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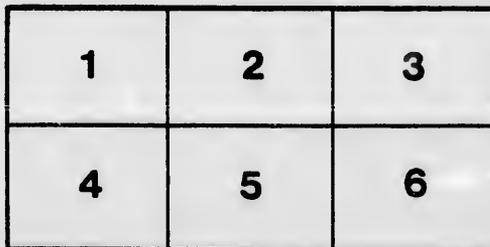
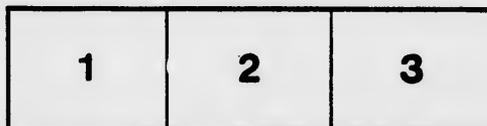
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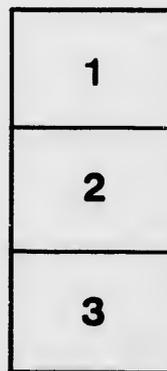
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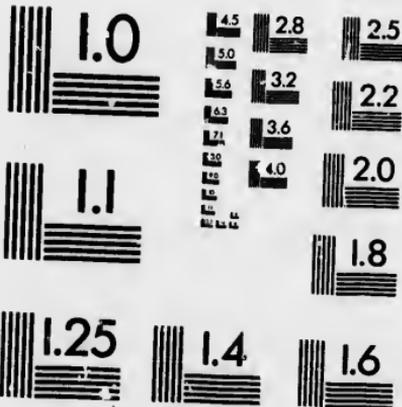
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# A SERMON,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

EDWARD JACKSON, Esq.,

*of Hamilton,*

PREACHED BY THE

REV. WILLIAM H. POOLE,

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

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"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day  
amongst?"—2 SAMUEL II. 33.

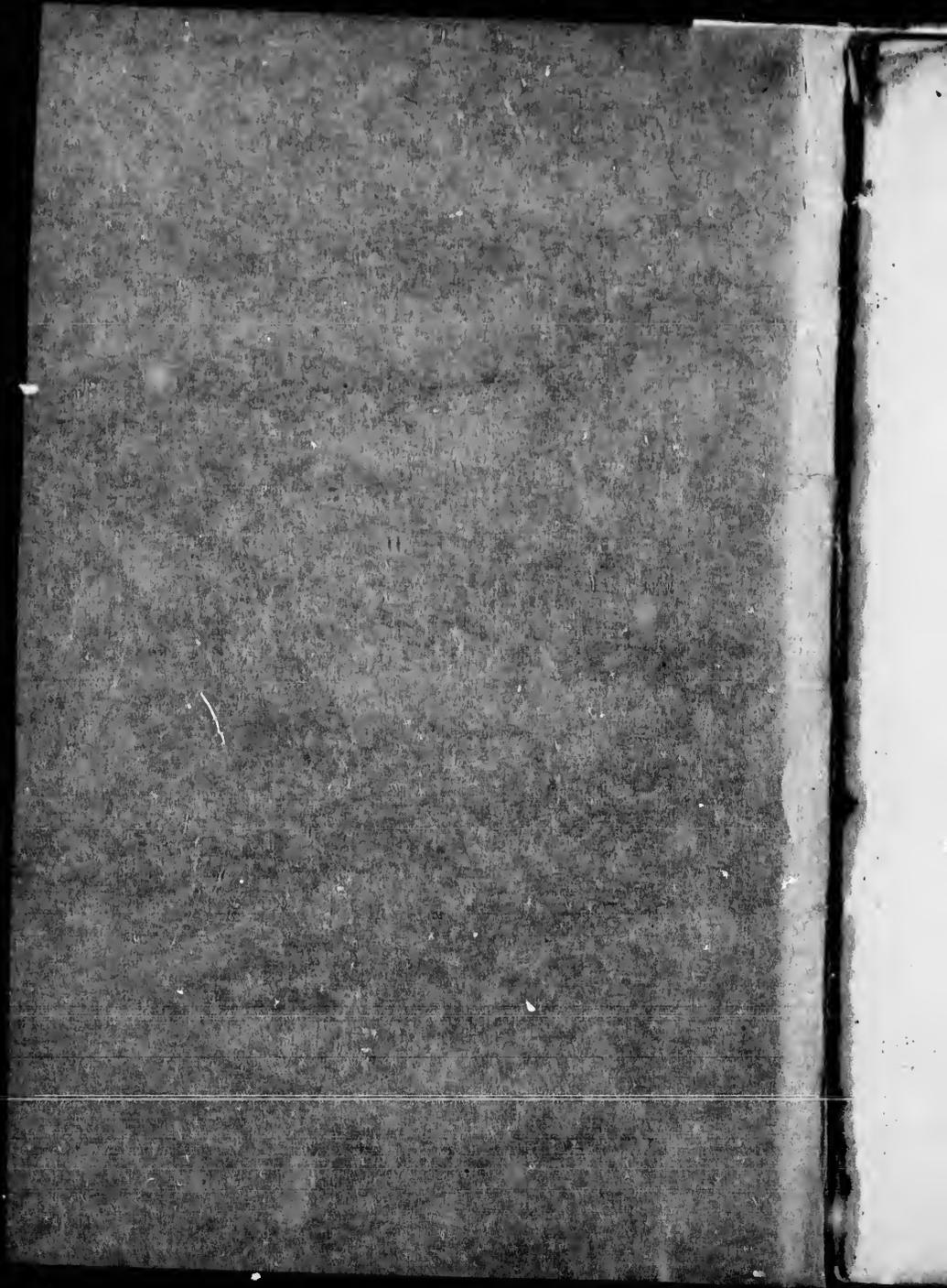
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1872





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OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

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Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day  
in Israel."—2 SAMUEL iii. 38.

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## A SERMON.

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2 KINGS ii. 12.

*"And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."*

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It is a striking peculiarity of the Holy Scriptures, that they present religious truth in a great variety of form. Here are historical truths, abstract truths, prophetic and biographical truths,—truth in symbol, in doctrine, in promise, and in precept, all uniting to present Jesus Christ and him crucified to every class of mind; and to every condition of human thought.

They present an embodiment of great principles brought out in living characters through all the dispensations of the past, as seen in the lives of those good men who have shone as stars of the first magnitude. They not only teach us our obligations to God and to society; but shew us how others lived in Patriarchal and Prophetic times; and how they "warred a good warfare" under circumstances the most trying and the most diversified. They not only teach us the nature, extent, and methods of salvation by Jesus Christ; but shew us that salvation actually realized, enjoyed, and illustrated in the conduct and in the life of individual men.

We are not therefore surprised to find St. Paul exhorting the young Christians to whom he wrote, to follow those "who through faith and patience" now "inherit the promises" of God in the heavenly paradise; and St. James urging "the twelve tribes scattered abroad," to take the Prophets of the Old Testament as an example of patience, both in suffering and labor.

If Christians in general are directed to take the Prophets as an example, it is perfectly legitimate for us to trace the strong points in Elijah's character and conduct as he drew near his latter end, and a brief exposition of his closing hours may prepare our way for a sketch of the life and labors of an honored and beloved standard-bearer of the Lord, lately taken from among us.

We do this, in order that we ourselves may be stimulated by the precious memories of the past, and that you may be drawn in closer bonds, and by more enduring ties to the central source of all life and blessing.

In mechanics, as in nature, we find a great force called the centripetal,—a force or power by which things are drawn to the centre: were it not for this law the vast bodies in motion would fly off from their centres in broken fragments. The planets would haste from their orbits, and confusion, disorder, and ruin every where prevail.

In morals, we have just such a principle or force, it is called *Love*. It is the first sweet, ripe fruit of the Holy Spirit that draws the soul to God and all goodness. The great attractive force that controls by its power, thrones, dominions, principalities, powers, intellects, and hearts. A cord of heavenly origin, linking souls together, fine as gossamer, but mightier far than adamant. The first sin disturbed the relationship existing between man and God.

It sent him adrift. He broke loose from God and all goodness, and became an outcast, a wanderer, an alien. At first he enjoyed daily visits from God; those visits became less frequent. A violation of this law of love brought disobedience, woe, and sorrow in all the walks and ways of man. He lost his orbit, broke the threefold cord that drew him to the centre of happiness, and thus he began his terrible departure. Heaven appeared every day to be farther and farther from earth, and yet visits from God and Holy Angels were kept up for a while. It seems as if they could not break away from the new made world, over whose birth the "morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." But as the tide of wrong arose, and the voice of cruelty and of crime, of ambition and avarice, rang out in the solitudes, those visits became still less frequent, and it was only to the saintly seer that God spoke in symbol, or in dream, or in vision; and showed himself in burning bush, or smitten rock, or cloudy pillar, or fiery mount. By means of holy men of old, communication was kept up until in the fulness of time, Immanuel came, and the spirit was given to "draw all men unto him," and restore to man his lost allegiance.

Moses and Elijah lived for God and to him, and they were greatly honored by him; the decree of God then, as now, was, "them that honor me, I will honor; and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." Between those two illustrious ones there was a strong historic resemblance; one was a renowned lawgiver, the other a fearless restorer of the law. Their early years were marked by special manifestations of God's providence at once grand and mysterious. Both Moses and Elijah visited that ever memorable Mount Sinai, shook by incessant thunders, and

rent by the lightnings of God. Both saw the divine glory manifested in a most wonderful manner, and both had near and clear views of God, and enjoyed direct and personal communion with him. Both were so feasted with the *divine*; that, for forty days they fasted from temporal food. Both saw the fiery symbols, heard the thunders roll, and realized sensibly the mild glories of his grace. Both were called to suffer scorn and reproach for their religion, and were both sent as special ambassadors to kings, already doomed to shame and sorrow because of their sins. Both were honored instruments in saving the life of thousands, and to them it was given to suspend and control at will (by divine permission) the laws of nature. Both were removed from the church on earth under very peculiar circumstances; the sorrowing church and the nation feeling very deeply the loss they had sustained. Both were forewarned in a most remarkable manner of their removal from earth, and were both saved from sickness, pain, and decay. Both were taken from nearly the same place, Elijah sweeping in the chariot up the hill tops from which Moses went to heaven. God claimed the body of Moses that he might bury it himself, and he took Elijah's body home a shorter way than through death and the grave. In both cases, able and worthy successors were raised up to finish the work from which they had been so suddenly removed. Both were singularly honored in being permitted to visit Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration,—the one as the representative of the law, the other as the representative of the Prophets; and both are now on the hills of immortality, beholding the glory of God, and waiting as the elder brethren for the whole company of the redeemed to join them in the new song of "blessing, and

honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

It is to me always interesting and instructive to hold converse with a good man on the eve of his departure from time; truly, "the chamber where a good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walks of life, quite on the verge of heaven." In that honest hour hypocrisy throws off its mask, the ungodly change their vanity for vexation of spirit, while the good man feels and sings

"'Tis a blessing to live, but a greater to die;  
And the best of the world is its path to the sky."

The Prophet Elijah had his day of storm and tempest. Who is there among the great reformers of the church, upon whose path the storm cloud did not burst? But the stormy day is past, and is followed by the beautiful evening tinged with the golden light of another world. The mariner, so long out upon the wave, buffeted by fierce winds and tossed on a stormy sea, has at length found the welcome of the waiting ones in the long sought harbor of rest. The soldier, having fought his last battle, exchanges his helmet for his crown, saying, "Oh happy day! that fixed my choice."

In looking at the last years of the Tishbite, we have a new and unexpected picture to contemplate. In his earlier years we see a man of as stern stuff as ever preacher was made of. Just the man for Carmel and Jezreel. His mission was of an aggressive character. He was to pull down the lofty citadel of idolatry in the court of Ahab. He was a heaven-sent messenger of fire and judgment to Jezebel and Samaria, an uncompromising antagonist of Baal and his worshippers. A vindicator of the divine righteousness, an avenger alike of Israel's defiled sceptre

and her polluted altars, the defender of the old faith, the champion of the forgotten law.

In the work assigned him he felt that all he had, of energy, and ability, was the Lord's. "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand," was the habitual expression he used indicative of the entire and complete consecration of his whole life, and all his powers to God. He belonged to no tribe of Israel, there was no place that could specially lay claim to him. He waited particularly to do the bidding of God, and to do it in the Lord's way, and the "breath of the Lord carried him away whither they knew not." In an instant he appears in a certain place, and then again his voice is heard in a distant part witnessing boldly for the truth. At one moment he is in the ravine of the Cherith, in the Jordan valley; then in the wild forests of Carmel; now his voice is heard on the sea shore of Sidon, at Zarephath; and then in the wilderness of Horeb, in the south; then again far off on his way near northern Damascus; now on the top of some lonely height, or on the way to Ekron; then snatched away on some mountain, or some valley in the desert of Jordan. To-day, fleet as the wind, when the hand of the Lord was upon him, running before the chariot of Ahab from Carmel to Jezreel, and to-morrow sitting under the juniper tree, asking the Lord that he might die.

But oh! how changed the bold reformer of the mountain and the cave! No longer engaged on the outward bulwarks of the truth, storming, single-handed and alone, the strongholds of the enemy. No longer challenging, alone, the thousand prophets and priests of Baal, Ammon, and Pan; no longer on his knees, alone, on the mountain, bringing rain or drought as evidence that the Lord Jehovah was the

true God, but he is seen engaged in a work equally as momentous and to the cause of God as profitable.

To train young men for the work of the Lord has always been esteemed as the most important department of the Church's work, and although state-craft, then, as now, sought to crush out the truth from among men, and called in all the assistance of wealth, place, and social influence to accomplish its object, the prophet sought to provide an agency, which, with the blessing of God, would perpetuate, defend, and promote the sacred learning connected with the true priesthood of God. Nor was he the first founder of such schools. Long before Plato taught the young men in the olive groves, or Zeno in the portico, Samuel, the prophet of the Lord, was president or principal of two schools of the prophets, or, to use a modern term, divinity halls, theological schools, or missionary colleges, one at Gibeah the other at Rama. There, no doubt, Saul, the wild and wayward king of Israel, David the singing shepherd and musical king, Heman who led the choir in the temple service, Gad the faithful preacher who rose early in the morning to warn his erring master, Nathan the faithful and the fearless teacher, afterwards the wise adviser of Solomon, with many others, drank in their inspiration from the gifted and devoted Samuel, under whom they studied the laws of nature and of God.

To the work of instructing those who were to be the future teachers of the nation in sacred learning he was drawn by several considerations. Influenced, no doubt, by his own apprehensions for the decay of true religion in times of such degeneracy; also, by his own felt necessity in that lonely position, when he stood in the sternest and loftiest spirit of true faith, face to face with the proudest and

fiercest spirit of the old Asiatic paganism, and inspired also by the spirit of God as to the best means of counteracting the power and influence of a court, all leprous with error and sin. He spent his closing years in providing for the religious education and spiritual well-being of the generations to come, by establishing schools as repositories of the truth.

To this work the wonderful manifestations of God in Horeb had direct reference. There, in a cave beneath the mount of Moses, near the spot where God appeared to Moses, he had an intimation that God was drawing near, and he stood, and listened, and there came a great and strong wind which rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks. "But the Lord was not in the wind." He stood calmly, in profound thought, and the solid granite shook by a mighty earthquake. "But the Lord was not in the earthquake." He stood firmly, looking around on the surrounding hills as they stood as dark sentinels of the night, and the hills flamed with fire as Moses' bush. "But God was not in the fire." He stood, waiting for the next grand manifestation of God, listening and looking, when there came a voice on the night air, a low, sweet whisper, "a still small voice," a voice that was almost like silence. He knew this was the voice of God, and he drew, as he was wont, his rough mantle over his head, and wrapped his face in its ample folds, and stood to receive the Divine communication. That communication and the vision must go together, the one explains the other, they both alike contain the special message to Elijah, and a universal message to the universal church; each is marked and explained by the Divine question and the human answer. The lesson teaches that successful opposition to error must be carried

on by the employment of means and agencies previously prepared, and duly qualified, and that the Divine blessing will always accompany the right use of the right means.

There, in the wilderness or desert of Arabia, was no place for a public teacher. He had great lessons to impart, sacred trusts to be communicated, testimonies to be given of God's power and presence, and mercy and love. He must inform others of what God had done for him. He must tell in the sacred college the wondrous power of divine grace. He must appoint others to aid him in this work. He must appoint the king and the prophet, combining the governor and the teacher. He must use Jew and Gentile, he must unite and combine various agencies, and use them all trusting in God alone. He had seen the fire on Carmel, the stormy wind on the Mediterranean, and the avenging sword from the banks of the Kishon,—these all had passed away and had their work to do, but God was not in them in the highest sense, they were not to be looked upon as the divinely appointed means of future conquest. The "word of the Lord was to break the cedars of Lebanon," the "still small voice" of the teacher, the sacred lessons of the divine word in the power and influence they were to exert, would accomplish what the storm, and fire, and earthquake had failed to do. In the still small voice of Jesus, in the almost silent whispers of the Holy Spirit, in the silent yet all conquering power of mercy and love, in the stillness of the cross, the grave, the mediatorial throne, in the reforming power of science and religion, a sound philosophy and a pure Christianity, the living voice of the living teacher—these were to be the agencies he was to appoint, and these God would bless. Nor was Elijah disobedient to the heavenly vision, for we find him as president of a University

(using modern terms) with at least three Colleges, one at Gilgal, one at Bethel, and one at Jericho; there may have been others; but of these three there can be no doubt. The attention he paid to these schools of the prophets, the interest he had in them, and the influence he exerted over them, are distinctly marked in this chapter. He might, and he would have been excused on the last day of his sojourn on earth, from any cares, or toils, or duties, knowing as he did, that it was to be his last day in time. But the interest he had in them, and the love he bore to them, prompted him early that morning to set out on a valedictory tour, and he did visit once more the sacred retreats and consecrated halls of Gilgal, and Bethel, and Jericho, and with that tenderness which is sometimes blended with the most rugged natures, he addressed them with melting pathos, and gave to each his parting blessing. That address was so tender and so attractive, that it drew the young men away from their retreats by fifties all the way to Jordan, under the sad presentiment that they had heard their revered instructor for the last time.

It is our highest honor and our greatest privilege at any time to be permitted to work for Jesus; but how delightful to be able, under such favorable circumstances, to fill up the measure of duty until the last hour; yea, even the last hour itself! It was an honor to him, that in the bloom of manhood and in the giant strength of Cherith and Carmel, he had given himself so fully to the work assigned him, still more now when the raven locks of his youth are silvered over with age, and the strong man begins to feel the demands of advancing years, that his soul burned, as ever, with an all-consuming zeal for God and for his cause. See him during the closing eight years of hallowed toil, gathering

around him a band of noble youth, indoctrinating them in the principles of the old theocracy, expounding the great principles of the Moral and Levitical Law, making them acquainted with the complicated typical and ceremonial dispensations, alternating those pursuits with the story of sacred poetry and music, and above all, exhorting them to holy boldness in the profession of the old faith. How becoming for those who are going to heaven to be concerned for those they leave behind, and to leave them their experiences, testimonies, counsels, and prayers!

The countenance is often an index to the soul. Joy of heart is often seen in the radiant countenance, the outward expression telling the tidings of the inner life. Either the young men saw heaven already in his manner, or in his expression, or in his farewell counsels, or they were inspired by the Holy Spirit, or they received the intelligence from him privately that he was soon to be removed; for with hearts bursting with fond and deep emotion they go forth to meet him, whom they all recognize as their head, or President. With delicate reticence, they make no reference to their spiritual Father of the approaching event. To Elisha, only, do they venture the question now uppermost in their minds. Is it true? Can it be? "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?" To the question so tenderly put, he answers in a manner which shows the tenderness of his feelings. Let there be no parting scene, give and receive the parting farewell, in mute expressive silence. It is too tender a theme to be mooted. He would have them maintain a solemn silence in a matter too grand for utterance. Words but poorly convey the feelings of the heart at such a time. In these days of separations and family bereavements, it

is natural and proper that we should converse freely and often about death. Some one has said, "the way to be prepared to die, is to become familiar with death." What is death? How difficult a thing it is to become acquainted with. Ask law, "What is death? The answer is, "It is capital punishment." Infidelity says, "It is an eternal sleep," or "annihilation," or "the extinction of being." Philosophy answers, "It is the negative of life." The poet says, "It is the worm that gnaws at the root of all terrestrial happiness," "The gall of every earthly sweet," "The thorn of every rose that blooms below," "The cloud upon our noonday sky," "The frost in life's early summer," "A sigh in the middle of a laugh," "The perfume of the grave amid our rarest spices," "A step that reaches to eternity," "The twilight of our day," "Life's last shore where vanities are vain no more," "It is the crown of life," "The vestibule of eternity."

"What is death?

Blood only stopped, and interrupted breath;  
The utmost limit of a narrow span,  
And end of motion which with life began."

Theology calls death "The wages of sin," "A dissolution of the earthly house," "A taking down of the tabernacle," "A giving up of the ghost," *i.e.*, the departure of the guest, "A sleep," "A separation of soul and body," "The unclothing of the spirit." Job calls death "The king of terrors," and Aristotle "The terrible of terribles." Now while there is truth and beauty in many of these answers, we have more of the grand philosophy of death in the simple question of the young man to Elisha, "Knowest thou, that THE LORD will take" thy husband, thy teacher,

thy child, thy friend, thy brother away to-day. Oh, what a comfort to know they are *taken* by Him! The wicked are *driven* away. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath *taken* away." "The spirit shall return unto God," "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." What comfort to mourning relatives to know that it is the LORD who takes our loved ones "to be with Christ." "For thou art with me," "Enoch was not, for God *took* him." Lazarus was carried by angels. "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good unto him."

There is one trait of character finely illustrated here to which I direct attention for a moment, that is, his humility.

———"That low sweet root,  
From which all heavenly virtues shoot."

"Humility is the eldest born of virtue,  
And claims the birthright at the throne of heaven."

Montgomery says :

"The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,  
In deepest adoration bends ;  
The weight of glory bends him down  
Then most when most his soul ascends ;  
Nearest the throne itself must be  
The footstool of humility."

This is a plant that grows only in the garden of the Lord. It is not the production of nature. It is an exotic here, a plant brought from a foreign clime, and has to be cultivated with care.

True greatness of soul is never found seeking worldly applause, or sounding its own trumpet. Conscious of the Divine favor and approval it is satisfied. With Elijah there was no ostentation, no parade, no self seeking ; he might have gathered all Israel to him to witness the unwonted

glory that awaited him, and to sound in eulogistic phrase the honor of the occasion; but he sought retirement, he shrank from observation, and with such a loving tenderness as showed that the sternness of manner in his earlier years was now mellowed and softened by divine grace. He said, the third time, "Tarry, I pray thee here, for the Lord hath sent me to Jordan." We see in the humility and tenderness, in the mildness and gentleness of his last days, a blessed realization of his vision at Horeb. His own character and life were reflected in that sublime diorama of nature. The great and strong wind had passed away, and left behind the shattered fragments of a broken superstition; the earthquake and the fire had gone by, and now the close of life had its befitting symbol in the "still small voice."

That memorable vision of God, while it moulded his life work and shaped his plans, also changed his character, and brought about a renewal of his whole nature. Oh, that we might realize more fully a nearer approach to God, that we could hear his "still small voice" in our inner ear, and go from this memorial service with renewed natures, with new purposes, new aims, and a new life!

The farewell words on this side Jordan were all spoken, the last look taken at the sacred spots he loved so well. Jordan too, is crossed over, and in such a way as to send a voice along the centuries of time, saying, to all who come this way, there is nothing to fear.

There are times when the mind is filled with thoughts that cannot find utterance, when emotion rises too high for words. Such must have been the feeling as the two friends of God walked in silence along the vale, the silence is at last broken by Elijah, who says to his faithful friend, "Ask what I shall do for thee." He might well be excused from

another thought of earth, or of friends ; but true friendship never dies. It goes down with us to Jordan, and over Jordan, and will live forever on the "evergreen shore." The departing one has a generous proposal to make to his friend. Where true generosity finds a home, entreaty and importunity are quite out of place. The benevolent man does not need entreaty. He offers freely. He urges you to ask. He compels you to take from him, and with a civility and courteousness peculiar to goodness he will always do the generous thing in the most handsome way. "To do good and to communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. "Ask what I shall do for thee." He seemed glad to be the almoner of blessing, even while he was going up to heaven. His proposal was full and comprehensive. Elijah can give, oh, how much ? He can open heaven or shut it up, can send fire or flood, can give life or death. God gives a kind of omnipotency to his people in giving them the key of prayer with which to unlock the treasures of heaven. "Ask and ye shall receive;" "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive;" "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them ;" "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do," "If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it." Glory be to God for such promises. "Whatsoever ye shall ask," that is the promise. Wonderful promise, glorious privilege. Is there no danger in giving such promises ? No. It is quite safe, because all the promises to the earnest asker, are surrounded by a zone of divine wisdom, the Spirit that gives the promise, indites the petition, and prompts the asker. Prayer must always be limited to what is fitting, to what is proper, to what is

in harmony with the Divine mind, and answerable to our circumstances and according to his will.

This proposal was in perfect harmony with the plan and purpose of God. Elijah would enrich his successor, he would bequeath to him a large legacy, a rich inheritance, he would have the richest and most valuable blessing of heaven communicated to him, but he must "ask;" this is God's method. He will give, he longs to give us, but we must come to his terms, and ask. "What will you that I shall do for you?" In the kingdom of grace all the store-rooms of divine munificence are labelled with the word ASK. Good Sammy Hick thought that we were well off if we got the Holy Spirit for asking it. It might be said of many of us, "Ye have not, because ye ask not." "Call upon me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not."

What will Elisha ask? What a privilege to be permitted and urged to prepare a request. Will he ask for honors, long life, for Ahab's crown, for the destruction of his enemy, for thousands of gold and silver? No, there are none of the promptings of worldly avarice or ambition in his mind. The felt necessity of his whole being will give form and words to his prayer; the concentrated longings of his whole heart and mind will dictate his request. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire." He feels a mighty sense of his own unworthiness, a conscious inability for the great duty assigned him. The intense longing of his whole soul was to be pre-eminently qualified for the office and work to which he was called. He keenly felt the loss he was to sustain in the departure of his counsellor, or chief friend. He knew, too, the loss these schools had sustained in the partings of the past few hours, and the blank now made in

those halls of sacred learning. He knew that the times in which he lived demanded men of more than Elijah's courage and zeal, and holiness and power. He knew that sun-worship, and moon-worship, and star-worship, and self-worship had drawn away the hearts of the princes and of the people, and that the main pillar of the church of God was so soon to be removed from them. He felt too, that he was brought nearer to God and heaven than ever before. He saw how sublimely calm and tranquil his master was in that solemn and momentous hour, when he stood with one foot on the shifting sands of time, and the other on the shores of eternity. He saw that dear familiar face of one he loved so well, all lit up with the radiance of celestial glory, the mortal putting on immortality, the corruptible putting on incorruption, there in the dressing-room, on the threshold of glory, what will he ask?

He had witnessed the displays of the Divine Spirit largely communicated to man, the spirit of genuine humility, of entire holiness, of undaunted courage, of unbounded wisdom, of untiring zeal, of ardent devotion, of quenchless love, of heroic firmness, of wise discernment, of convincing speech, of godlike power. "And Elisha said, I pray thee let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me," one only gift I ask.

The double portion was usually reserved for the heir in law, and the successor in office. A sense of his own weakness and unworthiness in comparison with Elijah, prompted the prudent and pious request, that upon him a rich heritage of blessing might be poured, fully qualifying him to be the worthy successor of one whom God delighted to honor.

This prayer had special reference to the ministerial office and work. The answer he received showed the importance of the prayer in itself, and the difficulty in granting the request. Difficult as it was, the answer is promptly and freely given, and an assurance also given, that its bestowment was conditional, that it depended on himself whether the rich boon would be his or not. In this we also note a striking resemblance to the economy of God, and the conditions upon which he bestows his gracious blessings. The Divine decision is, that a cheerful compliance with certain conditions will secure the benefit. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Show that you are worthy of its possession and the blessing shall be yours. "Be watchful," "Be persevering;" retain to the end the same devotion of heart, and the rich boon for which thy heart longs shall be yours. To us, my dear friends, to you and to me, there is offered upon the same condition, no less a blessing than "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." May it be ours to prove ourselves worthy of its reception.

The two holy men walked on, and talked as they went, until suddenly they separate. A change passes over the body of Elijah. Paul says, "Behold I show you a mystery, we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." The natural now becomes spiritual, the earthly body now becomes heavenly. "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." The royal cavalcade has left the portals of the sky. Noiseless as the sunbeams the chariot rolls. Oh! the speed down the hill sides of glory. Swift as lightning it comes, the clouds part, the moun-

tain is all aglow with an unearthly splendor. Elijah is caught up by a whirlwind and begins his upward flight. On, and on to his heavenly home. Away go steeds and chariot up the hills of eternity, while the face and raiment of Elijah turn golden in the flash of the fiery vehicle. Already the chariot has entered the celestial gates, it is drawn up amidst the songs and harpings of the harpers arrayed in white robes, and it stands to deliver its glorious passenger. While Elisha in tears cries out, "My father, my father," the Master above is saying, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

This most important and interesting event we consider in different aspects. We view it as the highest representation of the end of a great and good career; of death as seen under its noblest aspects; as the completion and crown of the life which had preceded it; as a gracious recompense of a life of singular devotion, as the mysterious shrouding of the departed within the invisible world; as an illustration of our relationship to the future state; as a substitution, evidence, and illustration of the change that will pass upon the bodies of those who live here when Jesus comes. It was fitting that a representative man, as he was, should be removed from earth in such a way as that the record of his departure would be an incentive to duty, and a standing memorial of great principles, until time shall be no more.

We may not look for a flaming escort and a visible chariot to accompany us to our future home. Nor is it at all desirable. Such a display of the royal artillery of heaven would be too much for us. Our departure from our earthly to our heavenly home may be as safe as his—our happiness as real—our exit as triumphant—our future as glorious. Lazarus, who went home from the rich man's gate, had a convoy in

many respects more desirable. The believer in Christ enjoys the very same presence as Elijah did. "My presence shall go with thee." He is conducted to the very same place; to the paradise of God. He enjoys the very same company, and joins in the same exercises of thanks and praise. Jesus said, "If any man keep my sayings, he shall never see death." "He that believeth in me shall never die." Their departure is connected with the sleep of the body until, at the bidding of God, the spirit comes to put it on afresh. The dear dead dust will be re-animated, raised and made like unto Christ's glorious body. "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation," "But every man in his own order; Christ the first fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at his coming."

The believer in Jesus, may, too, even in death, glorify God even more than in his life. Who can contemplate the closing hours of a good man under circumstances so full of joy and blessing, and not breathe out in earnestness the prayer, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" Take an example or two of death-bed scenes that I have seen in my own pastorate. In a house opposite the parsonage in ———, Mrs. F—— was surrounded by her husband and a large family of children. In early life she knew and loved the Saviour, and amid much difficulty she held on her way, even though with a trembling hand. Her husband called himself an Episcopalian, and his minister, the Rev. Mr. W., was present in the room as I entered, having been twice sent for. Having been out on duty, it was very late in the evening. By her re-

quest we had three seasons of prayer, one after another. She was intensely anxious for a "full assurance," a brighter evidence of her acceptance; and the blessing came in fullness and power. We sang and rejoiced with her for a season; when after a moment's silence, she smiled and said, "Did you hear that singing? O such sweet singing! Mr. F., do you see those white robes? I want you all to praise God with me. I can go now, happy in Jesus; my sins are pardoned, I am free, all is well." For three hours she talked to us of the company all in white, and of the heavenly music, and with "Praise the Lord" upon her lips, she fell asleep in Jesus.

One of our ministers, the Rev. J. A., when dying, said to me, "It is all peace and joy and heaven safe, safe—washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"What is the choir practising for this evening?" said Mrs. W., the wife of one of our ministers, who died in the parsonage in ———. "I have heard sweet singing the last hour, and I thought the choir was singing, oh! such heavenly music." She said, "It is nothing to die with such music to cheer one all through the valley."

A little daughter, only three years, two months, and three days old, in her father's arms, said, "Mamma, I'm cold, cover me. Pa, I can't see you, it is getting dark, please light the lamp. Pa, I'm going. Will you come with me? Keep me close to you, Pa, close up." Then after a few minutes she smiled for some time, and said "Pa, it is all white, all white; three or four, a great many, all white." She kissed her parents, and with her own little fingers she closed her eyes, with a smile upon her face which even death did not remove.

"Jim," said a sailor to his comrade, "there are two ways

of dying, mind, I tell you. I saw one die, it was awful ; indeed it was ; I never want to look at any one die so again. But, Jim, I saw a Christian die ; he was too happy almost ; indeed he was all full of happiness. I'd like to die as he did. Dying is no trouble to a Christian."

Raphael, the great painter, was once engaged evoking from the canvas forms of beauty that seemed glad to come. A visitor who had been looking on in mute admiration, inspired by the beauty of the picture, exclaimed, " I too am a painter."

There are many persons who were acquainted with the manly form and genial spirit of our dear brother Jackson who, as they heard of his death—which, indeed was more of a translation than a death—said to themselves, I too am a Christian, or, I too, by the grace of God, will become one. May that happy death be the means of an increase of spiritual life among pastors and people ! " He, being dead, yet speaketh." That we may catch the inspiration of his falling mantle, and be encouraged to run the race with patience, let us note, in brief, a few points of his personal history.

It may with great propriety be said, that while in church ordinances and life he had a much loved home, as every man ought to have ; and that by the sunshine of his happy life, and the benevolence of his heart, he did much to make that church home desirable for others, yet, in a true sense, Mr. Jackson belonged to the whole church militant, as he now does to the church triumphant. While in doctrine and in discipline, in her external polity and her internal life, he was a Methodist, he understood full well, and he practised too, the old Methodist motto—" The friend of all ; the enemy of none." All the churches shared in his

catholicity of feeling and in his liberality in giving, and all the churches delighted to do him honor ; and on the broad platform of Christian enterprise, as in the Bible Society and kindred institutions, none was more highly honored, or more universally esteemed than he.

Bro. Edward Jackson was born April, 1799, at Reading, Conn., and departed this life on July 14, 1872. He had therefore seen his seventy-third birthday before he was called hence. In the year 1826 he left his native State and came to Canada, and entered into business in the town of Niagara. In 1828 he removed to the village of Ancaster, which was then supposed to be the emporium of commerce in this portion of the new province. Mr. Jackson, with that sagacity and shrewdness which marked all his business transactions, saw that the geographical, local, and commercial advantages were all in favor of the little village of Hamilton, then unknown on the Conference records—Ancaster being the head of the circuit, that circuit including the ground now occupied by the city and the six adjoining circuits. In 1830 he came to Hamilton, and has resided here ever since. One who knew him well writes as follows :

“During these 42 years he had the best opportunities to be acquainted with the various stages in the growth of this town, and in latter years he was esteemed in the light of an old resident, who by his activity and business qualifications had been identified with the manufacturing and mercantile interests of Hamilton, to the lasting advantage of both. He established the business now prosecuted by Messrs. D. Moore & Co.,—the head of which well-known firm first entered business life at the age of 15 with Mr. Jackson.

The deceased did not confine his abilities to the city of Hamilton, but took an active interest in business, as a silent partner, in extensive firms in Toronto, Port Hope, London, and Chicago. An ex-Mayor of London, the Mayor of Port Hope, and the ex-Mayor

of Chatham, are gentlemen who were trained in business by him : they and many others are now the heads of large firms, doing very extensive business. To the various enterprises of the city he gave his countenance and a willing and effective support. He was for some time one of the Directors of the old Gore Bank, established many years ago. He clearly perceived the great advantages that would accrue to Hamilton from a more extended intercommunication with the surrounding country, and ably assisted schemes for this purpose—the various railway projects receiving valuable aid from him. In fact, he was very successful in all his undertakings, and amassed a very considerable property and an abundance of the good things of the world.”

In 1833, the Rev. James Evans, then a young minister, who has since gone to his reward, was conducting a protracted meeting of great interest and power, in the little church, a frame structure now, on the old site east of Wellington street. “And of Zion it shall be said, this and that man was born in her, and the highest himself shall establish her. The Lord shall count when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there.” When the books are opened and the book of life is searched, it will be seen what a tidal wave of blessed influence went forth from that and similar meetings, and what an army was raised up for God through the instrumentality of Bro. Evans and others the fruit of whose labors and privations we have been enjoying, with hearts, I fear not over thankful.

Business engagements called Mr. Jackson from home during this season of revival. While absent, sister Jackson was made the happy partaker of the “pearl of great price,” and now having given her own heart to God and her life to his service, she became an earnest, willing, useful worker for Christ. The yoke of Christ is always easy, and burdens of love are always light, and for Mr. Jackson there was a cheerful, happy testimony awaiting. Two blessings always

accompany such a testimony for Jesus: the giver is blessed, and a blessing always follows the testimony to the listener.

“What we have felt and seen,  
With confidence we tell.”

On Mr. Jackson's return he was brought into contact with a new element of religious thought, and with the thought, there was life and power which commanded his confidence, his intellect, and his heart. An intelligent living testimony for Jesus never fails to secure a blessing in some way. O ye, whose partners in life's conflicts and life's joys have not yet been converted to God, there is here, for you, admonition, instruction, and encouragement; you may, if faithful, be the honored instrument of leading your partner to Jesus, and your crown may shine all the brighter because they too have a crown to wear.

There are some men who act before they think; while there are others who think and never act. Bro. Jackson did both, he first examined the matter for himself, counted the cost, and resolved, and then came as an humble, contrite seeker of salvation. They that *seek* do find. The real seeker always finds. The earnest seeker finds without much delay. The moment you comply with the condition the benefit is yours. He came, he sought, he found. “Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” His evidence of acceptance with God through the one mediation was clear, satisfactory, and abiding, and his testimony during a life-service of nearly forty years was remarkably distinct and definite. He too became a living witness for Christ, and in the family circle, in class meeting, fellowship meeting and love-feast, and in all the religious movements of the day, he gave an unwavering testimony for the truth as it is in Jesus.

I sometimes hear it said, as a sort of apology for the inconsistencies in business transactions, Commerce is commerce, business is business, religion is religion, politics are politics, pleasure is pleasure; as if a man's business or pleasure should be divorced the one from the other, or either from his religion; as if commercial dishonesty or professional trickery could by some means be made compatible with the true nobility of a Christian character. No, my dear hearer, your religion should sanctify and direct and regulate all the departments of professional and public life, and at the counter, in the office, in the counting-room, and the exchange, at the ballot-box, and in the senate, your Christianity should be felt as your sheet anchor, your strength, your glory. Christian principle and not worldly policy, Christian ethics and not worldly tactics, the law of God and not the law of the day, should be your guide and rule of action. One cause, and the principal cause, of the success of our dear friend in business, was, the noble purpose and high resolve to do right—to dare to be true. Do not all our business men know that E. Jackson's word was as good as a bond? It was a bond; a word based on true Christian principle. Let your life motto be, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatever ye do," that includes pleasure, and business, and politics, "do all to the glory of God.

A gentleman, well qualified to speak on the point, said to me yesterday, "Mr. Jackson so conducted his business as never to make an enemy or lose a friend."

When Mr. Jackson enlisted in the service of Christ he did so for life, and his life was one of increasing usefulness. He never laid by the harness. "He held fast the profession of his faith without wavering." "His leaf did not wither," nor his love grow cold. It is a pleasing fact that speaks

more than words can utter, of his consistent walk in the ways and works of God, that so many of the young men in his employ were led by him, and by the power of his Christian example, to give their hearts and lives to God, and are in some humble way in their own churches holding up the banner for Christ. May a double portion of his spirit rest upon them ! In the month of March, 1833, he gave himself to God and to the church by the will of God, and in the following May he was appointed class leader, which office he held until the Master called him to his reward. All the offices and honorable positions the church had at its disposal were from time to time pressed upon him. He was no office seeker ; nor would he consent to any position among his brethren where duty, with its imperative mandate, did not call him. His true humility of heart oft lead him to decline honors, that the city churches were most happy to offer, and as he advanced in years and matured in grace, that same virtue became more and more conspicuous. The stalk of growing grain stands erect in its green state, but as it ripens it gently and gracefully bends toward the earth ; so gracefully does the ripening saint bend in the exercise of genuine humility. Lowliness of mind is one of the most distinguishing features of every disciple of Christ ; but it is one that becomes more and more prominent, as his full conformity to his gracious Master approaches. It was a grace distinctly marked in the mellowing beauty of his later years.

Of his princely generosity I need not speak : his praise, in this particular, is in all the churches. All the benevolent enterprises of the day, and the very many church extension movements, found in him a cheerful and a

liberal giver; while the poor and needy were never sent empty away. In the year that Mr. Jackson joined the church, Victoria College, in its early history, began to claim the attention of the friends of education on sound Christian principles. Our dear friend was an early and constant sympathizer with that institution, and he always gave tangible evidence of his sympathy; especially, like Elijah, in his later years, did he sympathize more fully with our educational institutions. I may add that one of his last munificent acts was to arrange for the private endowment of a chair of theology. There are many particulars of character and life that might well claim our attention, for he had sterling attributes peculiarly his own, but, to my mind, that which specially raised him above many of his brethren, in similar circumstances, was, his constant and faithful attendance upon "*all* the means of grace." In this respect, and in regard to his moral and religious influence, as a man and a Methodist, we have not his equal.

The few visits I was permitted to make him during his confinement to his room, were to me seasons of great blessing. Other visitors affirm the same. The Friday before his departure I found him very peaceful and happy. For him, there was very much of the emotional. We conversed very freely on the Christian triumphing over death, even over the natural fear of the dissolution of the earthly tabernacle, the sickness, pain, and emaciation, weakness, &c., that usually are connected with death. I referred to the sudden exit from life and time of many of the Lord's loved ones. I mentioned the case of Dr. Beaumont among others, he having heard the Master's call while reading the 316th hymn in the pulpit, as he came to the second verse,

"Thee, while the first Archangel sings,  
"He hides his face behind his wings,"—

In attempting to utter the first words of the next line, he fell in the pulpit, closing his eyes in an earthly temple, and opening them in the temple above! Bro. Jackson sat more upright in the chair, and with a smile I shall not soon forget, said, "Well, if it please the Lord, I would like to go just that way: but His will be done." We were greatly blessed in prayer together, when with his warm grasp, his friendly smile, and his Christian heart, he said, "I thank you for this visit: come again." To my dear brethren, Hunter and Benson, and to others, he gave the strongest evidence that he was waiting in calm assurance and sublime fortitude, the will of his heavenly Father. His last Sabbath was a day of happiness and peace. He felt unusually well, and took part as usual in the family circle. After conversation on the pulpit topics of the day, he invited the friends into the parlor, saying "I will go and arrange the programme." After lighting the gas, and with his usual courtesy, seated the friends, saying, "Mr. Benson will sing us one of the sweet songs of Zion." "He leadeth me," was sung, when he asked for the "Power of prayer," which was a favourite of his. At his request, they all joined in prayer, and while on his knees in his own parlor, with his family and a few beloved friends, on Sabbath evening, the 14th July, his heart full of joyous emotion he heard the call, "Come up higher." He is not dead: such a spirit cannot die. Such principles produced and nourished by the grace of God never die. All of him that could die was followed to the last earthly resting-place by the largest funeral cortege ever seen the in city. We will miss

him in all our churches, and in all our Christian enterprises where good men meet to plan and work for God.

“ Our friend is restored  
To the joy of his Lord,  
But speaks by his death to our echoing hearts.  
Follow after he cries,  
As he mounts to the skies,  
Follow after, your friend,  
To the blissful enjoyments that never shall end.”



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