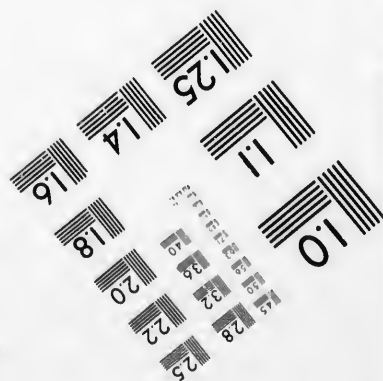
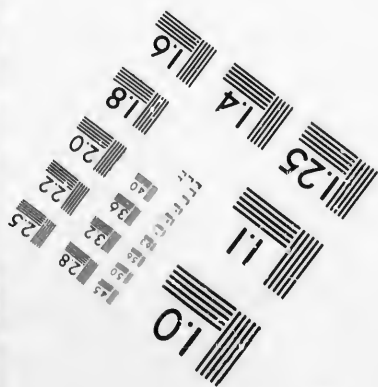
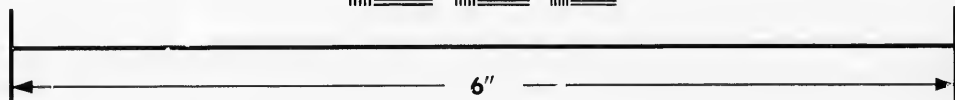
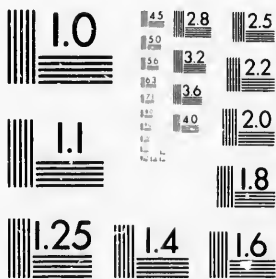


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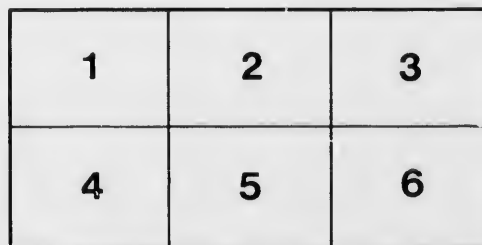
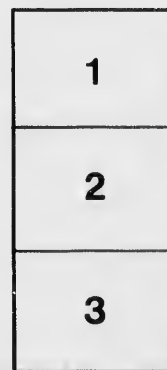
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A Memorial Tribute

TO

CHARLES A. MASSEY.



C. Massesey

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,

FUNERAL SERVICES

MEMORIAL SERMON,

ADDRESSED BY COURTESY, FERRIS W. BROWN,
RESPECTFULLY

PREPARED

CHARLES ALBERT MASSEY,

DECEASED

MR. & MRS. H. A. MASSEY,

WHO LIVED AT HIS HOME IN BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FEBRUARY 12th, 1924.

AGED 35 YEARS 4 MONTHS AND 23 DAYS.



(Faint handwritten text, possibly a name or signature)

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,
FUNERAL SERVICES,
MEMORIAL SERMON,

ADDRESSES OF CONDOLENCE, RESOLUTIONS OF
RESPECT, &c., &c.,

RELATING TO

CHARLES ALBERT MASSEY,

ELDEST SON OF

MR. & MRS. H. A. MASSEY,

WHO DIED AT HIS HOME IN TORONTO, ONT.,

FEBRUARY 12th, 1884,

AGED 35 YEARS 4 MONTHS AND 23 DAYS.

"Christian Guardian" Print.

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Memoir.

It was a time of greatest interest and rejoicing, when, on a farm in Haldimand Township, Northumberland County, Province of Ontario, early in the morning, there came the first-born child—a son. It was one of those charming days in a Canadian September, in the year 1848, and in the twentieth day of this delightful month. All hearts were glad over the happy event, and Charles Albert Massey made his earthly advent amid joyful acclamations—a most welcome guest. The youthful parents soon realized what a prize had been given them, and the infant visitor added daily to his fame. His large and well-shaped head, beautiful features, fine physique and “orderly manners” drew about him admiring friends. He was the joy of the farm, the pet of the household, and the growth of the new-born babe was watched with interest by all. Little Charles was blessed with good health and diposition, consequently caring for him was not a burden, and there was but “little noise about the house.”

It was very fitting that the subject of these lines should begin life upon a farm ; his business life and associations always had to do with that which related to the farm and the farmer.

But the stay of our little friend upon the farm was not very long—he was just nicely out of babyhood when stakes were pulled up and the family left the farm, changing the country for the village. Before leaving, however, the first-born child received in Christian baptism the name by which he should always be known. This sacred ceremony was performed by Re^v. John Douse, according to the ritual of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. In this rite two uncles were remembered—the first, respectively, a brother of the mother and the second a brother of the father—and Charles Albert was the name.

In those days it was quite a different thing to make so radical a change to what it is now, and to leave a prosperous farming busi-

ness, and undertake a new life of operations over thirty miles away, involved considerable energy, pluck, and faith. But the quiet, monotonous routine of farm life were not exactly suited to the stirring, enterprising, mechanical mind of the father. Consequently, when Charley was about two and a half years old, Mr. Hart A. Massey removed with his family to Newcastle, Ont., where his father, Daniel Massey, Esq., had established a Foundry and Machine Shop. Mr. Hart Massey immediately associated himself with the new business with his accustomed zeal, and in a few years became sole proprietor, affording in after life a fine opportunity for young Charles to develop his genius and ambition.

The house and the shop were in close proximity, rather too close for the comfort and peace of the watchful mother when her boy was among the wheels. On one occasion he was found brushing a revolving shaft with the end of his scarf.

One can imagine how such a boy would occupy the attention of superiors, and the growing cares of the household as his capabilities increased. His dear old grandmother had her share of the alarms; and recognizing the fondness of her grandson for dolls, she conceived the idea of making a large rag doll to occupy his attention, and keep him from running away to the shop. It proved a success; and little Charles and the big doll "Jinny" were henceforward close companions. Any one seeing him carry it, would soon know from the way it was handled that it was a boy that had it. Once in a while he accompanied a lady teacher (who was a member of the household) to her school, and at one time started off, trudging along with his rag doll under his arm, much to the amusement of those who saw him. It did not take a great deal to amuse and entertain little Charley—he would sit by the hour and play with the old rag doll, which was a host in itself. He very early showed a mechanical turn, and would make a curiously contrived pile with his blocks and call it a threshing-machine.

Charley had his share of mischief and cunning, but none too much, and being so beautifully blended with regard for obedience and the right, it seemed to make him all the more complete.

He made frequent visits to the old homestead, and, notwithstanding, his stay was made memorable by the hiding of his grandfather's tools and the misplacing of useful articles, still he was a special pet of the grandfather, and was always welcome. The picture of inno-

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cence depicted on the face of the mischievous juvenile when his little pranks were brought to notice was quite overcoming to the old gentleman.

The domains of his grandmother would not escape invasion, and now and then the use of the traditional slipper would be sternly threatened.

The old homestead afforded a delightful place for the frequent haunts of our little friend. The broad extensive verandah, spacious grounds and varied surroundings made it an attractive spot for the favorite grandson, particularly so when all the inmates were so glad to have him come. How well does memory call to mind that Christmas morning when Charles and his brother, with fife and drum, marched into the yard of this quaint old dwelling, making all the noise that wind and strength could muster. The old cobblestone house, with its peculiar dome and stately proportions, was made to ring with the jubilees of these Christmas visitors. It was in those times when a simple toy or two brought more joy into the home than the lavish and indulgent supplies of these latter days. What kingly airs had these lads with their humble presents—happier than a farmer with a new farm, or the millionaire with his new railroad.

But little Charley was early taught that life was not all play, and that there was something for little hands to do. He was made useful in doing chores about the house, carrying in wood etc., and driving the cows to pasture. While performing this latter task one morning he received an injury resulting in the breaking of his collar bone. He came home somewhat dilapidated, causing his mother considerable fright, but he was soon out again. Perhaps the most remunerative labor our young friend performed in his child-life was gathering together old scrap iron. A good deal of this material became scattered over the yard and underneath the ground around the factory, and young Charles and his brother were awarded one cent a pound for all the scrap cast iron they could collect about the premises. It served as quite a bonanza, and the boys accumulated a considerable amount for those days. The dear old grandfather from New York State made a visit to the family and gave valuable assistance to his grandsons in their iron trade. He would dig up the iron about the yard, and the boys would pick it up, and so the extremes of life were

brought together making money out of the middle generation for juvenile pockets. Such pursuits as these were well suited to the business mind of young Charles and helped to develop his youthful ambitions. He was not a "boy" after the average sort—there was too much thought, study and contrivance about him to spend much of his boy life in the accustomed sports of his fellows.

He had more delight in obtaining food for the mind, gaining knowledge from superiors and ever-reaching out after more. He matured early, enjoyed the society of those older than himself, and was always in advance of his years. One evidence of this fact is that Charley commenced playing the cabinet organ in the church at Newcastle when only about 13 years of age, and continued in that position for three years, when he went to College. He was remarkably regular at his post, and attained a high degree of efficiency. Sometimes new pieces which he had not learned would be placed before him at a public service, but such was his proficiency at reading music that he would manage to get through without a break. Although in later years he gave little or no time to music, he never lost that magic touch, and whenever those princely chords were heard it was readily known that Charles was at the instrument.

It was easy for Charley to learn in any branch of study, and he had a good start at home. His devoted parents were ever mindful of his instruction in every line, and as soon as he was old enough to learn, his teaching began. His mother gave close attention to his reading, and with the help he received from association with a lady teacher, resident in the family, our youthful scholar gained this first accomplishment very early. The advantage of this was ever afterwards realized, and this foundation being laid, succeeding instruction came all the easier.

In those days the privileges of school education were far from what they are now, but Charley had the benefit of the best that could be afforded. At first he was placed under the care of a governess employed at the home of his grandfather Massey, and afterwards attended the Academy at Newcastle. He also for a while went to the Common School then in operation, and latterly to the Grammar School which began its career about that time. These were the agencies in the instruction of young Charles until his College life began.

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But when we write of the early influences and teaching of our dear young friend, the record would be void of its most important factor were we not to speak of the mightiest moving force of his life—his early religious instruction.

He was watchfully governed, reared in a Christian home, and led to attend Church and Sunday-school regularly; but the careful religious training of a godly mother was the hallowed instrumentality that overshadowed all the others. That influence touched the springs of all his life and was felt throughout his being. Bible truth was instilled into the mind of Charles, and he was taught how to pray at his mother's knee. She was absorbed in the welfare of her noble boy, and for him her prayers never ceased to ascend. Hour by hour that devoted mother would read to her little ones from "Peep of Day," "Line upon Line," "Precept upon Precept," and "Here a Little and There a Little;" and Charley was always an attentive listener. He was deeply impressed by what he heard, and on one occasion, after hearing the magic story of the life of Joseph, he sat by the fire for a long time deeply meditating, and at length broke out with the words, "Poor Joseph! poor Joseph!" The faithful mother gave herself to her children, and refrained from any calling that would keep her from discharging her duty to them. She was always aware of the whereabouts of her son, and preferred to do for him herself rather than leave him in the hands of others more than necessary. The boys loved their mother, and home was attractive to them because she was the central figure. At times, when there were special calls for the heads of the house to be out in the evenings, as the shades of night had gathered the boys would say, "Ma, are you going out this evening?" and when a negative answer was given, they would exclaim, "Oh, I am so glad!" They knew what to expect, and were glad to gather about their dear mother and learn of the deep things of God. These eventide circles were the mother's "Holy of Holies," where a spiritual fire was kindled that never went out.

Beautiful and impressive supplication was heard from the lips of little Charles at these hallowed scenes, and a habit of prayer was formed which he faithfully observed in adult life.

In the year 1864, at the age of 16, Charles entered Victoria College, Cobourg, where he studied for two years. It was the year in

which his father's foundry and machine shop were entirely destroyed by fire; and much as a boy of that age could be of use at home, the father preferred to undergo the sacrifice of being without his boy and give him an education. Charley matured rapidly while away to school, and made friends on every hand. He had a harmonium with him in his room, which enabled him to keep in good practice; but it was not difficult for him to hold familiarity with the keys. He played the chapel organ at morning prayers in the College, and acted as supply organist at the church when required. Charles was proficient in his studies, but he had too great a longing for the intensely practical to remain long away from business or manufacturing. Machines were more to him than classics, and he exchanged the student's gown for smock and overalls.

It was in the year 1866, and directly after leaving College, Charles entered his father's factory in a workman's garb. He was placed in the iron-finishing department, where he was made accustomed to the details of manufacture, and for a while ran a lathe. By this arrangement he was brought into close contact with the workmen and machinery, and made familiar with the business to which he devoted his life. During all these years the maturity of Charles was rapid, and he developed from boyhood into manhood at a bound. Wherever he was placed he was the same gentlemanly young man, and Charley was a general favorite. He made a visit to his two aunts at College at one time, and there being sufficient similarity in their ages, Charles was taken as their brother. They were proud to be considered in such a relation, and so let it pass.

These aunts respected their nephew very highly. They had been in his society a great deal during child-life, and in his "boy" days he was very good to them, though he did sometimes maim their dolls.

In the fall of 1866, Charley, accompanied by his brother, sister, and these two aunts, made a tour in the Western States. It was thought that a change all around would be a good thing for the young quintette, so this attractive programme was arranged. They had been so long accustomed to quiet village life the change was very great, and it was like the opening of a new world to these young Canadians. The cities of Kalamazoo, Chicago, Dubuque, and Cleveland were visited, and right royally was the party received and entertained at these places by the relatives and friends, as Westerners are wont to do.

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At the place first named Charley met for the first time the daughter who afterwards became his wife. The time allotted for the journey was soon over, and the young party returned to Toronto where the Provincial Fair was then in progress. Here they separated, the aunts proceeded to Hamilton, where they were in attendance upon the Wesleyan Female College, and the others returning to Newcastle soon after.

About two weeks after coming home from his Western trip Charles entered the British American Commercial College, Toronto. Here his business ability and capacity for rapid work were soon manifest, and he quickly pursued the course and numbered himself among the graduates.

A few days after this, he began the course at the Military School, Toronto, and finished this branch of schooling about two months later. His tall form, well-proportioned physique and manly bearing made him a good subject for military accomplishment. This term at the Military School concluded the student life of Charles, and returning home he laid aside the forage cap and red jacket to assume the cares and responsibilities of a business man. It was now the summer of 1867, and his father, having machines at the great Paris Exposition, made a trip to Europe, causing an absence from home of over two months.

This necessitated placing upon the young shoulders of Charley grave responsibilities in the management of his father's business affairs, but he proved himself equal to the task, and there were no disasters to face when the father came home. It is worthy of consideration that Charles was not yet nineteen years of age, though he took hold of the responsibilities like a man of thirty. From this time forward to the day of his death he was closely identified with the business in which he was reared. He never knew any other business, and gave it unqualified attention. This experience during his father's absence in Europe was of great value to him, confirming his confidence and giving him at once in the start a realization of what his life-work was to be. Charles became rapidly acquainted with affairs in general, showing remarkable adaptation to his calling. He stood shoulder to shoulder with his father in the management of the business and showed himself a son to be proud of.

Though his cares began to multiply he was not indifferent to

other claims upon his time, and again rendered valuable service to the church by filling the position of organist, which place he occupied for two years after the close of his College life and up to the time of his marriage. This task demanded considerable sacrifice, but it was cheerfully and nobly performed.

During the latter part of the summer of 1868 the family made a pleasure and health-seeking trip to the sea-shore and other points, involving a lengthened absence, during which time Charles was not only in charge of the factory but the house as well.

In the year 1870 material changes were made in the business and in the family. The wearying cares which had so long engrossed the attention of Mr. H. A. Massey began to tell upon his health, and he found it necessary to be relieved. To accomplish this a change of residence was deemed best and plans were laid for removal. Friends had long been presenting the attractions of a rapidly-growing Western city, which resulted in the purchase of property in that thriving centre, making a nest-egg for the future.

By this time Charles had become thoroughly conversant with the management of the business, and his capabilities were sufficient to justify the father in handing over the honors of immediate responsibility to his worthy son. In order to accomplish the best results to all, facilitate the management and increase the capital in the business, a joint-stock company was formed under the name of The Massey Manufacturing Company, with H. A. Massey as President, and C. A. Massey, Vice-President and Manager. Charles filled this position with great acceptability from September 22, 1870, the date of incorporation of the Company, to the day of his death. He was an active spirit in the formation of the Company and displayed a good deal of tact in bringing about this satisfactory result.

But to Charles, among the pleasantest duties in this memorable year were personal attention given to the improvements and alterations to the house of which he was so soon to be the head. The family had vacated the home during the summer, and removed to the old homestead, where they temporarily resided until their departure from Newcastle.

On the 12th day of October Charles was married to Miss Jessie Fremont Arnold, third daughter of Hiram Arnold, Esq., of Kalamazoo, Mich. The ceremonies took place at "Brookside," the

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residence of the bride's father, the Rev. W. H. Watts, of the Episcopal Church, officiating. The young couple made a brief wedding tour, visiting Detroit and Cleveland, and upon arrival at Newcastle immediately began housekeeping in Charles' old home, which had been thoroughly renovated and newly furnished for their occupancy. Here the newly-wedded pair resided for nine years. In the year following (1871), Mr. H. A. Massey and family removed to Cleveland, Ohio, and were soon comfortably quartered in their newly-erected home. Charles was now sole representative of the family at Newcastle, and stood at the helm of affairs like an old veteran. The far-seeing enterprise of the young manager was soon set in motion, and enlargement, advance, increase and extension of the business were his life-song. Past attainments and present growth were never his full satisfaction—he was ever reaching out after something greater. In the course of time a more extended system of agencies was established, more hands were employed, and the business generally augmented. The house and the factory were near together, and distance was no barrier to Charles' spending long hours at the office. This was also an acceptable convenience to the young wife, enabling her to communicate urgent messages at ease, and to the devoted husband, giving him the pleasure of going in and out of home at leisure.

On the 16th of October, 1871, came the first-born child to the youthful pair. But it did not bring the usual joy to the home, because of its brief stay and the accompanying peril of the mother. Baby Eugene Arnold Massey lived till the following day, and its spirit departed. The loss of the little one was materially softened by the relief experienced in the safe recovery of the mother.

Early in the year 1872, Charles and wife made their first visit to the family in Cleveland. This was always an enjoyable rest, though comparatively brief, and was usually coupled in with a trip to Kalamazoo at the same time. These family reunions at Cleveland and Kalamazoo were substantially the only times of relief from business care that Charles enjoyed during his management of affairs, extending over a period of thirteen years. During this time these visits were made to the families about every year and a half.

On the 27th of November in this year (1872) the first-born surviving child, a girl, was born. There was great joy over the new

arrival, and the growth of the little mite of humanity was watched with interest. From the fondness which Charles had always shown for children, it was easy to imagine the love he would have for his own, and Winona Grace was her father's joy. It used to be his delight to play with his baby brothers and enter heartily into their frolics. When the youngest brother was passing through babyhood amid great afflictions, he, at one time in the absence of others, had some responsibility regarding the little sufferer, and looked after his interests with loving care.

In the summer of 1873, Charles' faithful mother was taken very seriously ill at his own home. For days the brittle thread of life seemed near its breaking, and weeks rolled by before the loving parent regained her health. Through all this trying illness the noble son Charles gave every attention to the comfort of his mother, and by his devotion reminded her more and more of his worth. At this time also his only child Winnie was laid low. It was a heavy stroke and an anxious time to Charles, but he bowed with heroic submission to the Divine will. The breath of life was well-nigh gone from the little one when she seemed miraculously to come back to loved ones again. Early in the following year (1874) the little family circle was again enlarged by the birth of Master Arthur Lyman on the 6th day of February. The oldest boy is always a matter of interest to any household, and Arthur certainly had his share. In the choice of his second name an old and tried friend and neighbour was remembered. Next came Jennie Louise, who favored earth with her debut on September 18, 1875, just near enough to Arthur for close companionship, and to enjoy her brother's courtesies and gallantry in after life.

It was now five years since the organization of the Company, and the success of the new *regimé* was fully assured. The business had increased 50 per cent., and its growth was solid and healthy. Every appliance, extension, or help that could be introduced was readily seized upon by the young manager, and his unbounded hopes were never blighted.

At this time the manufacture of a superior Sulky Horse-Rake was begun, which proved a brilliant success. The merits of the implement had been brought to Charles' notice, and readily discerning its value, he discarded an old one they were making, and zealously pushed the manufacture and sale of the new rake. The scheme was

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peculiarly a child of his own, and the prosperity that accompanied it always furnished him great interest and delight. He saw the sale of the article rapidly increase, until its production reached the gratifying figure of four thousand annually.

In the year 1877, Washington's birthday was celebrated in the birth of another girl. It bid fair for a good race in life, but, like her first-born brother, her stay among mortals was short, and the spirit took its flight on the 15th of March. But it also had a name; and Georgie Marie, so soon gone, was not forgotten.

About this time, Charles occupied a seat in the village council for one term, and was, perhaps, the youngest candidate ever elected to that office.

In the summer of 1878—two members of their family being absent in Europe—the father and mother made a lengthened visit to Newcastle. Summer was always a busy time, and the presence of the father was made good use of to great advantage. From the time of the incorporation of the Company, however, Mr. H. A. Massey had little or nothing to do with the management of the business more than to give counsel and advice. Charles was continually on hand with some new enterprise in the way of an enlargement or extension of the buildings, or introduction of some new appliance or machine. This went on until quite a considerable pile had been reared; the last of these, a commodious storehouse, with convenient offices, etc., was erected only one year previous to removal. These new plans, before inauguration, were always ably and urgently presented to the father for approval. He could not always at first see the wisdom of the move, but his admiration for the business skill and energy of his son was too much for him to give a negative answer. It is to the credit and honor of Charles to say that scarcely one of these enterprises proved unsuccessful.

In the year 1879, the amount of business done was double that of the first year of the incorporation of the Company. To accomplish this scale of operations in so small a village as Newcastle was accompanied with a vast deal of inconvenience, and to further increase was quite out of the question. Consequently arrangements were made for removal: property was purchased in the City of Toronto, and new buildings erected thereupon, the latter being under the personal supervision of Mr. H. A. Massey. In the fall of this year (1879),

the entire establishment was removed to Toronto, and Charles and family likewise became residents of the Queen City.

The change was a gratifying one, adding to the ambitions of ever-hopeful Charles, and opening to him a wider sphere, while at the same time greatly increasing his cares and responsibilities. The growth of the business continued rapidly, and the wisdom of the removal was everywhere apparent.

On the 5th day of August, 1880, the new home, No. 1 Clarence Square, was favored with the arrival of a new-born child, who was afterwards honored with his father's name, and Charles Albert Massey, jun., made his presence felt in the family circle. The little fellow had uphill work to live at first, but weathered the storms of infant life, and "Bertie" became a rollicking boy.

While Charles was so absorbed in business, he was never forgetful of the interests of his family. He was as much a family-man as a business-man. He felt like a king when his wife and children were gathered about him. He entered heartily into the games of the little ones, and delighted in their amusements. They grew in his affections, and every attainment shown gave him added joy. As a husband his devotion was equally great, with a love, thoughtful care, and indulgence wholly unlimited. His honeymoon was never over—he had a love which never waned.

What joy is afforded in the home with such affection at its head! Whatever pleasures Charles had his family shared in them, and to contribute to their comfort and pleasure was his constant aim. It was always a great cross to him when called away from home, and obliged to go without wife or children. He was never seen without them when it was practicable for them to be with him.

His seventh and youngest child, little Bessie Irene, was born Aug. 3rd, 1881. This was also a memorable year in a business way—the right, interest, and good-will of a leading rival concern in the city was purchased and the two establishments amalgamated. Here, again, the far-seeing skill and energy of Charles were brought into play, and his hopes and ambitions were fanned to a white heat. This scheme resulted in continued enlargement of the premises, increase in the number of men employed, and doubling the business for the following year. A new department of manufacture was added, the office staff increased, and things were done on a broader scale.

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But it is reasonable to conclude that the extra burdens assumed by Charles at this time were more than he could carry, and that from this period forward, there was an imperceptible decline in health. Previously, besides the general duties of manager, he had attended to all the advertising (at which he was an adept), engaging the men and adjusting the wages, purchasing the stock, superintending the agencies and sales, and attending to the correspondence and banking, in addition to the innumerable details constantly requiring attention. He would sometimes, in connection with his other duties, write as many as from 100 to 150 letters in a single day. From some of these duties he subsequently gained relief, turning over portions of the work to others; yet there was enough left for him to do to keep him more than busy and rack his brain from time of waking to sleep again.

In the year following, 1882, the father, Mr. H. A. Massey, and family removed from Cleveland to Toronto, where they took up their residence. In the fall, before they were settled in their new home, Mr. Massey was taken ill, and four leading physicians pronounced his malady a fatal one. It was next to a bereavement—sorrow and sadness filled the home, and to Charles it was a heavy and terrible shock. He thought of what a loss was predicted, and how he would miss the counsels and guiding experience of his beloved father. The filial affection and watchful anxiety of noble Charles were beautiful to notice. But, thanks be to God, this anxiety was gradually lessened until the cloud finally disappeared. And now, as the past is reviewed, how wonderful it seems—the father, thought by the physicians to be so near death, began from that time to improve until health was restored, and in less than sixteen months strong and busy Charles was numbered among the dead. As soon as the father had sufficiently recovered his health, he entered into more active relations with the business, according to his motive in removal. It was a timely assistance to Charles, who was overtaxed with the cares and responsibilities of a rapidly-growing business. It was now the year 1883, and additions, improvements, and extensions to the premises were made on every hand, affording a well-suited sphere of activities for the father, who gave personal supervision to these movements. The year was a very, very busy one, the greatest in the history of the concern. The amount of business done in the first year of Charles' management (1871) was \$78,000—it had now increased over tenfold, amounting to

one million dollars. This attainment was very gratifying to Charles, and one of which he might well be proud, but it made no difference in his bearing—he was always the same, a quiet and undemonstrative man. He was utterly void of conceit and despised it in others. His abilities, though great, were always depreciated by himself, and he was willing to learn from others. The whole bent of his thought and energy was to make the best possible success of the business to which he gave his life. He had a joy in bringing things to pass. Charles was never satisfied with small attainments; if greater things were in his reach he was bound to accomplish them. While others were faltering and fearing over present advancements, he was entertaining greater plans ahead. He belonged to that class of men without which we would still be riding in stage-coaches and sailing vessels, instead of palace cars and ocean steamers.

Such go-aheaditiveness is always valuable in public life, and Charles was solicited to serve as candidate for election to the Dominion Parliament, but business demands were too great, and he therefore declined. It was a flattering tribute to the abilities of one so young. Charles' energies were absorbed in building up a great business, looking forward to a time when, in the full realization of his plans, he could enjoy the fruit of his labors, and devote himself and his bounty to the welfare of humanity. That day never came, he knew no rest on earth—he went out suddenly from the very heat of battle.

In all the business activity of our friend he was moved by high motives—there was not a bit of selfishness in his whole career—the greatest enjoyment he obtained from life was in what he contributed to the happiness of others.

He had an exceedingly active and enquiring mind, and was always on the alert to obtain what he could to better qualify him for the fulfilment of his plans. Frequently he would say to his wife, "I ought to spend two hours each day in reading." He had a thirst for knowledge, which increased as he grew older, and near the close of his life he was heard to say, "I would go to college now if I were situated so that I could."

In religious life the subject of these lines was extremely reticent and retired. He was religious more in life than in word, though, as he afterwards admitted, it was a great mistake not to publicly acknowledge his God. There was a good deal that was beautiful

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beneath the surface not brought to notice by utterance. He had nothing whatever in the way of cant about him. Charles never made the inconsistencies of others any excuse for defects in himself. He had a high regard for true virtue, and never swerved from the Christian faith. It was a common thing for him to playfully disparage his own virtues before others, and thereby misrepresent his real convictions.

About a year after settling in Toronto, Charles and family became members of the congregation of the Metropolitan Church during the pastorate of Rev. John Potts, D.D. It was after some looking about this became their Church home, and the result was gratifying to Charles. His preference was for the Methodist Church in which he had been reared, and which he regarded above all the others. In June, 1882, Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., B.D.—a college mate and intimate personal friend of Charles—was appointed pastor of the Metropolitan Church. The old-time acquaintance was renewed, and close, endearing friendship enjoyed. In the month of December of this year Charles and wife united with the Church. The father and his family were received by letter at the same time. It was a memorable day—the whole family, eight in all, standing at the communion rail and being welcomed into the Church. The event had been delayed on account of the illness of the father, and it was doubly joyful because of his being sufficiently recovered to be present. Charles' connection with the Church was a step taken with mature deliberation and thought, after the matter had been carefully considered in all its bearings. As in everything he entered into, he counted the cost and measured the consequences. His long residence from the church prevented him from as frequent an attendance upon the services as he would had circumstances been more favorable. Still, his pew was seldom unoccupied at the Sabbath morning worship, and he was often seen at other gatherings of God's people; nor was his presence unknown at the prayer-meetings. He had a warm interest in the movement for the organic union of the various branches of the Methodist Church in Canada, and rejoiced in its final success.

The extremely close application of Charles to business gave him but little or no time for outside calls. It really took up too much of his time and attention and occupied so much of his thought that he could not leave his business at the office. Responsibilities grew upon him, and he could not see how to shake them off. This ceaseless

strain began to tell upon him, and it was self-evident that he must take rest. When most business men are permitted to enjoy their vacations—in the heat of summer—Charles' duties required his most active presence. With the exception of a stay of about two weeks at Chautauqua in August, 1882, he never enjoyed a rest from business in the heated term. In the month of September, 1883, after a trying and laborious season's work, Charles, accompanied by his wife, made a trip to the Province of Manitoba. While it was mainly for a change and rest, it was as much a business tour as one of pleasure. Chicago, St. Paul, and Kalamazoo were visited *en route*, and they went as far west as Brandon. It was the first visit Charles had made to the "Prairie Province," and it gave him great satisfaction to see the territory where alone more business was being done by the company than they did throughout the Dominion a few years before. While in the parlor of the little hotel at Brandon a woman of this western country was present, and, observing who the party was, finally exclaimed: "And is this the great Mr. Massey who sends us the wonderful machines?" to which Charles soberly and modestly replied that he manufactured machines and sent them into different parts of the country. But as soon as he got out of her sight he had a good laugh.

On the return journey from Brandon to Winnipeg Charles was taken seriously ill, and unmistakable evidences were given that he had been working too hard. On reaching Winnipeg a physician was summoned who pronounced the case one of acute indigestion. The patient was unable to resume the journey homeward until the third day following, when they started for home, which they reached safely after an absence of nearly three weeks. Important business interests awaited Charles' consideration on his return, and he was at once as busy as ever. His pace was again slackened, however, by a return of the ailment which visited him while away—occurring the third week in October, about five weeks following the first attack. He was out again in a few days, but was considerably weakened. Cares multiplied, and the strain was very heavy; still nothing serious was apprehended. Shortly after returning from the west Charles purchased a more commodious residence in the eastern part of the city, near to that of his father, and removed there in the middle of November.

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brought them nearer to the church. Although it fell to the lot of Charles to enjoy his new home but a short time, he derived great happiness from it—it furnished him increasing satisfaction to provide added comforts and conveniences for his loved ones, for whom no sacrifice on his part was too great.

Just before his removal he had a third attack of indigestion, but slighter than the previous ones.

These periods of indisposition were overcome and health was improved. Still, entire rest from business for a time was the thing needed. How could this be obtained? A man who had always enjoyed good health was not easily persuaded to turn his attention to physical recuperation; it was not easy to break away from a business of which he had been so long the manager, and removing to and settling in a new home made health-seeking all the more difficult.

Charles continued at the helm of affairs, giving all the attention that strength would permit. The crowning act of his life was the thoughtful, energetic project which gave rise to the erection of a spacious office building, which included a library, reading-room, and public hall, for the special use of the employees. He had a sympathetic regard for all those who labored under him, and delighted in doing what he could for their comfort and well-being. It was always a joy to him to increase the wages of a worthy servant and promote those who merited advance. Charles had a remarkable faculty for managing men, and was a good judge of human nature; but his greatest force was a winning personality, which often kept men about him when they had strong inducements to go elsewhere.

The new year 1884 opened auspiciously; but two weeks had not rolled around when our beloved friend was laid up for a few days with an attack of pleurisy. This over, he was back to work again; but only for a few days—his hours of business were near to a close. No one could feel that his work was so nearly done; later plans were not fully completed. Still, busy, unwavering, ever-hopeful Charles accomplished a life-work before he reached his thirty-sixth birthday, and lived to see the establishment with which he was connected stand at the head of all similar concerns in the Dominion, and possessed with elaborate appointments and equipments. On the 26th day of January he felt a severe cold coming upon him, though he remained at the office till

late in the day, remarking as he went home that he should have returned earlier. On the following day (Sunday) he attended divine service as usual, but was not in the right condition to go out. It was his last visit to the sanctuary—never again did he enter its doors or hear the blessed Word proclaimed from the sacred desk. It was a greater privilege to him than ever to occupy his place in the church, and it was fitting that his last attendance was made with sacrifice. He had gained a growing interest in hearing and reading divine truth. But no one realized how soon this ripening experience was to reap its reward.

On the following Monday, January 28th, the subject of these lines made his final visit to the office. He was far from well, and his wife wished him to remain at home, but he replied that he would be as well at the office as at the house, and went as usual to his place of business. He returned home in the evening, after a hard day's work, never again to look upon the scenes of his ceaseless activity. The next day he did not leave his room. Believing that he had nothing more than a severe cold he had determined to drive it off without medical aid, supposing this could be done by complete rest. But the rest of the family could not be persuaded that this was sufficient, and finally succeeded, late in the afternoon, in his allowing the family physician to be called. The first diagnosis was that the patient was suffering from a very hard cold—a day or two followed and remittent fever was thought to be the trouble. The symptoms became more and more serious and it was difficult to determine what the malady really was. About the fourth day it was thought that a slow fever was the difficulty, but in a day or so unmistakable evidence was given that the case was one of typhoid fever. To recount all the pains, anxieties, and sorrows that followed would furnish a sad, sad, story. The extreme suffering, the weary watching, and the terrible suspense can only be understood by those who have passed through a similar trial. Although the exact duration of the illness was short, the strain was long and heavy. All that mortals could do to save life was done, but all to no avail—death came as an inevitable result. It was an entirely new ordeal to the patient, for he had never been seriously ill, yet he was very heroic, and made a brave battle for life. His sufferings were extreme—there was the agonizing cough, the reliefless pains, the parched mouth and throat, congestion of the stomach and intense

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weakness. These, however, were all being successfully treated, and on the evening preceding the fatal day he was in the best condition of any time during his illness. But on Tuesday, the 12th day of February, the death angel came, and the struggle was over. At ten o'clock on that day hemorrhage of the bowels set in and finished its terrible work at about five o'clock in the afternoon. What a day it was! Like a rushing torrent came such a period of breathless anxiety, such a multitude of fears and doubts, such sorrow and sadness as cannot easily be described. Loved ones and friends were quickly summoned, and the way to the house seemed so long. Physicians were speedily called to the bedside, and all was done that loving hands could do, but the life-blood was fast ebbing away. As soon as the hemorrhage was discovered, the foot of the bed was raised in order to preserve life as long as possible. In this trying position the patient sufferer remained till he ceased to live. As the pulse grew weaker and weaker, and when hope had almost vanished, the attending physicians, as a last resort, tried the transfusion of blood—a tedious and delicate operation, and all to no avail. The blood coagulated and would not run—a quantity of milk was then introduced into the veins but without effect. As soon as the surgeon's task was performed, death was noticeably at hand, and in a few short minutes the spirit of the loved one departed. The separation was so calm and quiet that it was difficult to determine just when breathing ceased. But death with all its terrible stillness had come—the light of the home had gone out. The wide-spread sorrow awakened by the early demise of so prominent, youthful, and active a career can be readily understood by all who knew the departed. Expressions of sympathy were heard on every hand, and scores of letters and telegrams of condolence were received. The life of our brother was so promising, and his illness so brief, that the news of his death was a great shock to most people—why such a life should be so suddenly cut short was hidden in deep mystery. From the store, the office, the factory, and the farm came the sad exclamation, "What a loss!" A loss to the country, to the city, to business circles, and to society. Strong-hearted business men and sturdy workmen wept because "Charley" was gone. A sorrow so deep and so general is not frequent. The vacancy in the business where our friend had so long been the head can readily be appreciated. What will be the result? was the question that would

naturally arise. To many a personal tie had been severed. Here and there was heard the expression, "He was like a brother to me." But when we speak of loss, that sustained by his beloved family will be remembered above all the rest. A young wife and five children feel the painful absence of an indulgent and loving protector as none but the widow and fatherless can.

There is Winona Grace—a bright, womanly girl of eleven summers; Arthur Lyman—a thoughtful, industrious boy who reached his tenth birthday during his father's illness; Jennie Louise—motherly and wise—eight years of age; Charles Albert, who bears his father's name—a precocious, active boy of three and a half years; and Bessie Irene—the baby darling, two years and six months old.

The manner in which these younger ones have missed their dear papa is quite remarkable. Master Bertie does not forget the sad scenes connected with his father's funeral, and has painful recollections of his loss. On one occasion he stood with his mamma in the reception-room, where the loved one had lain in the casket weeks before, when he exclaimed to her: "Don't stay here! Come out, mamma. Papa dead here all the time." He thinks his papa is in every funeral he sees.

At another time, Bertie and Bessie entered the room where the crayon portrait presented by the employees had been placed, and the moment they saw it their faces gleamed with delight, their joy was exuberant, and, recognizing the likeness of their darling papa, they gave vent to their ecstasy in rapturous exclamations and wanted to embrace the picture.

Little Bertie talks of his papa with great seriousness, and longs to go where he is. One day, while rummaging about the house, he happened to come across his papa's overshoes, and picking them up, with delight and astonishment he ran to his mamma and shouted: "Mamma, mamma! papa left his overshoes! Papa left his overshoes!" and so great was his feeling that he kissed them.

Thus were the little ones affected by the loss of their dear papa. The thought gathers sadness as one thinks of the young household bereft of its devoted head. The human heart falls back on God's promised care of the widow and fatherless, and His sufficiency to prepare believing souls for the trying separation. Through the entire illness of beloved Charles, God was manifestly with him. There was a firm

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reliance upon the Divine arm, and a calm, patient resignation. The self-forgetfulness and interest in others which had characterized him in health was strongly exhibited in the sick-room amid all his sufferings. He was constantly urging his attendants to go out and take the air, and was fearful their tireless efforts for his comfort might bring them down. An instance of destitution in the family of one in his employ came to his notice, and he seemed for the time to lose sight of his own condition in his deep concern for their welfare.

During his illness fervent prayer ascended from every altar that life might be spared. He was told how a little band of workmen had gathered in the cottage prayer-meeting and made his recovery their earnest supplication. The account of such affection and interest brought tears to his eyes, and he exclaimed, "Everybody is so kind to me, and I am not worthy of it."

To contribute to the happiness of such a soul is at once a privilege and a delight. Amid the weary hours of watching and waiting, Charles was blessed with the sweet counsels and frequent visits of his old friend and beloved pastor, Rev. Hugh Johnston. The smiles and good cheer brought into the sick-room by this messenger of peace and salvation were a great benediction to the suffering friend. The faithful pastor was most attentive in his ministrations, and was at the bedside of his loved friend during the dying hour. What a wondrous scene was that when the last victory was won, and death was swallowed up in life. We would pause and recount the graces and triumphs of that afternoon. How hallowed are its memories—it was a fitting climax to an honored life. It was not like a death scene—it was a solemn leave-taking. Sorrowful and sad were those who remained, but the departing one was so happy—his face was radiant, it was glorified. The king of terrors was robbed of its sting; the Christian faith had banished every fear. It was a wonderful triumph—the loved one was never so well situated and fitted to live as now when he is suddenly called to surrender life and all, which he does without the least murmur.

Although so young and life had so much promise—promise in business, in the family, in the church and in society, still all was yielded up to God, and he exclaimed "I have no desire to live," and at another time "I am going home to Jesus if He wants to take me." The voice which had been for days so weak was now strong and

distinct, the mind as clear as ever, and the beloved sufferer talked about approaching death as calmly and deliberately as though he were only about to take a journey. Heaven was near at hand—he seemed in part already there, and frequently testified to the joyous presence of his dear Saviour. Love, sacrifice and the presence of the Master were supreme. There was nothing but love for all—for each one that came to his bedside there was a word of tenderest affection. Though the probabilities were all against life, there was one chance in a thousand that the patient might recover. It did still seem as though he must get better, and prayers, and sobs, and hopes and fears were sadly intermingled. The father who had so delighted in the successes and accomplishments of his son, exclaimed to him, “I would rather go than see you go, Charley,” to which he replied, “It is just like you, father.” To his beloved mother, who had made so many sacrifices for her dear boy, he said, “You have been one of the best of mothers.” Her constant, watchful care for him was now beautifully reflected in his triumphant faith. When the moment of parting came he said, “Good-bye, mother.” The dear one was borne up with divine support. Although forced to lie in a position so uncomfortable, and suffering from shortness of breath, and kindred ailments, and amid such surrounding sorrow he was verily happy. Speaking with gratitude and great calmness he said, “I had anticipated this, but never thought there was so much happiness on a dying bed.”

The hour was replete with blessed testimonies, counsels and messages of love. The mind that was always so ready to grasp the situation was as clear as ever now, and after a pause he uttered the words, “My poor wife.” She came to the dying couch, weighed down with grief, to talk for the last time with her devoted husband. She could not bear to entertain the thought that he was dying, though the life-blood was going, and said to him, “Perhaps it will run back again,” to which he replied, “No, it cannot.” “You hold up your arm and it won’t run up.” To which he added, “Hoping against hope. It is so natural to hope. How selfish is life.” The heart-broken wife could not think of giving him up, and exclaimed to him, “Oh! God won’t take you; you must get well.” To which the loved companion replied, “Don’t deceive yourself, Jessie. I would like to live for you and the children’s sake, but if the Lord wants me I am ready to go.”

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As the loved ones stood about him he thought of one of his three brothers who was not present. Being a long distance from home, at college, it was impossible for him to return in time to see beloved Charles alive again. The dying one did not forget him, and said to the others, "Dear Walter, poor boy, tell him I love him."

To his loved sister who stood by he also said, "Sweetest, most loving sister. Faithful sister."

As a neighbour and old friend approached him he said to her, "Oh! I am so happy."

When asked how long he had felt that Jesus was precious, he answered, "Some little time."

At one time, as he scanned the mercies of God and his present joys, and reviewing the past, he exclaimed, "I have made a great mistake in life in not publicly acknowledging my God."

How much there was crowded into a short space that memorable afternoon. All were so anxious to catch every word that fell from the lips of the dying sufferer. The faithful pastor, Rev. Hugh Johnston, was there; and, his face lighting up as he saw the joyful preparations of his loved friend, Charles said to him, "Smile on, Hugh; smile on."

After conversing freely with different ones he expressed a desire to see his children, and the three eldest were brought to his bed-side. It was an affecting scene to see a dying father bidding farewell to the weeping little ones. He gave them advice regarding the study of the Bible and attendance upon Sunday school, and committed his five children and their young mother to the care of his own father and mother.

A little while afterwards he called for the two youngest children, saying, "I want to see my babies." They were speedily brought to the room, and Bertie and Bessie kissed their dear papa for the last time.

The sands of life were running quickly out, the pulse was growing feebler, and the physicians, anxious to leave nothing undone to save life, resorted to the transfusion of blood. The heroic patient submitted to it more as a sacrifice, that the loved ones might be assured that everything was done that could be to save life, than because he had any faith in it himself. It was a most trying, wearying experience to the suffering loved one. Towards the last, when the struggle was nearly over, as though he were being held to earth, he exclaimed,

"Why don't those doctors let me go?" Their fruitless task was performed, and soon his spirit passed away. Man could not hold what God had called. Calmly, quickly, and quietly life went out, and Charles was not, for God took him.

Beloved, we will not call thee dead—we bid thee good night; and, in the bright beyond, we will hail thee with a glad "Good morning."

Life is Ebbing Fast!

By a Youthful Friend.

[Composed with reference to the dying hour of Mr. C. A. MASSEY.]

I CAN hear the casement rattle
 In the chilly winter blast;
 Listen to the tempest, Jessie,
 Of my earthly storms the last!

I am dying, Jessie, dying,
 Though my youth is not yet past;
 We must part, but not forever:
 Dearest! life is ebbing fast.

Love will never cease at death, love:
 I will ever think of thee;
 And, amid the cares of life, love,
 Wilt thou sometimes think of me?

In that life that knows no ending—
 In that joy beyond the tomb,
 We shall meet to part no more, love!
 I can wait till thou art come.

Do not weep because we part, love ;
 For our children's sake be strong ;
 Brave misfortune, bear affliction—
 Sorrow cannot last for long.

Now my eyes are dark'ning, Jessie ;
 By death's swift, black stream I stand,
 Like Jehovah's people chosen,
 Pressing toward the promised land.

Hush ! I hear angelic music,
 Death's bright angel now is nigh ;
 Fare-thee-well, my own true loved one—
 Never mourn that I should die !

I can hear the angels calling ;
 Feel them touch my fevered brow.
 Do you hear them ? Can you see them ?
 Darling ! I am dying now.

Down into my heart is sinking,
 Peace that cometh from above ;
 Silence all thy heart's vain longings—
 Death takes me, but not my love !



Obsequies.

On Thursday, February 14th, loving hearts and kind friends conveyed to the tomb all that was mortal of our beloved friend.

Sadness multiplied as the hour grew near when the beautiful face of the departed must be finally closed from view. He seemed but quietly sweeping as he lay in the casket completely surrounded with choice flowers.

At one o'clock the family and immediate friends and relatives assembled at the late residence of the deceased, No. 391 Jarvis Street. Among them were George B. Massey of Watertown, N.Y.; George R. Phelps, Gloversville, Fulton Co., N.Y.; O. W. Powell, Cobourg, Ont.; W. L. Payne and wife, Colborne, Ont.; and Mrs. Henry Beatty, Thorold, Ont. Fervent and sympathetic prayer was offered by Rev. Hugh Johnston, the pastor, and the body placed in a hearse, which was followed by the mournful company to the Metropolitan Methodist Church, where the funeral services proper were held.

The employees of The Massey Manufacturing Company having formed in a body at the factory, marched to the church and occupied pews which had been reserved for them. A very large number of the citizens, and friends of the deceased were also assembled to pay their last tribute of respect.

As the casket was borne up the aisle, the pastor preceded, reciting from the ritual of the Church, while plaintive strains pealed forth from the organ.

Immediately within the communion rail were placed the floral emblems. Among them was a large handsome shield, bearing the words, "Employer, Friend, we mourn for thee," an offering from the employees of the Company, and from the same warm hearts a chaste broken column. There was also a floral pillow with the words, "We shall miss thee," in purple immortelles, from the office staff. In addition to these there were a number of other choice designs from intimate friends. The pulpit was appropriately draped in mourning.

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At the close of the services, which are noted below, an opportunity was given for all present to take the last look at the departed. The day had been cloudy, but suddenly the sun poured forth its rays upon the scene, reflecting as it were the smiling peaceful countenance of the deceased. The solemn tones of the organ, and the sobs and sorrows of the large audience as they filed by the casket made an impression on every mind not soon to be forgotten.

As the workmen retired from the building a double column was formed between the church and the hearse, through which our deceased friend was carried by the pall-bearers: H. S. Northrop, John Lyman, Mark H. Irish, S. S. Martin, Matthew Garvin and W. F. Johnston.

The long and mournful cortege was formed and proceeded to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. The day was very cold, but the number formed in the sad escort was large. The employees walked in advance of the sad procession, and upon reaching the cemetery again formed into double column, the loved one's remains being carried through and deposited in the public vault. The last offices of respect were shown, the pastor read the concluding portion of the impressive burial service of the Methodist Church, and the mournful company retired.

Services at the Church.

The exercises for the dead commenced with the reading of the Scriptures by Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D., Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, who read the 90th Psalm and from the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, beginning at the 26th verse.

Hymn No. 843, was then sung:—

Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way ;
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising-day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise ;
 Awake, ye nations under ground ;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

After the singing, prayer was offered by Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor of the *Methodist Magazine*, in these words : " O Lord, in this our great trouble, our heavy affliction, we come unto Thee for grace and strength. We come unto Thee, O Lord, because Thou, and Thou alone, hast the words of everlasting life. We thank Thee for those words of life, those words of healing, those words of comfort, whereby we may be saved. Speak to our hearts, now, those words of benediction and healing, and lift us up and make us strong. We thank Thee, O God, that in Thy Holy Word, by the writings of Thy apostles and prophets, Thou hast thrown aside the veil which hides the future from our hearts, and revealed a new heaven and a new earth unto us, wherein dwelleth righteousness. We bless Thee, that thou hast given us a revelation of that land where ' they hunger no more neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' We thank Thee, O God, that in the solemn presence of death we feel that that heavenly land is not a region vague, far off, and indistinct, but one that is near unto us, and clear unto our view ; that it is ' a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.' We thank Thee that we have been made to know that heaven is an eternal verity, an everlasting reality, and that it is the home of those whom Thou callest to Thyself from a world of trouble. We thank Thee that Thou hast said, ' In my Father's house are many mansions ; I go to prepare a place for you ; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself.' We pray Thee, by Thy grace and good spirit to prepare our hearts for that blessed place on high which He hath gone to prepare for us. We know it is only they who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,

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who shall walk with robes of white on high. We pray Thee to grant to all of us assembled here to-day, grace so to walk in robes of white on earth, that we may be found worthy of them hereafter. May we so learn to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb on earth that we may be found worthy, with nobler powers and loftier faculties in the world without end, to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb on high. We thank Thee for the consolations of Thy Christ, for the holy hopes beyond this world, of the world to come. We pray Thee, in this solemn hour of death, to strengthen and confirm those hopes, and to enable us to lay hold upon God as we never have laid hold of Him and His holy promises before. We pray Thee, O God, that this solemn dispensation of Thy providence may be blest to the spiritual welfare of all who are here present. Thy ways, O Lord, are past finding out, and in the unbelief of our hearts we cry out, 'Lord, what doest Thou unto me?' and Thou sayest, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' Thy ways seem very strange unto us. Thou hast taken to Thyself one whose life was very useful in this world; Thou hast taken him away while yet his work seemed not fully done. His sun has gone down at noon. But we would meekly bow to Thee, and say, 'It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth to Him good,' and enable thou, whose hearts are stricken, to say, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!' We thank Thee that Thou didst enable him to live a Christian life before men; that Thou didst enable him to be useful to his fellow-men, and to be useful in this world. And now that Thou hast called him from labour to rest, we glorify Thee, O Christ, in that Thou didst enable him to triumph in the hour of death, and to feel that he could lay hold upon the hope of sitting before the Lamb. We pray Thee, especially, to lift up those hearts that are bowed down, and to comfort those that mourn. We commit the body to the grave with the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to the life that is undying, to the joy that is unending, to the blessedness that is without alloy, in the kingdom of heaven. Help us, O God, who are now bowed down before Thee in this place, to do so all through our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, unto that only true wisdom, the fear of the Lord, and depart from iniquity, which alone is understanding. In the solemn presence of death, may we make a vow and covenant to live in the fulness of our life to Thee. Make us to see

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that which Thou wouldst have us to do, and give us grace of heart to do it. May we walk very carefully, very reverently, and very circumspectly before Thee. Give us grace of heart so to walk before Thee all the days of our life that we may come at last to Thine eternal joy. We especially ask this of Thee, now when we are stricken with sorrow. Do Thou, O Lord, sustain those who have been bereaved with the promises given to us by Him who says: 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' May Thy holy promises give more and more comfort to them in this their hour of bereavement and sorrow. In the darkness of their trouble may the promises given by God shine out clearer and clearer. Solemnize all our hearts and minds, O God. Bless this dispensation of Thy providence, and make it a blessing unto each of us, that in the world to come we may have everlasting life. Hear these our supplications, O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake, our Mediator and Redeemer. AMEN."

The following beautiful address was then delivered by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., B.D., Pastor of the Metropolitan Church, of which the deceased was a member.

Address of Rev. Hugh Johnston.

We are making another pilgrimage to the grave's mouth. We stand once more in the presence of death. Our beloved brother sleepeth the last long sleep. He has exchanged earth for heaven; he has exchanged mortality for immortality. He has departed to be with Christ, which is far better. In his own home, so recently entered, surrounded by dear ones who never wearied in their devotion to him; by kind nurses, constant in their watches; by physicians, who expended all their skill in their efforts to preserve his life; by his wife, whom he loved with so strong and tender an affection; by his little children, dear to him as his own life; by parents, whose hearts he had never caused a pang; by a cherished sister and dear brothers and friends, suddenly the last messenger came. But death did not find him unprepared, for with a simple, child-like faith he rested upon a loving Saviour, and calmly pillowing his head upon Jesus' bosom was enabled to fall asleep in Him. We give thanks to-day for the grace and mercy which sustained

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him at the last; yet is the cup of thanksgiving winged with saddening tears. Death is nearly always veiled in mystery and draped in sadness; but there are elements of special sorrow in this dispensation of God's providence. Why was he thus cut down in mid-life—not an aged tree with bending limbs, but the young and thrifty upstart from its roots? Why should one of our foremost business men, in the very fulness of his life, be taken away? Why should the husband, the strong and vigorous man, the desire of the eye, be taken away at a stroke? Why should these little children be left fatherless? Why should he be removed? Ah! we know not from what dangers, what temptations, what trials of life he has been taken. We know not now, but we shall know hereafter. That is enough, and so in resignation we close our lips, and in silence drop the tear. We cannot to-day, through our blinding tears, read this page in the book of Providence, but the light of the future shall dispel our gloom, and we shall catch the brightest views of His love, while—

“ Above the rest this note shall swell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.”

We are here, dear friends, to improve the lesson Providence is teaching us. Is this death premature? Is this life unfinished? Is this beautiful floral representation of a column broken at mid-height, a true emblem of his death? Is this life unfinished? Charles Massey has done the work that many have required a long life to accomplish; and yet I never prayed harder for the life of any one than I did for his. But it could not be done. I loved him, and my place to-day is in heart with these mourners. We were college boys together. How he welcomed me when I came to this city! What long and earnest conversations we had together! I had the joy of receiving him into the Church and witnessing his deepening earnestness and zeal, and feeling that out of this new and blessed experience of Christ would come a higher usefulness in the Church of his affection and choice. When I visited him in his sickness, how joyfully he received me! He felt that death was coming; but I always prayed for his recovery. I had thought of nothing else, and was looking forward to a rich spiritual blessing coming from this illness. On Tuesday afternoon, as I bent over him, I said “Charlie, are you

trusting in Jesus?" and he replied with a smile, "Yes, Hugh." "You are feeling perfectly safe?" I asked. "Oh, yes, I am so happy," he said. Still I could not give him up, and after praying to God that his life might be spared, I said: "You don't feel grieved at our praying so earnestly that you may be spared to your wife and family, your business, and your Church?" "Oh, no!" he replied; "if spared, I would live for God alone; but He knows best." And so, in trust and resignation he was permitted, without a protracted struggle, to pass away into the life that is immortal. He is safe and happy to-day—far better, and safer, and happier than he ever could be on this earth. Can we wish him back? Would we call him back from his place before the throne? His light has gone out here, but it has only been transferred to the many-mansioned house of the Eternal Father. Blessed consolation of the gospel! What could we do without it? It tells us that he whom we mourn, though dead unto us, is alive with Christ—though absent in the body, is present with the Lord. It tells us that he is not removed to any far distance, but merely from one room into another. He says: "Next Sunday I shall be looking down upon you in Church." I cannot trust myself further to speak of the tender relation that existed between our departed friend and the family that is bereaved. God of the widow! comfort the stricken heart. Father of the fatherless! take care of these little fatherless children. What a son he was, and what a brother, and what a friend! And how kind and considerate a master! I appeal to these hundreds of men that have wrought for him. What a bodyguard of affection do they present to-day, gathered around the grave of one they all loved. Dear friends, I charge you, with this coffin before you—with the day of judgment and eternity before you—that you live for God, for Heaven, and for immortality. God grant you at the last a simple trust in that blessed Redeemer who hath achieved a victory over death, and opened the kingdom of Heaven to all believers. May you have such faith, such repentance, such trust in the promises of God as this our brother had, who has been called away ere yet his manhood's sun had reached high noon. As a pastor, I cannot but note with satisfaction an innovation on what has always seemed to me a heartless custom. There is no sex in grief; and why should women, whose love is tenderest, be denied sharing, as far as their strength will allow, the last sad rites which

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we pay to the sacred dust? Rest, brother; loving, loved, rest!
 Thy battle is fought; thy rest is won; thy labour is o'er; thy
 crown obtained. May we who remain press onward to that shining
 world above where stands the ready Saviour to take us in.

“Up to that world of light
 Take us, dear Saviour;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy forever;
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill;
 And fears of parting chill,
 Never, no never.”

At the conclusion of the Rev. Mr. Johnston's address, the follow-
 ing hymn, No. 850, was sung, and the service was then brought to a
 close:—

Shrinking from the cold hand of death,
 I soon shall gather up my feet;
 Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
 And die, my fathers' God to meet.

Numbered among thy people, I
 Expect with joy thy face to see;
 Because thou didst for sinners die,
 Jesus, in death remember me!

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!

Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
 And, certified that thou art mine,
 My spirit, calm and undismayed,
 I shall into thy hands resign.

No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
 Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers;
 My Light, my Life, my God is come,
 And glory in his face appears.

Employer, Friend, we mourn for Thee !

By John B. Harris.

[Lines suggested at the burial of Mr. C. A. MASSEY.]

BESIDE the spot which holds thy clay
We stood amid the wintry cold,
And saw the tomb's dark doors unfold
To hide thee from our sight away.

In long, unbroken, silent lines,
We watched the mournful cortege come,
Which bore thee to thy lonely home
Beneath the waving, murmuring pines.

While each dark bough and tender stem,
Clad in its glistening robe of snow,
With cadence soft, and accent low,
Sang plaintively thy requiem.

And all their burden seemed to be
The echo of our hearts alone ;
In sad and muffled monotone—
“ Employer, Friend, we mourn for Thee !”

We left thee to thy long, long rest,
In that lone mansion of the dead,
With sweet flowers strewn about thy head
And garlands blooming on thy breast.

And long within our hearts shall bloom—
Sad memory ever fondly tend,
The sweet forget-me-nots, O Friend !
Which cluster round thy honored tomb.

We miss thee 'mid the ceaseless roar
And din of quick-revolving wheels,
And o'er our hearts dark sadness steals,
Rememb'ring thou shalt come no more.

Soft be thy rest : sleep tranquilly,
Though still our hearts in voiceless pain
Keep beating on the sad refrain—
“ Employer, Friend, we mourn for Thee ! ”



Memorial Service.

A large congregation assembled in the Metropolitan Methodist Church on Sunday morning, February 24th, attendant upon the Memorial Service to Charles A. Massey. The employees of The Massey Manufacturing Company were present in a body.

The occasion was appropriate and impressive, reviewing the lessons of the hour and raising all hearts to the source of true consolation. The services were opened with a touching voluntary from the organ by Mr. Torrington, who played with great feeling "Come, ye disconsolate," speaking forth those comforting words: "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal." Also, at the close of the service, as the congregation went from the church, Chopin's Funeral March was beautifully rendered upon the organ. During the offertory the choir sang with great pathos the beautiful hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."

Following is the order of the services :—

Opening Hymn.

(No. 845)

The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-lived beauties die away.

Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, and death devour,
 If heaven must recompense our pains ;
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of God remains.

Prayer.

BY THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

“O LORD, from whom cometh all good desires and every good and perfect gift to man, we thank Thee that in Thy good providence we are permitted, as many of us as are here assembled, to come into Thy presence and to call upon Thy name. We would recognize Thy goodness : we would remember Thy love : we would bow ourselves beneath Thy hand, and say, ‘It is the Lord ; let Him do what seemeth to Him good.’ We thank Thee, that though Thou art high and lifted up, yet Thou art with Him of a lowly and contrite heart ; Thou dost look down from Thy throne and listen to the cry of Thy humble followers here below. With more than a father’s love—with more than a mother’s tenderness—Thou dost yearn for all the souls Thou hast made. Thou appealeth to the deepest and tenderest and most sacred feelings of our nature, and doth say, ‘If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him ?’ May we therefore come as little children to a loving parent, and ask for the gift of the Holy Ghost—the Holy Spirit of God, which is able to beget us unto true and perfect peace and unto full salvation.

“We would confess, O God, our manifold offences and shortcomings before Thee. We have erred and strayed from Thee like lost sheep. We have done that which we ought not to have done

and have left undone that which we ought to have done, and there is no good in us. Yet Thou, in Thy great mercy, art able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto Thee. We therefore commend them that are penitent to Thy favour and love: May they bring forth fruits meet for repentance. O Lord, give us the spirit of true repentance of the heart, that we may lead a life that will glorify Thee on earth, and bring us at last to the eternal joy that waits those who do Thy will.

“We would recognize Thy providence, O God, in all Thy dealings with us. Again and again, and yet again, hast Thou spoken to this congregation. To each one of us, again and again, on the threshold of this new year, hast Thou spoken loudly to our hearts. Let us recognize Thy boundless providence in our preservation. Let us feel that Thou hast spoken to our souls. ‘He that hath an ear, let him hear.’ In Thy holy word, O Christ, Thou dost represent Thyself as standing and knocking at the door of our hearts. Thou art knocking by Thy holy word—by repeated admonitions—by the still, small voice of conscience—by the Spirit of God Thou art speaking to our souls. Thou sayest, ‘Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.’ May our hearts be open to a reception of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus! Open Thou our hearts to an understanding of Thy word. Open Thou our lips and our mouth, that they may show forth Thy praise. Open Thou our eyes, that we may see the wondrous things out of Thy law; and may we be so instructed and taught by Thy providence, O Christ, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. May we learn to number our days! May we realize that the fear of the Lord is truth, and that to depart from iniquity is understanding!

“Grant to those more especially afflicted by bereavement and the dispensations of Thy hand, the comforts and consolations of Thy grace. Thou dost not willingly afflict the children of men. Thou hast said, ‘That no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.’ May we all be exercised unto godliness by the solemn strokes of Thy hand, for we know that all things—no matter how untoward and disastrous they may seem—shall work together for good to them that love Thee.

We are called according to a purpose, and may we submit to Thy will! We should love Thee with our poor hearts, so that, beneath a frowning providence, we may recognize the love—the tender, everlasting love of God; that we may cheerfully pass under the rod, and flee for refuge to the hope that is set before us. O Lord! comfort the hearts that are aching with sorrow and loss! Thou, O Christ, who didst weep with the sisters of Bethany; Thou, who dost sympathize with the sorrows of all good creatures, pour in the comfort and consolation of Thy grace, and give joy and peace to their hearts. ‘May the present light affliction, which endureth but for a moment, work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!’ May Thy providences lead us to repentance—to greater faith—to a closer walk with God, and a fresh consecration of ourselves and all we have and are to Thy service; and to renewed diligence, while Thou dost lengthen and prolong our days and increase our opportunities of service. May we so work while the day lasts that we may hear Thee say, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’

“Bless, we pray Thee, O Lord, all the assemblies of Thy saints—the holy catholic Church throughout the world—wherever holy words are lifted up unto Thee. Thou, who walkest among the golden candlesticks, pour out Thy Holy Spirit upon those who name Thy name.

“Bless our land and nation. Look upon Thy servant Queen Victoria, and so replenish her with Divine grace that she may do Thy will and enjoy Thy favour. Bless our empire: Grant that no weapon turned against her shall prosper. In all things may Britain have the pre-eminence—an excellency of glory in Thy sight. May the blessing of God rest upon her for many generations. Bless all lands and kings. Thou, who art King of kings and Lord of lords, hasten the day when every knee shall bow to Thee, and every tongue confess Thee; when all men and nations and people may be saved through the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.”

Singing by the choir, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,” from the oratorio of “The Last Judgment.”

Reading of the Holy Scriptures, taking for the lesson the 14th chapter of Job.

Hymn No. 225 (a favorite one with the deceased)—

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

There is a welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good ;
There is mercy with the Saviour ;
There is healing in his blood.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the favour of our Lord.

Sermon.

By THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

“For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”—PHILIPPIANS i. 21.

How wonderful this declaration of the apostle! It is not the language of surprise, but of calm assurance. It is not the language of uncertainty, but of satisfactory persuasion. And was he not qualified to pronounce upon such a subject? He had been caught up to the third heaven, where he wandered over hills of frankincense and mountains of myrrh; where he walked along beside the sparkling waters of the river of life and through the shining streets of the city of God. He had listened to the accents of the angelic bands and had been ravished with the songs of the heavenly choir. Having beheld the glorious vision, he was carried back to earth, but he knew no language by which to tell of the matchless splendors of that other world. Not that he was forbidden to declare the revelations of his raptured vision, but he found no medium through which to convey

them. Yet in no hesitating manner does he declare the immediate blessedness of departed saints, and in this epistle describes himself as in a strait betwixt two, "having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." "Nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." It is a question with him of immediate reward or of prolonged usefulness. As he looks forward to the joy that awaits him in heaven, his spirit at a bound would go to partake of the inheritance of the saints. Yet his zeal for Christ would urge him to struggle on faithfully and give his life for His cause. While successfully engaged in his important mission, prosecuting with a fearless heart and tireless energy the work of his Master, the happiest man on earth; nevertheless, he deliberately judged that to die would be his gain.

Behold him at last reaching forward to that gain. His warfare is accomplished, and the apostle, the hero, the martyr goes to his death. See him led out to execution beyond the city walls, on the road to Ostia, the port of Rome. Surrounded by a small troop of soldiers, he walks through the dusty streets of that busy metropolis under the bright sky of an Italian midsummer. He is taking his last earthly journey, and rejoices to follow his Lord without the gate. The place of execution is reached. With his neck upon the block, his clear voice rings out: "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 as his head rolls off under the swordman's stroke, troops of shining angels surround his spirit, and while they welcome him home, there floats down the immortal cadence—

"TO DIE IS GAIN."

The apostle was of the highest order of Christians. Yet to every real believer "to die is gain." Wherever Christ is believed in, death is a gain and a triumph leading to an unfolding life beyond. We believe this was true of our dear brother Massey.

I. Contemplate first this morning the subject of which the apostle speaks—Death—"to die." We must all die. The event is a certainty. It is appointed unto all men once to die. Every one must go to the grave. Every hour three thousand of our fellow-creatures

enter into the dark valley. Three thousand voyagers with dimmed eyes and ghastly faces every hour embark for that strange land from which no traveller returns. *Must I die? Must I die?* is a question we need not ask. The event is sure. It is a universality. The strokes of death are universal: its triumphs are seen everywhere. Never was empire more extensive; never was dominion more absolute. More destructive than ancient Goths or Vandals, this arch-enemy of mankind demolishes every fabric of beauty and shatters every form of grace. *Death* triumphs over the strong as well as the weak; triumphs over the young as well as the old. His kingdom is the land without order. He wears a thousand forms, and approaches men by a thousand avenues—by pain, by the cough, by fever; while some by strange and sudden accidents have the silver cord loosened and the golden bowl broken. His arrows level all to the dust; his sceptre is over all.

The event is solemn. It is a dread and awful thing to die. Death, even to the believer, is an enemy. There is a natural shrinking on the part of all from dissolution. It is a solemn thing when that which we have so often spoken about, thought about, and tried to realize, is actually upon us. Is it a trifling thing to die? Oh! what sensations crowd into that moment when a man puts his hand upon his forehead and feels the death-drops gathering there; when his dimming eyes see the darkness gathering and the shadows increasing. How many have felt these sensations? To everyone of us such a moment must come, we know not how soon. Prepare for it, my friends, everyone of you—prepare for it. We cannot tell what death is. We know it has a power over the body destroying its senses; but it has no power over the spirit, for the soul goes forth from its tenement of clay to the God who gave it.

Death, again, dissolves all the tenderest ties of nature and affection. In this life we become wedded to the sights and scenes around us; we become endeared to what is familiar to us. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun." What delightful objects surround us on every hand! But death sunders us from them all—parents are separated from their children; husbands from their wives; brothers from their sisters. There is an instinctive longing toward those we shall never see again. How we look at them! How fondly we gaze upon them! But in the strange wrench

of death the beautiful form so changes that we cry out, "Bury my dead out of my sight."

Another bitter element in death is its loneliness. Dear friends, we must die alone. Alone we must go on that dark, mysterious journey: perhaps for the first time in all our existence utterly alone! Our friends surround our bedside, but they cannot go with us. To the Christian, the presence of Christ breaks the solitary journey; but to many of you there is nothing beyond the grave but the dark Styx, into which alone you must plunge.

This brings us to the most terrible part of death—its sting. This it is that gives to death all its terrors. The death of the body is not the full infliction of the penalty. The second death treads in the steps of the first, and it is the fear of this that makes the sinner shudder and tremble, and be willing to struggle with any load of troubles and cares here, rather than fall into the hands of the living God. There are those who carry about with them from day to day the terrible secret of sin. Sinful deeds lay heavy upon the heart. They are like dark spots that will not come out, the remembrance of which gives dread and remorse. It is these which make sinners dread the approach of death. There is no retreat when we encounter this grim enemy. Prepare for its approach, my friends. "I cannot speak falsely to you—you *must* die!" said a physician to a skeptical young man, who found himself face to face with death. In tones of despair he said, "I have stifled conviction; I have fought against God; I have resisted my mother's pleadings. Now I must die! And do you know what that means?" he added, in an awful whisper; "It means, that if I die to-day I shall go to hell! Tell me, oh! tell me, I am not going to die!" But to those whose sins are forgiven, death is disarmed of its sting. They hear the voice, as did the patriarch of old, "Fear not to go down to the grave. I will go with thee, and will bring thee up again." When the daughter of Martin Luther lay on her deathbed, her father, approaching her, said, "My dear child, my beloved Margaret, you would willingly remain with your earthly parents, but if God calls you, you will go." "Yes, dear father," she answered; "if Jesus calls, I will go." "Dear girl, how I love you!" the stricken father replied. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is indeed weak." Then, taking up the Bible, he read to her, "Thy dead men shall live; together with My

body shall they arise;" and added, "My daughter, enter thou into thy resting-place in peace." She turned her eyes toward him, and said, with touching simplicity, "Yes, father," and fell asleep.

II. This brings us to the second part of our text: *To die is gain.* Death to the Christian is gain. "Wherein is the gain?" you ask. The loss of all the evils of our present state, I reply, is, in itself, an immense gain. To be beyond all sickness, pain, and suffering—what a gain?

"The languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
The quiet, immovable breast,
Is heaved by affliction no more!"

All the sorrows of the mind, too, will be removed, and we will be taken to that haven of rest where nothing can harm us, and where, with rapturous joy, we can join with the heavenly host in singing praises to our King; for "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

Again, it is a gain to the Christian in enjoyment. To enter the eternal home of the believer is to be forever blest—is to be in our Father's house, where all we love are clustered, and where the soul is free and happy. Further, to die is a gain, not only in enjoyment but in development. How suddenly the soul expands and unfolds! How immense and perfect the knowledge we acquire! How, with the angels, we will warble thanksgiving unto God as we soar through the heaven of heavens, following hard after Him. Think of the progress our departed friend may have made during the twelve short days he has gone. Could we know him as he now is; you high spirit that is walking by the river of life! Only a few days ago we were bending over his palid form, and stooped to catch the utterances of his feeble breath. We felt saddened that he should be taken away in mid-life; but now he is enjoying the companionship of the spirits of just men made perfect; in the midst of the angels of heaven, in the land where the King is seen in His beauty, where mortality is swallowed up of

life. "The Lord shall be thy everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." To die is gain, for it is to be with Christ in His glorified presence. And, to the Christian, Christ is heaven, and heaven is where Christ is.

Another gain to the spirit is the joy experienced in looking forward to that which is to be revealed at the resurrection. When the Christian dies, his body returns to the dust whence it came, but the spirit ascends to the God that gave it life. The soul is not buried in the grave. It lives and acts we know not how. The Scriptures teach the immediate blessedness of departed spirits. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." Soul and body are not joined together. The body sinks into dissolution, but the spirit joyfully "awaits for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body." This is the full reward. This is the final restitution of all things. "Then shall be brought to pass the saying which is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." The body is raised in incorruption, and power, and glory, and fashioned like unto Christ's own glorious body, the whole nature, redeemed, purified, and glorified, shall revel in the exceeding weight of glory, and shall transmit along the echoes of eternity the song of Moses and the Lamb. Then will end, dear believers, the sorrows and afflictions of this world. "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Such reflections as these are appropriate on the present occasion, when we come to gather up some lessons from the life of one whom we trust, is now sharing that glory. Charles A. Massey was born in the County of Northumberland, Province of Ontario, on the 20th of September, 1848. When three years of age his parents removed to Newcastle, where his father established a manufacturing business. Young Charles matured rapidly, and in early life gave great promise of business aptitude and ability. As a prominent business man recently said, "Charles never was a boy; he was always a man." The usual school-boy games and sports had but little attraction for him. On the other hand, he always evinced a strong interest in machinery, and made it a special study; the result being that he mastered one of the special departments of manufacturing connected with his father's business. He next spent the years 1864 to 1866 at Victoria College, Cobourg, where he was a general favourite with the students, making friends for life among his school-mates, and among the tears shed at his grave

none were more sincere than those which fell from the three mourners who were his intimate companions during his college days. He then graduated from the Commercial College in this city, where he showed marked business capacity, and afterward took a course in the Military School. In the year 1867, before he was 19 years of age, when his father was temporarily absent, Charles took the whole responsibility of the business, and continued his connection with it ever since, only ceasing on the day he left his office to return no more. Since 1870, he was the efficient head of the great business in which he was reared, and his thorough-going activity has been demonstrated by its rapid extension and development on every hand. As a business man he was highly moral in all his dealings; diligent, industrious, ambitious, and honourable; of a high character and with an even disposition. His influence with those with whom he came in contact could not but be wholesome and elevating. While destined to be a leader yet he never thrust himself forward in any way. In the midst of harrowing cares and perplexities, not an impatient word escaped his lips. His dealings with his workmen were just and kindly. Any grievances on the part of the employees were listened to and carefully considered. None were sent away with an unkind answer. The problem of the relation between capital and labour, between master and workmen, was here solved; and on the day of his burial there was no more touching expression of sorrow and sympathy than the beautiful wreath of flowers—the workmen's tribute—bearing the words: "Employer, Friend, we mourn for Thee;" and no sorrow was more manifest than that which was seen on the faces of that noble body of men. Fellow-workmen, he was deeply interested in your welfare. Among the unfinished labours of his life were the reading-room, library and hall, now in course of erection, where he designed that your interests might be cared for. He did not live to see the fulfilment of this cherished plan, but it shall be carried on and completed in his memory. During his illness, when sleep could not be had, he was thinking of what he would say to you when you should be gathered in your new place of meeting for the first time. Alas! you shall never hear his voice again; but if from the heights above, if from out the heavens he could speak to you to-day, or on that day, what would he say? "Workmen, brothers, friends, live for heaven; live for God; give your hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ. Seek first the kingdom of God, and all things else shall

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be added unto you. I had my errors and faults; follow me as I followed Christ. The mistake of my life was that I did not more publicly avow my indebtedness to Christ. Oh! trust in Jesus. You can pillow your head upon His bosom in the supreme moment of life; you can commit the sorrowing wife and the bereft little ones to His care and fear no evil. Fellow-workmen, live for immortality! live for heaven."

There is one caution to business men I have to utter—a caution against overwork. Charles A. Massey fell at mid-life from overpressure. Drive your business, but do not let it drive you. Hold fast the reins, and do not let the swift steeds run away with you and dash out the forces of your life. How many are dropping around us from an excess of labour?

Another thought is: Conduct your business alone for the honour and glory of God. What our friend did from selfishness or worldliness is all perished and gone; what he did for God alone remains. After his connection with the Church, as we were such close friends, I brought the matter before him of the Christian's duty in carrying on his business for God. The question of systematic giving also came up. He saw his duty, and said that just as soon as the profits of the business came into his hands, one dollar out of every ten would go to God's cause. I have no doubt that was his purpose if God had spared his life.

In the home his affection and love shone radiant as a star. Married in 1870 to Jessie Fremont Arnold, his devotion as a husband was rarely equalled. God comfort his stricken wife! And how his children loved him! His little boy said to me on the sorrowful day of his death: "I can never forget papa. He was so kind." And his little sorrowing heart said: "The world is very different from what it was this morning." He received a thorough religious training from his mother, and early took an interest in Christian affairs. For years he was identified with the Newcastle church, where he played the organ. In 1882 he became a member of this church, on the memorable Sabbath when the entire family—father, mother, sister, and brothers—were received into fellowship around this altar. For some time past (says the brother to whom I am indebted so largely for this sketch) there had been a deepening of the spiritual life with him. He and his wife commenced reading the Bible through together. His

last mark was on the 31st of January. During his illness the presence of the Saviour was felt by him, the quivering shake of the hand and the shedding of tears indicating his depth of feeling. As the end approached he became more and more inspired with a living faith in God, and when the fatal moment came, and the loved ones of the household were gathered around his couch, he said: "I am going soon. It is all right. Oh, I am so happy!" With everything desirable in life before him he yet joyfully submitted to his Father's will. He continually testified to the preciousness of Jesus, and said: "I never thought there could be such happiness on a dying bed." While magnifying Christ's free grace and the abounding mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ he did not overlook his own unworthiness. "I have made a mistake in life in not more publicly acknowledging my God," he said. He gave directions regarding his business affairs, and loving counsels to the dear ones around him. Every effort of the highest medical skill was tried to save this life, even to that most difficult operation, the transfusion of blood. "It is no use," he said, "you had better let me go. It is hoping against hope." And as the brave girl who had offered her life-blood to save him passed out of the room, he murmured, "Poor Minnie, she has suffered so much to save my life." Soon the last moment came, and without a tremor of fear his freed spirit passed upwards to the skies, and Charles A. Massey was no more. For him we need not shed a tear. For him to die we believe was gain. Bereaved household, look up. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Husband of the widow, comfort this smitten heart; and Father of the fatherless, take care of these little children. This snapping of heart-strings reminds us that we are dying. The night is coming. With this peaceful dust before us we take up the prayer:

"When by our bed the loved ones weep,
And death-dews o'er the forehead creep,
And vain is help or hope from men,
Jesus, our Lord, receive us then."

Prayer.

BY REV. MR. JOHNSTON.

Closing Hymn.

(No. 863)

Weep not for a brother deceased,
 Our loss is his infinite gain ;
 A soul out of prison released,
 And free from its bodily chain ;
 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.

Our brother the haven hath gained,
 Out-flying the tempest and wind ;
 His rest he hath sooner obtained,
 And left his companions behind,
 Still tossed on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.

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,
 For ever and ever shall last.

Benediction.

BY THE PASTOR.

Addresses of Condolence.

Among the many manifestations of regard shown by the numerous friends of the deceased, none will be remembered longer than the kindly spirit which prompted the presentation of a beautiful and chaste address of condolence to the bereaved wife and children by the employees of The Massey Manufacturing Co. This address, handsomely framed and executed, together with a large crayon portrait of the deceased employer, were formally presented to Mrs. Massey and the children on Friday evening, March 14th. At the same time a handsome memorial album containing an appropriate address was presented to Mr. H. A. Massey.

These presentations were made through a committee representing the employees (numbering over 400) of the company, at the residence of Mr. H. A. Massey, in the presence of the foremen of the various departments and attaches of the office, with their wives.

Address

Of the Employees of The Massey Manufacturing Company to the Widow and Children of the deceased Employer on the occasion of their sad bereavement.

To the Widow and Children of the late Charles A. Massey, Vice-President and Manager of the Massey Manufacturing Company, who died on Tuesday, Feb. 12th, 1884.

DEAR MADAM AND DEAR CHILDREN :

The employees of the Massey Manufacturing Co. desire to convey to you, through the medium of this Memorial, an expression of their profound sorrow at the removal by death of your husband and father, and their deep sympathy with you in your hour of bitterness and trial.

When we recall his worth and goodness, and feel, as we do more and more each day; how much even we shall miss him, we realize to some extent our utter inability to use any form of words which can bring comfort to the hearts of those to whom he bore the sacred relation of husband and father.

But we trust that when time and Christian fortitude shall have in some degree alleviated your pain, shall have bound up the broken tendrils now torn and bleeding from the pangs of separation; when you shall have learned to think of him with resignation as one who has attained to a higher state of being—to an immortality of bliss from which even you would scarcely call him—then the assurances of our love and respect for him, which we herewith endeavour to convey, may have some influence in mitigating your grief. Among so large a number of men there were naturally degrees in our intimacy with our employer. Some of us remember the day he was born, some were his playmates and school-fellows, some have known him all his life, and some were comparatively strangers. But among us all there is only one feeling, that of universal sorrow at his untimely removal from the work he took such pride in, from the position he filled so well. Of his qualities of heart and mind we cannot speak too highly. Tender and true, though not given to outward demonstration, his sympathy was always sure and always eminently practical. Not content with mere words, his hand was always open to afford timely succor to the distressed, and many of us have cause to remember his generosity in the hour of our need. Calm and self-possessed in the face of the many trials and perplexities inseparable from so large a business, his brow was always unruffled, and his eye serene. No loud word, no angry exclamation was ever heard from him. And yet his presence was always felt, his guiding hand always apparent. His was no narrow soul which sits on some low eminence and sees impossibilities on every hand. His place was on the mountain-top amid those noble spirits who are ever in the van of progress—whose armor is always bright—the men who lead the world. Had his physical strength been commensurate with that of his mind, to what position might he not have aspired in the future? With a firm and comprehensive grasp of affairs unattainable by ordinary men—clear in judgment and prompt in action, he was eminently fitted to lead in any enterprise we might engage in. And when we add that he was pure and spotless in his life, honest and fair in all his dealings, we feel that we have described one who was entitled to bear without reproach the grand old name of “gentleman,” in the full and true significance of the word.

As he lived so he died. When he realized that his work was done; when he “saw the hand we could not see which beckoned him

away," he submitted without a murmur. The calm steadfastness which never forsook him did not forsake him now, and the gentle nature which was at all times moved by the sufferings of others, refused to permit another to suffer for him, even while there was yet a hope of saving his own life.

As one by one we passed and said farewell to the peaceful and beautiful face upturned in its more than earthly serenity, our thoughts were carried far beyond this world. We saw him crowned and clothed in white raiment, amid the glorious company of the Redeemed, who passing through sufferings great, have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

To you, his widow and children, even these remembrances will for a time be vain. You will dwell only on the thought that he is gone, that you shall see him no more. For many years you will start at the opening of a door, at the sound of a footfall on the stair, will stretch out arms amid the darkness; and your wounds will bleed anew under the cruel hand of disappointment, as you realize again and again that earthly doors shall open for him no more, that his step is silent forever, and that your arms clasp only the empty air. Poor mother! poor children! our hearts are sore for you. Would that we might comfort you. But we know that there is only one source of comfort in such a trial, the ever-present love and faithfulness of Him who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. To that Love and Faithfulness we commend you.

" May all love—
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow you;
The love of all your people comfort you,
Till God's love set you at his side again."

Signed on behalf of the Employees,

JNO. B. HARRIS,
W. F. JOHNSTON,
W. N. ALLIN.

TORONTO, Feb., 1884.

Address

To H. A. Massey, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—

The Employees of The Massey Manufacturing Company are desirous of tendering to you some expression of the grateful and loving remembrance in which they hold the name of your son, the late Charles A. Massey, and of their sincere sympathy with you, and with his mother and his brothers and sister, in the great bereavement which it has pleased the Almighty to send upon you by his death.

We have, therefore, to request your acceptance of this Memorial Volume as a token of our appreciation of his uniform kindness, forbearance, and justice to us all; of our deep sorrow for his loss, and of the affection and reverence in which we shall always hold his memory.

In speaking of him we feel that to you, sir, we owe a double duty. Not only have you been bereaved of a son who, in respect, obedience, and filial devotion, was a pattern to all other sons, but you have also been deprived of a partner who was to you as your right hand, one whose grand success in building up the business with which you had entrusted him, and which was his pride, had given him a proud position in the great world of commerce. Held in lofty estimation, not only because it was the synonym of success, but because the guarantee of everything honorable, straightforward, and of good repute, the name of Charles A. Massey was honored and respected wherever it was known.

Therefore, although we cannot pretend to fathom the depth of sorrow which must thus, doubly smitten, be yours, we can appreciate to some extent the intensity of the emotions which must have filled your breast as you stood beside the dying pillow of one on whom your earthly hopes so strongly centred; can imagine the shadow of almost utter despair which gathered about your heart as he breathed to you his last farewell. Were it not for our faith in God, we should be tempted to cry out against the apparent injustice and cruelty which doomed to death so useful and so good a man, one so well fitted for the position he held, and whose future was so bright before him.

But we dare not question the decree of Him who knows the end from the beginning, in whose hand are all our ways, and who is able to make all things work together for good to those who love Him. Though we suffer all the pangs of what may appear to us a cruel separation, it becomes us that we should bow our heads in submission to His will, and constrain our hearts to say, in broken accents, and with wavering faith, at first it may be, yet still to say, "He doeth all things well."

And how much of joy should mingle with your grief. You have blessed evidence that your beloved has not gone forth into darkness or into the shadows of death alone. During the last moments, while the eyes of those who stood around his bed were filled with blinding tears, his eyes were dry. While theirs saw nothing but the pain and bitterness of death, his had already caught the light of immortality. Hands were stretched out to him from the celestial brightness, beckoning hands which, waving aside the dull shadows through which we see, disclosed to him a vision of glory so ineffable in its splendour, so holy in its radiance, that even round the cold face of death its halo seemed to linger long after his spirit, leaping upward gladly, had been borne on wings of light to its eternal home.

Rejoice, therefore, that although you have lost him for a while, he is not lost. In some fair mansion in his Father's Home he awaits the coming of those he loved—father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife, children. You shall meet him again. The envious grave shall hide him from your sight no more. You shall walk with him in white robes amid the assembly of the blessed, whose names are written in heaven. We pray that all our lives may be so ordered that we may experience the truth of his favorite hymn:—

" If our love were but more simple
We should take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the favour of our Lord."

Signed on behalf of the Employees,

MATTHEW GARVIN.
JOHN B. HARRIS.
W. N. ALLIN.
W. F. JOHNSTON.

Resolutions of Respect

TO THE

LATE MR. CHARLES A. MASSEY.

The following resolution was passed at a meeting of Binder Manufacturers, held at London, Ont., Feb. 15th, 1884 :

Moved by Mr. J. K. Osborne, of A. Harris, Son & Co. (Limited), Brantford, seconded by Mr. J. H. Tilden, of Gurney Manufacturing Co., Dundas :

“That the Binder Manufacturers of Canada, desire to express their profound regret for the death of Mr. C. A. Massey, and wish to extend their sympathy to Mrs. Massey and family. Among his brother manufacturers Mr. Massey was greatly admired and respected, not only for his personal qualities, but also for his energetic business abilities, and for the stimulus he has always given to the advancement of mechanical enterprise, and his early demise has filled our minds with feelings of sorrow and regret that so promising a career is thus cut short.”

(Signed)

A. COCHRANE,
Chairman.

RESOLUTION passed by the stockholders of The Massey Manufacturing Company at their annual meeting held at the offices of the Company, February 27th, 1884 :—

Moved by Geo. Metcalfe, seconded by J. H. Stanton, and

Resolved, That the shareholders of The Massey Manufacturing Company desire to express their most profound sorrow and regret for the severe loss sustained in the sudden removal by death of their late honored and respected Vice-President and Manager, Mr. C. A. Massey, and also to convey to the bereaved families our most sincere and heartfelt assurances of sympathy in this their most trying hour.

GEO. METCALFE,

Sec. and Treas.

Monograph

On the character of Charles A. Massey, by a business Friend.

Comprehensiveness and originality of mind were predominant qualities in the subject of our sketch. He aimed at all times to stand upon a height where the whole field was before him; where he could see for himself, could direct the movement of any portion of his force, or cause the whole to work together with that precision and regularity without which the most powerful organization must in a greater or lesser degree come short of the hopes formed for it.

He was not content to plod. There was nothing of the automaton in his constitution. While warily mindful of indisputable landmarks, and willing to recognize and acknowledge excellence in any system or department, his ambition was to carve out a path for himself by the shortest and most direct way. He was born to be a leader among men, to direct, to plan, to devise the best and simplest methods of arriving at given ends, and by his force of will and determination of character—tempered always by the gentleness and modesty which were peculiarly his own—to lead (not to drive, he had nothing of the taskmaster in his nature) to lead others to follow him with a confidence born of experience and justified by many triumphs.

And while he displayed wonderful power in the management of men—genius it might almost be termed—in the arrangement and disposal of often conflicting elements into one symmetrical and harmonious whole, he was at the same time prudently attentive to details. Like a careful and skilful general on the eve of a battle, he was not content with a mere general knowledge of the situation. He knew every point of vantage along his line—carefully strengthened the weak places—saw that arms were bright and ready for use—that each man was properly accoutred—ammunition in his belt, prepared to do his duty. Like all successful men he was industrious. He grudged no amount of labor for the attainment of an object where such labor was necessary. Unfortunately he could never be induced to spare him-

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self. He was of the racehorse variety of man. When the bell sounded and the word "go" was given there was no other object in sight for him but the goal. As well attempt to restrain the charger when the bugle sounds the onset as talk of rest and recreation to him when there was work to do. We might pause here a moment to remark that, however admirable such a spirit may be—however much of the world's progress is due to the untameable energy, the unquenchable eagerness which scoffs at difficulties and surmounts or levels all obstacles in its onward way—there is a sad side to the picture. The green grass is sprouting to-day over thousands of manly hearts prematurely worn out by the never-ending strain to which they have been subjected—thousands of pulses stilled forever which, but for their impetuous, headlong, unrestful pace, might still be beating on in health and useful life.

It is too often the case that the love of money is the inspiration which drives men to overwork themselves, and sometimes to transgress the rules of morality, not to speak of religion, in the acquisition of its darling object. No such charge will lie against the memory of our dead friend. While desirous of wealth, it can be heartily said by all who knew him that he desired it not for itself alone. The only value money possessed in his eyes was its power to convert his ideas into realities, to aid his far-reaching, boundless enterprise, and to minister to the comfort of those he loved, and he never coveted a dollar which rightfully belonged to any man. In this respect, as in all others, his life was squared by the golden rule, often quoted and often disregarded, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." Spotless in his integrity, no temptation could entice him from the straight path of truth and rectitude. He recognized in all his actions a higher and nobler law than that of expediency, and scorned to take advantage, even when he might have done so without fear of detection. In all his dealings with his customers, his correspondents and his workmen, while rigidly mindful of the interests of his Company, he was none the less careful that every man should receive what was his due. He could not touch a dishonest dollar—his word was his bond, his promise faithful as the returning sun. Apart from moral obligations altogether, (and we need scarcely say these were paramount in his esteem,) he recognized the common-sense truth, that honesty is really the best policy after all. That it pays best in the long run. With this view every article he manufactured

was required to undergo the severest tests before being sent forth to do its work. No paint to cover defects. No putty to fill holes. No shams of any kind were ever allowed, with his knowledge, to pass from the workshop. All such things were an abomination to him. Every man connected with the establishment clearly understood his wishes in this respect. The best of everything, best machinery, best material, best and most conscientious work. His ambition was that the name of The Massey Manufacturing Company stamped upon any article should be a name to conjure with—should bear with it a guaranty of excellence unquestioned and unquestionable. This, of course, is not the place to recount the results of such a policy, and we only touch upon this portion of the subject at all to illustrate the fact that his conscience entered into all his work, that it was to him a thing of reverence, a monitor whose perceptions were perfect, a counsellor whose lightest word was law.

It may sound like a paradox to say that, with all his energy, his restiveness under restraint, and his general go-aheaditiveness, if we may use the term, his self-command and calmness of temper were almost perfect. Many men of excellent parts are constantly being wrecked on the rocks of impulsiveness, irritability or impatience with the faults of those around them. Few men, perhaps none, inherit this desirable possession, and it is only to be acquired by long and patient discipline of self, by a continual warfare with the natural passions and infirmities which are the heritage of humanity. But to him who has conquered, who can present a calm exterior under the most trying circumstances, who can still be patient when patience has almost ceased to be a virtue, there would seem to be no difficulty insurmountable.

Our lamented friend was a noble example of such a man. Though of an extremely sensitive nature, and keenly alive to the many small annoyances which are often more intolerable than larger troubles, he had so schooled himself that his temper was proof against the most galling assaults, and though sorely tried at times, it had become proverbial among his workmen, his friends, and all who had business intercourse with him, that no loud word ever fell from his lips, no frown ever darkened his brow. There can be no victory more noble than one such as this. To overcome in the conflict with our passions and evil propensities, to feel that we hold them one and all in subjection to our will, is a triumph more to be desired than gold.

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Clearness of perception and unerring judgment were also prominent traits in Mr. Massey's character. He was not to be imposed upon in matters of business. Familiar with all the details of his work, and blessed with an exceedingly retentive memory, he was never at a loss when important matters were to be decided; and when the decision was made, it was made once for all. With him there was no wavering, no turning back; when he had concluded a bargain his part was carried out if within the limits of human possibility. He seemed to bear with him a sort of personal magnetism which attracted many friends. This attractiveness may have lain simply in his goodness of heart and his gentle and modest bearing to all, high or low, who came in contact with him. Whatever it was, whether it lay hidden in his soft and lustrous eye, or in the delicate lines of his face, we cannot pretend to say; but that he possessed this power in a remarkable degree is certain. Rough, strong men, unaccustomed to tears, wept like children when he died. Men of business visiting his office, and coming suddenly upon his empty chair, have turned away incapable of speech and left their business undone. These and innumerable other evidences of the strong feelings entertained for him we cannot linger over now, however lovingly we might desire to do so, and we must hasten to the end.

It is sad beyond expression to think of a life of such promise so suddenly cut short. What a future stretched away before him! Had he chosen to enter the arena where worldly fame and power are the prizes contended for, there can be no doubt that he would have won high distinction, not alone by his talents and abilities, but also on account of those qualities of heart and mind which are sure passports to the love of all good men. He chose, however, as many other noble souls have chosen, to walk in the subdued light of a comparatively restricted sphere, rather than beneath the blazing sun. And who shall say that he did not choose well? His has been no aimless life. Though his career was short, he has left the marks of his progress on every foot of ground—monuments nobler far than many having their foundations in human misery, cemented by the blood of husbands and of sons, wet with the tears of the widow and the orphan—monuments of enterprise rewarded—courage triumphant, duty well done, a stainless life, a calm and fearless death, a memory which shall be kept green in a thousand hearts until they, too, shall lie down in the silence and darkness of the grave.

The Good Die Not !

WITH silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth,
His mercy still.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought ;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel :
The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given ;
They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven.

—Whittier.



