the gospel, and Priscilla instructed Apollos in the way of the Lord. Mothers, daughters, will you give your prayers, your social influence, your gentleness, refinement, your consecrated womanhood to God and His church. It has been so; it shall be so now surely, and in the future.

Then last in the list built Meshullam over against his chamber. He was only a *boarder*, but when the wall needed it he built over against his chamber. If no home, or far from home, "Joseph in the house of Potiphar;" "Onesimus in the house of Philemon," if only a servant you have your work, and you may do it. If not five talents, the highest gifts; if not two talents, the average man or woman, you have one talent. Don't bury it or tie it up in a napkin, but use it for God.

## CONSECRATION.

And now I say, as did David at the presentation of the gifts for the temple, "Who, then, is willing to consecrate his service this day to the Lord?" In that service the rulers and people filled their hands with their gifts of gold, and silver, and brass, and iron, and precious stones. And they rejoiced, for they offered willingly, because with a perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord. To gifts must be added service. It is a noble thing to be workers together with God. Said a painter: "I paint for eternity." Your work will endure when masonry, and column, and beam, and pillar, and mountains are in ruins. Your handiwork will endure when the sun has left his chariot of fire, when the stars have faded into their original nothingness. O build well! O endure the battle!

In the year 1780 a great darkness came over the State of Connecticut. In their fear many thought the end of the world was come. The house of assembly was in session at the time, and in reply for the question of adjournment, the speaker quieted their fears by saying: "If this be the day of judgment, I desire that the Judge may find me at my post of duty. Let the candles be brought in, and the business proceed."

"Listen! the Master beseecheth,  
 Calling each one by his name.  
 His voice to each loving heart reacheth,  
 Its cheerfulest service to claim.

"Then work, brothers, work! let us slumber no longer,  
 For God's call to labor grows stronger and stronger;  
 The light of this life shall be darkened full soon,  
 But the light of the better life resteth at noon."

IV.

LESSONS FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

"And He came out and went, as He was wont, to the Mount of Olives."—*Luke xvii, 39.*

For thirty-three years Christ has been on earth. His work of suffering is drawing to a close. He has eaten the last passover with His disciples before He suffers. The bread has been broken, the cup passed to each, Judas not excepted. The passover hymn has been sung. Now He crosses the brook Kedron and goes to the Mount of Olives. Many times had He gone there before, for it had been His place of prayer. Being on the way to Bethany, and at a convenient distance from the noise and interruption of Jerusalem, "Jesus oft times resorted thither with His disciples," and when He entered that garden, either alone or with the select company, He enjoyed high and sweet communion with the Father. It was not the dewy stillness—though that would be welcome at the close of the hot day—nor the pale moonbeams, nor the white blossoms, like snowflakes from the breeze-shaken olives; but there in that solitude He and the Father were alone. Every man went at evening to his own place, and "Jesus went to the Mount of Olives." And as it had been the scene of His highest delight, He selected it as the place of His deepest sorrow. Olivet was the place of Christ's prayer,

Gethsemane the sanctuary of His suffering and victory; Olivet sanctifying for the suffering of Gethsemane, and Gethsemane consecrating for Olivet. These are the memories of "The Mount of Olives," that I want to make real to you to-day.

#### THE MOUNT OF OLIVES TEACHES US

Firstly, that Christ had a fixed and customary place of prayer. Many times did He lead His followers into the presence of God, and bid them use language suitable to a seraph as well as to man, as they should plead as one with Christ. Every fear is allayed, every doubt answered, every objection of unbelief silenced, when He puts the whole fund of His merit as Redeemer within our reach. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

*To the request* of His disciples, that "He would teach them how to pray," He gave them that inimitable prayer, reaching through the whole range of wants, embracing all we need. Here are petitions worthy of a seraph's tongue—petitions that breathe the desire of the soul in language borrowed from heaven—petitions that shine with the Divine intellect, warm with the Divine touch. When ye pray say "Our Father who art in heaven; Thy kingdom come."

*On the last day* of His suffering life, just as the parting clouds revealed the cross, the grave, He led His

disciples into the presence of God, hushed the tumult of their passion, quieted their sorrowful hearts, as He spake face to face with God. In that sacred moment of His intercessory prayer He left His children, soon to be orphaned, under the protection of the Lord—asked that they might be kept secure from the seductions of the world—prayed that they might be one in Him as He was one with the Father. Then He took all believers and placed them under the shadow of the wing of Jehovah; then He presented His life as a freewill offering to God, breathed out His soul in the performance of His eternal purpose of salvation, so sealing that closing prayer with His own blood.

*From the Master's teaching* come to the Master's example. In the desert the great Teacher is surrounded by a multitude of people. He heals their sick—teaches them the truths of His kingdom. Evening comes on, and He commands the people to sit down. The loaves and fishes, though few, supply the thousands; when all were satisfied more was left than they had at first. "Straightway Jesus constrained His disciples to get into a ship, and to go before Him to the other side, while He sent the multitudes away." The last one has departed; the shades of night gather around Him while He is left alone on that mount to pray. The boat is yonder upon the sea; the wind has swept down upon the lake; high rise the billows, till the disciples are at their wits end. Just before break of day, the Saviour, who had spent the night in prayer, is seen upon the sea. His foot

finds solid ground upon the wave ; His voice hushes the fury of the storm, and no trace of tempest lurks behind.

Come to Olivet. On the morrow the sad climax of His sufferings must come. He takes with Him the three who had beheld His transfiguration, that in the light of that glory they might see His agony and behold the time of His deepest humiliation. Sorrow, such as man never endured, threatened to dissolve in grief His soul. His pains almost parted His spirit from His body. Listen to the words that describe His prayer : " Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard, in that he feared."

#### CHRIST'S TEACHING AND EXAMPLE

are the standing records of His will concerning us. The Being that dwells not in temples made with hands, yet is He worshipped among His saints and glorified in His people. Amid the tedious wanderings of the chosen seed there was the tabernacle containing the ark, whose golden cover was the mercy-seat. The temple was the place to which the tribes came up to meet with Him who dwelt in the holy place, and to be favored as the elect seed with His blessing and pardon. The sanctuaries of our land have this promise of God : " In all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee." Amid the strife of tongues, the war of hate, the pride of life, like bulwarks of defence, they

defy the rage of men. Feel you ever, when your eye rests on the sanctuary, "There is the place where God dwells on earth, where His people assemble to seek His face, where the soul is refreshed and strengthened?" The sanctuary is the smitten rock, and here amid the general sterility, as pilgrims, you may be refreshed. "For there is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." 'Tis the Elim of palm trees, where you may find shelter, and be encouraged on your way to the promised land; 'tis the heaven on earth, where you may find His presence whose name is Love, have sweet honey out of the rock of promise, and be fed with the finest wheat of the word of God; 'tis the place of which it is written, "I will dwell there," to which the beautiful promise is applicable, "Where two or three," etc. Tread that holy ground, there to meet with God and wait for His salvation.

Conceive, if you can, a grander sight than that of a man in earnest prayer with his Maker. Angels, bending from their thrones, might hush their songs, for the awful presence is trodden by a mortal man. He lays hold by faith of the Redeemer, and, Jacob-like, will not let Him go till the blessing sought and needed is obtained. When Moses came down from the mount his face shone with the lingering radiance that had poured on him from the light of the glory of the Lord. So prayer will pour its influence through every part and act of life, making the human radiant with the Divine.

Still binding upon His followers is the command: "When thou prayest enter into thy closet," etc. Before this God had been approached by intermediate means, but Jesus annihilated the distance, supplanted the forms, leading all direct into the presence of God, constituting each a priest, and saying, "Ask and ye shall receive." "Having, therefore, boldness to enter into the holiest, let us draw near in full assurance of faith." The altar is the cross, the sacrifice a broken and contrite spirit. Abraham pleads, and the fires are held back to wait the bid of God. Moses prays, and the doomed Israelites are spared.

Where is your Mount of Olives—your place of prayer, where, like your Master, you are *went* to go? That spot is sacred, for there you received strength; there you received power from on high; and there heaven touched earth, and there glory came down and crowned the mercy-seat.

#### GETHSEMANE.

*Gethsemane, on the Mount of Olives*, teaches us, "That Christ had a cup of suffering to drink; we also shall have the same, but He has taught us how to drink it." Deep indeed was the agony which prompted the Redeemer to say, from the depths of His sorrow-stricken soul, "I have a baptism to be baptized with." Then the waves of wrath rolled over His sinless soul—then the billows of the Almighty passed over Him. The sufferer lay upon His face in the garden. In that moment He said: "My soul is ex-

ceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Now the grand atoning sacrifice began to be offered; upon the altar of His immaculate Divinity He offered His soul, *His life*, for the sins of the world. No consistent explanation can be given of that agony, but that "He died the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." When the cup was placed in His hand He said: "Father, let this cup pass from me;" if I can not redeem mankind unless I die for them, "Thy will be done." Here He was perfectly resigned in His sufferings; His sacrifice was a freewill offering, and therefore availed for the salvation of mankind. You hear Him say: "Ye shall drink of the cup—be baptized with the suffering with which I am baptized." There is a cup of affliction, of trial, of death.

All our sufferings are permitted, or sent from the hand of God. Too kind is He to be vindictive, too wise to err in His dealings of mercy. Many times does He chasten, "but while not chastening—joyous—afterward—thanksgiving." As the Supreme Governor of the universe He holds the reins in His hands. From the loftiest summit of prosperity He hurls to the deepest depths of poverty; He bids the waves of trouble roll; He sends affliction to test and humble the soul. When the cup is placed in your hand, remember that a Father's hand has mingled it. When you pass under the rod, "Be still and know that he is God." "I was dumb—I opened not my mouth—because *Thou* didst it."

*Submission* to the Divine will is required from the fact that "all things work together for our good." This petition came from the lips of Christ in His teaching, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." 'Tis the law of heaven; His will is supreme there. No murmur is heard; deep peace flows across each breast; the joy is as tranquil as the sea of glass. Earth, in its saved and happy sons, ought to be a reflection of that home of the blessed, each heart responding to each lip, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." When the cup was placed in the hand of Christ, He said: "Not *my* will, but *thine* be done." When the cup is placed in your hand drink it to the dregs; for whatever He wills is best; bow to His stroke, and love Him *none the less*.

*This submission* to the Divine will, will strew life's thorny path with flowers, wipe the tear from the eye of sorrow, cheer the desponding heart, and give affliction an influence beneficent and edifying. For the world to writhe beneath the corrective rod of Divine justice is indeed characteristic, but for the Christian, who possesses the rich promises of inspiration, to give way to fretfulness, is inconsistent with his character. As the nightingale is poetically said to sing the sweetest when the thorn is at the breast; as the Eolian-harp pours out its sweetest notes when the wind sweeps it, so the Christian in affliction can sing: "Thankful I take the cup from Thee," etc. Let sorrows come, let dark clouds gather, but faith in God believes that all His procedures are regulated by unerring wisdom and infinite goodness.

Through this vale of tears we go in the confident assurance of reaching that land of tearless excellence where we shall be free from pain and sin. For many who have wept on the mountains of Zion have sung also in the valley of the shadow of death.

OLIVET AND GETHSEMANE TEACH US

that Christ, before His agony, poured out His soul in prayer; we, for life's duties and afflictions, can derive most strength by following His example. In the midst of His agony an angel from heaven strengthened Him. There He communed with the Father, and was heard in that He feared.

It is hard to face the stern realities of life—to bear up under the fierce storm. It is hard to suffer. No hand can wipe the sorrow from the soul; we must battle bravely—we must endure. That grace is loved best that comes the purest from the furnace; that gold is refined that loses its dross in the fire. We love to see a man facing stern difficulties with a brave and determined will—the undying resolution to do and conquer. Abdiel standing amid fallen potentates, “amongst the innumerable false, unmoved, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,” hurling his fiery logic at the great rebel, turning toward heaven and dooming the towers of Pandemonium to destruction, is the grandest conception of Milton's great epic, “Paradise Lost.”

To you who have tried the strength of prayer we appeal, if you were not better able to serve God after

secret intercourse with Him. Look at the Hebrew youths; away from the land of their birth, with its hallowed memories—the temple in ruins, no visible presence, no audible voice. The furnace is heated to white heat. Cast bound therein the flames hurt them not, for the Son of Man walked with them in the fire. Men of prayer, like Daniel, they made their case known to God, confidence was inspired in their hearts, and they braved the heat of the hottest flame. When called to pass through the same, prayer will be better than an asbestos robe, upon which the fire can have no power.

There may be mystery around the fact that prayer lays its hand on the arm that moves the universe. By faith we become one in Christ. His love flows to us, and we receive power *from* God to lay hold *on* God. In the day of trial we often forget the source of our strength. That friend is laid low, and you must soon be separated. That loved child must soon tread the valley of death. That indefinable trial meets you at every turn and flings its shadow on your path. You are laid near to death. The tabernacle shakes—the weary wheels of life almost stand still. Where shall you seek strength but in prayer. Your trials may cast you down, but you shall rise stronger by every fall. Hear the promise of God: “Call upon *Me* in time of trouble and I will hear thee.”

BY PRAYER WE ACKNOWLEDGE GOD

as the source of all blessings. “Every good and perfect gift is from above.” By reconciliation we are made new

creatures in Christ Jesus ; all our intercourse with Him must be adoring gratitude. Everything that brings us near to God is important. We cannot approach the sublime in nature, the wide and rolling ocean, the lofty mountain, the roaring cataract ; we cannot be brought into the presence of an exalted personage without a deeply interested and joyous impression. In prayer God reveals Himself. Infinite purity, beauty, glory and perfection says, "Come to me in the holy mount," and in reply to our request, "I beseech Thee show me Thy *glory*," He makes all His *goodness* pass before us. David anticipated this joy when he said : "O Lord, Thou art my God ; early will I seek Thee. My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee, as I have seen Thy glory in the sanctuary."

He whose presence fills heaven and earth will not be absent from the believing soul. Is God unchangeable? He will never disappoint me. Is He infinite? My supplies are sure, for all my springs are in Him. Is He omnipotent? I will not fear His word to fail, for He will never suffer me to be moved.

#### BY PRAYER THE JOY OF CONFIDENCE

in His favor is abundantly secured. Let me but doubt His willingness to bless, and my confidence is shaken in everything else ; but I trust in Him absolutely. The philosopher tells me to measure and span the heavens, I, an atom, a nothing. I look upon God incarnate, and all my chilling calculations fly. I am not unnoticed

amongst His works. He came to this earth, minify as you please, to seek and save the lost. He trod its soil, walked its paths, bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows. The boasting reason of the world tells me that God is removed at such an infinite distance from me that He cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities. But I look again on God incarnate, and the vain reasoning gives place to fact. He who was the image of the invisible God wept with the sisters of His deceased friend, and now I know that He can be touched with the feelings of our infirmities. Upon the fact of His submission to death, His agony and bloody sweat ; upon the fact of love so amazing, I build an unshaken confidence. What a mighty power is placed within the reach of every praying soul. To come where God is, to lift the veil of heaven and look at its joys, to have the Omnipotent arm to defend, this is surely sufficient bliss.

Fain would we linger around the Mount of Olives, that we might catch the spirit of Him who oft times resorted thither ; but as He often went there to pray, He selected it as the last spot of earth He should touch before He reached His throne. " He led them out as far as to Bethany," as if to teach us that the place of prayer is the nearest place to heaven, and that our Mount of Olives is inseparable from our Mount of Ascension.

*Beloved brethren*, I trust that you have learned the lessons of the Mount of Olives ; that as Jesus had His customary place of prayer, you will have yours in public and private prayer ; that as He had His cup of suffer-

ing, which He drank in submission to the Divine will, so you will drink your cup in submissive and humble trust; that as He prayed before His agony, so prayer will give strength, faith and love.

You can not be a Christian unless you pray. It is a paradox to speak of the honest thief—the sober drunkard—the prayerless Christian. The very breath of the child of God is spent in prayer, and yet we live as if the Athenian altar inscription expressed our highest desire, "To the unknown God." Nearer and nearer get to the side of Jesus, follow Him often to your Mount of Olives, your place of prayer. Ask largely; He will not refuse your request. He upbraids you because you do not ask enough. "Come in Thy pleading Spirit down," etc.

Have any of you lived careless to the example and teaching of Christ, never bowed in penitency to Him, never sought His favor? Living according to the course of this world, you have rejected the claims of Christ. Put it to your consciences if you have done right in rejecting His offers of mercy. O, as you value your souls, seek His grace while His wrath delays. Lose the present moment, and it is lost forever. Improve it, and it is a blessing as long as time shall last and eternity endure. Haste to Him who can save, and if thy hardness will not yield to His love, weep thy life away at His feet, for thou shalt never perish there. "Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a flood of glory on the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." O let it be said of you as of the penitent Saul, "Behold he prayeth."

While we travel along the path of life, let us remember that God's blessings are exhaustless. What we have already received are but portions of that infinity to which we have access. Ever come, and ask for more. Fix your faith upon His promise; take His proffered hand, and soon from His presence below will He take you to be forever with your triumphant Lord. There prayer shall be lost in praise, and faith in sight.

“Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gate of death,  
He enters heaven with prayer.”



## THE CLAIMS OF GOD AND CÆSAR.

"Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's ;  
and unto God the things that are God's."—*Matthew*  
*xvii, 21.*

Our Lord had covered the Pharisees with confusion, and intensified their hatred against Him by His parable of the marriage of the king's son. They went out of the temple to take counsel, how they might entangle Him in His talk. These dignified members of the Sanhedrin sent their disciples, with the Herodians, to put a question to the youthful Rabbi : "What thinkest thou ; is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar, or not ?" Never, perhaps, considering all the interests involved, was a more difficult question asked.

The Pharisees, hostile to the Roman government, and tenfold more hostile to Christ, were anxious to bring Him into collision with the common people. The Herodians, as political trimmers, if His decision was adverse *to* Cæsar, would incite the civil authorities against Him and ruin all His hopes. Should He decide *for* Cæsar, the tide of popularity would turn against Him. Should He decide *against* Cæsar, nothing but a miracle could save Him from ruin. That He should decline to answer, His enemies seem scarcely to have contemplated. Never was a teacher placed in such a position. "And who can fail to admire that Divine

wisdom by which He defeated a plot of the darkest treason ever laid in the deepest wiles of malicious cunning and mortal enmity."

Jesus shows these wicked, designing men that He understands their malicious purpose. "Ye hypocrites," pretending to ignorance of civil duty, and anxious to involve *Me* in the crime which is in your thoughts of plotting against Rome. "Ye hypocrites! why tempt ye me? Show me the tribute money." They bring Him a penny, a Roman coin stamped with the image of Cæsar. He discusses, not the general principle, but settles the whole matter by seizing upon a common maxim of all nations: "That he who acknowledges the ruler's right of coinage acknowledges his right to tribute." Holding that penny in His hand, our Lord said to His questioners: "Whose is this image and superscription?" And to their own confusion He compelled an answer from them. They say, "Cæsar's." Then said the Lord Jesus, and the words come with Divine authority, as He settled the question for all coming time: "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." If the question was the most difficult ever asked, considering all the surrounding circumstances of the case, the answer was the wisest ever given, and we need not wonder that the enemies who elicited it "marvelled and left Him."

These words were not meant only for the Jews, but for all men and all time. They touch upon the matters

of the Divine sovereignty and of duty to earthly governments. The thought I want to present is: "That God claims everything upon which is His image, and our obedience to Cæsar must be conditioned upon our obedience to God."

WHAT ARE THE CLAIMS OF GOD?

Addressing those Jews who cumbered the law with the rubbish of tradition; those Sadducees who received only the five books of Moses, "the things of God," would embrace all that had been distinctively revealed of God as King. Amid great solemnities the ten commandments had been given to Moses. There is not a claim of God which the two tables do not vindicate and sustain—the unity of the Divine nature—His exclusive right to all worship—the jealous sacredness of His name—the perpetual hallowedness of the day He calls His own. And these commands were fixed in eternal obligation by the Lord Jesus, "as He came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law and the prophets."

GOD CLAIMS ABSOLUTE ALLEGIANCE.

There comes sounding down the ages, from the mount that burned with fire, the one grand authoritative word, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." "I am the Lord; that is my name; and my glory will I not give to another." There is not an atheistic opinion that has passed current, or yet passes as good coin, but is declared to be base metal by the first verse of Genesis. Seated in the supremacy of His godhead, Jehovah says

in the sublime utterance that contains eternal being, "I am." As such He claims the homage of His intelligent creatures, and receives the homage of His material creation. "For all Thy works praise Thee, O Lord." "The earth is the Lord's." "The whole earth is full of His glory."

"Earth is crammed with heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God ;  
But only he who *sees* takes off his shoes."

Considering the beauty of the human body, its perfect organism, its well-adjusted parts, we say as said the psalmist, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." A proper study and careful thought would show "the image of God" upon these bodies. The frame is perfect, built up by the Divine Architect. It is true that sin has marred the work of His hand, but yet it can be restored to its divine original. I have said that the body is perfect, and it is not contradicted by the pains and diseases, and at last death, which destroys the beauty of this work of God. If there be introduced, for the sake of pleasure or the gratification of desire, that which ruins the body, you mar the image of God and erase His superscription. Look how the perfect body is marred! There is *overwork*, that exhausts the physical energies for the sake of building up a fortune, and when the structure is complete down goes the body into the grave, to leave the money to foster idleness, and to ruin through self-indulgence; overwork of brain in excessive study or plans in far-reaching schemes

of business and speculation, that excess to end in paralysis of the mental or in total idiocy ; *self-indulgence* in the taste, either in eating or drinking, creating a craving that is as remorseless in its demands as the daughters of the horseleech, whose cry is "Give! give!" *the wasteful prodigality* of youthful energy, the drafts upon the future years, whose demands nature will make. These and a legion of other ways mar the image of God. To that man wasting his strength in the strain upon his physical nature ; to that woman, whose domestic duties are increased in their burden by the fretful and peevish ; to that young man who has sipped the first glass and felt the deliciousness of the first indulgence, not knowing but that there may be a drunkard's misery and grave and hell in that first glass ; to that young woman stealing hours from sleep to read the novel, or to indulge in pastimes that kill ; to all allowing sin in any form to mar the Divine image, Christ says : "Render to God the things which are God's."

Beyond, and higher than the bodily, is the spiritual part of our nature. Possessed of reason, we rise into the image of the Great Mind, whose thought rules the universe. Instinct may cover the actions of beasts and birds, but while the line is narrow and almost invisible, yet that line makes the difference between us and the animal creation. Reason makes us intelligent and raises us to God. As it approaches the Deity to claim the heritage of its royal endowment, He does not refuse the crown which imperial reason claims at His hand.

As capable of understanding God, as able to commune with the Deity, as grasping the thought of my accountability, as lifting myself into the very presence of the Invisible, do *I*, do *you*, refuse the allegiance of our reason to God? Do *we*, O do *we*, take this crown from our brows and despise our royalty? Do we trample on our grandest gift and reduce ourselves into slaves to the vicious, the dark, the sceptical? May God forbid.

There is not only mind, but there is *will*. There may be restraints, forces that bind; there may be motives to regulate conduct; but the will cannot rid itself of its freedom without degrading and debasing the image of God. Kings have attempted to do this; churches have crushed out manhood, till the will has been like the blind Samson, bound in fetters of brass. But God never intended such moral slavery. In the grand and terrible freedom of the human will you have that which may reach the royalty of heaven, aspire to the heights of the glory of eternity; or, in its withered and cursed power, go down into the eternal misery of a ruined immortality. And that doom can only be averted by saying, in the strong determination of a believing heart,

"I will accept God's offer now,  
From every sin depart;  
Perform my oft repeated vow,  
And render Him my heart."

And so God touches every part of my moral and spiritual being, and says: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart"—thy affections, thy soul,

thy mind—with all thy powers. To refuse this love is sin; to withhold homage is treason punishable with eternal death. For this great law remains in full force for all the ages: "Render allegiance to God."

THIS LOYALTY EXPRESSES ITSELF IN OBEDIENCE.

There are two ways to render obedience to God: (1) reverence to His law, and (2) worship. Force may compel to obedience—fear of punishment deter from wrong-doing. You have the unruly elements of a nation kept down by the military authorities. You have the bad, the vicious, kept under control by a police force. That is, you compel men to obey law, which, if you had not power to do, would destroy social and national order. There is a communism that would destroy law, and there is a freedom that would render law void. Now a law is as near perfect as possible when you do *not feel* that there is a law. I know there is a law against murder and theft, but it does not chafe me, because I am in perfect harmony with it. The law is only a scourge to a law-breaker. Your obedience to God is only perfect when you *feel* that His commands are not grievous. If you feel that you would like to do anything which the Bible forbids, but you are restrained by it, or by the rules of the church, then your obedience is slavish. Do you understand the meaning of John's words: "Perfect love casteth out fear, for fear hath torment?" I have just explained them. There is a law that if I go and remain under water I shall be

drowned ; there is a law that if I put my hand in the fire I shall be burned. But only those who violate them are punished. There is a law that controls every sun-ray, but I do not feel it oppressive, as I am bathed in light. So perfect love to God casteth out fear ; for I feel that His law, instead of binding me, only protects me. And thus, with my soul brought into perfect harmony with His law, all discords are removed. And that is obedience *to the law of love.*

Worship of God is expressed in prayer, praise and adoration. From the beginning of the world altars had on them the sacrifices for sin to make atonement and to confer peace. The Jewish ritual, with its crimsoned altars, its gorgeous robed priests, its temple service, was one act of worship to the Deity. The Christian religion has the cross upon which is to be placed the sacrifice of a penitent heart. The act of worship in adoration is presented as the pardoned, grateful believer says : " Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits ; who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases ; . . . who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies." " The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In his hand are the deep places of the earth ; the strength of the hills is his also. The sea is his, and he made it ; and his hands formed the dry land. O come let us worship " this great God, who is all glorious ; " let us bow down " in reverence at His feet ; " let us kneel before the Lord our Maker," for that is the attitude of humility. Think

you, if a sculptor could give life to a statue, it would not worship its maker. And yet we are the creation of God and refuse to bow before Him. I give all I have to Him, of worship, of praise. God loves me—you. Loves us as a Father, for I love Him as King.

*Allegiance and obedience express themselves in service.* Render to God *money service*. Cæsar's image is on the coin, but God's image is there, too. There was tribute paid by every Jew, and God yet demands money. The measure is not, how much can I spare? but, how much can I give? What is cast into the treasury of the Lord is not lost. "Will a man rob God?" Yes, if he withholds "tithes and offerings."

*Time service* is demanded. Every day must have its allotted portion for God—to read His word, and to pray. If the Christian soldier, Havelock, had to march at four o'clock, he rose at two for his devotions. Curtail work, shorten sleep, but don't rob God of His due. He lays claim to the Sabbath. This day is for man. It stops the fever-work of the week. Don't push work so near to it on Saturday evening that the dust of the week, or the gold-dust of business, is on the fingers when the holy day comes. Have you robbed God here?

*Christian work* is God's due. Work in leading souls to Christ—in doing good—in the sowing or harvest fields of Christian endeavor. Render to God *tribute*. Have you money to aid the church? He wants it to spread the gospel. And as you put yourself upon the altar of consecration, don't forget your money. Have you a

talent to speak, to pray, to visit the sick? Put that talent on the altar. Have you personal magnetism, that is, an influence to move, to mould others? Use that wondrous gift for God. Here is my hand—it can work for Him; here are my feet—they can walk on errands of mercy for Him; here is my tongue—it can speak or sing for Him; here are my memory, will, reason, heart—they all are devoted to Him. Don't think that, as you can do but little, that it matters not if you do not *the little*. It is told of Sir Michael Costa that on one occasion, when having a rehearsal before the Handel festival, he had round about him a host of musicians and singers. In the midst of one of the choruses, the man who played the piccolo, away up in the corner, began to think: "With all this beating of drums and cymbals, and this noise of the singers, it will not make any difference what I do;" so his fingers rested and the piccolo was still. Suddenly Sir Michael threw up his hands. "Stop!" he cried, and all the host of them was still. "Where is the piccolo?" he said. His quick ear detected that, amid the vast orchestra, was lacking the soft, low notes of the flute. So in the praise service of the universe—God wants your note. O render tribute to the Lord, "the King."

RENDER TO CÆSAR THE THINGS THAT ARE CÆSAR'S.

These are the words of Jesus, and denote that we owe to the nation *loyalty*.

*Cæsar demands allegiance.* Governments exist, whether in the form of monarchy or republic, for the protection

and well being of the people. When they exist for a privileged class, or when in party politics no respect is paid to the will and wants of the people, these have usurped the rights which belong to every citizen. To give the control of state affairs to unscrupulous politicians, to allow them to manipulate parties for their own selfish ends, to fold the arms in contented ease when grievous wrongs are done, is a grave mistake. If a man can not govern himself, but is a drunkard, a libertine, a profane man, he is not fit to govern a nation. If a man would not scruple to bribe, to cheat, to pilfer, he is morally unfit to legislate for the people. If a man is notorious for his disregard of the religious convictions of others, he is not fit to entrust with the grave questions that affect morals and liberty. And till Christian men are prepared to make governments pure and moral, we shall have to lament the want of legislation that will suppress vice and lighten the burdens of taxation. It is the duty of citizens to purify the political atmosphere—to create good, moral, stable governments. Only then do you "render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

*Render to Cæsar obedience*, that is, *be loyal*. Laws must be obeyed, although they may press upon a class, or may be obnoxious, but until they are altered or repealed, "Fear God; honor the King." Both are required. Rebellion is only justified when the people are deprived of their rights and their petitions of redress refused. I do not believe in the old fgment of the Divine right

of kings, that because a man wears a crown he can do as he pleases, and I must passively submit to injustice. I am of the opinion that Cromwell did right when he drove the perfidious Charles from the throne. I am of the opinion that William of Orange did right when he drove James from the British Isles. And true as I am in my loyalty, should our beloved Queen attempt to intrude into the domain of God, to coin a new creed, to rule my conscience with all the rigor of ancient uniformity, to prohibit me from the free exercise of my religion, then with all the force of voice, and pen, and arm I would resist her. She has left the domain of Cæsar, which is government, and intruded into that of God. For the realm of conscience is sacred from the touch of parliament, or president, or king.

While I have thus placed this limit to obedience, I can not but lament the growth of socialism or communism. There may have been the tyranny of capital; but now there is a strong current set in toward the tyranny of labor. The remedy of the tyranny of capital is *good sound competition*, as capital distributed will prevent monopoly. The remedy of the tyranny of labor is *loss of wages*, and consequent poverty. Communism is against the basal principle of the natural constitution of society. You can not reduce us to a dead level; you can not press all brains in one mould. And this danger is threatening. We must be loyal to law that protects life, property, liberty, morals, and thus "render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

Render to Cæsar *tribute*. Law must be administered, and there is need of the judge. Defense is needed, and we must have soldiers and police. Postal and commercial means must be maintained. Tribute is therefore demanded. And you ought to know that public money is spent for public purposes. I have no sympathy with two classes of men—violent partisans, and citizens indifferent to the welfare of their country. And it is a Christian duty, as much as to pray, to see that the privileges you enjoy are conserved and handed down to the coming generation. I am not talking politics, for that is not my duty; I am speaking of morals. In fact some think that a minister has no right to a political opinion, and certainly no right to express one. But I refuse to allow any partisan to even think that I laid aside my citizenship when I became a minister, and I claim that I have a right to think, and speak, and vote if I deem fit, without asking any man's permission so to do. Render to Cæsar what is Cæsar's. Give to God His due—allegiance, obedience, service; to Cæsar, honor and tribute; to our neighbor, love; to all men, respect.

And surely now I may press this duty upon you of homage to God. You have the Bible, the Sabbath, the sanctuary. It is an honor to be a British or American citizen. It is a greater honor to be a child of God—a citizen of heaven. In this rejoice, not only in the abundance of your privileges, but rather "rejoice because your names are written in heaven." Render to God a

penitent, believing, obedient heart. And, looking up, let us express our adoration to God: "Who is the blessed and only Potentate; the King of kings and Lord of lords; who only hath immortality, *to whom be honor and power everlasting. Amen.*"



VI.

LESSONS OF THE RAIN AND SNOW.

"For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater :

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth ; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."—*Isaiah 55, 10:11.*

"Seasons and months and weeks and days  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
Still be the cheerful homage paid,  
With opening light and evening shade."

In the four seasons of the year our life is pictured, and God demands that we learn the lessons.

The images of prophecy are true the world over. The Bible uses no figure for mere adornment. The truth is often hidden under a bunch of flowers, that prophet poets give, and we have to search it out, when it appears all fragrant as the smell of myrrh. The lesson is often concealed beneath some gorgeous imagery, and we have to study the picture and to trace its outlines. Isaiah especially revels in such truths—such lessons of which our text is an expressive illustration.

The rain and dew are spoken of throughout the Old Testament as heaven's choicest blessings. Isaac blessed Jacob, and said, "Therefore God give thee of

the dew of heaven." Moses, in his last blessing to Israel, when sublimely soaring into the region of holy inspiration, touched by the grandeur of the God of Jeshuran, said: "The fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and wine; also his heavens shall drop down dew."

And may we not learn the lessons of the rain and snow as the season reminds us of them. There are times when we need to be encouraged in Christian effort, lest we should give place to sad despair. This promise of Jehovah is kindred to such other promises of the Bible derived from the seasons, the revolving year, and the changing occupations of men, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." And then appropriately come the words: "For as the rain and snow come down from heaven, so shall be the word of God."

## I.

*First, we have the figures of the text, as they express the truths and lessons of revelation. In Palestine, where Isaiah wrote his prophecy, the early and latter rains were looked for with great anxiety. The early rain fell in the autumn to revive the parched ground after the six months of summer in which no rain fell. This prepared*

it for the seed of wheat or barley which was sown ready to start up in the early spring. The latter rain fell in the spring, which continued to forward the crops and the products of the fields. It is a mystery, a secret forever a secret, how the rain revives, and is changed into the juices of plants and trees. The voice of nature calls to the sea, the lake, the river, and particles of vapor ascend. The clouds are formed, and are drawn together. The sky grows sullen; the air is thick and oppressive. All at once the heavens crash with thunder. Lightnings play in fiery tongues around the sky. The rain descends in a grateful, cooling shower. Then out of the cloud the sun breaks, the bow of promise, born of the storm and cradled in the tempest, appears in seven-fold brilliant hues, and spans the heavens, nature's prophet of the coming sunshine. The earth grows greener, the sky bluer than before the storm, and nature sings as if a victory were won. Life is revived by the rain, beauty is born from the cloud, and freshness is the child of the storm. In the strange work of nature the rain-drop blushes red in the rose, turns pale in the lily, and various colors on the fair cheeks of many flowers. It works up into the flavor of the apple, gives the sweet juice to the grape, and runs along the delicate veins of the leaf and arteries of the bough. "How manifold, O Lord, are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy goodness."

As refreshing and reviving as the summer rain, so shall be the word of the mouth of the Lord. The word

is life. It descends on the thirsty ; it cheers the heart of the contrite. There are many Scriptural allusions to water, representing the blessings of the gospel. Even in our northern latitude life would be impossible without it. But in the east, where its value is so great, it conveys to the eastern mind the idea of abundant blessing. Isaiah gives this gospel call : " Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." " When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear, I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of valleys." Jesus said to the Samaritan woman : " He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again ; but he that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." And even the new Jerusalem has a crystal river to typify to us peace and plenty.

*God's word* falls on the thirsty soul as *rain*. The Holy Spirit gives life to the seed of truth in the heart. You do not ask how the food you eat is turned into blood, yet you continue in health and life without any thought on your part. The Scriptures read or enforced ; the truths contained in the promises, precepts and commandments have fallen on your souls, and you have grown by the imparted word of God. I do not ask how I have bone or muscle, for years have been required to develop them. I do not ask how I have grown in truth, piety, purity of conscience, holiness, and trust in God. But I know that the word of Jehovah created me, and I must grow by the words which are spirit and life. O

that the early and latter rain of the gospel, reviving and refreshing, may fall in a copious shower, and make this and every hill of Zion a blessing.

*Snow.* There is such a difference between snow and rain that hardly any comparison seems possible. And yet they are the same, for snow is only crystalized rain. Fancy the sight, so familiar from childhood. The snow-flakes begin to fall, light as feathers, mute and soft. Nothing is more harmless. You have seen the tiny hand of the child stretched out to catch the white flake, and that babe-hand did not feel the fall of snow. Down it comes, countless millions of feathery whiteness, covering up the earth, the fields, with a shroud. Nothing is so weak. But in its myriads it blinds the traveller, covers the sea with a white cloud, drives into and fills the valleys, crowns the mountains, and glistens in the sunlight like a mantle covered with crystals. All nature is buried—everything is lost. It stops the ploughman, it drives industry from the fields, it is powerful in its weakness. But when the voice of God calls for the south wind, it dissolves as silently as it came. It flows in the streams, it gurgles in the mountain torrent, it dashes in the cascade, it rolls along in the silvery line of the river, bearing fertility in its course. It melts around the roots of the grass and flowers and trees, and touches the sleeping seed and bids it awake to life. It leaves the earth better because it fell; it leaves it better because it buried it. Did I say everything was lost when the white snow shrouded the earth? No! nothing is lost. Where are

the fallen seeds? The snow has wrapped them in its kindly protection, and they are safe, for what appeared to be death is really only life. Where are the roses of June, the dahlias of August, the asters of October? They died, but they will live again. The seeds are buried, but God's hand holds them under the snowflakes. For Spring so beautiful and so joyous is under the cold shroud of Winter.

I greet, then, the snow storm as God's messenger of good. It tells me that life proceeds from death; it tells me that no Christian endeavor is lost; it tells me that God cares for the seed of truth sown by the spiritual sower. Bury the word of God for years, but it will come forth in fruit, for "My word, saith the Lord, shall not return unto me void."

## II.

*Secondly, let us attend to the lessons of the rain and snow, for that is the pith of this promise.* God will preserve His truth, though it may appear to be lost. That truth shall finally issue in good. These two thoughts are apparent to the most cursory glance. They are true in nations, churches, families, and to the individual. If I travel somewhat out of the beaten path, I make no apology, for I am in search for the truth of God.

Nations illustrate the word of God—that He will preserve His truth amid all opposition. Principles of justice are taught in the Bible, and the rights of property. Freedom of person is the heritage of our race,

and slavery is the foulest blot on humanity. Freedom of conscience to worship God; freedom without uniformity of outward act is the inalienable right of every child of man. See how these have been buried, but God would not let them be lost.

Your familiarity with English history will enable you to follow me in one illustration. The house of Stuart, in the persons of Charles and James, thought to rule the nation as despots. There was the hated star-chamber, a political organization that had power to seize, without rights, persons and property; there was the High Commission, odious as controlling all religious matters. Freedom was trampled in the dust; royal decrees were made regardless of parliament. For a time despotism sat on the throne, and the king acted as if Magna Charta had been repealed. The scrupulous Puritans were driven before the fury of the storm; the Act of Uniformity ejected two thousand ministers of Christ's holy gospel; then the Conventicle Act hounded them from home and friends in its blood-thirstiness; and as the Pilgrim Fathers fled from these terrible perils, they laid amid severe privations the foundations of a new and vigorous empire. But truth sown by Wycliffe, by Cranmer, by Knox, by the Reformers, began to start up after this terrible winter. It rose in its sweeping retribution, raised Charles to the scaffold, drove the house of Stuart into exile, and made the nation a power, a dictator to tyrants. For a few years it was buried again during the reigns of the dissolute Charles and the perfidious bigot

James. But it came forth, drove the monarch into exile, made him a pensioner of France, and Britain has never, nor ever will, trust another of that traitorous and therefore fated race. James or Charles would be a monster in our modern empire.

All that is embraced in freedom is ours. Liberty has been like the sturdy oak of England, small in the acorn, then sprouting into a sapling, requiring centuries to mature it; and then, with its girdling rings tough as iron, and limbs elastic to the storm it rises, the giant, the king of trees. So *freedom*, political and religious—the freedom of the Bible, the freedom of conscience—has been slow in its growth. It was the acorn carrying the germ of the oak when Wycliffe translated the glorious Bible into the glorious Anglo-Saxon language. It has been rocked by and in the storm, but how beauteous it lifts its head to-day, watered by the rains of heaven and kissed by the sunlight of centuries. This *love of liberty* has grown into the fibre of the nation, and no despot would dare to touch it—no government dare to destroy it. For the nation would rise as a man and hurl the invader into contemptuous obscurity.

This freedom is ours in the blessed Sabbath, the unchained Bible, the unfettered conscience, the sacredness of the home, the sanctity of the church, the advantages of education. Let these words suffice, for you see the wide field they open up to thought and illustration.

I believe in God's "*shall not*" of my text. And though it has taken the world six thousand years to

learn the lesson, and it has but imperfectly learned it yet, nevertheless the truth remains, that the Sabbath, the Bible, the home, the sanctuary, are God's blessings for mankind. O that all may soon possess the heritage is our fervent prayer.

Apply the lesson of the rain and snow to the *church*. I might indicate to you the Apostolic times, the period of the Reformation, and of the Wesleyan revival. But look at ourselves—at this congregation. For years there has been the faithful preaching of the word of God. There has been no shunning to declare *all* the counsel of God. If the inspiration of the Bible has been questioned, doubted, denied, we have not failed to hold on to this cardinal truth, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." If the *divinity* of Christ has been denied, we have not failed to adore Him as God, and crowned Him with all the attributes of the Divine Father. If the doctrine of *atonement* has been rejected, if Christ died not "the just for the unjust," His death is only that of a martyr, or less, that of an impostor, we have not failed to preach his efficacious blood to save from sin. Ignoring parties, not meddling with speculative science, this pulpit has rung out its clear notes, clear as those of Paul, "We preach Christ crucified." Not Christ merely, the beautiful Teacher of poetry, of morals; not Christ in his miracles; not Christ crowned with glory, and sitting on His throne in the splendor of eternal youth; but "Christ crucified," the blood-bathed Christ of the garden, the blood-stained Christ of the

cross. If other churches have been smitten with paralysis, and feared to witness that future punishment is eternal, we have not feared to declare the doctrine of an eternal hell.

Bearing the seed basket of the gospel, I have scattered the precious seed; I have sown, and the snow has covered up the truth. It may be buried, but it will not die. That young man will carry some seed in his heart, and pleasure or worldliness will cover it. That young woman may scarcely know that the word has entered her heart, but it will not be lost. That backslider has been moved to return to God. Some of you have inwardly sighed for mercy, and the appeals to your consciences are not lost. You may bury the word of God, but the rain will find it out, and the snow will melt around it. I base my faith of its bearing fruit upon the two words of the text, "Shall not"—"it shall not return void." God's "shall not" is His oath, and if unbelief dare question, and the heart dare doubt, I say "shall not," and faith clasps the Divine words "shall not," and doubt is gone.

This word of promise has come to make us pure. It has sought to lift you above all selfishness and worldliness—to lift you, O how hard the task, into manhood. Above all little jealousies and strifes, above the low, the earthly religion has offered to raise you to the eminence of purity. How long is it since you first knew God as your God? Ought you not, O tell me! ought you not to stand higher in holiness than you do? O get nearer

to God, to the daily preparation for heaven. For the revival of religion, for the conversion of sinners, for the uplifting of the church into purity, God says to me—to every praying, believing one, "For as the rain, etc., shall not." Let us *pray, believe, wait*, and the salvation of Zion shall come.

The lesson of the rain and snow is found in the family. How often children go out from the home, regardless of the early instruction of parents. They grow up to despise the family altar, to sneer at the religion of their father, and to tread forbidden paths. Follow that young man out into life. He enters into business, mingles with men who have no fear of God before their eyes. He fears the scorner's sneer, and puts away, at the curl of the lip of the scoffer, all compunctions of conscience. He treads, perhaps occasionally, the courts of the sanctuary merely to be respectable. He now gives the reins to sin; he cuts every cord; he means to be free. Yes! free to swear, to gamble, to drink, to go to death. Grim freedom, surely, that! He is arrested by affliction; or bereavement reminds him of his home; or some arrow from the quiver of God's word touches him, and, wounded and penitent, he applies for mercy, and receives pardon and adoption.

Parents, if you have done your duty to your children, if you have instilled truth into their youthful minds, wept while you have sown the gospel seed, prayed often over them, followed them by prayer, never fear. I give you His promise of success, as far reaching as God's

unshortened arm, as unchangeable as God's eternal throne, "For God's word shall not return unto Him void."

That individual will go out of this church to-day, but the arrow has been winged to his heart, the word has come to him, and years hence it will lead him to God. Not surer the light thistle-down carries the seed, and the rain finds it and softens the ground, and it drops into the bed, and the showers wash the soil over it, and the snow covers it for the winter, and it will start into life. So surely what I have said will bear fruit. I leave it there, for I cannot make it grow.

I would utter this promise to all laborers for the good of mankind. To all missionaries toiling amid the wild snows of the ice-bound shores of Greenland, or fainting under the burning suns of the Tropics, "God's words are sure; labor on, and success is as *sure* as the promise." When Dr. Judson was asked, "What are your prospects?" he replied: "Prospects as bright as the promises." I would utter it to temperance men battling with hostile public opinion, their cause despised; but God is on the side of temperance, and no cause can fail that has God in it. Bible Societies are scattering seed, and truth is spreading. Sabbath Schools are doing work for God, and preparing the children for the battle of life.

Amid promise and fact there stands cold-hearted scepticism, and says that the agents or agencies of Christianity are not equal to those of former days. I fling back the charge insulting to God, for if He needed

another Paul He could create him; He could endow some youth with Whitfield's power of oratory. But He does not, for the agents are equal to His work.

Question scepticism—modern liberal thought, if you please—and it says that the old gospel has been tried and *failed*. Failed, has it? Then what have you for us? Education, philosophy, reason, science—they all come from God. Suppose Christianity is not the *sun* whose meridian splendor is poured upon the intellectual, moral world. Call it but a candle, but if you put it out you leave the world in total darkness. Men, keep back your hands! don't extinguish our only light! But why plead? for earth and hell cannot put out the gospel light.

Failed, has it? Point to its failures, touch its broken monuments. Failed, has it? What mean yon white-robed company in heaven? What mean the children of promise on earth? Failed? Never!

Young people, try it to-day. God says, "Give me thy heart." Lay it, penitent, on the altar, and consecrate youth to the best of masters and the best of service. Men and women, obey the voice of mercy: "Let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and turn to God, who will have mercy, and who will abundantly pardon."

Failed, never! Let us take heart, brethren. After one of his fierce persecutions of Christians, Diocletian struck a medal with this inscription, "This year Christianity is abolished." Abolished! From the days of

Porphry and Julian, from Hume and Gibbon and Voltaire, to the latest blatant infidel, the attempt has been made to destroy it. But it shook the imperial pagan Rome, and outlasted the throne of the Cæsars. After nineteen centuries it is alive, fresh as the cloudless oriental dawn, pure and sweet as the fountain that first bubbled amid the earthly Eden. *Abolished!* Here we are in the year 1899, and yet it is going forth to fresh conquests. It is decorating its brow with the laurels of victory gathered from every land. It treads in its Divine royalty, and the world will soon bow to its sovereignty. Make a brighter sun, a more lustrous morning star? No, never.

Christianity abolished! I go out and take the rain-drops into my hand, and as I hold them I say: "Welcome messengers from the sky; ye are pledges that the covenant can not fail." I gather the snow-flakes and make an alphabet of these wondrous crystals, and write in letters of pure white on this pulpit, those pews, your homes, your hearts, your endeavors to do good, in the snowy alphabet I write: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth, *so shall God's word not return to Him void.*"

VII.

THE SWELLING OF JORDAN.

"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan."—*Jeremiah 12, 5.*

Rare and eventful times were those in which Jeremiah lived, suffered, toiled: times in which men were called to brave the difficulties and perils of war and famine: times for the production of great and noble men. Not more than fifty years had fled since Hezekiah, the pious and honored king, had been gathered to his fathers. All that was mortal of the heaven-inspired prophet had gone to the dust; the sound of whose zephrific notes yet sent a thrill through the hearts of the people, though the silver tongue of Isaiah was silent in the land of the dead—fireless in the land of shadows. Ezekiel yet sat by the river Chebar, often in spirit leaving his captive brethren to visit the place of the Holy Ones, often in fancy soaring above the songless slaves, whose Zion-harps, expressive of sorrow, hung upon the willows of the streams of Babylon. Amid the general calamity which swept in scourge-like fury across the land, Habakkuk could sing: "Yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation." In the distant city of Babylon, Daniel—the prince,

the seer—ruled, suffered, triumphed; Nebuchadnezzar reigned in Babylon; Pharaoh-Necho in Egypt. Rome had just been built, while her fourth king ruled on the banks of the Tiber. In such times, and with such men for his contemporaries, Jeremiah lived, suffered, wept.

But a few years before the final destruction of Jerusalem the thought of calamity pressed the prophet to the earth. Many had been his trials; much had been the sorrow that he had seen; one afflictive dispensation had followed another so swiftly that his life was spent in sorrow and his eyes were wet with tears. Yet with all, greater evils have yet to come, greater trials than these, to fall on him. Can you be unmoved while the voice breathing sorrow and calamity in every word says: "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses?" If little things overcome thee, if the footmen outrun thee, if thou sinkest under the pressure of trial in a land of peace, what, O Jeremiah, wilt thou do when the swelling of Jordan shall enwrap thee with its wave? If little trials crush thee, what wilt thou do when the great trial shall come? This I conceive to be the meaning of the text. To illustrate it, let me apply it to the character of Jeremiah as a man, a patriot, and a prophet.

#### JEREMIAH WAS A TRUE MAN.

Amid the perverted specimens of humanity that come to us from the wreckage of the past, the task is hard to

select one who has the heart to feel, the soul to compassionate the woes that fall upon the world. Look over the earth and see its natural contrasts. Here is the rose sweet and lovely, and there is the thistle cursed and repulsive; here is the lily beside the stream, and there is the deadly night-shade casting its poison on the air; here is the rainbow-hued flower pouring fragrance around, and there is the plant jewelled with dew-drops but having death in every leaf. Such contrasts are common amongst men. Here is Abraham, benevolent and pious, and there is Lot, selfish and worldly; here is Moses, meek and brave, and there is Korah, ambitious and grasping; here is Saul, jealous and cruel, and there is David, valiant and noble; here is Jeremiah with all the sympathies of his gentle nature amid the fierce and vacillating children of his people. He was a man moved with love for his brethren, feeling the woes of his land, suffering with his people in their sorrows, and pointing them to God, whose arm could defend, whose promise could cheer. Noble was it to see one faithful among the faithless, one who bids us up to pray for the peace and prosperity of Zion, and whose whole life was the exemplification of what a man and a Christian should be.

JEREMIAH WAS A PATRIOT.

We can not look upon the decline and ultimate fall of the dynasty of David without feelings of sorrow mingled with pity. Could the prophet look on that splendid edifice, whose foundation was laid in the Divine favor

by Israel's sweet singer, whose summit was bathed in the light of Divine favoritism, without the saddest feelings as if bereft of his hopes. He was cast into prison for his fidelity to God, where he remained till the fall of Jerusalem, in the hands of the Chaldean captain, when he was set at liberty, and allowed either to go to Babylon or to remain with his own countrymen in his own land. Favor, no doubt, awaited him in the palace. But will he who has devoted more than forty years of unrequited service to the welfare of his desolate country—who has passed with her through the testing ordeal of fire and sword—who loves the land sacred to the name of David and Solomon, Hezekiah and Josiah; will he leave his own for another land—the streams of Judea for the rivers of Babylon, the temple of God for the temple of Belus? No! he chose to dwell with the poor of the land, to suffer want and famine, if needs be, till he should take his happy flight to the bosom of his God. Tell me, if you can, what Jeremiah felt when the city beautified by the idolized David was laid in ashes; when the temple of Solomon was destroyed; when the ark, the place of the mercy-seat, was consumed in the flames; when the tombs of his fathers were defiled? Ask ye it? Then tell the tears to answer, that would, if possible, have washed away the guilt of Israel. Tell the mourning words to answer, that fell from his lips like the dirge of his race. Over the monarchy, the city, the temple, he took up his song, every note of which is a sigh, every word of which is written in tears. His book of Lamen-

tations is an affecting proof of his depth of sorrow. The whole series of his elegies has but one object in view, the expression of love and suffering for the forlorn condition of his country—for the desolation of Zion. O that we did possess more of this enlightened patriotism, that we might weep and pray till the Lord should turn our captivity as the streams of the south; that we had more sympathetic zeal for man, and more burning love for Christ.

## JEREMIAH WAS A PROPHET.

He is supposed to have been about fourteen years of age when the word of the Lord came to him, saying: "I have sanctified thee and ordained thee a prophet to the nations." Trembling under the responsibilities of his office, well might he say: "Oh! Lord God, I can not speak, for I am a child." The Lord said: "Say not I am a child, for whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak." A hand touched his mouth, and the Lord said: "Behold I have put my words in thy mouth." Fully did he stand forth as a witness for God. "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." Care you for the scoff of the worldling, the sneer of the profane, the banter of the sceptic? If so, feel yourself shamed into nobility of character by the example of Jeremiah. Thus as a man, a patriot, and a prophet, Jeremiah "ran with the footmen and they wearied him."

In further illustration of our text, I remark that *life is a probation*, having its trials, which are disciplinary. "It is *running* with the footmen, it is *contending* with

horsemen, it is *fainting* in a land of peace." Diverse as are our features, so different are our trials. Scarcely two have the same path of life to tread, yet all paths end at the gates of death. Let me call up the trials of the past—the memory may be painful, the wounds may bleed afresh. You remember the time when your elastic step pressed the fresh green earth; when the flush of health mantled on the cheek; when, as children, you clustered around the home circle. You saw the pale messenger as he approached, and with withering touch faded the flowers on that sister's fair cheek; the step of that brother lightened, and you, too, felt his icy touch. Days and months of expectancy and hope fled, and just as the sun went down behind the mountains of the west the sun of life set with them; just as the gust of autumn scattered the leaves of summer, so the leaves of life were scattered by the blast of death, and your loved ones were no more. You remember when the tints of autumn had not changed to winter's sombre hues. Then a visitor stern and unwelcome visited once more your home, and the father bowed, like good old Jacob, in death, and went to glory, but left you, perchance, a widow or fatherless to face the cold world alone. Yet again he comes, and that loved one above the rest—she who taught thee to lisp the name of our Father in heaven, she who taught thee from the sacred word, she who felt for thee as none other could—thy mother has gone, and desolation could not be more desolate as you are left alone. Where is the family unvisited by the

Conqueror? Where are the eyes that have not wept in bereavement? Where are the hearts that have not been riven? How did you bear these trials? So heavy was the stroke that you cried, "Stay thy hand, O Lord." Life was a blank, time a void, the darkness of death preferable to this midnight gloom.

You remember these afflictions, when the cold breath of death fell on your heart and chilled it; then the touch of his skeleton fingers, feeling for your life-chords, sent a shudder through your frame; then the door of the grave was thrown back, and the noisome air of the hereafter sickened you. You were brought again to life, but it was a flower that had bloomed out of a tomb, and even now you feel the effects in your lives. Go to that time when ruin came, and with a hot brow you had to meet disaster, when your homes and lands passed to strangers. That friend whom you trusted has forsaken you and become your bitterest enemy. Slander, as a serpent, has hissed at you and poisoned your fair name and fame. Companions have pointed the finger of scorn at your profession of the name of Christ; a sarcastic laugh or a scornful smile has been all that has greeted you from some friend of your childhood and youth. But I need not turn over the pages of life's history. How have you borne the load of life? How did you endure the test of the fire of discipline? How did you feel under the stroke of the rod of fatherly chastisement? Can you bear more? Yea! you must; for "if thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied

thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

#### SWELLING OF JORDAN.

That question suggests that the great trial will be final—it will be crossing "the swelling of Jordan." There stretches a mountain range across the northern extremity of the land dividing Palestine from Syria. Issuing from a rocky cavern a stream flows over a pebbly course; three miles to the westward another stream comes from a spring; after a course of about four miles the two streams unite and form the river Jordan. This river passes rapidly along a narrow valley, between well well-shaded banks, till in nine miles it reaches the lake Genessaret. Rushing through, but not mingling with the waters of the lake, the Jordan flows through a valley, in some parts fertile, in others stony and barren. Thirty miles below the lake the brook Jabbok pours its waters through a deep channel, when in about sixty miles the Jordan is lost in the Dead Sea. In April and May, owing to the melting of the snow on the Lebanon range, the Jordan overflows its banks, so that it is perilous and dangerous at such times to cross.

#### DEATH'S STREAM.

Leave the Jordan and come to another stream, which by our common language has long been typified, even "death's cold flood." Its rise is beneath the tree of

knowledge. Sin opened the floodgates of misery. Go up the stream ! Nothing lovely flourishes on the banks. The poisonous weeds of impurity grow luxuriantly on the soil. "Death came by sin." Abel, in the full tide of manhood, crossed triumphantly over the stream. Since that day how many millions have gone through Jordan, and now every minute a traveller has to brave its swelling. The Jordan of death overflows its banks when pestilence walks abroad at noonday, when the arrows of disease fly at midnight. Jordan overflows when the scourge visits the family, and parents and children lie in one brotherhood of death, locked in the arms of a common ruin. Jordan overflows when gaunt famine touches the storehouse, the barn, and leaves them empty ; when war devastates the fairest lands, and leaves brothers in arms in one baptism of blood. Still it rolls on, its bosom freighted with the tide of life, till eternity swallows up life and death. You stand upon the brink, the flood sweeps you into the stream of death, for—

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away."

"Here timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away."

At that flood I stand and address you all in the solemn question : "How wilt *thou* do in the swelling of Jordan?"

Here comes the *sceptic*, and I ask : "How wilt thou do in these swellings?" Those who yield not to Christ,

who despise the blood of the covenant, are chargeable with scepticism bold and daring. When the law of God, perfect, holy and just, demands submission to its claims, they yield it not. When the hand that was stretched on the cross, and wrote the history of redemption in letters of blood, offered salvation, you thrust aside that wounded hand. When the Holy Spirit convinced of sin, you despised the grace of God. Is it rebellion when the subject resists the laws of the sovereign? Is it treason to fight against our country? Is it folly to care not for right or law? If so, what treason and folly to disregard the claims of the Most High God. Disguise it as we may, the character is that of the fool, who says in his heart "There is no God." And now thou art here at the swelling of Jordan. Thou hast lived in open rebellion all thy days. The false hopes which gilded thy sky are overcast; the midnight of death is around. Hear the swelling flood; it gurgles hoarsely, it comes on, and thou art swept away. The cold waves wrap thee—they sport with thee. On! on! till hell, the Dead Sea of the universe, opens to take thee in forever lost.

Here comes the *worldling*, and I ask: "What wilt thou do in Jordan's swelling?" Thou hast given the world all thy heart, and deemed it sufficient bliss to pursue its pleasures amid the pomp and vanity of life. Thou hast planned for the future, as if the whole of life was to live. Thou hast been chasing the phantasm of coming years, and when thou hast grasped at it, behold it but a shadow. And now thou hast come to the flood

of death. Torn away from the treasures which thou hast gathered, the wave sweeps thee down and thou art lost. I hear it, I feel it, that the stream of death is not to be braved alone, by man.

Here comes the *moralist*, and I ask: "What wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" Indignantly thou spurnest the question as an insult to thy goodness—a mockery to thy purity. Thou hast laid heaven under obligation to save thee from death, because the works of the law have superseded the cleansing of the blood of Christ in thy heart. Thou hast done what it cost the Omnipotent His greatest power, the Eternal His noblest gift, and laid the Almighty under the charge of folly for doing what thou hast done thyself. For if morality can save a single soul, Christianity is a huge system of unnecessary work. Avaunt such folly! Dost thou not hear the roar of the Jordan of death? Ah! wilt thou even here attempt to ford the turbulent flood? On, then! The waters dash about thee, they sweep thee on, and the river of death carries thee to the place where sinners of every clime mingle to bear the hottest wrath of a just and holy God.

Here comes the *professor of religion*, and I ask: "What wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" The shadow of a profession has been mistaken for the substance of a possession. There has never been a believing application of the blood of Christ to the heart. The wheat and the tares grow together—the wise and foolish virgins wait the coming of the bridegroom. You have

said to Christ, "Lord, Lord;" to God, "My Father." You have seen the Christian die, and said: "Let me die the death of the righteous." Time has fled, and the river must be crossed. See the professor of religion at the swelling of Jordan. Jesus is not there to help. The waves wrap around, heaven fades from the vision, and down sinks the professor of religion forever and forever.

Here comes the *Christian*, and I ask: "What wilt thou in the swelling of Jordan?" Many years have fled since a weeping penitent at the foot of the cross, mercy was sought and found; many years since Jesus the Crucified became thy hope and trust. Memory goes back over the delightful paths. Cull some remembrances of the way in which the Lord has led thee! There have been Ebenezers of help erected in trial; and places called Bethel of Divine manifestation; and Elims of springs and palm trees for refreshment. There have been mounts of transfiguration in the glimpses of glory and the redeemed. Nebo has been the mount of vision over Jordan of the green fields of the heavenly Canaan. The pilgrimage is o'er. Thou must cross Jordan to-day. Jesus is there to welcome thee—His face radiant with glory, His smile the rapture of heaven. With Him thou comest to the flood. His hand divides the waves, and thou crossest over on dry ground. On still! bright angels watch thee; they welcome thee on the other side. Safe, safe at last on "the evergreen shore." What wilt thou do? Ask Paul, who finished his course with joy! Ask Stephen, who saw Jesus at the right hand of God!

Ask John, the beloved disciple, who went to recline on Jesus' bosom as he did on earth ! Ask thy father, whose hand sustained thee ! Ask thy mother, whose voice cheered and blessed thee ! Ask thy sister, whose spirit passed to a purer clime ! Ask thy brother, whose opening manhood bloomed in heaven ! Ask the sainted ones, and they answer, " Jesus will the waves divide, and land you safe in heaven."

I take again the words and ask, " What wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" What wilt thou do, unbeliever? Ask that long array of sceptics, whose blasphemy has reached heaven, and let Hobbs answer, who, in dying, said, " I must take a leap in the dark." What wilt thou do, worldling? Ask all those who have loved earth better than heaven, and let Sir Thomas Moore answer, who said, " Had I served my God as I have served my king, He would not have left me in my last hour." What wilt thou do, moralist? Ask that company who trusted in themselves, and in death heard the terrible words, " Depart from me, I never knew you." Professor of religion, what wilt thou do? Let the awakened virgins answer, as they are repelled from the closed door and shut out in darkness forever. Christian, what wilt thou do? Ask Dr. Payson, who wrote to his sister: " I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been some weeks the happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in view. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a

single step." Or as the little girl, when she laid her cold, pulseless hand on that of her father, said in a weary, flute-like voice: "Help me across, papa!" and then she was gone. Listen to the sweet song of victory, the last note of earth's triumphant song, the first note of heaven's eternal rapture:

"Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
Though health and strength and friends be gone,  
Though joys be withered all and dead,  
Though every comfort be withdrawn,  
On this my steadfast soul relies,  
Father, Thy mercy never dies,

*Father, Thy mercy never dies."*



VIII.

PAUL'S VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK.

"And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."—  
*Acts 27, 44.*

Marine disasters are common. Year after year, vessel after vessel goes down, and the sea buries its dead. *A ship lost!* Who can tell the meaning of that common phrase? It means anxiety to the captain—vigilant night watches—the terrors of the storm that sweep across the foamy waters—the vessel driven out of its course—the thunderous roar of the waves upon the mocking rocks—the leaden sound of the boiling surf—the dash of the ship upon the shore—the creaking timbers, like the breaking of giant ribs—the struggle for life—and *all is o'er.*

My text directs our attention to a shipwreck. It opens to us a scene of thrilling interest, because of its actors, the events that preceded, and the consequences that followed. It becomes, therefore, necessary that I should direct your attention to the details of the narrative of the voyage of Paul on the Mediterranean and the shipwreck on the island of Malta.

When the Jews conspired to slay him, and Festus might sacrifice him to their demands, Paul appealed as a Roman citizen to the judgment of Cæsar's bar. He was delivered into the hands of Julian, a centurion of the

Augustan band, and with his two companions, who voluntarily accompanied him—" Luke, the beloved physician," to whom, as an eye-witness, we are indebted for this narrative, and Aristarchus, a Macedonian—the company prepared to sail to Rome. The prisoners, with the soldiers who served as a guard, accordingly embarked at Cæsarea in a vessel which came from Adramytium, a seaport of Asia Minor, not far from Troas. On the following day they came to Sidon, and touched there for purposes of trade. Sailing therefrom, the direct course to Asia would have been southward of the island of Cyprus, but, westerly winds prevailing, they sailed under the lee of the island, meaning the north-east, and north of Cyprus. Navigators state that a current sets in a north-easterly direction past the extreme east point of the island of Cyprus; and besides, as the land was approached, the wind would draw off the shore, and the water would be smoother, both of which would aid the progress of the vessel. Hence she would sail under the mountains of Cilicia, within sight of the summits of Taurus, which rise above Tarsus, Paul's native city, till they came to the Lycian harbor, where they cast anchor.

Corn vessels were often found in those waters, when the winds were contrary, and here the centurion found one of Alexandria on her way to Italy, a large merchant ship wheat-laden, having 276 persons on board. They sailed from Myra, and were many days before they reached Cnidus, a distance of 130 miles. Exposed to

contrary seas and winds, they deemed it prudent to run to Crete, and sail under the lee of that island, till they came to the harbor of Fair Havens. Remaining till the fast was past, meaning the great fast of the Jews before the day of atonement, which took place on the last days of September, it was pronounced unsafe to sail on that sea just before the autumnal equinox. Paul admonished them to winter there, as to sail would be dangerous to the vessel and their lives.

Howbeit his advice was unheeded, and the stress of weather ceasing, which had caused the delay at Fair Havens, a south wind blowing softly, the hopeful sailors thought their purpose was accomplished. The change of fortune came upon those mariners without a moment's warning. Soon after passing Cape Matala, while yet sailing close to the shore of Crete, a violent wind came down from the mountains, seizing the ship, whirling her round, so that it was impossible for the helmsman to make her keep her course. The Euroclydon "the black north wind" of Josephus, swept the ship before it. Unable to bear up under it, they let her drive furiously onward, but fearing to fall on the quicksands, or the rocks of the dangerous bay between Tunis and Tripoli, they prepared to save the vessel under the perilous circumstances. They took up the boat with great care, probably nearly filled with water. The vessel had but one mast in the centre of the ship, and the gale had so shaken her, that it was deemed necessary to use helps, under-girding the ship, that is running cables around

her frame, tightly secured on deck. The violence of the storm continuing, fearing lest they should be cast upon the quicksands, they lowered the sails to the deck, and the next day began to throw the freight overboard. Having no compass, their trouble increased by the overclouding of the sky, for neither sun nor stars appeared, the only guides of the ancient mariner.

After fasting for fourteen days, Paul stood in the midst of them and said: "Sirs, ye should have hearkened to me, and not have set sail from Crete and have gotten this injury and loss." However, they were encouraged that only the ship and no life should be lost. Deeming by soundings that they were nearing land, at midnight they cast four anchors out of the stern and waited for the day. Breaking their fast, at day-dawn they knew the land. Discovering a creek, they thought to run therein; cutting away the anchors, loosing the rudder-bands, hoisting the foresail to the wind, they made for the beach.

Look at the scene in all its terrors. There is the vessel near the dangerous shore. The rain is falling in torrents, the cold numbing them, the leak fast gaining on them, the faint light showing the terrors of the storm, the spray drifting to the leeward, the haggard faces of 276 persons, those persons holding on to the bulwarks of the sinking vessel. The ship is between two seas, the bow sticking fast in the sand and the stern breaking to pieces by the violence of the waves. Paul now assumed command, and though the centurion ordered those who

could swim to cast themselves first into the sea, while the rest, some on boards and some on loosened timbers, escaped to land: "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

My difficulty is: the point in this narrative to which to call your attention. Paul, on his gospel mission to Rome, beset with difficulties, the true type of the evangelical minister; Paul's self-possession in the storm rising above fear and counselling means of safety; Paul's apostolic character holding communion with God, and 276 persons saved alive because of him. These and many other truths are presented to us in this narrative, but I prefer to-day, that I may make it of practical benefit to us all, (1) to regard life as a stormy sea, each sailing over it in his voyage to another world; (2) the dangers to which we are exposed; (3) the certainty of getting safe to land.

I remark, then, in the first place, that life is a stormy sea, represented by Paul on the Adriatic Sea. The few fragmentary allusions to "*the voyage of life*" in the Bible may arise from the fact that the Jews, strictly speaking, were not a maritime people. Their inland lakes were called seas, and reference is made to the ships of Tarshish, which were engaged in the trade of the Mediterranean. In the north-west of Palestine were the two cities of Tyre and Sidon, the seaports of the Phœnicians. Tyre was justly celebrated as a merchant city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honorable of the earth. But two maritime

expeditions are spoken of as fitted out by the kings of Israel. Solomon built a fleet in Ezion-Geber on the Red Sea, and Hiram's servants, having knowledge of the sea, went in them on their three years voyages to Tarshish. Jehoshaphat also built a fleet in Ezion-Geber, but because he joined himself in partnership with the wicked King of Israel, the ships were broken before they went to Tarshish. The Psalmist speaks of those who "go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep." Paul alludes once to "the anchor cast within the veil," and Peter speaks of the entrance administered abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Imagery is common, poetry has touched it, and the pulpit has not been slow to borrow figures from the sea. Familiar as you are with it, I need not remind you that I speak not of the Atlantic or Pacific Oceans, or of any one of the many seas on this globe, but of the

#### SEA OF LIFE.

From the moment of birth to the moment of death we are, and shall be, on the stormy sea of life. Currents favorable or adverse have been repeatedly met, and a change of course has followed. Many appear as if drifting, and know not the danger or the end of such folly. The destination of the voyage is not the same to all alike. The infallible oracles reveal in many parables that only two classes are recognized by God. There are

only *two* vessels that sail on the sea of life, and you are in *one* or *other* of them.

*The simile; the parable.* Let me take up a simile, and listen to my parable while I say, that the one is the gospel-ship; the other is the ship of the world.

The gospel-ship was planned, built, finished by the Divine hand. Its keel is the purpose of God, secured by His determinate counsel to save. Its knees are the strong promises of mercy that fasten the keel and beams together. Its sides are sheathed with the golden precepts, that glitter in the radiance of the sun of righteousness. Its name is written on the prow in letters of light. It is so strongly built that no gale or tempest can injure it. It has never needed to be undergirded; never needed to be repaired. Its flag is red, white and blue; red, denoting blood; white, purity; blue, heaven. Its sails are all spread to the perfumed breezes of heaven. Its Captain is Jesus Christ. Its officers and men are servants that obey His word. The voyagers are happy as songs of holy melody break on the sea of life. It has never known a mutiny. Its chart is the Bible, and its compass always points heavenward. The star of immortality shines across the main, and hangs over the port of glory. On it sails—

“For the gospel-ship has long been sailing,  
Bound for Canaan's happy shore.”

It has never deviated from its course, and all in it are sure of reaching the heavenly land.

The other ship sailing over this sea is far different in its build. Its model, its builder, reveal its diabolical origin. Its keel is the devilish purpose of human destruction, kneed and beamed by the designer for ruin. It is all black—a dark shade on the waves. Its captain (the devil) holds the wheel. His will is rule, and his will is iron. It sails awhile near the gospel-ship, but soon takes a different course. Its passengers are merry when no storm rages, but are fearful when the sea is troubled. It has no chart, for as to the shipwrecked no star appears to guide.

Dropping figure and simile, the truth stands out that God has provided means for us to sail safely to heaven. His purposes of mercy reach back to and beyond the ruin of our race. His gift of Jesus testifies His design, that unites the grand purpose to save with the grand accomplished salvation in the atonement, and in heaven. The Spirit, who has been given to renew, fits men for entering into fellowship with the Deity. To Christ, "the Captain of our salvation," has been given the work of safely conducting His people over the sea of life. With Him all are safe. The gospel can not fail, for no storm can founder His ship.

All that are not included and registered on its roll are on the course of death. I would not disguise it, that these are under the control of the devil. It may appear pleasant to sail under such a master, but the pleasure is only in the appearance. For no tongue can tell the horrors of that voyage. All seem to be joyous, and

some anxiously watch the gospel-ship as she gets further away, and the possibility grows less of exchange. And soon the vision fades, as the last ray of mercy disappears and the darkness that wraps the gospel ship wraps the soul in the shroud of despair. And the demoniacal crew hold jubilee when the voyage draws near its close, and the port of death is gained.

Further, I remark, this sea has its storms, fierce as the one that drove Paul and his company up and down in Adria. The euroclydon became terrible when near the quicksands, near the rocks of Malta. It matters little in which vessel you sail, you will have storms. Some come in the course of nature, some by the permission of God. The one to Paul was natural. It was reckless seamanship, knowing the dangers of the season, that imperilled the lives of the voyagers. The storm that overtook the recreant Jonah was by the permission of God, his fleeing from duty endangering all with him.

Men are liable to failure in business : the most cautious by unforeseen calamities, or by loss from others whom they trusted are plunged into ruin. When credit is gone, when liabilities cannot be met, when friends turn pale and refuse or cannot help ; then the waves beat high, then the billows roll, then the sea is tossed, when "men are at their wit's end."

Families are liable to trouble : sons are reckless, one is dissipated, another is wicked, daughters are haughty and rebellious. Sorrows come to the home ; the boatman pale waits to carry the friends away from the shore of

the mortal. As one and then another is taken, and as you watch the cold billows coming, you say: "O Lord, all thy waves and billows go over me."

The wicked are not exempt from these storms. Some come to them owing to the latitude in which they sail, for the wicked are always in Adria, near the quicksands and rocks. They have hurricanes of sin—they are like the troubled sea, "for there is no peace, saith God, to the wicked."

The righteous sometimes become laden with gold; they grow worldly-minded, careless about duty, and the storm sweeps down and they have to throw out the gold. Bereavement is sent to loosen the heart from the world and to increase the affection toward God. And the lesson of every storm is lost if we do not get more like the Lord. God will not smooth the sea of life for us while we cross it, for it is through much tribulation we must enter heaven.

One fact is certain: Both ships will enter into port. Shipwrecks may be common, but the end will come. When the corn ship of Alexandria was fast between the two seas, breaking into fragments, the 276 persons on planks or spars escaped safe to land. "Safe to land." Paul's apostolic mission is confirmed, that these souls should be saved for the sake of God's regard to him. "All safe to land." It secured the commission given, "that he should be brought before Cæsar," for he oft desired to go to Rome, ready to preach the gospel in the metropolis of the world, and have fruit among

them as among other Gentiles. "All safe to land." It proclaimed the special providence that was over them, as not a hair of their head should perish. "All safe to land." It declares that the gospel ship shall reach heaven. Tossed, driven, storm-beaten—the haven is sure. Doubt sometimes questions if the sea is to be safely crossed. But the perseverance of the saints is secured. They cannot miss glory, it is only missed by a change of character and vessel.

*See the port, ye tempest-tossed souls!* It is all beautiful, shining in its gold and light. The throne of God stands yonder on the hills of adamant. The sun that never sets pours its light in that clime. White hands are stretched out on the shore to greet you; welcoming smiles irradiate the countenances of those who have reached the haven before you. Spread all the sails, shout in holy ecstasy, for the gospel-ship has reached heaven. You step rapidly down, greetings are exchanged, you are safe, safe to land.

"There all the ship's company meet,  
 Who sailed with the Saviour beneath,  
 With shouting each other they greet,  
 And triumph o'er trouble and death,  
 The voyage of life's at an end,  
 The mortal affliction is past,  
 The age that in heaven they spend,  
 Forever and ever shall last."

See the other ship as it too nears the land. The sky is overcast, as the most furious storm rages at the last. The blast howls, it tears like demons through the shreds

of the canvas ; and the shrouds are like harp strings to wail out the discord of despair. The billows wash on the shore ; the fiery spray leaps up the rocks. Listen ! do you hear that grating ? She has touched the hidden shore, dashed into fragments, whirled into pieces ; the port of death is reached. See ! see the shipwrecked ! Dripping, all dripping they reach the land. It is hell. It is misery, eternally wrecked, broken on the dark rocks of lost hopes. And there I leave them, amid the dismal howling of eternal fire-waves that moan the *loss*, the *loss* of the precious soul.

Do you deem me fanatical ? Do you call me an enthusiast ? Do you think me a dreamer by such figures, such images as I have presented. I would that the figures of one vessel—one voyage—one port were a fancy. I would it were only a picture of the imagination. The other I would not change. It answers all the longings of the soul, it is just suited to the Christian life. But am I mad ? am I fanatical ? No ! I am perfectly in accord with the scriptures.

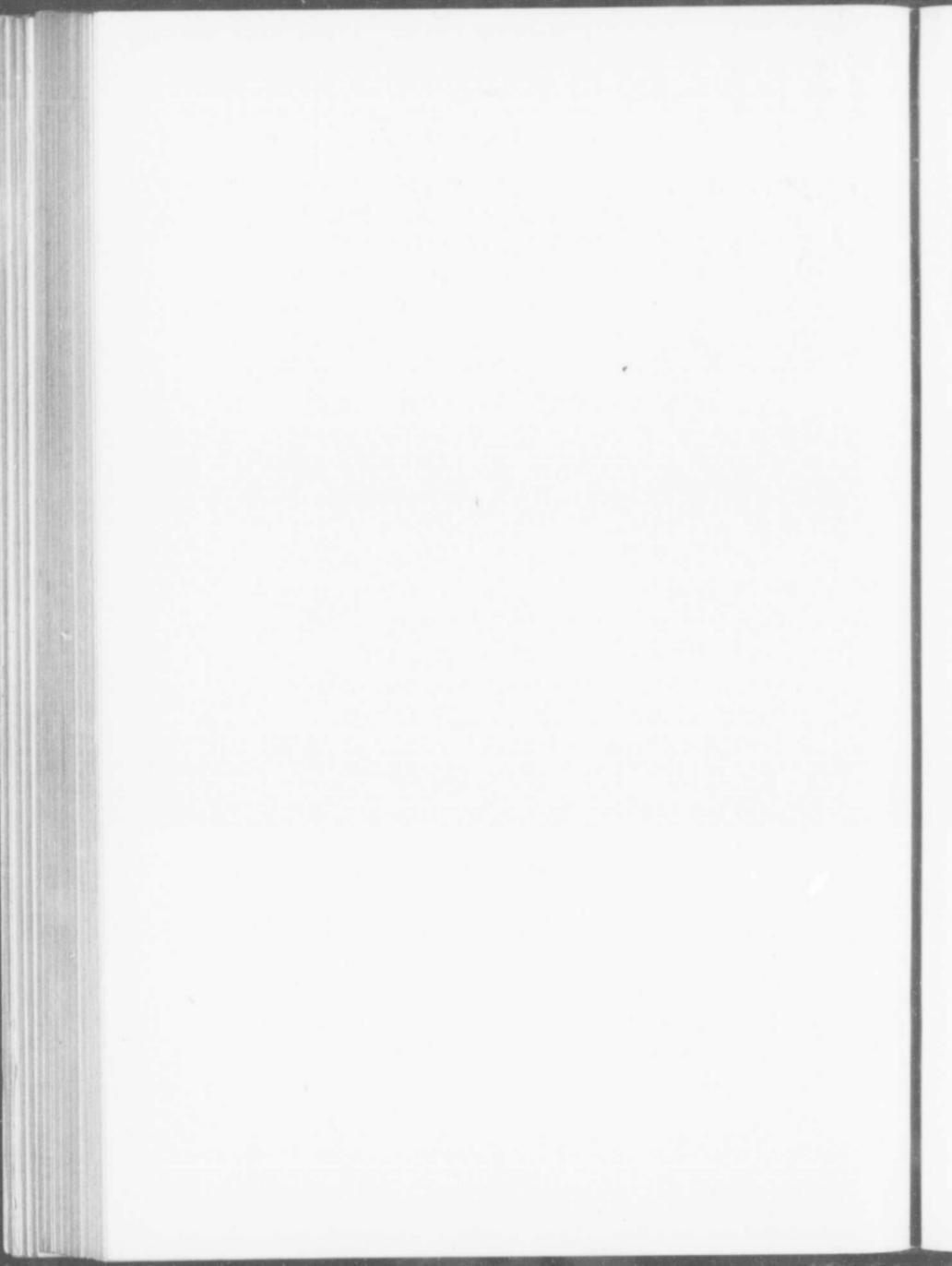
In which vessel are you sailing ? If you wish to go to B, you do not take the vessel going to A. It is important to start right, or the voyage will be lost. Have you got on the gospel-ship at the port of repentance ? This ship does not touch at the port of good works—or of baptismal regeneration—or of self-righteousness. It takes only passengers that repent of sin, and believe in the saving blood of Jesus Christ. Are you sailing with the Captain of Salvation ? Have you fixed your eye of

faith on heaven, desiring the better country? If so, you are safe, for Christ will bring you "*safe to land.*" If not, you are on the voyage to death. Fire-stars shoot on your sky—the thunders of God's wrath are heard. The haven is hell—the abode there is eternal. O come to the Saviour—get on the right ship, leave the company of the wicked, *hastæ*, soon it will be too late.

Fellow-voyagers to eternity, we shall soon reach the port. Like travellers, whose hearts throb as they near the land and think of home, sweet home, so we see heaven, the sweet, sweet home of our Father God, and pour out the immortal words that have thrilled millions, as with faith inspired by hope we sing:—

“Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
Safe into the *haven* guide,  
O receive my soul at last.”  
*O receive my soul at last. Amen.*





## LECTURE.

### PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Longfellow puts these words into the mouth of Hiawatha, the hero of his mythic song :

“ Give me of your bark, O birch tree !  
Of your yellow bark, O birch tree,  
Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley,  
I, a light canoe will build me,  
That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water lily.”

When consent was given, thus he did it :

“ With his knife the tree he girdled  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward.  
Down the trunk from top to bottom  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

“ Thus the birch canoe was built,  
In the valley by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest,  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery, and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews,  
And it floated on the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water lily.”

The warrior has left the war path; the Indian is fading away before the pale face, or before the fire-water; but remembrances of him remain in our names of rivers, and places, and in our proverbs. And, certainly, the title of this lecture discloses its Indian origin.

Proverbs and proverbial expressions are the *pith* of wisdom. Solomon uttered three thousand, one-third only of which we have in the book that bears his name. Probably we derive more of our *pithy* maxims from Shakespeare than from any other writer. To him we owe—"All that glitters is not gold," "We fail, but screw your courage to the sticking place, and we'll not fail," "They laugh that win." Franklin coined some of these common sayings which are current to-day, as good and as true as when he minted them—"If you want a servant that will serve you, *serve* yourself," "God helps them who help themselves." He never forgot the lesson taught him when a boy, when the toy vendor took his sixpence for a penny whistle. And he embodied the ever-recurring fact that men have to pay for experience—"They have paid dearly for their whistle."

You need not fear that I have hidden a sermon under this poetical figure, unless it be that our life "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." But this is the thought, that you are on life's river, and if my descriptions are sermons in the running brooks, your good being secured, then you will know what it is to *do*, to *dare*, to *live*, to *conquer*, in a word to "paddle your own canoe."

I might have selected some distinguished man to touch *his life* into a reality for you, but my work will be somewhat that of braiding many lives to give symmetry and beauty to one, and that one *yours*. Or rather, perhaps, I am a gleaner, gathering a few ears of wheat for you from the rich fields of biography and general literature.

Individual effort was never surer of success than today. You have read how Joseph, forgotten by the man who promised to befriend him, was raised from a prison-slave to be the prime minister of the powerful Pharaoh. Mordecai is at the gate, doomed by the jealous Haman to death; then the latter swings on the gallows, the former is raised to primacy in Persia. In the decline of imperial Rome, the fickle soldiery raised to the honors of the imperial purple, men whose only qualification was the disposition and ability to *bribe*. The first Napoleon one day was poor and obscure, the next the proud dictator of France.

The last half century has changed society into a *democracy*. It used to be asked if a man had noble blood; not genius, intellect, or learning. The immortal allegory of Bunyan, "Pilgrim's Progress," which commanded the cold criticism of Macaulay into praise, was long unread because of "the inconsiderable generation" of its author. There was no affectation in Cowper's line, "Lest so despised a name should move a sneer." There may not be the tyranny of blood or noble rank, but there is a social tyranny whose yoke is most galling. There are lines of caste as clearly defined and as in-

eradicable as diamond lines upon plate glass. Thomas Morton queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Both men and women are to a great extent the moral slaves of the circles in which they move. James Russell Lowell observes, not more wittily than truly, "That the code of *society* is stronger with most persons than that of Sinai, and many a man who would not scruple to thrust his fingers into his neighbor's pocket, would forego green peas rather than use his knife as a shovel."

This age is intensely earnest and practical, and individual effort is needed if you are to succeed. Fortunate birth will not insure success. Of the Irish Parliament it was said: "There, not unfrequently, arose a genius from the very lowest of the people, who won his way to the distinctions of the Senate, and wrested from pedigree the highest honors and offices of the constitution. Many a person sported the ermine on a back that had been coatless, and the garter might have glittered on a leg that, in its native bog, had been unencumbered by a stocking."

The storm scatters the acorns, but out of that rude tempest there springs a forest of oaks. The storm of rain softens the ground, and the acorn falls into the soil. The storm rocks the sapling, and makes it shoot out its cable-roots; the storm plays with the giant limbs of the oak, and the rough, tough, gnarled, the monarch of the forest stands, *the child of the storm*.

Adversity has ennobled men; poverty has enriched

them ; sorrow made them most manly. To-day the world worships success.

“ What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?

Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.”

Toil, thought, effort makes success. And the thought is more degrading than the degradation to think it degrading to work. Why if you ever aspire to be a politician, you will have to see your constituents—have a good memory to know everybody that you do not know only on a canvass—perhaps kiss all the babies, and pronounce them darlings ; besides being great on promises, and what else I cannot tell you. Why if ever you aspire to office, you will have to work, for the *honor* of office is so small, that it would take a microscope to find it, in comparison to the work of the office. But remember that *brains* will be needed, not so much *muscle* as brains, and *you cannot buy brains*. There is no legacy of greatness handed down in succession of entail. The brilliancy of oratory, or the ability of the statesmen has descended upon, and through no heir of the great Wm. Pitt. The grand military skill, plan, and executive ability of the Duke of Wellington have passed to none bearing his name. In fact *brilliancy* in any department of life-work is somewhat like the century plant, that pours out its life in one grand flowering, and then dies. The mercantile firms of our cities, built up by one distinguished merchant, seldom run through many generations. In fact, *the blood runs out*, and that explains the want of success.

Work, then, is needed, or as the old Anglo-Saxon called it, *brawn*, muscle, that is brawn, as well as brain. Premiers and presidents are generally the most abused men in the nation. It may be pleasant to talk about serving ones country, but I would rather be *my own master*, and follow the *humblest toil*, and that is a long way down below chancellor, premier, president, than serve the nation, the most fickle of tyrants.

There is no disgrace in being "*king of two hands*," to inherit stout muscles and a sinewy heart, a hardy frame, a hardier spirit.

" King of *two hands* to do our part,  
In every useful toil and art,  
A heritage it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee."

When a lady asked Turner, the celebrated English painter what was the secret of his success, he replied, "I have no secret madam, but hard work. That is a secret many never learn, and do not succeed, because they never learn it. Labor is the genius that changes the world from ugliness to beauty, and the great curse into a great blessing." That remark suggests another. Innes the American painter once said: "No man can do anything in art, unless he has intuitions, but between whiles one must collect the materials out of which intuitions are made." There was that missionary explorer, Livingstone, who crowded the work of two ordinary lives into *one*, and though honored by royalty and nobility, as they buried him in Westminster Abbey, in that temple of buried heroes, yet Africa's regeneration

from barbarism, its commerce and civilization will be his truest and most lasting memorial.

Look on this word-picture, and see if it bears any resemblance to anything you have seen. There is a young man going out into life. He is a little reckless, a little gay, it is true. Fortune favored him, and, of course, his father was born before him, that is, I mean he stepped into place—cushioned, carpeted, velvet-lined for him. He has great confidence in himself; he is intensely selfish. His brain never twisted itself into knots with thinking. He has little love for his home. "I'm sure he never made his mother smile," said an Irish girl of a man against whom she appeared in court as a witness. Tell me all those nine words mean—"I'm sure he never made his mother smile." Throw out into the world the man I have just touched into shape. He is fit for nothing; he never earned or made anything. Soon society leaves him, and he becomes no better than a *sponge* cut off from its native rock, simply a sponge. I don't mean that there are *jelly-fish* here, men without a backbone, but if you ever find one of these invertebrate specimens, I would caution every young lady against it, for it would be worse than *old maidenhood* to be linked to such a backboneless creature.

Look on the other side of the word-picture! The demand of society—the *caste* of which I have spoken—has produced women of the hot-house variety. They can not stand the biting frosts, the piercing blasts of winter. They are without the grace and force of char-

acter which make the true woman. She has culture of heart, if she lacks culture of mind, as a rose will bloom in the window of a cottage as well as in that of a palace. She has smiles ; she sits as queen in the home—

"As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is the woman,  
Though she *bends* him, yet she *obeys* him,  
Though she *draws* him, yet she *follows*,  
Useless each without the other."

There is our Queen, the most powerful and richly dowered of modern rulers. Servants of state wait on her ; her ships sail on every sea ; her empire welcomes and greets the rising and setting sun ; the sceptre of Britain has never been graced as in her hand. Long may she hold it ! She has ruled well her household, and you can not but admire her motherly care when, on one great national day, the royal princess, in a moment of coquetry, dropped her lace handkerchief, and she bade her step out of her carriage and pick it up herself. She has made the British court a model of purity ; she mourns yet for "Albert the good ;" she is loved by her fatherless children, the model mother of her extensive realm. Which is most to be admired, the most queenly of queens, or the most motherly of mothers ? Patriotism says the *Queen* of queens ; but home affection, which is above patriotism, says *the most motherly of mothers*.

After all it is the same lesson, here as elsewhere : work, hard work, the work of the hand, the sweat of the brain as well as the brow, through many an exhausting hour and many a weary night, that is the cause of

success. "It is the old lesson," said an eloquent voice, now hushed in its silvery tones, "voiceful from every life that has a moral in it; from Barnard Palissy, selling his clothes and tearing up his floor to add fuel to his furnace, and wearying his wife and amusing his neighbors with dreams of his white enamel through the unremunerative years; from Warren Hastings, lying at seven years old upon the rivulet's bank and vowing inwardly that he would regain his patrimonial property and dwell in his ancestral halls, and that there should be again a Hastings of Daylesford; from William Carey, panting after the moral conquest of India, whether he sat at the lap-stone of his early craft, or wielded the ferule in the village school, or lectured the village elders when the Sabbath dawned; from George Stevenson, a common collier, pulling his watch to pieces and putting it together again, then explaining his plans for the first railway between Liverpool and Manchester before a committee of the House of Commons, but destitute, as he said, of 'the gift of the gab' and learning, and when the members of the committee said: 'There is rock to be excavated to more than sixty feet deep, there are embankments to be made to nearly the same height, there is a swamp of nearly five miles to be traversed, in which if you drop an iron rod it sinks and disappears, How will you do it?' and received for an answer a broad Northumbrian 'I can't tell you how I'll do it, but I can tell you *I will do it,*' and do it he did, and the world's railroads are his monument; from Elihu Burritt, work-

ing at the anvil, striking sparks from his brain as from the iron, acquiring the mastery of eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects; from Hugh Miller, the stonemason, learning to read and write, till he became one of the most facile and brilliant authors of his day, as he read the footsteps of the Creator on the old red sandstone. It is the old lesson: a worthy object, patient toil, and then success.

Do you reply that you cannot aspire, that your difficulties are insurmountable! Granted all you say; but it is true manhood to walk up to difficulties and smite them down, and like David, when the smooth stone had laid low the giant, mount his prostrate form. It cannot be too often repeated that it is not *helps* but *obstacles* that make men. The real heroes are the men who march up to the cannon's mouth without the quiver of a muscle or the tremble of a nerve.

“Men who walk up to Fame as to a friend  
Or their own house, which from the wrongful heir  
They have wrested; from the world's hard hand and grip,  
Men who—like Death, all bone, but all unarmed—  
Have ta'en the giant world by the throat and thrown him,  
And made him swear to maintain their name and fame  
At peril of his life.”

Bold, dare to do right, bravely toil, impress the future, seek to be good, make your lives beautiful, and then they will be blessed, and so you will “Paddle your own canoe.”

There are certain elements that go to make a successful life, but I will only touch upon a few; others you can infer from several illustrations I shall use.

This age demands

## INDEPENDENCE.

Liberty with some persons means lawlessness: a right to do as they please. The wind is free, as it goes careering over hill and dale; as it stirs the leaf, or bends the tree in homage to the spirit of the storm; as it touches the pale cheeks of decline into rosy hues, or fans the throbbings of the fevered brow, but in its freedom it obeys laws as changeless as the everlasting hills. The light is free, chainless, and will not be prisoned. But the sun obeys the law of its rising and knows the time of its setting. Liberty is obedience to law, and independence is conformity to law. To get down into the old ruts, to do so and so because your great grandfather did it, is not the best spirit to cultivate. It is to get on the old lumbering stage-coach when the comfortable palace car will roll you on luxuriously to your destination.

Man has chained the elements of nature to his chariot of triumphal progress. He has seized the fire from heaven, girdled the globe with electric wires, and undergirded the seas with cables for his lightnings. He has utilized the forces of steam for all kinds of machinery. Granted, that much at present is only an experiment, but it is better to fail than not to try at all. The dauntless spirit, the unconquered and unconquerable *I* will never rest in this life. There may be breakers in the current, rapids in the stream, but a firm hand, a clear eye, a soul of power will steer your canoe safe

through. It is better to be Phaëton, who obtained permission from his father to drive his chariot for a single day, but being unable to manage the fiery steeds, was hurled by Jupiter into the river Eridanus to prevent a general conflagration. Better risk a little fire than freeze into cold stagnation.

Away among the Alleghany mountains there is a spring so small, that a single ox could drink it dry on a summer's day. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than one hundred villages and cities, and thousands of cultivated farms, bearing on its bosom hundreds of steamboats, till joining the Mississippi it stretches away some 1200 miles more till it falls into the sea. It will roll and roar, till with one foot on sea and one on shore the angel of the Apocalypse shall proclaim, "time is no more." Your influence may be small as it goes out from you, but it gathers force as others are affected, and add their tribute to it, then it rolls on a perfect Niagara of power till it pours into the fathomlessness of eternity. Dr. Punshon wrote, "that ideas of grandeur, beauty, terror, power, sublimity are expressed in that one word, *Niagara*. It has no pride in the brilliant hues which are woven in its eternal loom, no haste in the majestic roll of its waters, with no weariness in its endless psalm, it remains through the eventful years an embodiment of unconscious power, a lively inspiration of thought, and poetry, and worship, a magnificent apocalypse of God."

There is the silent force in the law of gravity. It binds atom to atom, it controls the universe, a chain invisible, but indivisible, forged by the hand of the invisible God. Your power, derived from the unfettered will, the independent I, is not "the perpetual instability, the changelessness of everlasting change" of Niagara, but it is to be the light scattering day all around.

I would summon you, in bugle blast, to this spirit power—this individual impressment upon the world. Many who slumber in nameless graves, or wander through the tortures of a wasted life, had opportunities such as you have, but they lacked single purpose, steady resolve, patient, thoughtful labor, that multiplies the five talents into ten. Fling off all fetters, and in the untrammelled I, "paddle your own canoe."

#### BE SELF-RELIANT.

I refer independence to action, self-reliance to conscious inner force. "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." Dr. Holland made the statement, that "the nations of Europe will never rise beyond a certain point," and bases his opinion on the fact, that the people have always been governed; they know nothing of self-government, and when they have tried the experiment have failed. That is true in a measure, for too much government is as bad as no government.

The man who does not follow his own independent judgment, but runs perpetually to others for advice, has

no self-hood in him. And if he should move out of his own depths, it is only like a barnacle that sticks to the ship, but hinders its sailing. And society is full of *barnacle-men*. "Help yourselves, and Heaven will help you," and don't cry to Jupiter to lift the wheel out of the mire, but put your shoulder to it, *and lift*.

Self-reliance must conform to the facts of the present. Keen competition makes keen men and women; sharp angles cut those who tilt against them. The beginnings of life are all crowded. But there is plenty of room for those who advance.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher once received a letter from a young man who recommended himself very highly as being honest, etc., and closed with the request: "Get me an easy situation that honesty may be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied: "Don't be an editor if you would be easy. Do not try the law. Avoid school keeping. Let alone all ship-stores, shops and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither a soldier, nor a sailor. Don't study, don't think, don't work. None of them are easy. O, my honest friend, you are in a very hard world. I know of but one *easy* place in it. *That place is the grave.*"

Depend on yourself. Two young men commenced sail-making in Philadelphia. They bought a lot of duck from Stephen Girard on credit, and a friend had engaged to endorse a note for them. Each caught up a roll and was carrying it away, when Girard said: "Had you not

better get a dray?" They said: "It is not far; we can carry it ourselves." Girard, keen as steel himself, when he saw such self-reliance, said: "Tell your friend he need not endorse your note. I'll take it without."

It is said that the lobster, when left high and dry among the rocks, has not instinct and energy enough to work his way back to the sea, but waits for the sea to come to him. If it does not come, he remains where he is and dies, although the slightest effort would enable him to reach the water that rolls and tumbles not a yard from him.

The world is full of human lobsters, men stranded on the rocks of business waiting for the tide to turn to lift them into something to do; young men waiting till the bachelor uncle dies, who has a bag full of gold and a trunk full of notes and mortgages; young women waiting for a legacy, having two hands and not knowing what to do with them. It has become somewhat proverbial that young men who begin their fortune where their fathers left off, leave off where their fathers began. No money really benefits a man that has not on it the *mark* of his hand or the *sweat* of his brow and brain, that is, that he has not earned himself. Do you complain of want of ability? Use what you have, and it will increase in good interest. Do you complain of want of position? It is not position that makes the man, but the man that makes the position. Make a cobbler a king, and he will only be a cobbler-king. Make a ploughboy a senator, and he will only whistle.

Mahomet was a camel-driver, yet he founded a new religion and changed the face of empires. Copernicus was the son of a baker; Kepler the son of a publican. Cobden was a cotton manufacturer, but in the corn laws he overthrew the long-established and deeply-rooted commercial system of the British Empire. Arkwright, by the discovery of the spinning-jenny, rose from a penny barber to princely affluence.

Look at the life of Abraham Lincoln, the railsplitter and bargeman of the wild west. He was born in honorable lowliness in a log cabin. He said that his early history was perfectly characterized by that single line in Gray's Elogy, "The short and simple annals of the poor." Those adverse currents of his youth made his arm strong, his muscles as iron to paddle his *own* canoe. And when the shower of blood was about to deluge his land, the national heart turned to Springfield, to the famous joker, to the "honest Abe," and it did not turn in vain, for I believe that coming times will see him the supreme figure in that crisis of history. In the darkest hour of peril he said, "I have an oath registered in heaven to preserve, protect and defend the government." When "Stonewall" Jackson was on the way to Washington, when supposed friends were turning traitors, he never despaired of ultimate success. Listen to his words: "If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all beside, and I standing up

boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating consequences, before High Heaven and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my *life, my liberty, my love.*" I admire the patriotism that fires and burns in those noble words. And when the assassin's bullet pierced his brain and he fell from the proud pedestal to which his force of character had raised him, there fell a man whose voice will speak down the ages of what *independence* and *self-reliance* can do. "An *administrator*, he saved the nation in the perils of unparalleled civil war; a *statesman*, he justified his measures by their success; a *philanthropist*, he gave liberty to one race and salvation to another; a *ruler*, in desperate times he was unsullied with blood; a *man*, he has left no word of passion, no trick of craft, no act of jealousy, no purpose of selfish ambition."

Look now at General Grant, Lincoln's successor in the presidency. After graduating at West Point, he entered the army, and served in the Mexican war. He was twice promoted for gallant conduct, and was captain of artillery. At the close of the war he retired to a farm near St. Louis, but just before the war of secession had gone into the leather business at Galena. Again he entered the army, fought more than a score of battles, and won as many victories, before he went east to turn the tide in favor of the union. Then he threw himself between two armies, fought five battles, destroyed one

army, drove the other into Richmond, which surrendered 35,000 strong. He never turned his back on a foe, or lost a battle. He cut his way to victory with the sword. He was twice elected president, as successful in peace as in war. He will be one of the figures on which posterity will fix its eye, as making history for his nation. And these two men, Lincoln in his administration, and Grant in his generalship will be regarded as the saviors of their country in its unity and nationality.

Vice-president Colfax sat at Lincoln's side during his first administration. He was a native of New York, fatherless at his birth, leaving school at ten years of age, crossing Michigan at thirteen, and settling at St. Joseph, Indiana. He was seven times elected to Congress, and three times elected speaker of the house. He was a firm teetotaler, and diplomatic dinners or presidential receptions never turned him from his firm resolve. Lincoln turned to him when harrassed by hasty friends, or misrepresented by violent enemies; and that friendship ceased not, till the rising statesman kneeled in the chamber of death, when in the moment of national victory *wrong* fancied that *right* was mortal.

Ladies and gentlemen, I do not worship at the shrine of these men, but I honor them for their grand qualities of character. You cannot taunt me with national vanity, for my pulse throbs from a loyal British heart. But I ring out the names—Lincoln, Grant, Colfax—princes of American blood, men of the people, who "paddled their own canoe."

## HAVE A WELL-DEFINED PURPOSE.

Don't be shifting—not long enough anywhere to succeed. Get a trade, and stick to it. That was a capital lesson which Professor Faraday taught one of his students in the lecture room after some chemical experiments. The lights had been put out in the hall, and by accident some article dropped on the floor from the professor's hand. The professor lingered behind, endeavoring to pick it up. "Never mind," said the student, "it is of no consequence to-night, sir, whether we find it or no." "That is true," replied the professor, "but it is of grave consequence to me, as a principle, that I am not foiled in my *determination* to find it." Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results. "There are only two creatures," says the Eastern proverb, "that can surmount the pyramids—the eagle and the snail."

Be firm. Take your position when you know you are right, and be prepared to maintain it. Know just where you are yourself, and others will know where to find you.

Be honest. Be true to yourselves, and others will be true to you. Honesty always pays.

Be truthful. Don't lie. Avoid *business* lies, selling worthless articles, or overreaching the ignorant; *social* lies, telling persons you are glad to see them, when you were annoyed because they came; *political* lies, making promises during a canvas that were never meant to be met, telling what is untrue of opponents.

Be honorable. Let your conduct be clear as daylight.

Don't take advantage of a flaw in a deed or will, when you knew the intention of the testator.

Be pure in conversation. Never defile your tongue with oaths, with the poison of the slanderer, or be the defamer of character.

Have tact. I can not define that word. Talent knows *what* to do; tact knows *how* to do it. 'Talent is wealth'; tact is ready money. Thus Emerson expresses it:

"Tact clinches the bargain,  
Sails out of the Bay,  
Gets the vote in the Senate,  
Spite of Webster and Clay."

Take these illustrations of these principles:

In 1844, Benjamin Disraeli gave utterance to these remarkable words: "Man can be what he pleases; every one of you can be exactly what he designs to be. I have resolved to hold a certain position, and *if I will, I will.*" Did he succeed according to his bold words? Enter the British House of Commons. It is the year 1839. Disraeli was known as a successful writer, and his party hailed him as a promising auxiliary. He rose to make his maiden speech. But he made a grand mistake. He had forgotten that the figures of St. Stephen's are generally arithmetical, and that superfluity of words is regarded as superfluity of naughtiness. He took the house by surprise, and pelted them with tropes like hail. He had not gone far when the ominous cry was heard—"Question," and amid loud laughter, just in the midst of an imposing sentence, in which he had carried his audience to the Vatican, and invested

Lord John Russell with the temporary custody of the keys of St. Peter's. The mirth grew fast and furious, and the house resounded with merry peals of laughter. Mortified and indignant the orator sat down, closing with these memorable words: "I sit down now, but the time will come when you *will* hear me." In 1884, he wrote in "Endymion," his last work: "I have brought myself by long meditation to the conviction, that a human being, with a settled purpose, *must* accomplish it, and that nothing can resist a *will* which will stake even *existence* for its fulfilment."

Against titled nobility, against Jewish extraction, against all odds he fought his way upwards, till in fifteen years from that apparent annihilation, Benjamin Disraeli was a Privy Councillor, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Leader of the House of Commons. In fifteen years more, upon the retirement of Earl Derby, he became Prime Minister of Great Britain. In seven years more he entered the House of Lords, the first Jew to whom its doors had been opened. He was one of the most remarkable men of his day, and might have written this as his motto, "*I have fought for and won success.*"

But few ages have produced two such men as Disraeli and Gladstone. Half a century ago, Macauley wrote of Gladstone, as a young man of "unblemished character, of distinguished parliamentary ability, the rising hope of the Tory party. He has a firmer will than Disraeli, and does not flash into such sudden brilliancies of surprises. He lacks Disraeli's biting sarcasms, his wonderful power

of concise utterances." He once characterized Gladstone as "a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent, and to glorify himself."

But Gladstone has a more polished eloquence than that of Disraeli, and few men have risen higher than he in that stately oratory for which he is distinguished. His first budget speech, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was the most masterly production, lasting five hours, yet not a member moved or a stranger left the galleries. He has an amazing fertility of resources. Guiding the councils of the nation, translating Homer, turning the English hymn "Rock of Ages" into Latin verse, writing on Biblical and ecclesiastical themes as if a Doctor of Divinity, and on political themes with all the ardor of youth. A Scotchman by birth, a Welshman by residence, an Englishman by long political connections, he combines the shrewdness of the Scotch, the fire of the Welsh, the perseverance of the English, and only wants a *bit* of Irish to make him a perfect man. And to-day, and for years to come, he will be known as the "Grand Old Man."

Look at that portrait! See the keen eye, the clear-cut features! It is the late Governor Wilmot. Educated as a lawyer, elected to the House, a delegate to England to plead for responsible government, stainless on the bench, doubly honored as the first Provincial Governor of his native province.

Look at that other picture! A kindly face, a calm look, a man of men. It is ex-Governor Tilley. A native of Gagetown, a druggist in St. John, a member of the Sons of Temperance, elected on the Prohibitory ticket, Provincial Secretary, Minister of Customs, twice Governor of New Brunswick.

Look at that other picture! A smile plays on the face, for the man had no soul to do anything harsh. It is the famous *Joe Howe*. He led the people of Nova Scotia to freedom from irresponsible government, and impressed his individuality upon the province, and most fittingly died when Governor of Nova Scotia. Under each of these pictures I might write, "He paddled his own canoe."

A ship on the broad ocean needs no pilot, but it wants one in coming into port. It is not contradictory to say, that you must row against the tide.

"It is easy to glide with the ripples  
Adown the stream of Time,  
To flow with the course of the river,  
Like music to some old rhyme;  
But ah! it takes courage and patience  
Against the current to ride,  
And we must have strength from Heaven  
When rowing against the tide.

We may float on the river's surface,  
While our oars scarce touch the stream,  
And visions of earthly glory  
On our dazzled sight may gleam;  
We forget that on before us  
The dashing torrents roar,  
And while we are idly dreaming  
Its waters will carry us o'er."

The moral element will render any success permanent. You will soon come to the sunset—the shades of the evening. What, then, will it matter, if you have had the wealth of the Rothschilds, or the poverty of the poor; a couch of down or straw, a palace or cot. He has lived to little purpose who has not discovered that wealth and renown are not the true ends of existence, nor their absence the conclusive proof of ill-fortune. Whoever would know, if his career has been prosperous and brightening from its outset to its close, if the evening shall be genial or golden, should not ask for lands, or gold, or fame. Ask rather, "Has he mastered himself? has he lived a true life?"

"But few—ah! would they were many—  
Row up the stream of life,  
They struggle against its surges,  
And mind neither toil nor strife;  
Though weary and faint with labor,  
Singing, triumphant they ride,  
For Christ is the Hero's captain  
When rowing against the tide.

For on through the hazy distance,  
Like mist on a distant shore,  
They see the walls of the city,  
With its banners floating o'er;  
Seen through a glass so darkly  
They almost mistake their way,  
But Faith throws light on their labor  
When darkness shuts out their way.

And shall we be one of that number  
Who mind not toil or pain?  
Shall we moan the loss of earthly joys  
When we have a crown to gain?  
Or shall we glide on with the river,  
With Death at the end of our ride,  
While our brother, with heaven before him,  
Is rowing against the tide."

Now, if I have succeeded in stirring one emotion within you that will warm your hearts, that will throw some sunshine around you, if I have tracked a path that will lead to noble achievement, then I have my reward. And if you forget my words you will not forget my topic, and so I put in the words of Annie Howe the sentiments of this hour:—

“ Up this world and down this world,  
And over this world and through,  
Though drifted about and tossed without,  
Why paddle your own canoe.

What though the sky is heavy with clouds,  
Or shining a field of blue,  
If the bleak wind blows, or the sunshine glows,  
Why paddle your own canoe.

What if breakers rise up ahead,  
With dark waves rushing through,  
Move steadily by with a steadfast eye,  
And paddle your own canoe.

If a hurricane rise in the midnight sky  
And the stars are lost to view,  
Glide safely along with a smile and a song,  
And paddle your own canoe.

Up this world and down this world,  
And over this world and through,  
Though weary and worn, though bereft and forlorn,  
Still paddle your own canoe.

Never give up when trials come,  
Never grow sad and blue,  
Never sit down with a tear and a frown,  
But paddle your own canoe.

There are daisies springing up along the shore,  
Blooming and sweet for you,  
There are rose-hued dyes in the autumn skies,  
Then paddle your own canoe.”

## ADDRESSES.

*Substance of an address delivered at the Bible Society Meeting,  
in St. Andrew's Church, St. John, January 8th, 1885.*

### THE BIBLE FOR THE WORLD.

Any man may consider it an honor to take part in the annual meeting of the Bible Society, whose God-appointed mission is to give *the word of life* to the world.

What was first given as flattering incense to Spain in the days of her glory, has been said of it, "that the sun never sets on the English Bible." It is read on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Fraser, the St. John, as well as at Melbourne and Hobart Town, for before the rays of the evening sun have left the spires of Quebec, Montreal, or St. John, his morning beams have shone upon the shores of Australia and New Zealand. And as we read its pages at evening, yonder upon the banks of the Ganges many have turned in their morning devotions to the self-same sacred volume, from whose pages to draw the living waters of comfort, promise and hope.

We stand to-day on the banks of this majestic river, but forget not the lowly spring amongst the Welsh hills whence it had its origin. Impressed with the spiritual ignorance of his parish, Thomas Charles journeyed to London to take counsel with some devoted Christians as to the propriety and possibility of establishing a Bible Society for his little country. But he found in London

men of kindred spirit, and even larger heart, for his own proposition was met by the challenge: "If a Bible Society for Wales, why not one for the whole world?" That thought, like a seed, germinated, and on the 7th of March, 1804, a few good people met to consider this proposition from Wales. Then was resolved: "That as the Book was for the world, the world should have the *Book*." That little room of the London tavern was the natal chamber of the most magnificent thought which had struggled to birth for eighteen centuries—"The Bible for the world."

Wherein lies the promise of the success of the Bible in its advantages to men and nations?

FIRST, IN ITS ADAPTATION.

It meets man as man, and pours through his physical, mental and moral natures its blessed knowledge. It emanated from one supreme mind. It has come through a variety of human minds—writers, with their own habits of thought, separated by an interval of eighteen hundred years; yet the Bible, contemplated in its exquisite unity of spirit and aim, is like a perfect building—stone fitted to stone—the entire fabric from Genesis, the foundation, to the top stone in Revelation, cemented together so that you can not but say: "Truly, this is the architecture of God."

Look how the Bible has affected the Anglo-Saxon nations. In social life, in language and literature, in science and art, its moulding influence has been the chief factor. Five hundred years ago (1385) John Wycliffe

died. He was one of the truest and bravest of men, the greatest by far of all the Reformers before the Reformation, the morning star of the better day which was soon to dawn upon the earth. In 1382 he completed the translation of the first *whole* Bible into the English language. That was certainly the most important event up to that time in the history of the English-speaking people. It was the true Magna Charta. Then commenced the struggle of the public mind for freedom, repressed, crushed at times, but finally it snapped the fetters, stood forth emancipated, holding under the clear heavens of liberty the broken fetters of a long-time national bondage, and to-day defying any ecclesiastical or political despotism to clasp those fetters again around the conscience. *The law of the word of God is freedom.*

Let the *truth* of the Bible flow over the malarial regions of infectious diseases and it will carry its vitalizing elements into the valley of death, and so fulfil Ezekiel's word: "Everything shall live whither the river cometh."

Let the *voice* of the Bible speak to the warring passions of hate, of violence, of selfishness, and its whisper will calm the troubled elements of human discord into peaceful slumber.

Let the *touch* of the Bible be felt on the chains of superstition, or atheism, or scepticism that bind the conscience, and it becomes the angel that touches the chains of the imprisoned Peters and the fetters fall silently from the hands, and the celestial guide leads the

astonished freeman out of prison into the clear light of heaven.

Let the Bible come into any place and its presence bespeaks its adaptability. Our gracious Queen places her crown and sceptre on the Bible and owes the stability of her throne to it. In the Exchange to regulate commerce; in the courts of law, the author of justice; in the gilded saloon of the ocean steamer, the chart for life's voyage and the needle that always points heavenward; in the tent of the soldier, the cabin of the sailor, in the home, the school, everywhere is the Bible with its light, comfort and hope.

#### ADAPTATION, THEN AFFINITY.

You touch a piece of wood with a magnet, but it does not draw. Why? Because the wood has no affinity with the magnet. You touch a needle, and instantly the steel clasps the points. Why? Because there is affinity. That simple illustration opens up a wide range of thought. Look at it a moment.

*I ask for God.* I search the creation, but I cannot find Him. I grope in the darkness till His word shines on my search. There I find Him. I touch the hand of His power as He swings the planets in their vast orbits. I touch His wisdom in the regulation of the movements of the stars. I read his goodness and beauty in every flower that dots and decks the fields in summer, in every snowflake in its wondrous architecture that flecks the earth or crowns the hoary mountain. And as that voice

speaks to my heart I listen, am charmed, inspired, and pour back my adoring gratitude, "My God."

I find, I feel a dis-organization in my nature, and I ask if it can be remedied. Creation has no answer for me. But I turn to "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," and as soon as I open it there flashes like an electric ray upon the darkness of my soul the precious words, "God so loved the world." I ask, I want no more. Here is *love* that meets my hatred; here is disinterested benevolence that meets my selfishness; here is God unbosoming his heart till that love touches my heart, and I dwell in love because I dwell in God.

I want another life beyond this transitory and changing world. The lamp of science can not show it to me. The torch of philosophy only irradiates a tomb. But when this lamp, kindled at the throne of God, pours its light upon human destiny, the valley of death is no longer dark; the trembling feet no longer stumble, and under its guidance we pass up to the throne.

A Brahmin came to a missionary and said: "Hear me repeat the 27th Psalm." In faultless English accent he repeated: "The Lord is my Light and my Salvation," etc. "How is it," said the missionary, "that you study and read the English Bible when you do not believe it?" Said the Brahmin: "Because it is the well of English undefiled." And said the missionary, in relating the incident: "Many of these educated Hindoos find the stranger at the well."

The inspired Book is suited to every order of mind, or

power of intellect, or feature of condition. Newton in philosophy; Locke in science; Milton in poetry; Peel and Gladstone in statesmanship; Garfield in presidency, and Victoria in queendom—all bowing in adoring admiration before the inspired word of God.

ADAPTATION, AFFINITY, DIVINITY.

The Bible "speaks not less than God in every line." God in creation, the maker of heaven and earth; God in providence, upholding all things by the word of His power; God in redemption, giving, through His Son, the summary of the law and gospel: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself." That sentence could not have been written by an uninspired pen, or uttered by an uninspired tongue; the law and gospel in one word—*Love*; every duty—relative, social, personal—to God, to man, for time and eternity, bound up in perfect love to God and man.

These things predict the final triumph of the principles of this Book Divine. Suppose for a moment the world was rolled back to that point in its history when the Bible existed for us in a foreign or hidden tongue. Let the millions of copies be collected and burned. You have quenched the light, liberty and intelligence of this prosperous land. The Bible is part of our literature, our social life, our institutions. Sweep it away, and you sweep manhood into abject slavery.

In his history of the Reformation, D'Aubigné speaks of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries

as three successive days of mighty conflicts. The sixteenth was a contest for God—successful. The seventeenth was a contest against the power of the priesthood—successful. The eighteenth was a contest for the power of religion against man's philosophy—successful. There is to be a fourth, and he asks, "Who shall be successful? What shall be the answer?"

The fortress of Gibraltar is reputed to be the world's strongest military fortification. The rock is honey-combed with galleries; batteries are in every available point. The mountain bristles with artillery. Around it for twelve centuries the thunders of battle have raged, but to-day it is more impregnable than ever.

The Bible is the citadel of truth. Satan has wheeled his heaviest guns against it. Hosts of atheists, pantheists, materialists, have for ages attempted to sap its foundations. Learning, political power, ecclesiastical hate, for near two thousand years, have assailed it with lance, and spear, and battering ram, and shot and shell. Bring your heaviest artillery, "cannon to right of us, cannon to left of us, cannon before us, volley and thunder." Advance, ye hosts of Diabolus. Pour shot and shell and bomb against and into this fortress, but when the smoke has cleared away there stands our Gibraltar, our Bible, smiling under the sun of Divine approval and firm as the jasper throne of heaven. "For all flesh is grass, but the word of the Lord endureth forever."

## TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion."—*Joel ii, 1.*

It was an ordinance of Moses that the trumpet should be blown to call the people together in order to appeal to God in their distress, and to seek His face. "And if ye go to war in your land against the enemy that oppresseth you, then ye shall blow an alarm with the trumpets." This was an ordinance forever throughout their generations. "And the sons of Aaron, the priests shall blow with the trumpets." And this evening I put the trumpet to my lips, first to sound the alarm, and then to incite to the charge against a strong, determined foe,—*that foe Intemperance*. It may be said "that the platform of the lecture room, and not the pulpit of the Church, is the place to discuss the subject upon which the trumpet will blow its alarm to-night." If the Bible were silent, such a plea would have weight. But the value of dealing with the subject here is, that it can be viewed and treated from a *Christian* standpoint. Said Joseph Cook: "A pulpit silent on temperance discredits itself as much as a pulpit silent on dishonesty." View the drinking habits of society as you will, you must own them to be *full of evil*, and if there be a particle of good in them, it is so small that it would require a microscope to find that *atom* of good. If the word were flashed through the wires that a foe was invading the shores of Great Britain, and that the throne of our Queen was in

danger; that riot and bloodshed were desolating the land; and that the tiger-passions of the scum of the cities were let loose, and scenes were enacted that would make a modern dynamiter or a Turk blush, what patriot would be too cowardly to aid against the foreign or home invader. If the news had spread on this Sabbath day that the ships of some foreign nation were coming up our harbor to lay our city in ashes, to pour shot and shell around, would you be perfectly quiet at the peril? *Yet worse*, a foe is battering at your doors and your hearts; *yet worse*, your fellow citizens are strewn along the streets—may-be your friend is among the fallen. Yet, bad as that calamity would be, it is worse when the foe comes in every cask of liquor, in every bottle of wine, in every bottle of beer. And how sad to see the slain; how many the fallen.

And if the trumpet be blown, we are charged with enthusiasm. "*Intolerant agitators*," "*bigots*," "*enthusiasts*," are the mild terms heaped upon Temperance reformers. If I be a wild enthusiast in this cause, I ask no *pity*, but desire you to spend your sentiment upon those who need *pity* more than I. Exaggeration is never right; but we have no need to exaggerate, for our arguments, based upon *facts*, are so strong that even our opponents are compelled to own that we have right, truth, patriotism, and above all *God*, on our side.

I charge, then,

INTEMPERANCE AS A NATIONAL FOE.

Look at these startling facts. Begin with what cannot but be regarded as a waste. According to the best

authorities, Great Britain spends \$650,000,000 annually for alcoholic liquors, which is nearly *double* the whole land rental of the United Kingdom. The annual rent paid for houses is \$350,000,000; the expenditure for woollen goods \$220,000,000, and for cotton goods \$65,000,000, leaving \$15,000,000 in favor of alcohol. I quote here from Archdeacon Farrar, who says :

“ Can there be a shadow of a doubt that the nation would be better prepared for the vast growth of its population, that the conditions of average life would be less burdensome, if we abandoned a needless, and therefore wasteful, expenditure? Would not the position of England be more secure if that vast river of wasted gold were diverted into more fruitful channels?—if the 88½ millions of bushels of grain (as much as is produced in all Scotland) which are now mashed into deleterious drink, were turned into useful food? If the 69 thousand acres of good land now devoted to hops were used for cereals? If England were relieved from the burden of supporting the mass of misery, crime, pauperism, and madness which drunkenness entails? Even in this respect, as Sir Matthew Hale said two centuries ago, ‘ *perimus licitus*, we are perishing by permitted things.’ A Chinese tradition tells us that when, 4,000 years ago, their emperor forbade the use of intoxicants, heaven rained gold for three days. Looking at the matter on grounds simply economical—considering only the fact that the working classes drink, in grossly adulterated beers and maddening spirits, as much as they pay in rent—considering that there is hardly a pauper in England who has not wasted on intoxicants enough to have secured him long ago a freehold house and a good annuity—I say that if the curse of drink were thoroughly expelled, it would rain gold in England, not for three days, but many days.”

Is there anything, I ask, to prevent *national drunkenness* from producing *national decadence*? Great Britain

may never become insolvent, but she may become a *second* or *third* rate power. Her wealth has increased for the last ten or twelve years at the rate of £240,000,000 a year. During that time wages have increased 25 per cent., and the consumption of liquors at the same rate. It is a burning shame that any man with a spark of manhood in him should say: "England is better free than sober." Here is a nation boasting that no slave can touch her soil; that keeps a check on the cruelties of nations, and yet allows her children to be bound in the fetters of a worse slavery than any that galled the negro on the plantations of Jamaica; more cruel than any whose lash drew blood on the cotton fields of Virginia. "Drunken England!" Is that the best, the most glorious name of our native land? *Shame!* Let the blood crimson the cheek at the vile prostitution of our national honor. Perish such mockery of our national power. And alarming as it may be, yet in the destruction of the vital forces of the working classes; in the blood poisoning in the veins of the children; in the prevalent pauperism and crimes, I see nothing, and I grieve to say it, *I see nothing but national waste and decay.*

I turn to the United States, and from carefully compiled statistics give you these startling facts. Last year the revenue paid was \$91,250,000; taxes paid to the Government, \$5,000,000; total revenue, \$96,346,791. The brewers reported nearly 600,000,000 gallons brewed of beer. There were also 70,000,000 gallons of liquors, besides wines, at a total cost of \$800,000,000,

and revenue added, without counting loss of industry, *one billion dollars*. To realize somewhat this cost see what is paid for several other things. Public schools, \$95,000,000 ; public libraries, \$91,000,000 ; cost of lawyers, criminals and prisoners, \$90,000,000 ; all custom revenues, \$214,000,000 ; postal service, \$40,000,000 ; clergymen, \$12,000,000 ; missionary and charitable institutions, \$15,000,000 ; estimated cost of all breadstuffs, flour and meal, \$445,000,000 ; total, \$1,002,000,000. Rum, *i. e.*, *intoxicating liquors*, costs the United States as much as education, libraries, administration of law, revenue, postal service, clergy, benevolence, and all the necessary articles of food. It is capable of another form. The rum interest is a heavier tax than every function of national, state, city, county and town government. According to the Census Bureau, the sum total of taxes is \$700,000,000 ; that is, \$300,000,000 less than is wasted on that one vice, which makes no useful return of any kind, only begets poverty and crime, and destroys health, life and souls on a scale commensurate with its money cost.

The liquor bill of Canada is \$27,628,000. We pay \$5,153,000 more for liquor than for meat ; we pay nearly \$6,000,000 more for liquor than for bread ; we pay \$9,628,000 more for liquor than for boots and shoes ; we pay \$17,861,000 more for liquor than for sugar and molasses ; we pay \$19,628,000 more for intoxicating drinks than for education ; we pay \$27,268,000 more for liquor than we pay for Christian missions.

Mr. Gladstone once said in the House of Commons: "We suffer more, year by year, and every year, by intemperance than from war, pestilence and famine combined—those three great scourges of the human family." It is the fruitful source of crime.

Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, said: "That *four-fifths* of the crime that comes into court in England results from drink." Chief Justice Noah Davis, of New York city, said publicly: "That habits of intemperance are the chief cause of crime, is the testimony of all Judges of large experience." I need not multiply testimony, which is abundant, that intemperance is a foe to national peace, social order, and prosperity. To resist, rather to *defeat* and *destroy* this enemy of our nation, requires *constitutional prohibition*. A word will define my position on this question. I am opposed *on principle* to license. I do not believe in state sanction to *vice*. I regard the license as such sanction. I endorse these words uttered by Joseph Cook: "Although I will assist you in executing a license law, so help me heaven I will never vote to license any dram shop, large or small, at a high price or low." Nay, I say with John Gough, "That I had rather be the most corrupt liquor seller that ever stood on the pavement than the man to grant him a license. Strong words, say you, and a strange position to take. I am sincere, however, in this matter, and desire to do my part in all educating forces that will bring our Christian people to a proper understanding of the greatness of the curse,

and the only efficient remedy. Tacitus paints our ancestors as having three strong passions—love of *home*, love of *liberty*, and love of *drink*. Now this last passion, like a deadly serpent, has thrown its coils around our love of liberty and is strangling it. Tighter and tighter grow the folds, as the fiery eyes of the monster glare in our eyes. And only by the force of our passionate love of home and liberty can we seize the hideous reptile by the head and uncoil it from our national life; and as it lies before us, let us lift the club of constitutional prohibition, and, with Herculean strength, bruise once and forever this serpent's head.

#### INTEMPERANCE IS A SOCIAL FOE.

The statements already made are the proofs. There must be misery where there is so much waste and crime. It is only a *small part* indeed of the evil to consider *the money cost*, and yet how much poverty and domestic misery result therefrom. I was somewhat sceptical when I first considered the comparative cost of bread-stuffs and liquors, till this simple incident set me thinking. In passing along one of our public streets a few days ago, I saw a cartman come out of a liquor saloon. There could be no mistake what had been his errand. This visit say cost him ten cents, and that in the middle of the day; perhaps, I reflected, preceded by a visit earlier, and to be followed by another later in the day. Say, then, thirty cents went that day for drink, or \$2.10 for that week, making \$109.20 per year. That is a fair estimate, and perhaps a common one, making in twenty

years a sum equal to an annuity of several hundred dollars. That fact is worthy of the consideration of every boy before me to-night.

But look at the effect in the home. See the poverty, the squalor therein. There are places in this city that would make the heart bleed over the misery around. Why are those little children doomed to go barefooted? their garments in tatters, fringed with the filthy fringe of poverty! Why are they hungry, lean, sickly? Why are they destitute of a shred of comfort? Because their father spends his money in drink. There he is at that bar, where the drugged liquor, the fiery fiend, or, as a man, in language perhaps more vigorous than elegant, said to another, that the rum sold in one saloon of our city "was like a whole torchlight procession going down the throat." His earnings are going into that till—the bread and clothes of a starving wife and children. Money covered with *blood*, and *cursed*, and *hot* with the lightning-charged wrath of an angry God, who sees His creatures *blighted*, *ruined*, *damned* to support this vile and accursed soul-destroying liquor traffic. Do you curl the lip of a sarcastic smile at these words, and call them *intemperate*. Be it so, but I would be a fanatic here rather than the lipping sentimentalist, who sees it, and knows it all, but is afraid to touch it, and says: "Am I my brother's keeper?" asking the same old question first asked by the cowardly Cain as he stood at the side of his murdered brother. That question is being continually answered by the voiceless wail of agony that has

been going up into the ears of Him who saith "Vengeance is mine." And it has been a terrible vengeance to the oppressor through all the annals of the past.

"In blood bedipped their arrows fell,  
And thus the vendors dart back to his breast has come,  
All stained with blood of innocence, and on his ear its *wail*."

And while the United States bought her slaves, not with gold, but with blood, can we plead exemption from a fact, that as cruel a slaughter, as blighting a curse is going on in our midst. And we, as citizens, are coldly looking on, and with a cruel mockery are asking, "Am I my brother's keeper? If men will *brutalize*, demonize themselves, it does not concern me." Heaven pity such a poor, shrivelled soul. I have no sympathy with such a sentiment. It reminds me of this incident: A father and daughter at Wellesley, Mass., were mutually recalling incidents of the latter's childhood. "I shall never forget," said the young lady, "how you took me out of church one Sabbath, when I was about three years old, and punished me for playing in meeting. I can remember the *tingling* of that peach tree switch to this day." "Very strange, very strange," said the father, "I don't recollect the circumstance at all." "Ah, well," said she, "papa, you were at the other end of the switch." Just so, men and women who know nothing of the force of the habit that curses and consumes the drunkard; the misery attendant upon the loss of respect and of position; the disease, the want, the nameless evils of intemperance, are at the wrong end of

the switch. But how many feel the *tingling* day after day, and through the years of the *tingle* end of this switch. Look at the physical and intellectual ruin made by this foe. Solomon told us 3,000 years ago that drunkenness means disease. "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Delirium tremens is but the last disease of excess. The fact that men are addicted to drink means that the health of myriads will be ruined—that children will be born into the world idiots, cripples, predestined, not by God's eternal decree, but by the operation of a law as fixed as eternal fate, to be drunkards, a curse to themselves, to society, and to the world. But look at the intellect ruined. Shall I tell you of the excesses and premature death of Scotland's peasant poet, Robert Burns, or England's wit, Charles Lamb? Shall I tell you of the brilliant orator, Sheridan, who said to a low drunkard wallowing in a London gutter, "My poor fellow, I can not help you, but I will lie down and keep you company." Go to our senatorial halls; go to our courts, to our medical profession, and yes, up to the pulpit, and see how the *mighty have fallen*. You can measure time squandered; money lost, or not remunerative; industry crippled; crime committed; but you can not measure the depth of the abyss of misery that intemperance creates.

But I will not proceed further in this line of remark. I think enough has been said to show how this foe is ruining the nation, the home, the whole man. I obey the command and blow the trumpet, and make it give these three notes, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

The first note is "*Touch not.*" There appears to be such a plain, common sense fact here that argument is out of the question, for if I *touch not* that which is injurious, it can not harm me. And appeal seems lost in the same manner. But is it so? There is danger, and so I say of all liquors, and beer and ale, "touch not." You will have noticed this fact, that many of our youths of good early promise are the ones the most easily trapped. The dull, lethargic, stupid boys generally do not make the drunkards. The genial, the jovial, the company-loving are the victims. They go for the first time into that bar-room. They are a little nervous at first, but the merry laugh, or joke, drives all the nervousness out of them. Their feet are on the slippery down grade. They are going to ruin. I do not say that other sins are not doing their work, but I am not dealing just now with them. There is the first step, against which I warn you. If you *never* enter a saloon, *never* touch the glass, you are safe. It is not egotism, but thankfulness, that prompts me to say that I have never touched the accursed stuff :

"For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;  
Nor did with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility."

And if spared to look old, I am sure that I may finish the quotation of the bard of Avon,

“Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly.”

Boys! *touch not the cup.*

The next note of the trumpet is: TASTE NOT. There is a power so insidious here that one taste creates a thirst for another. If you take a drink of cold, clear water, you have satisfied the craving of nature. It may be regarded as an argument fit only for a child to use or hear, nevertheless it is one of those indications of the operation of laws that govern us; that God has provided *cold water* for our use. And no imagery can better convey heavenly supplies than a river clear as crystal, and fountains of living water. It is the simplest form of argument to take that reeling drunkard back through the stages of his life of debauchery—the midnight revel; the throbbing morning headache; the parched mouth; the craving thirst—to the first glass, perhaps the first taste administered in that medicine given by the tender hand. Had he not touched the glass he would not today be where he is. Or, perhaps, if that brandy had not fired the *hot* and *rebellious* inherited taste, his course would have been different in life. By the many youths fallen; by the sadness of a mother's heart, and the hotness of a mother's tears; by the living wrecks of manhood you see walking our streets; by the bitterness that will be their end, and by the unexplainable torments of a future of eternal misery, boys, young men, all, “*Touch not the cup.*”

The third note of the trumpet is: *Handle Not*. Without being minutely correct in the use of the word here, I say *handle not* the cup to give to another. There is a woe pronounced upon him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puts the bottle to him to make him drunk. I say nothing here of the sale of intoxicating liquors, but just look at what may result from giving the bottle to another. There comes that boy, that young man, into my house. I give him his first glass. He goes on from that hour till he lands in a drunkard's grave. I follow him on from that first glass. He goes at first with his companions to some so called respectable place, where they have just a friendly game of cards or billiards, and then a drink. He is getting *bolder*. He goes into the gilded hell, called a saloon, calls for his glass, takes it as scientifically as if trained to do it. With boldness comes *recklessness*. He was at first a little ashamed, but shame left him when the *red blush* of his young innocence gave place to the red blood on his cheek of the fire taken within. With recklessness comes *indifference* to shame. He goes down *lower, lower, lower*, till he reaches the gutter, the low den, the blear-eyed sot. He is getting to the end. Faster and faster, till a merciful grave hides the veriest wreck from mortal eyes. Now, I hold that the first glass given to that man had all those consequences in it. And upon those who have handled that cup must be the terrible consciousness of having made that ruin. Rather be this arm paralyzed than take the loss of one soul upon me because I have

handled the cup. Here are the words, then: "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

And now I appeal, as a Christian minister to a Christian congregation, to arouse yourselves to the terrible evils that intemperance is producing all around us. Listen to the cries in ten thousand voices from the suffering mothers and children of our Christian land; see God's warnings in His retribution of His broken laws; look at the homes blighted, the peace of families laid waste; read the records of crime, murder, suicide, madness; trace the lines written by the finger of certain fate that flash out of the darkness to write our national doom, for the sword may smite once, and not yet again. O, are these things unable to arouse you! I charge you in the name of God, whose creative work is destroyed; in the name of Christ, whose cross is despised; in the name of the Spirit, whose work is hindered; in the name of the Church, that she may have her great foe conquered; in the name of these boys and girls, your own children, that they may be saved from blight and curse; in the name of the unborn generation, yet to bless or curse our land; in the name of all that is sacred, religious and Divine, make, I beseech you, your homes, this city, this Dominion, *free*, sober, Christian.

Young men before me, Cadets of Temperance, I ask you to-night to come in all the strength of your young manhood, and with heart and hand help to sweep this iniquity from our midst. Use your strongest effort to turn this *tidal* wave of death, that wrecks, engulfs, and

makes God's world a waste. By your untrodden future, by the ruins of humanity, by darkened intellects, by wasted fortunes, by the poverty, the woe into which many even of your acquaintances have fallen, yea, many endowed by heaven with all that would have made them the brightest ornaments of society,—by these pleas we beseech you come up to the help of the Temperance reform. You hold not only the key of your own destiny, but that also of others. You hold the power to mould the world anew, and as you choose to form it. *Arise, then*, and strike for God and the right. Is it nought to you that your country bleeds—nought to you that her heart is pierced: "That she weeps while the tyrant mocks and shouts." With your strong arms wrest from the cruel, relentless hands of the enemy the arrows that are tipped with the poison of death. O listen, we beseech you, to the outbreak of broken hearts—listen to the voices that cry to heaven for redress:

"For your brother's blood cries from the ground,  
It cries to those who rule our land,  
It speaks as at Belshazzar's feast  
Spake on the wall the mystic hand;  
And words that paled his wine-flushed brow  
With him their import now we share.  
'*Weighed and found wanting*' are the words  
That our Canadian flag should bear.  
Then why stand idle all the day,  
The Master asks to-night,  
He calls for souls baptized with fire,  
Baptized with Heaven's might.  
For fields are white, already white,  
The reapers faint and few,  
The harvest wheat is bending low,  
Who will the reaping do?  
Yes, who will the reaping do?"

*Extracts from the Lecture "Mind Your P's and Q's."*

"MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S"

in all Political Questions. Men in opposition can always see the failings of the government. "The only use," said a statesman, "of being in opposition is, that we may enjoy ourselves." The P's and Q's I have described belong to the individual, and those same qualities must determine the character of the nation. There must be more regard to Principle than to Party. The purity of the British Court, as made by our beloved Queen, has exerted a moral influence upon all ranks of society and all classes of politicians. Listen to what that wonderful Jew wrote, as he put the words into the mouth of Bertie Tremain, for the words are purely Disraelian: "You must connect yourself with a party, and being young, you should connect yourself with the party of the future. The country is wearied with the present men, who have no philosophical foundation, and are, therefore, perpetually puzzled and inconsistent, and the country will not stand the old men, as it is resolved against retrogression."

Perhaps I may venture upon a little advice, and say, "Mind your P's and Q's," and connect yourself with my Party, for my Political Party is "the party of the future." It does not believe in retrogression. It has no Patience with *slow-coach* movements, as it regards all

*slow-coaches* as out of style, and as antiquated as Noah's ark would be to cross the Atlantic. It believes in the age of steam, and railways, and electric wires, and everything electric. It is the Party of Progress. It has not got these three F's in its head: Fixity of tenure of office; Freedom from public opinion; Fancy financial figuring.

As a sensitive modest man, I would not like to expose myself to the sharp criticisms of the critics, but I cannot refrain from taking advantage of my position to-night, and so make a political speech. Be assured, however, that I am somewhat in the position of good Deacon B., who was charged by a friend with "being on the fence." "Yes, I am on the fence," was the reply, "and there I purpose to remain as long as it is so muddy on both sides."

Now this is my little political speech: Gentlemen, and I include the ladies, I call my political party "the party of the future." Its platform has just three planks. First, *Progress*. I believe in the advancement of every material interest that will benefit the masses of the people. I believe in a good sound education that will elevate and fit every boy and girl for the proper discharge of the duties of life. I want the progress in enlightened sentiment that will refuse serfhood, and that will make every man a *man*, if he be a fisher-man, a farm-man, or mechanic. Second plank, *Principle*, that regards morals as necessary to the public well-being. I believe that Public peculation is public stealing, and

ought to be punished as any other theft. I believe that public prevarication is public lying, and bears the stamp of any other lie. I believe that public palaver is public soft-soap, and is just as slippery. "If I attend to principles," said one to Epictitus, "I shall be a pauper like you, with no plate, no equipage, no lands." Third plank, *Patriotism*. Not that cheap kind that consists in buncombe orations, in flying flags, and singing songs, and perpetually feasting like vultures upon dead grievances and long-remedied wrongs. But patriotism that exalts, ennobles the country by a noble life, that lives a sober, honest, industrious life. A patriotism that does its duty like the old Danish hero, "to dare nobly, to will strongly, and never to falter in the path of duty." A patriotism that conserves free institutions and is loyal to the throne. And now I sum up this political speech in these three P's: *Progress, Principle, Patriotism*; and who will join my "Party of the Future."

Take then, in life, *patience* that endures disappointment and rises into nobler achievement through disaster; *perseverance* that has push in it, and like the English drummer lad does not know how to beat a retreat; *prudence* that knows when to draw the rein upon the fiery steed; *punctuality* that does everything in the right five minutes and does not waste everybody's time by being a little behind time, and finally *piety* that as a religious faith sanctifies all that is noble and good in life and fits for an eternal destiny.

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