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To our dear

Oldest,

From

Pa

Aug 5<sup>th</sup> 1876

Brantford

Ans

**RECORDS OF A VANISHED LIFE.**

McLEISH & Co., PRINTERS,  
102 Bay Street, Toronto.

Records of a Banished Life.

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LECTURES, ADDRESSES, ETC.,

OF

JAMES COLTON YULE, M.A.,

*Late Professor of New Testament Interpretation and Evidences, in  
the Canadian Literary Institute:*

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A M E M O I R,

BY HIS WIFE:

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A FUNERAL SERMON,

BY REV. R. A. FYFE, D.D.

AND

SOME ADDITIONAL PAPERS.

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TORONTO:

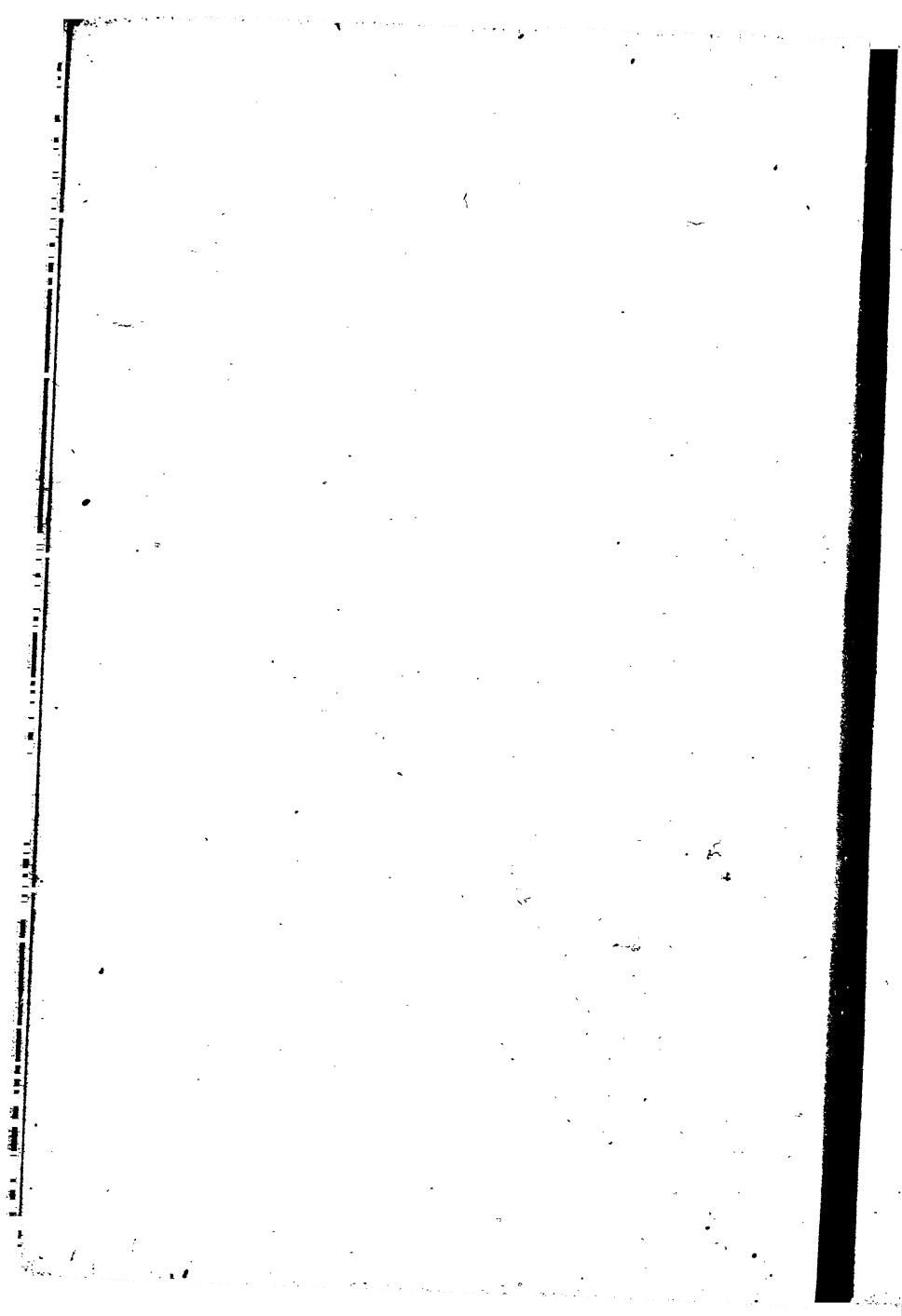
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*To Young Men, especially the Students of  
the Canadian Literary Institute, to serve  
whom, had it been the Father's will, he would  
gladly have remained for many years, these  
brief Records, of one who loved them much, are  
respectfully inscribed by the*

**AUTHOR.**

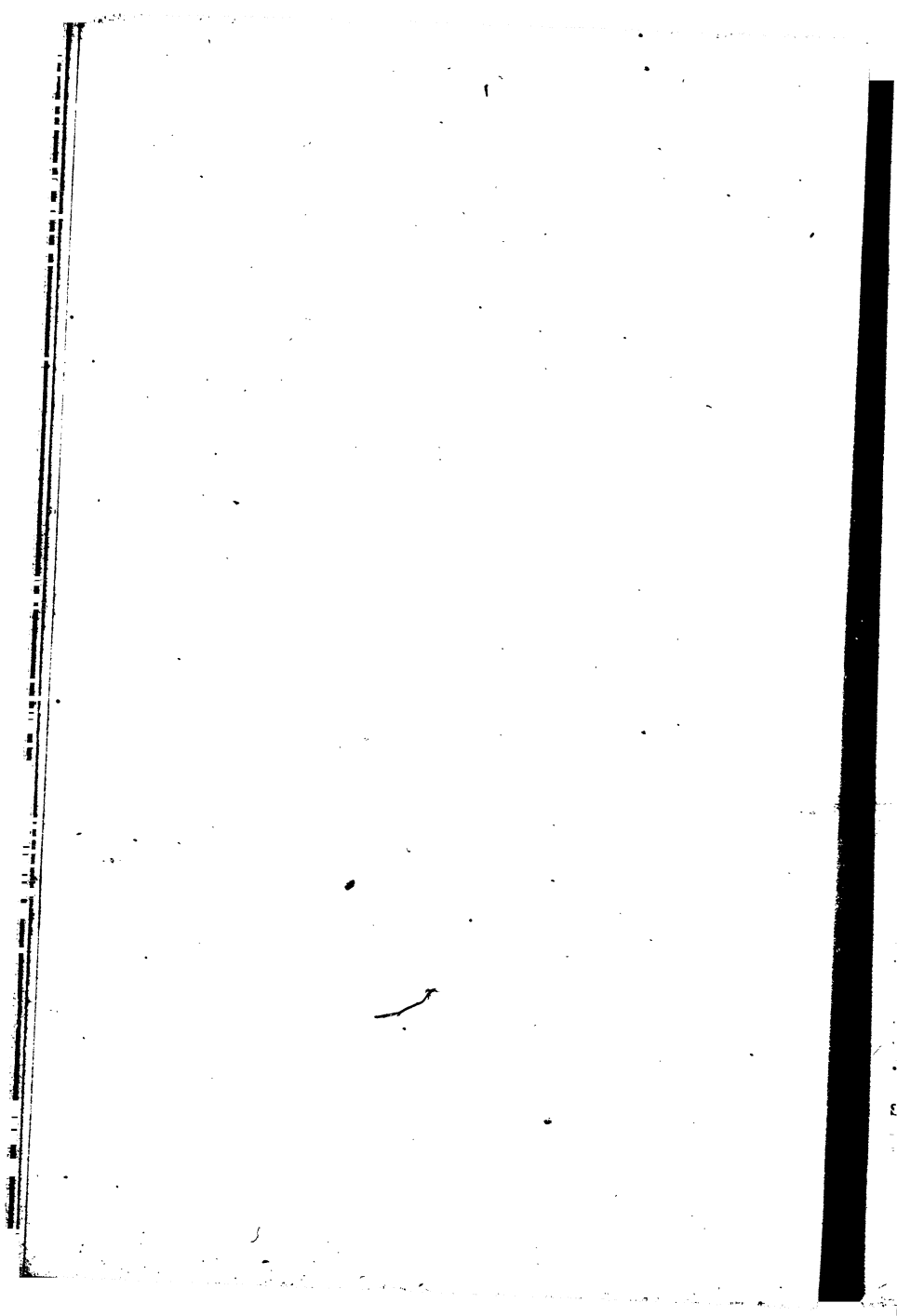




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MEMOIR  
OF  
JAMES COLTON YULE, M. A.

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IN preparing this brief memoir of my dear, departed husband, my purpose is not so much to enter into the details of a life which, in its earthly aspects, boasts few specially distinguishing events, as to endeavour to gather from it some simple lessons of the power of Divine grace to lift its possessor up into the light of a *new* life, whose secret forces are with Christ in God,—of that grace which ensures the victory over earthly corruptions and besetting sins, and which gilds the sunset of mortal life with a glory in which earth has no share. Such lessons, those who knew and loved Mr. Yule will find it sweet to trace, and from their study some, for whom he laboured and prayed, may gain an impulse towards those high ends he kept so constantly in view. Possibly, by perusing these simple records, some yet unsaved one, tired of sin, and longing for release from its cruel bonds, may be encouraged to

place the hand of faith in the loving hand of Jesus, and be led up by the same shining way to the attainment of the same blessed inheritance.

Mr. Yule's early life, in its main features, did not differ very widely from that of others born in the country, reared by conscientious Christian parents, and educated in the rural "district schools" of Canada. Naturally studious, and of a quick, ready mind, he soon ran the round of the subjects taught in those schools; and, when little more than fifteen years of age, armed with the requisite "certificate of qualification," he began the work of common-school teaching, in which, with varying success, he continued for about five years.

This was a portion of his life upon which he ever after looked back with mingled regret and satisfaction. It was a period in which much was learned that in after years had to be wearily unlearned, some habits formed which cost him years of painful effort to overcome, and some mental traits strengthened and intensified, which the most persistent self-discipline never brought to the exact level he himself desired. But, on the other hand, there was much gained during those early years, which he regarded as of inestimable value. Those habits of carefulness and frugality in which he had been reared, and which inadequate wages made at this time a stern necessity, went with him through life, and to his latest day were matter of deep thankfulness to God. A certain quiet confidence, too, in his

own mental powers, partly the result of being forced during this period to grapple with difficulties into which he usually carried an unflinching determination to conquer, lay at the foundation of much of his subsequent success in scholarship, and furnishes an explanation of that contempt of mediocrity which, as a student, so strongly characterized him.

Those years had their influence, too, not wholly adverse, nor yet altogether favorable, upon his religious development. He became a Christian not far from the time he commenced teaching, but it is doubtful if his spiritual growth kept even pace with his mental. Yet it was during this period that the great question of giving himself to the Christian Ministry forced itself upon his mind, and became matter of serious and prayerful consideration; and it was in hopes of being better able to decide this momentous question that, in the winter of 1861, he came West, and enrolled himself as a student in the Canadian Literary Institute.

On that memorable night, when, with all a young man's ardent hopes and daring plans he was nearing Woodstock, around which, as a centre, gathered in after years the highest ambition and the fondest hopes of his life, and where were put forth his latest efforts for usefulness,—at that very hour the remorseless flames were devouring the Institution he sought, and his first glance at it revealed only a blackened and shapeless ruin. But provisions for re-opening and carrying on the school were speedily

made, and he was enabled to enter at once upon his work.

It is generally, and perhaps justly, thought a hard matter for a student to maintain spirituality of mind while engrossed with study. If poor, he is specially tempted. He feels that he has but little means, and that little must be made the most of. His object in seeking an education is a laudable one—possibly nothing less than the Christian ministry—and he easily persuades himself that everything else should bend to the attainment of that object. Every hour of time costs money, for the next supply of which he must, perhaps, quit his books and go out to teach, or labor with his hands. At first, probably, a small portion is taken from the time usually devoted to the study of the Scriptures, then that for secret prayer is trenched upon, until, little by little, these precious moments are sacrificed; then needful exercise is given up, and finally sleep; and thus both soul and body, cut off from their proper sources of strength, become enfeebled, and react upon each other with deplorable effect.

Mr. Yule, with others, felt this tendency of study to repress religious growth, and in after years realized painfully that in himself spiritual progress had not been in the proportion to intellectual he could wish it had been. Hence, the frequent and earnest appeals he made to young men entering upon a course of study to watch their own spiritual tendencies with most jealous care, and guard against the earliest symptoms of decline.

From 1861 to 1865, he was engaged in study, either at the Institute or in Toronto, or else in teaching to gain means for prosecuting his studies. The last winter he studied in the Institute he taught a few classes, at the same time carrying on his own work; and from that time his powers of physical endurance were never the same.

Several of his friends noted with serious anxiety his excessive toil, late hours, and inadequate exercise; yet, though often warned of the possible consequences, he flattered himself, like most men accustomed to the fearless exercise of their own powers, that there was no risk. Heretofore he had always rallied after severe effort—what possible reason could there be why he should not still do so? Thus too often it is: while honestly believing we are only removing obstacles to our progress, we are unwittingly, but really, preparing our own graves.

In the Spring of 1865, he received an appointment to a Mission field in the Eastern Townships of Canada. Up to this time he had never fully decided to enter the ministry; but he readily accepted the appointment, and accordingly, with much trembling and self-distrust, proceeded to his work. His success, on the whole, encouraged him; he loved the work, and felt his spirit strengthened by it and his zeal increased. His letters of this period evince a growing consciousness of the magnitude and importance of his work, a deepening humility, and an increasing earnestness for the salvation of souls.

But the weakness of his voice, and the difficulty he at this time experienced in extempore preaching, left him in the Fall still undecided in regard to his future course.

He returned to Toronto, at the close of his labours as a Missionary, to prosecute his studies; but in the following winter he engaged again in teaching, and in the succeeding Spring, immediately after his marriage, opened a private Grammar School in Brantford, where he remained for about two and a-half years. His little school in Brantford was one in which he took great delight. His "boys," as he proudly and affectionately termed them, under his strict and careful training, made rapid progress; and he soon found that the work he began with doubt and hesitation had become a real success.

Here he entered upon a closer and more systematic study of the Greek Scriptures than he had ever before been able to give them; and, until about two weeks before his death, no matter how sorely taxed with other work, whether travelling, or visiting from house to house, he made them his daily study. Even when burdened to the utmost during the weeks of his University examinations, *they* were never neglected. The lesson for each morning was usually prepared the previous day; and when, as rarely occurred, this preparation was not made, the next day he taxed himself with double duty. But in Brantford, too, he worked too hard. From early morning till bed-time he gave himself no rest. In



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addition to his regular pupils, he usually had one or two night or morning classes, besides occasional pupils whom he met at their own homes; while, at the same time, he devoted every spare hour he could command to hard study, preparatory to matriculation in the University of Toronto.

At length, on the first day of October, 1868, after many difficulties surmounted, but with health sensibly impaired, he took possession of his new home in Toronto; and with a glad heart entered at once upon his longed-for work.

This was the beginning of a new era in Mr. Yule's Christian life; and during those years he carried on a struggle for self-conquest, for higher attainments in the knowledge and experience of Divine things, and for purity of heart and aims, such as few Christians even attempt. It was a struggle he never gave up, a conflict from which he never swerved, until he realized that the victory was won. Then, with rest full in view, and with his countenance radiant with the joy of a warfare successfully accomplished, he told me much I had never suspected, of this "fight of faith," this conflict with a depraved nature, and of the victory he had achieved "through the blood of the Lamb."

Before entering upon his University course, he greatly desired to secure some religious work to do in connection with it; for he felt unwilling to devote so many years as he intended to spend in study, wholly to himself. He felt that those years belonged

to God. If spared to accomplish the work of self-culture he planned, the remnant of his days would be wholly given to the Master's service; but, if cut down in the midst of that work, what good account of his stewardship would he be able to render, if, in the meantime, he had attempted no work for Christ?

At first he thought to find something to do in the Sabbath-school in connection with the church of which he became a member; but there the different departments seemed already filled with able and efficient workers. He next turned his thoughts to a city mission. To discover a locality where such a mission was specially needed, he traversed miles and miles of the city, studied the wants, and weighed the relative advantages and disadvantages of different localities, finally mapped out a section of the city, and, with some of his brethren, had already formed prospective plans of work, when circumstances arose to change or modify those plans; and, after several months of anxious seeking he found himself still with no clearly-defined religious work before him. "Will you join me for one week in prayer that God will give me some definite work to do?" Such was his almost sorrowful request one day, when, after long seeking and much prayer, what he sought seemed long withheld and hard to find. The request was complied with, the "week of prayer" was observed, and in His own time the Master answered the petition.

Some six or seven miles from Toronto is the old

Baptist Church of York-Mills. Its house of worship had become weather-beaten and dilapidated, its membership had dwindled down to seven, and for some time its pulpit had only been filled as supplies were sent by the city churches. To this field his attention was directed. He visited it, and felt that something could be done there. A generous Christian brother in the city offered him a horse and conveyance for Sabbath use. Some self-denying students, like-minded with himself, consented to assist him in Sabbath-school work; and, accordingly, in the Autumn of 1869, he opened a Sabbath-school in the old York-Mills Chapel, and in connection with the same faithful brother above-mentioned, undertook to see to the regular supplying of the pulpit.

An interesting Sunday-school was soon gathered, God blessed the faithful presentation of His own truth, Sabbath-school instruction began to bear fruit, and young persons who were converted and added to the church became teachers in the school and helpers in the work. The old chapel was removed and set upon a new, strong foundation, the whole edifice renovated and remodelled, with class-rooms and baptistry added, the adjacent grounds enlarged by the purchase of more land, a substantial fence put round them, and a temporary sidewalk from the chapel to Yonge Street made it possible throughout the year, as it had scarcely been before, for all who wished, to attend Divine service.

. But these brief statements comprehend a work

which extends over about five years of time, and include labors, on the part of Mr. Yule, as arduous, and vigilance as untiring, as usually fall to the lot of most settled pastors. In addition to occasional preaching, he superintended the school, taught a Bible-class, led the prayer-meetings, and carried on a monthly "Young Men's Meeting," besides not unfrequently working with his own hands upon the chapel, or at some other necessary work in connection.

Often and often, with his Greek Testament in his pocket, and probably a University Text-Book in his hand, he traversed the country where his Sunday-school scholars and church members were widely scattered, dropping into their houses for a few minutes in a place, to read, converse, and pray, and at the end of the long weary day returned on foot to his home in the city, to resume, early in the morning, his usual task of study or Sabbath preparation.

Many times my own heart sank with dreary misgiving as I saw all this heavy toil superadded to regular work of alarming proportions; but the recollection of that "week of prayer," the thought of all that earnest secret pleading with God, in answer to which this special work had been given, the constant prayerfulness with which I well knew every step in it was being taken, would check the rising remonstrance, and I could only say, "It is for the Master, He himself will see to results."

At length those long six years of toil were ended,

Scholarships, prizes, and medals had been won; but what were they?—Nothing, and less than nothing, in comparison with the fact that he was now fully equipped, intellectually, for the great work to which he looked longingly forward; and withal, his health, as we fondly trusted, was unimpaired. He was tired, a great deal run down—so we reasoned—but a few months' rest would set that all right, and then, long quiet years of uninterrupted work for Christ. But he was not satisfied. With regard to intellectual preparation for his work, he expressed no misgiving; but he began to long more earnestly for a deeper spiritual preparation. He often spoke of this, and the time he spent in secret prayer showed he was intensely in earnest. Often have I unthinkingly opened his study door to find him on his knees.

One night he lingered long in his study. He did not wish for a lamp—the night was beautifully clear, and he seemed disposed to meditate. I left him early, and retired to rest, for I saw he wished to be alone. After a long time I awoke, but he was not with me, the house was strangely still, and I felt a vague fear creep over me that he was ill; but at length, ascertaining that he was still engaged in his study, I composed myself again to sleep. Hours passed by, and the night was wearing on towards the dawn, when, thoroughly alarmed, I rose and spoke to him. He came quietly and sat down beside me on the sofa. "Don't distress yourself about me," he said, very gently, in reply to my anxious

inquiries; "I am quite well, but I wanted to be alone with God. What! have I spent so many days and nights in study, and shall I now feel one night too long to spend in wrestling with God for the blessings I need?" I saw before me a soul awfully in earnest, what could I say? A solemnity like that of eternity filled the house,—he was dealing with God, and God with him, how dared I interfere or remonstrate? I left him; and retired to my room to weep and pray alone. Towards morning he retired to rest. The secret of that night's struggle was never told, but its effect was seen in his life.

During the period of his University work he had only preached occasionally. He resolved that, for the remainder of the time previous to his going to Woodstock, he would supply the pulpit at York-Mills himself. In the early part of June, as he was preaching from the text, 1st John, iv. 10: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins;" he suddenly experienced a difficulty in speaking, and soon discovered that a slight hemorrhage of the lungs had set in. He finished that sermon, and it was his last. During the week another and more copious discharge took place. This fully aroused our fears, and he resolved to attempt no more work that should tax his lungs, but endeavour to get a thorough rest preparatory to taking up work in the Institute in September. Strictly adhering to this resolution he found himself gaining strength and vigor, the tendency to

hemorrhage seemed quite overcome, and, when he reached Woodstock, in the end of August, he seemed about as well as ever.

But here a sudden calamity darkened all his prospects; and the shadow that in an instant fell upon his heart and his home, was never lifted. It continued to wrap him more and more closely in its heavy folds, until, after weary months of battling with disease, he passed from it into the ineffable glory where there is no more shadow.

A few days before his work in the Institute was to commence, while cutting some wood, he gave himself a severe wound in the foot. This, though in itself serious, would not probably have produced any lasting injury, but for the confinement and heavy work that followed. As there was no one to do the work assigned to him, he at once made arrangements with his classes to come to his house for their recitations; and, for about nine weeks, taught them and prepared his work while unable to get out, or take any exercise except on crutches. Considerable of his work was either new or had been studied years before; he scorned to meet his classes with insufficient preparation, and thus, between teaching and preparing for it, he so undermined his strength that, when at length he was able to walk about, his vigour was impaired, his lungs gave unmistakable signs of increasing weakness, and before the winter was past the tendency to hemorrhage was alarmingly increased.

In the low state of his system it seemed, too, im-

possible to avoid colds; these were invariably attended by a cough, and the result was, that his work in the Institute had to be given up at the end of the second term. It seemed now that some special effort for the re-establishment of his health must be made at once; and, accordingly, he resolved to go to Manitoba as soon as navigation opened, hoping to be, as many others had been, invigorated and strengthened by the bracing atmosphere of the North-west. This decision some have regarded as imprudent and ill-advised, but there were others who strongly urged it; and his own judgment, influenced by the favorable reports that were continually reaching him, decided him upon it as his best and wisest course.

He reasoned that, if he built up his constitution in a warmer climate, he could never hope to be again able to endure, for any length of time, the climate of Canada; hence, in seeking health at the South, he must also seek work there,—whereas, if he succeeded in re-establishing his health in a cooler climate, he might reasonably hope soon to be able to resume the work here, upon which he had so set his heart that no effort or sacrifice seemed to him too great, if it might enable him to perform it. His students, the young men of his own denomination, the cause of Christ here,—how could he think of another field, another country, another people? No! here was his work, and he must do it,—he *must* live and be strong!—there was so much to do, the field was so vast, and earnest, willing labourers, so few!



In the latter part of May, while visiting the Institutions in Rochester, he became indisposed. This indisposition became serious while in Toronto, a few days after, passing the examination for his degree of Master of Arts; subsequent colds brought on pleurisy and inflammation, and by the time he was sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey to Manitoba, it was near the middle of July.

Not, however, to be diverted from what he believed the only proper course for him, he set out, and reached Winnipeg on the 2nd of August. But soon after—and, indeed, throughout his stay in the Northwest—he found he had been widely astray in his calculations. The season there, as here, was exceptionally cold and damp, it was already drawing well on towards the early autumn of that country, and after a few hot, debilitating days in August, he began to find the prairie winds too bracing; he shrank from them, and could only endure the open air by sitting in the shelter of the houses, or basking in the sun in some place wholly protected from the wind.

But here it is useless and painful to particularize. Probably no one ever struggled more persistently or more manfully to build up a shattered constitution than he did, during the time of his stay in Manitoba. Whatever his slender purse could procure, which he thought would facilitate this one end, was obtained, but all in vain. The inevitable fever, the cough, the fatal night-sweats, would not be bribed or turned aside. As the autumn advanced, the effort to bear

up against the increasing cold and the pitiless prairie winds, became more and more hopeless. He saw it was useless to prolong the struggle; and, weak and weary, yet still undaunted, he turned his face homeward.

He left Winnipeg late in October, and after a journey of two weeks, replete with hardships, and which it would almost seem the weary longing for home alone enabled him to perform, he reached Woodstock.

Home!—how he had longed to be there! How he had battled with fatigue, privation, and hardship to reach it; and never did weary wanderer sit down with sweeter content by his own fireside than he. That old familiar arm-chair—how gladly he cast himself into it, and folded his thin hands to rest where he had rested so often in brighter, happier years! His own bed—how sweet to stretch his tired limbs upon it, and rest his hot temples on the cool pillows as of old, when those temples throbbed only with aspirations of health and hope! His own table, spread by hands of whose ministries he had been so long deprived—his books, those dear, old companions, every page of which was like a long-loved face—how precious they all had grown to him!

“O, it’s good to be here! it’s good to be *at home!*” he would often exclaim, opening his eyes after a long quiet sleep in his arm-chair, with a smile of most child-like content upon his face. “How I’ve wearied for this old chair!” he would sometimes exclaim,

nestling down among its cushions, as thought wandered back to Manitoba, and recalled the sick craving of those lonely months for his far-off home.

Is it childish recalling all this? Is it weak thus giving it a place among memory's sorrowful records? Oh, how a glance lives in the mind long after the eye from which it beamed is quenched in darkness! How a word—an utterance—thrills along the chords of memory long after the lips that uttered it are silent and cold! and those subtle chords will, with countless vibrations, repeat and re-repeat it, till the sad, sweet melody stirs the soul to agony.

Home, care, restoratives, the unwearying kindness of friends, the generous solicitude of all who knew him, and of many who did not know him personally,—these were all his, but all were unavailing. Day after day he grew paler and thinner, yet the hope of recovery seemed almost to strengthen as the flesh failed. True, he would often talk of dying, but it was usually rather like one who expected to live than otherwise. He wanted to live—wanted to do his work. Eternity was long, and rest would be sweeter after toil. God's word was a deep mine, he wanted years and years to revel in its treasures, and bring up its untold wealth to the gaze of others. Oh, those young men! there was so much he wanted to tell them; so many fields of hallowed investigation into which he desired to lead them; such exalted aims he longed to set before them! How his eyes would glow and his countenance brighten, as he

would unfold his plans for future work, and revel in the hope of doing it.

Oh, it was hard to undeceive him ; but a day came when it must be done. The eyes that were turning so longingly towards his loved work on earth,—the mind, reverting so constantly to the Institute, the church, the cause of the Redeemer here, must now turn to the undivided contemplation of those eternal realities lying so near, and with which alone he would soon be occupied.

It was Sabbath afternoon, a little less than two weeks before his departure, that Dr. Fyfe very tenderly and carefully informed him there was no hope of his recovery, and that death was possibly very near. He listened quietly, making few remarks, but one who knew him well could see that the announcement had taken him a little by surprise ; not but that many times already he had set the prospect of death before him, and talked of it as probable, yet he had not expected it so soon ; he had not yet given up the hope of possible recovery.

After engaging in prayer Dr. Fyfe left him, and he closed his eyes as if to sleep. For a long time he lay thus ; but at length looking up he remarked, " I feel strange," and asked me to feel his pulse. It was a strong, bounding pulse ; and I remarked, supposing the conversation had agitated him somewhat, that I thought he had an increase of fever. " No," he answered, " it is not that ; *it is exultation!* I thought I would not tell you till morning, fearing it might

not last; but I think it will. I feel that I have developed very fast in the last two hours. I seem to stand on a higher plane than I did. Oh! how I have fought for life; but God is showing me that it is death! Now the long struggle for life, the planning and hoping, and fearing, by which I have been held, as on a balance, are over. Now I *know* my father's will, and it's good!—*it's good!*—IT'S GOOD! Why," and his countenance grew radiant as he spoke, "I'm going to be free—*forever free!*" Then, taking up as a familiar thing the thought of death, he at once and for ever gave up his dream of life on earth, and turned with sweet composure to the contemplation of eternal realities. And there, in the twilight of that Sabbath afternoon, he talked long of the past, reviewing the trials, temptations, and victories of his Christian course, until both our hearts glowed with gratitude to God, who gives his people the victory of faith, and makes them more than conquerors through Christ.

The remaining days of his life were, when able to speak, occupied mostly in religious conversation. He lacked the joyous emotions many experience in the dying hour, and it was in reference to this that Satan made his grand, final assault, endeavouring to found upon that fact a terrible doubt of his acceptance with God. But here, following the example of his tempted and victorious Lord, he met the foe with "the living word," and the baffled monster left him to return no more.

The day before he died we all thought he would talk with us no more; but he roused up from the lethargy of approaching dissolution, and, for about an hour, conversed with his pastor and others upon Scripture themes, with a logical exactness of reasoning, a depth of insight, and a perspicuity of diction, equal to the most studied efforts of which he had been capable in health.

His message to the church of which he was a member was deeply impressive; and a subsequent message which he gave to Dr. Fyfe, for the students, was uttered with a solemnity and earnestness never to be forgotten by those who heard it.

Early in the morning before he died, he had a sinking turn in which he believed himself dying. It, however, proved otherwise; and he felt that, in giving him this experience, God had permitted him to realize the victory over death, even before being called upon to pass through the struggle. "I believed myself dying," he said to his pastor, later in the day, "but God allowed me to come back, to tell you that I met the monster face to face and felt no fear."

At another time, when realizing that death was very near, he remarked to those standing around him: "This all seems very natural. I used to have a great shrinking from death. The thought of the grave,—its silence, its darkness, its chill,—seemed very terrible; but that is all gone, death has no terrors now."

To a kind neighbour who placed a bouquet of very

fragrant flowers upon his pillow, he remarked with a bright smile: "Ah, Mrs. P——, I am soon going where the flowers never fade." The night he died he seemed much worn out by nervousness and difficulty in breathing; and his mind, as at some previous times, wandered a little. Sometimes, after a short sleep, he would look up eagerly, exclaiming, "I must do my work!" and when urged to try and rest again, would repeat with still stronger emphasis:—" *But I must do my work!*"

About an hour before he passed away, he repeated slowly and earnestly,—“I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications; . . . therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.” After waiting a moment, he asked if we could not sing it. The Scotch metrical version of the Psalms was brought, and it was sung to the old air, “Bal-lerma,” his parents, sisters, and brothers, all of whom were with him, joining him in this last expression of his deep love to God.

After listening, with evident satisfaction, to the singing of another hymn, he fell into a short sleep from which he woke suddenly, looked eagerly around him, and ejaculating: “Oh, for breath!” passed quickly away. A momentary struggle, and the tired head was at rest:

“It’s thinking and aching were o’er,”

and his freed spirit had gone to be “for ever with the Lord.”

At this point it may not be unprofitable to pause and look back, and with reverent gratitude record the inexpressible goodness of God to his servant, in answer to special prayer. While in the Northwest, it became evident from Mr. Yule's letters that he was receiving no real benefit from his stay. Prayer, such as could only come from a heart burdened with an agony of solicitude, was offered that, if he must die, it might be at home, surrounded by home-comforts, and sustained by home-care. Many almost marvel how, in his extreme weakness, he made that terrible journey alone. *It was in answer to prayer.*

Again, as the shadows deepened, and his intense desire to do his earthly work seemed almost to neutralize every other desire, the cry went up to God that, if it were His will to remove him, He would so prepare him by Divine grace, that he might not only acquiesce in that will, but rejoice in it; accepting it as not only the *best*, but *the most to be desired*. That prayer, as the foregoing statements show, was richly answered; so much so, that he himself remarked, in surprise at his own calm satisfaction in regard to the event, that it seemed to him there must have been "*an accumulation of prayer*" whose gracious answers were being poured upon him at the last.

Again, in agony at the thought of the suffering many endure who die of consumption, a great and bitter cry had gone up to God that he might be spared that intense suffering, so far at least as might be consistent with his good, and the Father's glory.



God graciously heard and answered that petition. Few suffer so little. Seldom, indeed, does any one fade away so gently and painlessly to his rest. And thus it was, also, in respect of temporal things. God, in evident answer to prayer, touching the hearts of His dear people with a most tender interest in him, through them as the faithful stewards of His own bounty, lavished upon him abundant comforts, and crowned his last days with distinguishing favor.

In compliance with his own request, he was borne to his last resting-place by the students over whom his heart had yearned to the last; and there, with his beloved Greek Testament upon his breast, and his cold finger pointing to his last text — “*Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins,*” he is resting from his labours in the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection.

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MEMORIAL STANZAS.

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Droop low, oh mournful April skies!  
And let your sad tears wet my cheek;  
My heart is faint, my hands are weak,  
And Grief sits speechless in my eyes.

Oh, sorrowing Month! oh, Month of tears!  
Oh, grieving Month that weepst slow!  
My heart would bring the heavy woe  
Of this, the saddest of my years,

And, baring thus my aching brow  
Beneath thy slowly dropping rain,  
Would feel its coolness soothe the pain  
That throbs along my temples now ;

And, spreading forth my empty hands,  
Would feel each burning hollow fill  
With drops thy pale, sad clouds distil,  
O'er sadder wastes of wintry lands.

I know each pensive tear of thine  
Hath gladness in it for the earth,  
To wake her myriad flowers to birth,  
To swell the bud or green the pine,

Till all her echoing bowers ring  
With melodies of happy life,  
And all her meadow-lands are rife  
With purple messengers of Spring.

Yet not for him, and not for me,  
Whatever change the years may bring!  
For us, no other earthly Spring  
Shall paint the flowers or call the bee.

He shall sleep on, nor stir, nor wake,  
While changeful seasons bloom and die,  
And Autumns sadden earth and sky,  
And birds the shivering groves forsake.

And I—no after years that rise  
Shall chase from earth's new-opening bloom  
The pallor of the dreary tomb,  
The funeral shadow from the skies.

Yet from beyond, and from above,  
Past burning suns and rolling spheres,  
Streams down o'er all my blighted years  
The light of God's unchanging love

With which one human love is blent,—  
My own erewhile, and mine to-day;  
And, sitting thus beneath the ray,  
I fold my weary hands content.

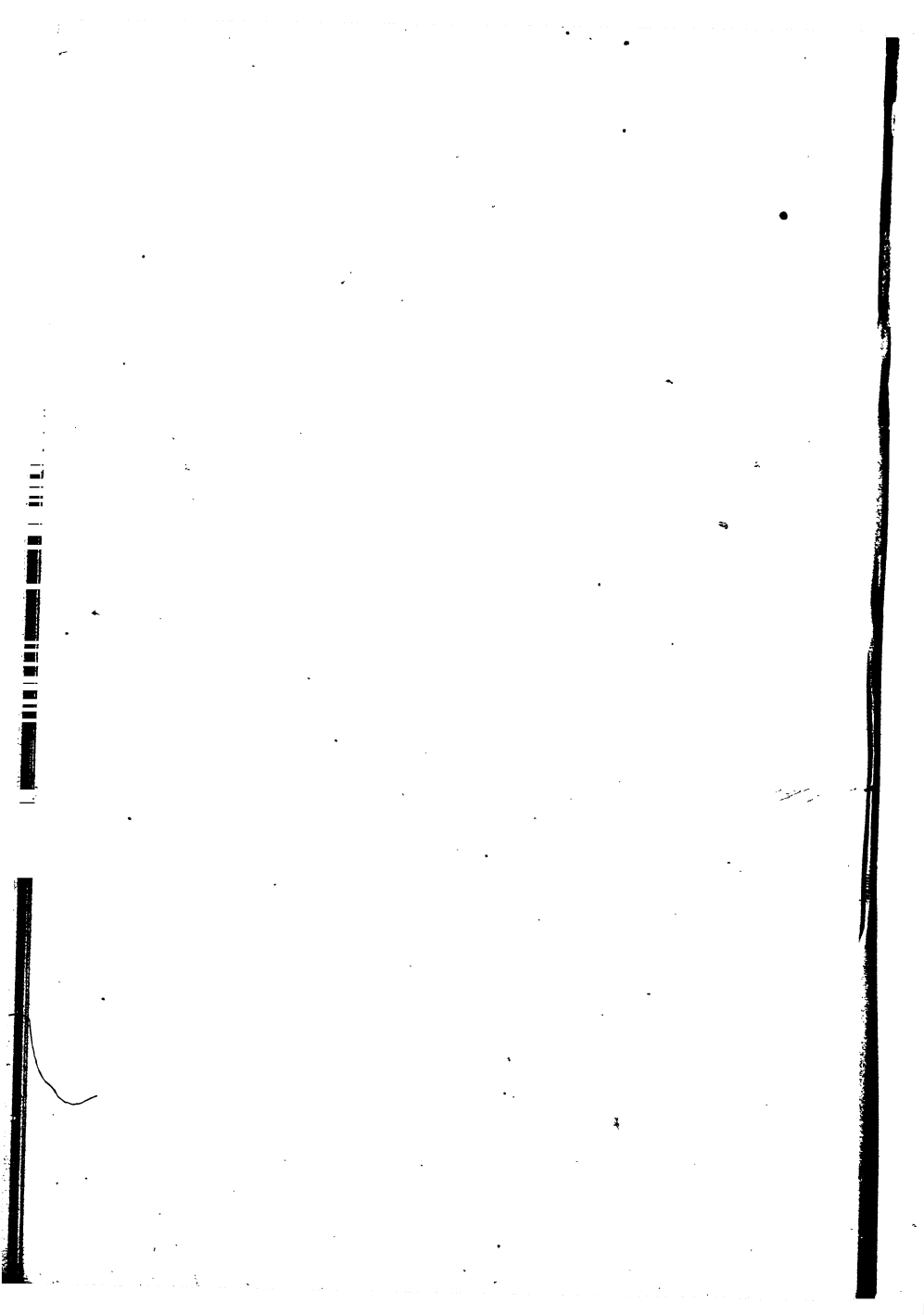
Then weep your tears, sad April skies,  
And lower droop in tearful gloom!  
Earth waits her promised bud and bloom  
From out your shadows soon to rise.

So I in tearful silence wait  
Beneath the shadow of my loss,  
Nor murmur at my heavy cross,  
Nor name his bliss the better fate.

Be mine the toil and his the rest,  
Mine, all the poverty and pain;  
Be his the everlasting gain,  
The unfading crown, the mansion blest.

For good, I deem, the Father's will,  
His patient love, His changeless grace;  
And, though dull sight may fail to trace  
That goodness, faith can trust it still,—

And wait with patience till the day  
Dawn, and the mournful shadows fly;  
And Love, with calm uplifted eye,  
Descry her home *not far away!*



# COWPER AND SHELLEY;

OR,

## THE HUMBLE HEART AND THE PROUD INTELLECT.

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*A Lecture delivered before the* JUDSON MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE  
CANADIAN LITERARY INSTITUTE, *Woodstock, April 3rd, 1867.*

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WE are more than willing that Christianity should be judged by its effects. The religion that does not affect the life is no religion. Of two men in the same circumstances, subjected to the same temptations, the one whose heart has been changed by God's Spirit must have a purer nature and lead a holier life than the other, or else Christianity is a delusion. We go even further than this. Take any two men, place the one above poverty and its temptations, surround him with friends of culture and morality, give him a poetical mind that will deck every thing in the beauty of its own creations, lay at his feet all the treasures of the past,—let him have, in short, everything but the gift of Jesus Christ.

Place the other where you please, take from him what you please—culture and comfort, health and wealth—only leave him a heart made new by the love of God, and however marred his character may be by unconquered sin, it will have a nobility and purity the other cannot have. The fruit on which the Sun of Righteousness has shone, must have a sweetness that the sunshine of this world can never give. The fruit may have grown in the Frigid Zone of neglect, it may have been blown upon by the cold wind of scorn, it may have been ripened by the frost of persecution; but, if the beams of Heaven's Sun have been its life, it will have a richness, a heavenly flavour, that no human culture, no hot-house of sentimentality, ever can impart.

It is with full faith in this principle that we propose to place these two men side by side, and let their words and acts bear testimony. We might spend an hour very pleasantly, to ourselves at least, in comparing the writings and genius of these two men. We might show you Shelley carried off by his imagination to the ends of the earth, yes, and far beyond; while Cowper's imagination runs submissively by his side. Shelley's meaning has to be dug for through metaphor and type; Cowper's meaning lies always on the surface. In reading Shelley, you see everything in a magnificent mistiness, a dreamy indistinctness, that makes you think of the polar regions, where a little sunlight and moonlight and starlight make you doubt whether it is night or day.

But though Cowper's landscapes have not the voluptuous beauty of Shelley's, yet they are clear and distinct; there is no mistaking cloud for mountains, or mist for water.

Cowper's muse might be compared to a practical English housewife who is content to do her home-duties and enjoy her home-comforts. Her own sorrows are hid away under the smile of kindness she wears for every one. She is ever ready to welcome the needy to her snug home that she has made bright with real flowers, and warm with real love. But Shelley's muse is no woman, but a fairy. She will not live in this hum-drum world of ours, but builds for herself an air-castle in the clouds. She lights this airy home with the sunlight of beauty, or the moonlight of fancy. But the poor and the homeless never go there for shelter, for it is too far above human paths and human hearts. We might gratify ourselves thus by weighing the intellects, and balancing the talents of these two writers, or by setting choice passages over against one another; but we must forbear—we have a more important work.

We would have you see Shelley commencing life by ridiculing God and Christ, and striking at everything we count holy and good. We wish you to see Cowper bowing his head humbly before the cross of Christ, and consecrating all his talents to God and holiness. We would like you to see that those two lives were as different as their begin-

nings; that Shelley's rebellious spirit begat a rebellious life; that Cowper's submissive spirit worked itself out in holy humility.

We would like you to see that Shelley was lawless and violent when he had fame, and love, and everything good to win; but Cowper was humble and holy when health was gone, when life was going, when the future was all dark, and he thought himself lost for ever.

We wish very much that some master-hand would draw the portraits of some of our great scoffers, and some of our godly men and women, and set them up face to face, that we might see the black scowl of hatred on the one, and the bright smile of love on the other. There is no scarcity of subjects even in our British Christianity. There is that profligate Bolingbroke, sitting down in his barren old age to cheat the world out of its God, as he had cheated his country out of its honour, and himself out of his happiness and hope. And here is the great Newton coming back from his travels in the heavens, to sit reverently down at the feet of Jesus and learn heavenly wisdom.

There is Mary Wollstoncraft, the so-called wife of Godwin, defending the French Revolutionists, talking Atheism with Tom Paine, ridiculing marriage, following the father of her child from France to England, from England to Holland, and then marrying herself to Mr. Godwin after her own fashion; and here is Lady Huntingdon, belonging



both to the nobility of Earth and the nobility of Heaven, making herself the guardian angel of Whitfield and his friends, and preaching Christ by a holy life.

There is Robert Burns, vainly striving to extinguish the fires of passion in his heart by wallowing in the mire of sensuality, and then leaving to the world and his young wife the blackened character of one who might have been the kingliest of men; and here is Robert Pollok, all on fire with love to God and man, with but time to sing one rapt song before he was consumed.

There is Lord Byron, enthroned on the dunghill of his own filthy thoughts, sneering at his fellows, scowling at his wife, and cursing himself; and here is John Milton, climbing the mountains of his own lofty thoughts, up, up, until the light becomes too strong for him, and then sitting down in his blindness to wait for the heavenly sight and heavenly light of a real "Paradise Regained."

But we have chosen Cowper because he is very often misunderstood,—because we know he was not made crazy by religion, as some have said,—because he was not a misanthrope, as we have heard him called,—and because, quiet and unimportant as his life was, it was yet one of the noblest in its real heroism. We have chosen Shelley, that we might see that a bad belief begets a bad life; that to reject God is to be rejected by God; and that to reject God is to reject the only beauty, the only

nobility. And in these irreverent times of ours, when the patient submission of Cowper is so rare, and when the boyish impudence and irreverence of Shelley are bursting up in the flippancy of our fast young men, it may not be unprofitable to let the light of God's truth down on these two lives, that we may see the worthlessness of the one and the nobility of the other.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born in 1792, eight years before Cowper died. As the French Revolution was then in its rage, we can almost fancy that a portion of the spirit of wild license of that period became incarnate in our young poet. His father was a polished man of the world, whose creed might be told in few words—nothing can be wrong unless it brings disgrace with it.

Although Shelley inherited these loose principles he was a boy of noble impulses; and until he deserted God in his early manhood, there was much in him to admire and love. He was old beyond his years. While other boys were playing ball or robbing bird's nests, you would find him on the sunny side of some hill, playing with his own fresh thoughts—the children of his own mind.

We can imagine we see the shy, dreamy boy going out on a bright May morning, as he tells us, and, sitting down by himself, build a bright future out of the bright sunshine. But his fine structure comes tumbling down at the sound of harsh voices from a school close by, and as he weeps in his dis-

appointment he makes this vow: "*I will be wise and just, and free and mild, if in me lies such power.*"

At the age of thirteen we find him at the public school at Eton, where we cannot help admiring the courage that prompted a delicate boy to refuse to "fag" for the older boys, as was the custom. He resolved not to run errands, or to be a warming-pan, or a shoe-black for any one,—and he kept his resolution. But innocent and justifiable as this resistance was, we see in it the breaking out of that proud spirit which controlled his life.

Shelley hated all restraints, all obedience. To him a command was a signal for rebellion. His maxim was: "Obedience makes man a slave." He would not submit to be under the elder boys, from that it was but a step to disobedience of teachers, and finally he chafed under all restraint, sneered at all superiors, rebelled against all authority.

When he went to Eton he was several years older than his equals; and when he went to Oxford, at the age of eighteen, he was already a man in feeling and in boldness. Going to study at Oxford in the new, busy, nineteenth century was, to Shelley, like going down from the brightness of an Italian summer, to hunt for old lamps and statues in the darkness of Herculaneum. To Shelley the college halls seemed musty with age. The professors seemed like walking mummies of three thou-

sand years ago. To him they were nothing but old fogies—old fossils. Their theories, their arguments, their principles were fossils like themselves. Grey-headed men, and hoary laws, and revered opinions were all met with a flippant sneer.

Upon God and Christianity was laid the blame of all that was wrong in professing Christians. *They* were proud and overbearing, therefore their God was cruel and relentless. Teachers might lay before him the collected wisdom of the past, public opinion might lay down its principles of right and decency, conscience might talk of higher claims, but it was enough for him that his passions, or his pride, or his will, pointed in another direction. Society imposed restraints—then it was a glorious thing to cast off those restraints, and laugh in the face of society. Christianity demanded a life of obedience—then Christianity was a lie. God required service—then God was a tyrant.

As the result of all this, he wrote a treatise to prove the necessity of Atheism; and soon after he wrote "Queen Mab," his first long poem, in which he sets forth his upstart ideas concerning God and man. When he speaks of faith, he cannot restrain the expression of the intense disgust he feels; and his blasphemy of God and Christ is too vile to be repeated. Thus he goes through this world and the world above, and the higher and holier anything is, the more of his venom does he spit upon it. The wife in the home is called a slave, Ch...

on the cross is reviled, God on His throne is blasphemed.

For this defiant, unblushing Atheism, he was expelled from College; and from this time he was like a wandering Ishmaelite, warring and warred against, sneering alike at law, and custom, and marriage, and religion.

At this period of his life he made a practice of opening a correspondence with whatever young lady his fancy suggested. In this way he became intimate by letter with Miss Browne; but her mother interfered, and the correspondence was broken off. No one need regret this, for we cannot doubt that, unhappy as Miss Browne's marriage was, she sang sweeter songs as the neglected wife of Captain Hemans, than she ever would have sung as Mrs. Shelley.

Shelley's history, so far, would not do discredit to any fast young American. He had rebelled against his teachers at school, written two novels, made love to his cousin, corresponded with Miss Browne, looked down upon his professors at college, quarrelled with his father, cursed religion, defied God, been married twice to Harriet Westbrooke,—and all before he was out of his teens.

The next two or three years of his life he spent in roving about, taking with him his wife and child; but with his loose theories of marriage it was to be feared their union and happiness would

not last. With him marriage was but an accommodation. It is true he had said to his wife:

“Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul  
 Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow?  
 Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,  
 And loved mankind the more?  
 Harriet, on thine!—thou wert my purer mind,  
 Thou wert the inspiration of my song. . . .  
 And know, though thine may change, and years may roll,  
 Each flow’ret gathered in my heart  
 Is consecrate to thee.”

Everything seems to indicate that Mrs. Shelley was true to him; but he met with a pretty face, a smarter tongue, and a keener wit,—and so his professions of love and constancy, his marriage, its endearments, its sacred pleasures, might all go to the winds.

Mary Godwin was a deaconess in the *Church of the Elective Affinities*, and though Shelley had no religion, he ought to have been a deacon in *such* a church. He was the oxygen, she was the hydrogen—the *election* was indisputable, and unite they must. Neither society, nor friends, nor children, nor a double marriage, could prevent their union; and so the daughter of the godless Godwin and Mary Wollstoncraft, consented to elope with Shelley, who had been married only three years.

But this is only one side of the story. The poor young wife, deserted by her husband, deserted by her own sweet hopes, sought a shelter from her disappointment and reproach in the darkness of a

suicide's grave. Shortly after his wife's death Shelley married his mistress, who remained his wife during the remaining six years of his life. These years he spent in travelling for his health, principally in Italy. He was an exile from his own country,—there was nothing there that belonged to him but his two children and his wife's grave,—his violent passions, rebellious spirit, and undisguised contempt of religion, had alienated his countrymen, and so he wandered.

But Italy's fine skies, and bright sun, and historic grandeur, and his own creative genius, could not make him happy. In Mrs. Shelley's words he "shielded himself from memory and reflection behind a book." There is something very sad in the closing drama of this wasted life. Leigh Hunt had just come to Italy, and Shelley must go to give him welcome. As Shelley was living on the shore of the Mediterranean, he undertook the journey in a small boat he had just received. He reached Leghorn in safety, enjoyed a few days' pleasure, and started for his home where his wife and child were awaiting him. But the moaning of the waves and the whispering of the winds, were the only tidings of the expected husband. Days and nights dragged themselves into weeks, and then the sea gave up its dead, and the body of Shelley was found on the shore.

This death-scene seems to us but a picture-parody of his whole life. The glittering water and

bounding freedom of the sea of life dazzled his imagination, and captivated his lawless will. He embarked on a frail boat called Human Reason, but he had cast aside the Bible—the chart of truth; the compass of love was not there to point to the Centre of all things; a storm of passion gathered and burst,—and Shelley, and his boat, and his sunshine, and his hopes, were swallowed up in that treacherous sea.

The last thing from Shelley's pen was written on that frail boat in which his last voyage was undertaken, as it lay in the bay near his Italian home. He calls the poem the "Triumph of Life;" but it should be called the "Disappointment of Life." Its last words are, "What is Life?" and to us it seems but a sad wail over his own blasted hopes. In this poem the poet visits a beautiful valley, and sits down to watch the crowds bustling past on their business or pleasure. Soon a rumbling noise is heard, an unearthly chariot approaches from which a light flashes that puts out the sun. A rainbow encircles the glorious car, its splendor dazzles all eyes, its heavenly music enchants all ears. Young and old dance around the new sun, sing their rejoicings, and chant their worship.

But the wonderful car is a mockery. It soon sweeps past, and leaves behind it only broken hearts, and blinded eyes, and grey heads, and sad faces, and dreary dreary darkness. And so, in Shelley's youth there danced before him a bright



phantom called "Human Progress," so bright in its beauty as to hide the Sun of Righteousness, and when it passed away it left him blinded to the Heavenly light,—

"An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry."

In his dreamy youth he thought to reform man by human reason. He would proclaim the worth of Freedom, he would sing the beauty of Truth, men would listen and be transformed. Earth would become a heaven. Science and poetry would bring knowledge, knowledge would bring peace, and peace would bring happiness. The force of custom would extract the teeth from the lion, and the claws from the tiger. The angel babe would share his breakfast with the green basilisk. There were to be no rich, no poor. Each man was to have the same sized purse containing exactly the same number of dollars and cents. Man would then be—

"A monarch clothed with majesty and awe,  
His mind a kingdom, and his will his law,  
Grace in his mien and glory in his eyes,  
Supreme on earth and worthy of the skies,  
Strength in his heart, dominion in his nod,  
And, thunderbolts excepted, quite a god."

And how was all this to be effected?—Simply by man's standing up in his regal dignity, and swearing that he will despise faith, that he will be free

from law and pure from crime. But alas for poor weak man, and poor weak Shelley!—his heart was at once better and worse than his head.

In imagination he was a richly-gifted poet—far more so than Cowper,—for that we admire him; he loved man much, for that we give him all credit; but that pride of intellect, that haughtiness of will, that strange alienation of heart from God and holiness, blinded him to all the light and all the beauty that came from Heaven. All that was grand or beautiful in Switzerland or Italy, all that was rich or lovely in ancient art or song, had exerted on him their refining power. He had walked in the grove with Plato, he had groped through Hades with Dante, he had sung on the Jewish mountains with Isaiah, he had sat in Rome at the feet of Raphael,—he had, in short, gone through the world of nature and of letters, and yet he came back with a blind eye and a cold heart, because he took with him the “light of reason,” instead of the lamp of God’s truth.

We charge Shelley with deserting his two children; and his friends tell us he was so affectionate as to curse the law and the lawyers that afterwards prevented his getting hold of those very children. We lay at his door the death of his wife; and they tell us he was so full of love, so unselfish, so benevolent! We charge him with blaspheming God, and they tell us he was very devout, very religious!

Turning from Shelley's life and writings to those of Cowper seems like leaving a dense jungle to walk in a beautiful garden. The jungle may have flowers, but they lack the sweet odor of the violet and the rose. There is growth in the jungle,—growth so luxuriant that the sun cannot penetrate it,—but it yields little that is valuable; it is a place where the toad may spit, and the serpent may hiss, and the tiger may crouch for its prey. But Cowper's life and writings are a garden whose flowers give back heaven's sunshine in their beauty, and earth's richness in their fragrance, where love blushes in the rose, and purity whitens in the lily; and, although it is often under the cloud, there is nothing there to hurt or to destroy.

William Cowper was born in 1731, and lost his mother when he was six years of age. Like Shelley, he was connected with the nobility of England; and like him he was a very delicate, sensitive boy. Instead of a mother's tenderness to help him over his boyish troubles, he had only the rough or careless treatment of strangers.

Some natures would have grown sturdier under the treatment he received and the hardships he endured, but they seemed only to render him the more sensitive, the more delicate, until this sensitiveness grew into an incurable malady in his later life. In the year of his mother's death he was sent from the nursery to a public school, where he endured persecutions from the older boys which

he could never think of afterwards without shuddering. One boy, especially, treated him so roughly that he dared not look up to his face, but knew him best by the buckles on his shoe! At the age of eighteen he left school, as ignorant of religion, he says, as the satchel at his back. From school his father sent him to study law in that nest of London lawyers—the Temple. In the schools he had attended, Christ had been crucified, as Leigh Richmond says, between classics and mathematics; and now twelve years were wasted in a continued round of pleasure, in “giggling and making giggle.” All this time his conscience was becoming seared, and his pocket was becoming empty.

To provide for the wants of his pocket, he applied for the office of Clerk in the house of Parliament, which was at the disposal of a friend; and at the same time God was preparing the treatment that was necessary to soften his conscience. But no sooner did he get the promise of the appointment than he was seized by a host of fears arising from his mental sensitiveness. As this seems to be the beginning of that insanity that afflicted him for a great part of his subsequent life, let us here notice the cause of it. Imagine, if you can, that the whole surface of your body is as tender as your eye. In that state, to touch anything, to sit, or stand, or lie, or walk, would be continued torture. But you would need to feel something analogous to this before you would know how to sympathise

with Cowper. He seemed to be but a bundle of fears and anxieties. He was always brooding over some imaginary danger,—always fearing some imaginary calamity. In the presence of a few strangers he was like a timid child. In his later life he would get a stranger invited to tea, and then could scarcely be coaxed to the table. A journey of a few miles across the country in a carriage was looked forward to, and dreaded for weeks. Such was the nature that was to be subjected to an examination at the bar of the Lords, as to his fitness for the office in question.

The thought of the coming trial kept him in a fever of excitement for months. He went to the office every day to study, turned over the leaves, but saw nothing—learned nothing. He ran off to the seacoast, but did not run away from his fears. Coming back to London was only coming nearer the furnace. In his chambers he lifted up his voice, and cursed the day of his birth. The day of the trial drew near. He had wished for madness, but it did not come. Anything—death itself—before the disgrace of a failure. Great men committed suicide and they were still called great. His life was his own, and could he not do as he pleased with it? The story is told that he engaged a cabman one dark night to drive him to London bridge, intending to throw himself into the Thames. Although the cabman knew the city well, he drove and drove, but could not reach the bridge. Stop-

ing at length, he said he believed the devil was in the cab; and as Cowper was by this time coming to the same conclusion, he ordered him to drive home; and thus, what the cabman had thought was the devil's work, was really God's interference to save Cowper.

Up to this time Cowper's sins had given him no concern. He had thought he was not fit to live—he now saw he was not fit to die. He loathed himself for the meanness of his crime. He opened his Bible, and the first words he saw were: "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" He opened a volume of Beaumont and Fletcher, and saw these words: "The justice of the gods is in it."

Everything preached to him, and everything preached the curse of the law. He tried to exercise what he thought was faith, by endeavoring to repeat the Creed; but he could not remember a sentence of it. His heated brain seemed literally to flash fire through his eyes. He paced his room expecting the earth to open and swallow him up. At length the wearied brain could endure it no longer,—he was taken down to St. Alban's quite out of his mind. For more than half a year he remained in this state, two thoughts having possession of him,—conviction of sin, and despair of mercy.

All the doctor's prescriptions, and his own attempts to be cheerful, only made him "as much

better as despair could make him." Sin, working on a weak constitution, had brought him to the mad-house. God only could deliver him. A train of little incidents—Providence, rather—led him to turn to the Bible that he had cast aside. The first verse he saw brought him deliverance: Rom. iii. 25, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past; through the forbearance of God." His own words are: "Immediately I received strength to believe it, I saw the sufficiency of the atonement, and *my* pardon sealed with his blood. Unless the Almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have died of gratitude and joy. For many weeks the tears were ready to flow if I did but speak of the Gospel, or mention the name of Jesus. To rejoice day and night was all my employment."

But the future must be provided for. If he would return to London he could have an office that would bring him £60 a year. But he never again would visit that scene of suffering and temptation. He cast himself on his Heavenly Father's care, and well was he cared for. He prayed for a home where he could serve God, and God sent young Mr. Unwin to meet him as he came out of church, to invite him home to tea, and, ultimately, to instal him as a member of his family, where he ever after continued to live. God touched the hearts of Cowper's friends to

provide for his wants. He now sends Lady Austin back from France to settle near Cowper, and divert him with her lively conversation and her musical voice. A young man is catching and chaining slaves on the coast of Africa, terrifying even his wild companions by his shocking profanity. But God's Spirit comes to him, renews him, and sends him back to England to become to Cowper and the world all that John Newton became: and thus God cared for Cowper. At Olney he spent eight very happy years. Every day he enjoyed the society of the holy Newton. His letters are full of Jesus. His whole song was: "to God be the glory of my salvation." When he wrote that sweet hymn: "There is a fountain filled with blood,"—he did not write—"there *may* I," but he wrote:

"there *have* I, though vile as he,  
*Washed* all my sins away."

In those happy times there was no doubt of his acceptance. To read God's Word, to sing His praises, to visit and pray with the poor, and to tell God's goodness to every one, were his daily employments. But it was not to be always summer with him. The climate of Olney was sure to injure a weak frame like Cowper's. He was compelled

"To shake with cold, and see the plains  
In autumn drenched with wintry rains."



As he paddles through Olney mud you may hear him saying,—

“But should we get there, how shall we get home?  
What a terrible deal of bad road we have passed,  
Slipping and sliding; and, if we should come  
To a difficult stile, I am ruined at last!  
Come, wheel around,  
The dirt we have found  
Would be an estate at a farthing a pound!  
Slee, sla, slud,  
Stuck in the mud,  
Oh! isn't it pretty to wade through a flood!”

For months of the year he would be living over a cellar full of water. Most of the people of the village had chronic fever; and he, too, contracted a fever that settled upon his nerves—the most vulnerable part of his delicate frame. As he said himself,—“Other diseases batter the walls, but nervous diseases creep silently into the citadel, and put the garrison to the sword.”

From this attack he never fully recovered. The burden of a diseased body was more than his mind could bear; and, to add to his depression, his only brother was taken from him by death. He had just seen that brother adopted into God's family, and become doubly his brother by a new love. Many happy years might have been enjoyed, but it was not to be so,—Cowper was to walk down the hill alone. And just as the mind of a sleeper will dream of the work and the pleasures of its waking hours, so Cowper's mind went astray on

religion, the very subject that had occupied his mind most. That mind was always to him a prophet of evil. It was ever conjuring up gloomy phantoms to mock and scare him. These phantoms told him that the future was all suffering and shame. They told him that his golden age was past, that this was his iron age, and that the barren clay was yet to come.

Cowper believed that the child of God would never be lost; he believed *he* had been an adopted child,—and yet he believed he was lost! He knew and praised God's mercy, and yet he believed that God would lay aside all mercy in his case! He thought himself cast off,—and for what? For a reason so preposterous, as to remove all doubt of his insanity in this matter,—because he had not taken away his own life when he was in London.

This second derangement, lasting the rest of his life, is a sad, marvellous chapter. In reading it we cannot help exclaiming, in his own words,—

“God moves in a mysterious way  
—His wonders to perform!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His works in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And he shall make it plain.”

The Providence that permitted this doubt and fear to possess him has long since been made plain to Cowper. The bud *had* a bitter taste, but the

flower that bloomed in eternity gave its sweetness to him long since. His wail has been turned into a song of gratitude—gratitude no less for the sorrow and the darkness than for the joy and the light; and it is high time that the world, especially the Christian world, ceased to regret the sorrow of that life. But for that sorrow we would not have some of our gayest rhymes, most natural poetry, and soundest morality. He is sitting one day gloomily brooding over himself. Lady Austin gives him the Sofa for a subject. Straightway, with more truth and poetry than Darwin himself, he tells us how a three-legged stool became a quadruped, how the quadruped got a spinal column and a pair of arms, how the arm-chair opened its arms, stretched its legs, and became a sofa. He hears the story of a runaway-horse, laughs half the night over it, and gets up the next morning with his "John Gilpin," that sets all England into roars of laughter. To amuse his friends and us, his fancy has set the birds courting and marrying, sent his nightingale and glowworm to teach us brotherly-love, and gravely informed us that—

"Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,—  
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;  
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,  
To whom the said spectacles ought to belong."

A great load of anguish lay upon his heart, yet  
it crushed out no groan of complaint; but, rather,

many a song of mirth welled up in spite of it. God had denied him gladness of heart, but He had left him the power of pleasing; and so Cowper sat down, and took his hard griefs, his black sorrows, and his pearly tears, and wrought them into jewels and ornaments that still please children of ten, and men of four-score years.

But all this mirth did not restore to him his spiritual enjoyment. We often repeat the words of his own plaintive hymn, but we cannot feel them as he could out of whose heart they were wrung:

“What peaceful hours I then enjoyed,  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.”

He had tasted the world's pleasures and found how bitter they were, he had drunk of the cup of salvation and knew how sweet it was; but now he was not allowed to taste the cup for which his soul panted. God could have delivered him from all this great sorrow if he had so willed it, but only, it seems to us, by working a physical miracle. But as Cowper himself had said long before,—

“The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.”

That path was a long one to Cowper. For nearly thirty years he travelled on, and drearier and darker the way was ever getting.

Sometimes there would be a gleam of sunshine,

but it was soon swallowed up in thicker gloom. In 1787 he had a fiercer attack of fever,—it left him worse than ever. The three tamed hares—Puss, Tiney, and Bess—that had once diverted him with their droll antics, had died one by one. His carpenter's tools and his sketch-book, with which he had once amused himself, were laid away like children's toys. Friends were failing one by one. His foster-father, Unwin, had been snatched from him. His loving brother had gone to the heavenly home. His tried friend, Newton, had been removed to London. Mrs. Unwin had been more than a mother to him, between them had grown up one of the holiest and tenderest of friendships, but now he was forced to say of her,—

“Thy spirits have a fainter flow,  
I see thee daily weaker grow,  
’Twas my distress that brought thee low.  
And should my future lot be cast  
With much resemblance of the past,  
Thy worn-out heart will break at last.”

In his youth he had given all the wealth of his heart to his cousin, Theodora Cowper; but her father interfered, they were never allowed to marry, and now they were both struggling on alone. Had she been allowed to come to him, with her true affection and tender sympathy, it might have been very different with his life. But with all these blanks in the world, with all the home-fires of his life dying out, he yet feared to die.

To him death meant everlasting punishment. Sad as his life was, he would endure anything rather than die. Now was the time to defy God, to hate holiness, and plunge into sin. But Cowper held fast his integrity. The poor weather-beaten ship was driven before the storm, the night was dark, unknown breakers were ahead, but down on the deck the needle, with all its quivering, pointed still to the polar star; the Holy Spirit was at the helm, the rocks were cleared, the breakers were shunned, and Cowper was saved.

For nearly thirty years Satan had been permitted to strike this human harp with his rough hand, and although it gave out many a note of woe, yet never a note of complaint. "Curse God, and die," said Satan; "I will bless God while I live," said our English Job. "God gave you your experiences in derision, and took them away in vengeance," said Satan; "Here I am," said Cowper; "let Him do as seemeth good to Him!"

When that Protestant Pope, Henry VIII. was persecuting Protestants, a young painter was thrown into prison for painting verses of Scripture. His wife came to see him, and the jailor killed her and her infant with a kick. The poor prisoner was fed on sawdust, he was loaded with chains, and finally, after being kept three days without food, he was brought to trial. But although his reason was gone, his love remained; and the only answer they could get from the poor

maniac, as he stared around, was: "My Lord is a good man; my Lord is a good man." And so Cowper stood in this drear world,—his health gone, his reason gone, his friends gone, his hopes gone; and yet, to every attack of the enemy he had but one answer: "My Lord is a good man; the God whom I serve is righteous and merciful even to me. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him.'"

A friend once sent Cowper a portrait of his mother, and the filial love that forty years of absence and sorrow could not quench, burst out in a song which will live as long as love for mothers shall live.

God had once adopted Cowper into His family, made him His son, giving him the witness of His Spirit that he was born of God,—and now He seems to desert him. But although nearly thirty years have passed away and no Father appears, yet the deserted child still sings songs that will continue to be sung as long as human tongues ring with God's praise, and human hearts swell with the Father's love; and all this time he is going deeper down into the valley of the shadow of death.

Winter had always been Cowper's dread,—but now his life was one long winter. Birds might sing, and forests wave, and fields bloom, and rivers dance; the Bible might be bright with promises, and earth radiant with beauty, but it was all in

vain; the sun had been wiped from his sky, and it was all to him one bleak December night. There was a weird, ghastly daylight behind him, but it was night all around him,—it was dark, dark night ahead.

So completely was he blinded by the darkness that he scarcely noticed when Mrs. Unwin lay down by the wayside to die; he saw not that his nephew, Johnson, and his cousin, Lady Hesketh, were angels of mercy sent from God to take care of him. They took him from Dunham to Mundsley, from Mundsley to Dereham, from the family-seat to the sea-shore and back again; but it was only travelling alone in the darkness. Once his nephew ventured to comfort him with the hope of speedy deliverance, but he begged him not to mock him in that way.

In the last poem he ever wrote, "The Castaway," he compares himself to a sailor washed overboard in a storm. Its concluding words are :

"We perished, each alone,  
But I beneath a rougher sea,  
And 'whelmed in deeper gulfs than he."

His last words, uttered when refusing food, were: "What can it signify?" Yes, what could it signify?—a few more wild throbbings of the brain, a few more quakings of the heart, a little more shrinking from the cold river—and then, *what will it all signify?*

"Poor, poor Cowper!" the world has been saying for eighty years; but let us say rich, rich Cowper! Rich in the restored light of his father's smile, rich.



in his completed deliverance, rich in his treasure of sorrow that has become an inheritance of joy. His sorrow had held even his countenance firm in its unyielding grasp; but the look of glad surprise left on that face after death, told of a double deliverance—the deliverance of soul and body.

We cannot forbear quoting a few stanzas from "Cowper's Grave," a wondrous monument erected by Mrs. Browning at the grave of a brother poet:—

"It is a place where Poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying,  
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying;  
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish,  
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

"O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!  
O Christians, to your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!  
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,  
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while you were smiling!

"Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,  
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses,—  
That turns his fevered eyes around—'My mother! where's my mother?'

As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other!

"The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,  
Her face all pale with watchful love, the unwearied love she bore  
him!—

Thus woke the poet from the dream his life-long fever gave him,  
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes which closed in death to save  
him.

"Thus? oh, not *thus!*—no type of earth can image that awaking,  
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him breaking,  
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted;  
But felt those *eyes* alone, and knew—'My Saviour! *not* deserted!'"

Shelley began life by rejecting God and His religion, then he deserted his wife and children, and then cast *himself* away on the barren coast of a Godless, Fatherless world. Cowper gave up worldly prospects, youthful friends—all he had—for Christ, and with Him received all he needed.

Shelley sang very beautiful praises of love, and sympathy, and brotherhood; but for faith or christianity, he had only bitterness and scorning. Cowper had a heavenly love engrafted on his earthly love—he loved because his God is Love.

With all Shelley's professed love of liberty, he never had a word of praise for the country that has done more for liberty than any other; but he held up England to ridicule, called its kings tyrants, and its people brutes. Cowper's loyalty was no blind service. He laid bare his country's faults and crimes; but he could say in words that pass current all round the globe,—“England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!”

Shelley degraded himself by bowing down to the finite, the human, himself. Cowper rose with heavenly honor from prostrating himself before the Divine, the Infinite, the Only Wise God.

Shelley said he preferred “Hell's freedom to the servitude of heaven.” Cowper showed that the higher the Master, the nobler the service; and that the highest of all is the service of God.

Shelley was putting on the airs of a man, when he was only a boy,—lifting up his head to heaven in

defiance and brazen pride. Cowper showed by his life that a man is noble only when a man in intellect, and a child in feeling; and his struggle was ever downward and backward from the heights of folly and pride, to the noblest position of all,—a reverent, trustful childhood.

Shelley's life seems to us like a fiery Etna. Its base is covered with vines and loaded with fruits, rich grains cover its sides, but there are desolating fires within, and its barren top belches smoke and ashes, and sends up fierce flames into the pure heavens and against the bright sun. But Cowper's life is the rich, humble valley, hidden oftentimes from the sun by clouds and mist, but calm in its humility, and ever lifting its fruits as a thank-offering to heaven.

And what have all Shelley's poetry and arguments done for the world? Perhaps he contributed to the political reform forty years ago—but nothing more. Nothing more, did we say? would it were so! Every year he is seducing some of the finest minds among our youth by his religion of beauty and sentiment. He has thrown the charms of poesy around the gateway of error; he has covered the pitfalls of crime with the flowers of fancy. He has called license liberty, obedience slavery, humility cowardice, religion a sham, Heaven a myth, and God a tyrant.

We will not wait to tell you what graceful letters Cowper has written, or how he has freed English poetry from the straight-jacket in which Pope had

bound it fast. We could not tell you how often "John Gilpin" has convulsed us with laughter, as we have followed him

"From London town to Edmonton,  
From Edmonton to Ware."

We need not tell you how Cowper has held the writhing hypocrite aloft on the point of his pen, until foppish preachers, and bloated pedants, and all other shams, have shrunk back at the thought of such an ordeal. You know well how Cowper's hymns have given voice to the praise, or love, or mourning, or joy, of Christians wherever the English language is spoken. We will not try to estimate, for we cannot, how much he has done for the slave by his manly appeals. Wilberforce and Curran have spoken for liberty with a new enthusiasm, nations have risen to loftier principles, and the pulse of statesmen and of school-boys has risen to a warmer temperature under the inspiration of these words so familiar to us all:—

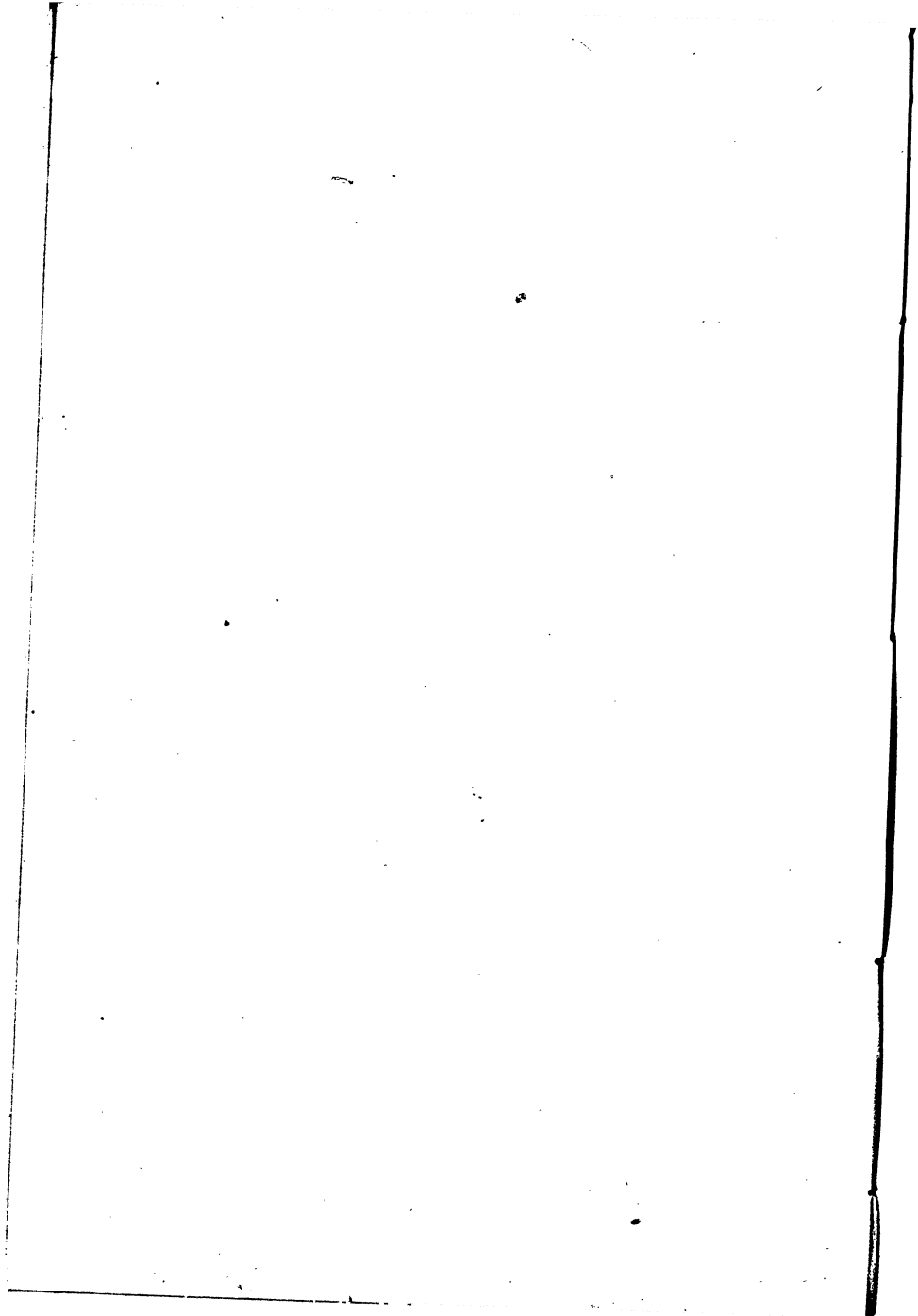
"I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,  
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.  
No! dear as freedom is, and in my heart's  
Just estimation prized above all price,  
I would much rather be myself the slave,  
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

We cannot and we need not tell you all this; but even if Cowper had left us nothing of all this treasure, had he left nothing but that patient life, what a

miracle of Almighty power is its purity, its sublime patience! What do we see?—A reverent child loving the Father that seems to desert him; a loyal subject driven to a far-off land, still singing the praises and obeying the laws of his king; a weeping pilgrim, whose tears spring up in flowers at his feet; a blind traveller, keeping the narrow way by the instinct of love; a weak man, learning the weight of “the world to come” by the help of Omnipotence; and, like his Master, made “perfect through suffering.”

We wish you to learn from Cowper's life that a new heart is the strongest and holiest, and a humble spirit the noblest thing on God's earth;—we wish you to learn from Shelley's life, that the light of fancy is not the light of life, that beauty is not holiness, that poetry is not religion, and that *man* will not, cannot, satisfy man.





# A GRACE FOR A GRACE.

EXEGESIS OF JOHN I. 16.

*"BAPTIST QUARTERLY," JANUARY, 1871.*

"And of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace."

"GRACE for Grace." What is the meaning of this rare expression? Bengel, taking "grace" in the sense of "gifts of mercy," says, "Each grace, though when given large enough, is, as it were, overwhelmed by the accumulation and fulness of that which follows." Alford says, "continual accessions of grace, new grace coming upon and succeeding the former." Such, in substance, are the views of several others; but, with all respect for such authority, we think this interpretation smothers the real thought of the whole passage. \*

\* For the discussion of the Greek text, see "Quarterly," January, 1871.

The phrase "grace for grace," translated literally, would be, "grace over against grace," or freely, a grace or excellence of character received by the Christian, corresponding to each grace or excellence in Christ.

That this natural translation is the correct one seems abundantly shown:—

I. *By the words themselves.* Grace, as in several other places, has its simple meaning,—excellence, moral beauty of character. "For" almost always means "over against," "corresponding to," as "an eye for an eye."

II. *By the demands of the context.* God "gave" through Moses the lifeless, unproductive law that was powerless to produce in man a single moral excellence, a single beauty of character. But in Christ there "came" before the world's eyes a real, living excellence; in Him there existed the radiant grace of beauty and worth. In Him it was not abstract truth in words and precepts, but truth in the concrete, truth written out in the shining glories of his character, truth living in his living features. Of these excellencies He is "full," of that "fulness" we receive, and a grace for a grace.

III. *By its harmony with other Scripture.* Christ is "the image of the invisible God," "the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person;" to as many as receive Him He gives "power to become the sons of God;" they are renewed in knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness, after the image of



Him that created them; in Him dwells all the "fulness of the Godhead bodily;" of that fulness have all that are "born of God" received, and "grace for grace"—an excellence corresponding to each excellence in Him, a beauty, a moral worth, "over against" each one in Him. Such is the precious truth folded up in these simple words. Doubtful classical examples can scarcely justify a departure from the literal rendering of this unique phrase.

This creation of sons in the likeness of their Elder Brother, may be viewed in three aspects.

#### I. *The Likeness is Real.*

Darwin has not yet shown us a man developed from a brute, or a brute from an atom. And the God of the physical world is the God of the spiritual. He does not develop a sinner into a saint by any fostering process, but His creative power fashions at once the "new creature." Development is not attempted until the new life is there in its real presence. To our eye the resemblance may appear very faint, but if there has been a creation in the image of Christ, every feature is there in some degree of resemblance. Perhaps not even the large eye of charity, perhaps only the eye of Him who "knoweth them," can detect each feature, yet there they all are in undoubted reality. God's power and God's time will make visible each lineament.

Cut open a rosebud, examine it with a microscope, and you find every organ of the perfect rose provided

for. The materials for petals and seed are folded up ready to develop. Subject a similar bud to the powers of sun and rain, and these elements will show their presence in expanding life. In the swelling acorn, too, the root, stem, and branches of the future oak are substantially represented. Or more perfectly still, the father is a more perfect man than the son only in the degree of his development. In the child every organ of the future man has a real existence. Some of those organs and parts may not be needed for years, but in nature's time they will show that they had all been really there. As soon, also, as the healthy child comes to think, he shows that he possesses every human mental faculty, reason no less than imagination, memory no less than will. As this is the law in the vegetable and animal life, so is it more perfectly the law in the Christian life.

The likeness formed in the Christian embodies the features of Christ's character. They are the same in kind, but differing in degree. The joy that swells the heart is such joy as when Jesus "rejoiced in spirit." The pity that yearns for the sinner is the same that melted into tears as it looked from Christ upon Jerusalem. The forgiving spirit that, perhaps, is detected only in a resentment less keen than formerly, is the same spirit that said, "Father, forgive them." By no means equally perfect, but equally real, are the filial obedience and love that prompt Christ and the Christian to say, "I delight to do thy will." The analysis of sunlight shows to us that

elements are found in the sun of the same kind as are upon our earth. And so in those who "shine as lights in the world" are often found,—in *dim* reflection it may be,—elements of nature and character such as beamed out in glorious brightness from the "Sun of righteousness."

*The likeness is a growing likeness.*

The child of God is "predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son." That Son has been formed within him "the hope of glory." Every day, that hope grows up towards its glorious reality, and thus in this sense also, "grace is glory begun." Such, perhaps, is the full significance of "grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ," and "be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." By a look of faith on Christ that image was formed, by the same looking the work of assimilation is carried on. "We all, with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." The likeness which the sculptor slowly carves into the marble, has the character and features of his ideal—beauty or baseness, grandeur or grief. But in this spiritual likeness the features are not carved in from without, but wrought out from within. They are already there in substantial power. The character of the features is determined as absolutely as though written in the rock with a diamond pen. Not with the rigidity of a passive statue, but with the decision and permanence of an energetic life.

However varied in their manifestations, their very variety depends on the unity, the actuality of that inward life. And where life is it will develop. The higher the kind of life the more surely will its power be felt. Sin is *destructive* in its nature and *fatal* in its tendency, but its very power for death has in it a wondrous life. The energy of its destructiveness yields only to some stronger power. That destructiveness has an aggressive power that clutches anything it may touch. Put sin away down in the most remote corner of a human soul, and, like the leprosy in the bones, it will work all through, upwards, outwards. It will wield every power, it will master every impulse. Put it in an angel and it will make him a demon. But with all this energy of power sin is weaker than life. Sin cannot *destroy* the soul it has ruined,—God alone can annihilate the life that God alone gave. As life is thus mightier than death, as the higher the kind of life the more surely is it supreme, and as our new life is the highest of all life,—for we are “made partakers of the divine nature,”—so surely will the living image grow. That new nature is in the highest sense aggressive,—aggressive with the energy of God. It can permit no rival. As surely as God is the mightiest power, so surely will each feature, instinct with God’s life, grow and subdue and triumph. The growth may not always be uniform; like physical or mental development it is promoted by means. The heavenly breath of prayer, the manna of the “Word,” the Christian labor that

gives a ruddy completeness to the whole character, these, and a hundred varying circumstances, may vary the rapidity and uniformity of the growth. The mind of the healthy child not only possesses every faculty of the cultivated man, but each faculty is surely developing. So with the spiritual character. Knowledge may grow faster than humility. Gentleness may not unfold as quickly as courage. But undue growth there will not be, monstrosities there cannot be. No grace is dormant; the growth of other graces implies its growth. Whether *we* can detect it or not, it is laying up resources of power that will need but a word or an incident to cut the restraint and free the swelling life. Omnipotence is present and *it* cannot be idle. The child must grow like the father, because the all-absorbing, *Christian*, divine, life has been put within, and reign it must, and reign it will.

*The likeness will be ultimately perfect.*

Here all comparisons fail us. They fail because God's truth is grander than human metaphor, more perfect than earthly symbol. The growing likeness of the child in his physical and mental features may in some degree represent to us the assimilation of the spiritual man, but only up to a certain point of development. We see men grow physically and mentally, and when maturity comes we find that it is but decay, and decay is death. All comparisons fail also because the imperfect, the finite, cannot conceive

the perfect. We know, we see, we feel somewhat of the growing man, but nothing of the perfect man in Christ Jesus. We have never seen a man physically or mentally perfect, much less one spiritually perfect. If Christ had remained on earth, if his many-sided character had been studied by the millions of eyes that have read his life, perhaps our ideas of that character would be much less inadequate than they are. But we very much doubt it. He himself, no less than his truth, are essentially understood, not by sight but by faith. Even the disciple who "saw and handled," and trusted Christ in Patmos, as well as in Palestine, could not reach the grandeur of the conception, could only say, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." The reality of that "shall be," will tower far above our conception, it is true, but it will reach the height of God's ideal. God's ideal is for us—for any creature—perfection. No imperfection is found in his purpose; the product will be equal to the purpose. The work will be as perfect as the design; the design partakes of the perfection of the designer. To suppose that out of even a sinful creature God cannot make a man as perfect as his ideal, equal to his design, is to limit the power of him who is "able to present you faultless." I know not, and I care not, whether man or angel will stand higher in God's sight. I do not "want to be an angel," for then I would not be a man as God intended. Apart from the glory and honor of being what Christ is,—a perfect man,—to be what God would have me, in other words,

what God will make me, is for me glory, honor, perfection. God is the only judge of excellence. He alone can furnish the measure, rather He alone is the measure by which to test the worth or realize the finiteness of anything or any one. Christ is that ideal revealed, Christ is that standard set up. In the creation of these "new creatures" in the image of Christ, the fancy of the Greek philosopher is more than realized. The type here has its archetype in the heavens. But both type and archetype surpass in their glorious reality the grandeur of the philosopher's conceptions. Even the human type far transcends in likeness to God, the vague, earthly "divinity" with which modern visionaries fancy themselves endowed,—more surely is Christ, the archetype, *infinitely* beyond it. Gradual assimilation to that archetype is the law here, but He will cut it short in righteousness. He will finish the work as He began it, by a sudden, divine transformation. He will lift us up "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," for "when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Then the graces will no longer be in bud, but in flower, yea, rather in rich fruit. The finite will in one sense body forth the infinite. A piece of broken glass from the street, or a dew drop on the grass, may not give as grand, but it gives as perfect and as brilliant a reflection of the sun as the mighty ocean can give. So the finite, limited character of man may be as perfect and brilliant a

reflection of Christ as the character of the loftiest spirit on high.

Physically we shall be "fashioned like His glorious body." Morally we shall not have "spot or wrinkle or any such thing." Intellectually we shall have such perfection as befits *creatures*, a capacity for growth limited only by the bounds God has set. That capacity and limit are *for us* perfection, because they satisfy the idea and purposes of God. Perfection that admits no growth belongs only to the infinite I AM. To suppose that *we* can know all the facts of knowledge that now exist, is to suppose us gods instead of creatures. And even if the universe should be blown into nothing by the breath of the Almighty, and we should be the only created life in His presence, the infinite Father, the omnipotent Saviour, the eternal Spirit would still be our everlasting study, our increasing wonder. Worship would ever bow lower, and adoration would rise higher, and even finite intellect would grow broader, as our loving, reverent thoughts climbed *towards* the infinite heights, and gazed down *towards* the depths, and stretched out over the breadths of the character and ways of Him who is "past finding out," To make creatures that could not, that would not thus expand as God unfolded himself, would be to make mere machines. The perfection that God bestows is no such limited gift as that. Such perfection would be imperfection. It would unfit us for the work and the worship and the revelations of the place prepared for us. Our like-



ness to Christ demands no such cramped lifelessness of character as that. The power of growth in knowledge and work and worship enhances rather than mars our resemblance to Him who is infinite in His perfections.

But in all the moral features of our *Christian* character the resemblance must be complete. The obedience that works in every movement of body and soul will be as constant as the "eternal life," which is the constant power within. The whole being will be transparent with purity, for we shall have "become the righteousness of *God* in him." "My peace" will sit a queen over an undisturbed heart. Humility,—which is *nobility* in God's sight,—will encircle the bowing, exalted head as a kingly crown. Love, God's love, Christ's love, will give a glow of warmth and life to the whole complexion. And then all these bright graces,—like the prismatic colours blending together into light again,—will shine out in the "*glory* of His grace," as seen "in the face of Jesus Christ."

Here and now the likeness is imperfect. We are acceptable only by looking through faith for worthiness to Him who "is worthy." God can see us perfect, *only*, as it were, by imputing to us the graces he sees in "our shield." But faith will give place to sight, and imputation give place to reality. Then "we shall be like Him for we shall see Him." Then, too, God will have wrought *in us* Christ's righteousness, nay, rather, Christ himself. The likeness will be

so real and so perfect that *Christ* "will be admired in all them that believe." *Now* there is much sin in them, *then* there will be Christ's righteousness.

Now there are traces of the foul blots; then over the whole being will shine Christ's beauty. Now shame clouds the glory; then His glory "shall be revealed in us." Now it is blind, weak man; then it will be Christ himself. The grace, the beauty, the glory that God and angels will admire will be Christ's,—will be Christ. Each one of "that multitude whom no man can number," will be, as it were, a new manifestation of Christ, with a grace for a grace, a beauty for a beauty, a glory for a glory.



# HUMAN GODS AND THE DIVINE MAN.

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It was the month of May, 415 before Christ. The whole city of Athens was astir with preparations for the expedition to Sicily. Almost every citizen had invested in the undertaking. Oracles and prophecies were in every one's mouth, promising golden success to Athens. But in a single night these hopes were destroyed. By one act of sacrilege, the courage of the people was taken away, the minds of the gods were averted, and the expedition became a failure. At every corner in the city, beside almost every door, in front of every public building, stood a square pillar surmounted by a bust of the god Hermes.

In one night unknown hands broke them all to pieces. The next day the people were wild with suspicion and fear. No one person could have done it; there must have been a conspiracy. Some judg-

ment would befall the city. The gods would surely visit them with vengeance. All eyes turned on one man. He was the ringleader of a set of wild youth, the terror of quiet citizens, the reckless, daring, capricious Alcibiades.

But no proof was ever found. All we know is, that such a deed was done, and that, from his known character, Alcibiades was capable of doing it.

Supposing, for the present, that he did it, we must see more in the act than a mere fact in history. When he and his companions laid irreverent hands on these sacred images, they were doing what never had been done, what could not have been done before. Ulysses, "wicked Ulysses," "the inventor of evil," could not have done what Alcibiades did. Ulysses carried off the Palladium because he coveted it as a precious sacred treasure, and he guarded it reverently. The very possibility of such a deed's being committed, showed the change in the minds of, at least, part of the people. Alcibiades was more than a wild youth sporting in his lawlessness. He was even more than the young America of Greece, lifting up his hand against his Father's gods. When he overthrew the images, he did in act what the philosophers did in word. He was but anticipating what the people would slowly do to the gods seated on Olympus.

Thoughtful men had begun to lose faith, not

only in brazen and marble images, but in the gods themselves. He was—perhaps not the first—but the most reckless of a long line of doubters that stretched down beyond the Apostles. He commenced by violating the *images*; Lucian ended by making the world laugh at the quarrels and foibles of the gods themselves. Alcibiades was thus, at once, the growth of his own age and a prophecy of the next. In one respect, his impiety and the wisdom of the sages of Greece, were doing a good work. In shaking the confidence of the people in their gods, they were preparing the way for Him whom the Father was soon to send, to whom the “gathering of the people” would be.

One morning in December, at the “darkest hour before the dawn,” I was hurrying off to a five o’clock train. But just ahead of me, down the street, ran a man putting out the lamps, and leaving me to make my way, as best I could, through the slippery streets of the dismal city. But, after all, he was preparing for the daylight and the sun: and I only longed the more for that sun that would be better than ten thousand flickering lamps.

And just so it was in that period of the history of the world. The nations were travelling in a darkness that seemed to be growing denser; and yet human hands were casting down their only gods, human hands were putting out the only lights by which they guided their steps. Left thus in a double darkness they were the more ready to

welcome the morning, and turned their waiting eyes to the East, to see the first glimmer of day-break—to see the first brightness of His coming.

And now, who and what were the gods of those ancient Greeks, the Roman form of whose names has become incorporated in our language? In one respect, the religion of the Greeks was a religion of nature. Instead of being housed up, as we are, for several months in the year, they lived for a great part of the year under the open sky. Our sunniest sky is never so sunny and so real as the sky which the Greek could, seemingly, almost touch from the tops of his purple hills. Our balmiest June air is never so balmy as the crystal air in which the child frolicked, the maiden sang, and the grandfather gossiped all day, and often far into the night. Nature was thus very familiar to him, but it was also very sacred.

As the Greek looked around, his creative imagination saw gods moving everywhere. *He* was a real Pantheist. Everything he saw was full of God—was God. It required the genius of a Shakespeare to fill a midsummer night in England with such fairies as Cobweb and Blossom, and charming Puck; but the fancies of every Greek made nymphs sport and fairies dance by night or by day. *We* talk of the sun's rising and of the sun's setting—*he* was dazzled every morning by the sun driving his glorious chariot up the hill of the sky; and at evening Night spread her black wings over a sub-

dued world. We say the West wind blows; but he did not doubt it was Zephyrus sporting with the leaves. Every drop of rain was to him a tear which the Hyades shed for their lost brother. To the Greek, it would have been sacrilege in Herschel to take the moon in his hands, to tell her weight, to count her mountains, and to measure her valleys. To talk of lightning as electricity, to talk of corking it up in jars, and of sending it off on telegraph wires to New York, to find out the price of greenbacks, or pork, or butter, would have been more than an electric shock to the Greek—it would have been rank blasphemy. To him, lightning was the gleaming thunderbolt of Jupiter, hurled for pleasure or for vengeance.

Jupiter shook his shield, and there was a tempest. The sea sparkled, but it was a Nereid that sported herself. A spring gushed up, but a Naid leaped up to the light; Persephone sprang up in every flower; some god looked down from every twinkling star; and so through all nature.

A Greek poet was a *real* poet, for his living fancy created life, human and divine; and if he had looked only at the bright and pure side of nature, if he had looked only at the life that enriches and the goodness that blesses, his gods would have been good, and beautiful, and benevolent.

But he saw fruits and crops blasted or destroyed, and straightway he pictured to himself a terrible god of Famine. Turn where he would he saw a god with

a thousand faces, and on every face some fiendish sneer, and that was his great enemy, Disease. Every violence was caused by some god or some demon. Scylla and Charybdis were ferocious monsters. A volcano was a fire-breathing giant,—an earthquake was a stroke of Neptune's trident. But the Greek saw more than all this. He not only looked around and outside of himself, but he turned his eyes within. He saw, not only the world that can be touched, but he saw, I had almost said, a vaster and more varied world than that. Like our own Bunyan, he saw that man's soul was crowded thick with wondrous life. For every passion of his own heart, he created a god. Every thought became a deity; every mental power was sublimed into a divinity. A bright thought flashing into his mind, was the flashing of the wing of a heavenly muse.

Poetic inspiration was to him a divine breathing. The power of thought, that power which is peculiarly human and nearest the divine, stood before him as a majestic goddess, having leaped in full armor really from his own brain. Mischief and strife became two gods who were continually raising brawls and squalls even in the Olympic Mansions.

Carelessness was Epimetheus, and foresight was Prometheus, the best friend of man. Indeed the whole soul was to him a lovely maiden captivated and ensnared by love, but made happier and better by her drudgery.

Now, of all the systems of theology which man has



created, this is by far the most attractive. No other race of man-made gods had so many charms; no other gods were clothed with such gilded, kingly trappings, were crowned with such a diadem of poetry. This continued consciousness of a divinity, this child-like familiarity with what they thought to be God, is more than poetic—more than merely beautiful. Whatever life the Greek saw, whatever life he felt, was to him a present, living god. To him every wood swarmed with gods. The sky sparkled with them. They danced in every sunbeam, floated in every breeze, laughed in every glad thought, and sighed in every grief. Had the Greeks created nothing else than these varied, beautiful gods, they would have ranked among the first minds in intellect. But they were undoubtedly the world's masters, at whose feet we still sit and learn. Their sense of the true and the beautiful was the keenest and the purest. No other fancy was so rich in story and legend. If *that* people failed in conceiving the character of the true God, no man or race of men need attempt it—we must either have remained in ignorance of God, or waited until God should reveal himself.

But give this system of gods all the praise that is due, admire as you will the beauty of some of these myths—and none are readier to do this than we—give to these splendid creations of genius all their value, and what is the true worth of it all? Its beauty cannot hide its deformity. Its elegance can-

not conceal its vulgarity. Its wealth of poetry cannot conceal the shame of its nakedness. The best you can say of it is, that it is human; and *that* is, at once, its glory and its shame.

Most of their gods were either men deified or human qualities personified. If men were always and wholly good, the gods they would make would be pure and holy too. But can the creature be better or greater than the creator? Can man make a god better than himself? Can the finite expand itself to the infinite? Can man measure God? Let the gods themselves answer, in an incident taken from a very ancient poem. Mercury, the god of thieves, is a natural son—a very natural son—of Jupiter. He is born at daybreak, and has caught a tortoise, “dug its life out,” and made a lyre of its shell, before noon. The same evening he goes over the mountains to the meadow in which Apollo’s cattle are feeding. Fifty of these he drives off, wrapping boughs around his own feet, that he may not be tracked, and making the cows walk backward, that no one might know whither they went. Getting home during the night, he invents tinder-box, flint, and steel; slays and sacrifices two fine heifers, giving to each of the twelve gods his share, burns the hoofs and horns, quenches the fire, washes out the blood, glides through the key-hole, and by daylight, twenty-four hours after his birth, is snug in his cradle again, patting his little knee, and hugging his new lyre “as innocent as a new-born babe.”

When Apollo takes him before Jupiter, to have the case settled, Mercury imprecates a curse upon himself if he should tell aught but the truth, waxes indignant that he—a new-born babe—who can scarcely use his tender limbs and tiny hands, should be charged with such a crime; then he swears by the eternal gates of Olympus that he does not even know what kind of things cows are; and swears so solemnly, and lies so boldly, and winks so cunningly, that Jupiter roars out a lusty laugh when he sees what a worthy son he has in this sly rogue.

Take Jupiter himself. To make this god, take a man; give him a great deal more power, and take away restraint; give him license, and take away law; give him power to revenge, and take away the fear of punishment; give him all man's passion, and take away man's conscience; in short, smother every good human impulse, and fill him with the envy, and lust, and hatred which you find in man's heart;—do all this, and you have made the Olympian Jove.

He is like the great image Nebuchadnezzar saw; the head is of gold, the shoulders of silver, the body of brass, the legs of iron, and the feet of clay. In Jupiter there was a certain gilded grandeur of greatness; there was the silver excellence of power, but there was also the brassy insolence of pride, the iron of oppression and wrong-doing, and the filthy clay of sin. There, it is somewhat god-like; there, it is human; and here, it is earthy. In his character there is a little of the god, a good deal of the man,

still more of the demon, and not a little of the beast.

Not only is each god, like him, the compound of something good and everything bad, but gods and demi-gods, men and monsters, are in such glorious confusion that the whole account reads like a description of the animals in some zoological exhibition. Again, it is scarcely safe to say a disparaging word of any Grecian character, lest you should be slandering the son, or daughter, or nephew, or grandchild, or some other descendent of a god—perhaps to the fiftieth degree.

Think, too, of the peace and harmony that reigned amongst the motley throng!—gods quarrelling with gods, the great ones oppressing the little ones, and the little ones cheating the great ones. The top of Olympus as often rings with royal brawls, as with the songs of the muses. Até, true to her mischievous nature, gets father Jupiter to swear a ruinous oath, and he pays her off by flinging her out of heaven by the hair of the head.

Apollo and Neptune were bad boys once, and one was sent to feed the flocks of Laomedon, and the other to build the walls of his city; but Laomedon, with a knavery worthy of his forefather Jupiter, cheated them out of their wages.

Mercury, the god of thieves, never fails in his thefts on gods or men, until he burns his fingers by trying to carry off the red-hot thunderbolts of Jupiter. Poor Jupiter himself, the hen-pecked Jupiter, is so tormented by his jealous, scolding wife, herself a

goddess, that, to tame the shrew, he either gives her a wholesome domestic beating, or hangs her up in the clouds with an anvil to each foot, to cool her temper and straighten her crooked disposition. If anything else is necessary to show how ludicrous and how abominable the system is, think of some of its hideous monsters. Centaurs, half man and half horse; Chimaeras, one-third lion, one-third goat, and the rest dragon; Cyclopes with their one eye and their savage countenances; Gorgons with their brazen claws and snaky hair; Furies, and Titans, and Giants, until the mind turns away in disgust; and we would not wonder if a pure being would, like Atlas of old, be turned to stone as he looked upon their terrible faces.

Such gods could never restrain the evil and reward the good. Jupiter tantalized Tantalus, because he had revealed the will of the gods; but who more faithless than Jupiter himself? Ixion was tortured after death, because he tried to do what almost every god did with impunity. Who could punish the dishonest man? Mercury, the thief? Who would punish the licentious? The voluptuous Venus? Not a Grecian maiden but would blush to *think* of what was continually being done by the goddess whose influence she courted. Nay, nay; in this Grecian mythology, in these Grecian gods, there is power, but it is power not wedded to goodness. There is beauty, but it is beauty which conceals a deadly poison. There is the charm of poetic song, but it is the song

of the sirens, that allured only to destroy. There is brightness—yes, of the lightning that smites and shivers.

There is the fire of love, but it is kindled of hell, and blackens and scorches when it should warm and gladden. There is sorrow, sorrow, but no Comforter; sin, sin, but no atonement, no blood of cleansing.

The world has lived more than two thousand years since Demosthenes lived, but it has seen no orator to surpass him. No second Thucydides has left us a history for all time. The sculpture of Phidias compels us at once to admire and to despair. The epic of Homer finds, perhaps, as many English readers as the epic of Milton. The Tragedians of Greece have been surpassed in only one country, and by one man; and even he, England's Shakespeare, would not have been the creator he was, but for the larger thought, and wider vision, and more bounding life, that our Christianity had given to English thought.

God has been pleased to confer an immortality on the works of these Greeks for wise purposes; not merely that we may see what they could do, but what they could not do; that we may see that men of the grandest powers, who have produced the grandest works, have failed utterly, failed ridiculously, when they have tried to conceive of God's nature and character.

Gods they did make, and the painter's brush, and the sculptor's chisel, and the author's pen, have all united to preserve their appearance and character.

In the transparent language of the Greeks their gods are crystallized, that all the ages to come may see and loathe them. The carcasses of those dying gods have been embalmed in the amber of Greek poetry; yet when we bring them out into the light, we see every distorted feature, every ghostly smile or fiendish scowl that can never be effaced.

The creation of these vile gods reminds one of a weird scene in Macbeth. Imagine every Greek poet or creator standing round the boiling cauldron of human passion, into which every one throws something of which these gods are to be made.

One throws in a human heart, and another a serpent's tongue; one a dragon's claws, and another a scorpion's sting; one the girdle of love, and another the murderer's halter; one the warm blood of buoyant life, another the cold poison that brings only death, until all that is human and all that is brutish have been added to the horrid mixture, and then, behold your Hecate dancing round, squeaking and gibbering, and calling on

"Black spirits and white,  
Blue spirits and grey!"

while out of the seething mass come forth an armed head, and a crowned head, and a bloody head, until a whole generation of gods appears—not gods, but bad men and worse women, witches and demons, in all sin's ugliness, together.

Our Carlyles and our Emersons, *after* they have been subject to the ennobling influence of a Chris-

tian education, after they have looked up towards—only towards—the lofty height of Christian ideals, after they have seen the revelation of the Eternal, the True, the Good and Glorious God, made to us through Jesus Christ; after all this, and knowing well the loathsomeness of heathenism, talk to us about the divinity of *man*—his nobility, his truth, his infinity. But, to all this infinite nonsense, let these Grecian gods, in their beauty and their baseness, be an enduring answer. Here is man's art, here is man's workmanship, before that Christ and the Bible came. In them you see the climax of man's power, the perfection of man's beauty, the purity of man's holiness. Here are man's infinite ideas carved out into dumb images; here is man's truth speaking in lying story; here is man's nobility crawling in earthly monsters; and here is man's holiness incarnate in fleshly gods.

The gods are doubly human—human, because they are made *by* man, human, because they are made *like* man. Not only are "they that make them like unto them," but they make gods like unto themselves; yea, worse than themselves; for the workman is always greater than his work, the creator greater than his creature. No, no; the only divinity left in man is his undying nature; and, without the consecration of the immortal life of Christ, that deathlessness becomes an everlasting curse, an eternal death.

When the Immanuel, the "God with us," is formed within a man, he becomes a more God-like—if you



will, a more divine—being, than any one but our God could ever conceive; for it is, in one sense, a new incarnation—a being created anew in the image of God.

We have talked about things that are no Gods until the word *God* has seemed almost to lose its sacredness; our lips have been so familiar with the human and the earthly that they have become almost too unclean to speak of heavenly things. Were it not so, I would rejoice to attempt a contrast between the might and excellence of God's character, and the best of these Grecian gods. I would like to remind you that these Grecian gods were an upstart race that had overthrown its ancestors, while our God is "from everlasting to everlasting." I would like *to be able* to tell you of the foulness of the one, of the holiness of the other; of the petty impotence of the one, and of the glorious might and Omnipotence of the other.

I would like to contrast the mock royalty of that Jupiter—"king of gods and men"—a king worthy to rule over *such* gods, with the eternal sovereignty of Him who is "King of kings and Lord of lords,"—to show you that the favor of the former was almost always a curse, while the favor of our God is eternal life,—to tell you that the Greeks had their golden age and their silver age all in the past, looking forward with no hope but either to be destroyed, or spend a dim, shadowy, empty existence; while our Eternal One offers us a life which is happiness, hap-

piness which is worship, worship which is service, and growth, and glory.

But even were there nothing unbecoming in our speaking on such themes in connection with the revolting gods we have just been looking at, to do all this we would need more than an angel's pen or a seraph's tongue—we would need to be able to measure the infinite distance between the human and the Divine—between man and God.

Yet God has not kept himself altogether hidden from us. He has revealed himself to us in the person of Jesus Christ. Let us put our shoes from off our feet, and draw near to adore this mystery of "God manifest in the flesh."

Once, the poets tell us, Prometheus carried fire down from heaven, to comfort poor, shivering men; and for this his master, Jupiter, chained him to a rock as food for the eagles, and vented his spite in torturing him for ages. Once, Revelation and History tell us, "God so loved the world" that He sent His Son down to earth with life, and light, and blessing for those same wretched men; and He now has rewarded that Son by giving him "a name that is above every name."

But the sacrifice was an infinite one. See the Eternal Wisdom, the Omniscient One, as unconscious of the angels' song of praise as of the plotting Herod. See the Ruler of the world, subject to a human mother, and then governing the winds of heaven, and the demons of hell. See him feeding thousands

of hungry souls and bodies, and yet going hungry, and weary, and homeless in the world his hands had made, furnishing the wine for an earthly marriage, and yet, "treading alone the wine-press of the wrath of God."

He goes into earthly homes, and makes himself the friend of publicans and sinners; and yet leaves them as untainted as the sunbeam reflected from earth's stagnant waters.

He takes three mortal men with him as he climbs Mount Tabor up into the glory of heaven; yet he goes down alone into the darkness and sorrow of Gethsemane. He is ministered to by angels, yet submits to be tempted by Satan. The children sing hosanna; but the Priests cry "away with him!" God thunders from heaven, "this is My beloved Son!" but men cry "crucify! crucify!" He descends that infinite distance from God to man; yet men thrust Him back in the face of heaven, nailed to a cross; and then seal him down in the earth, as if he were unfit to live among them.'

For our comfort and guidance we find in him not only all divine, but all human fulness. His lofty character stretches far up beyond our sight and our reach into infinity; but still it stands upon earth—it is a human character in all its features, while those features are all divine in their excellence. He alone is the divine man. His brow wears a crown of sharp thorns and crimson blood, every drop of which blood is inconceivably precious. His eyes weep human

tears for human griefs. His lips drop words almost more divine for their tenderness than for their wisdom. His human hands lift the scales from blinded eyes. His weary feet carry for more than thirty years, through every path of sorrow, "the iniquities of us all." From his human heart flows the precious blood that cleanses from every stain where it is allowed to flow.

Here is humanity, here is divinity. "Certainly this was a righteous man!" "Truly this was the Son of God!" "My Lord and my God!"

Somewhat more than eighteen hundred years ago, a famous king came to Cæsarea where crowds of people were gathered to make vows, and offer prayers for his safety. His vanity was flattered by their praises, and his pride prompted him to awe the people into greater admiration. He ordered a gorgeous throne to be erected in the theatre, and a silver robe to be prepared for himself. One morning when the sun was bright and the theatre was full, he entered in royal state; and as the sunlight glittered from his golden throne and sparkled on his silver robe, and the words of his oration issued from the dazzling brightness, the people shouted "it is the voice of a god, and not of a man!" Instead of rebuking this blasphemy, the proud Herod welcomed it all; and immediately "the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory, and he was eaten up of worms and gave up the ghost."

And just so it is with these Grecian gods. Men made them, after their own image, out of their own corrupt imaginations. They clothed them with the fairest robes fancy could weave, crowned them with the brightest garlands of poesy, and set them on the thrones of their hearts; and just while they were bowing down in worship before them, God's finger was laid upon those gods, their eyes became dim, the sceptre fell from their grasp, their life died out, and the "dead past buried its dead." A few years before the human Herod met his human fate, in another part of that same country, a very different event took place. There was a shouting crowd outside the city of Jerusalem, yet it was not praising the wicked Herod, but reviling the holy Jesus.

The king of the Jews sat on no golden throne, but hung on a gory cross. He wore no silver robe—even the mock-purple was gone—and his seamless robe had fallen to a soldier's lot. Instead of clasping a golden sceptre, his hand closed over the iron nail that pierced it,—his only crown the sharp thorns of Heaven's curse.

No rising sun shed its radiance over that scene; but "from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour." And thus, condemned by priests, and derided by his subjects, and beaten by soldiers, and—far more awful still—forsaken by God, the "Mighty to save" "bowed his head" and died.

This dead, this buried—nay, rather, this living, risen Christ, sent no legion of angels to tell the story of his wondrous life, and more wondrous death. He sent no hosts arrayed in Omnipotent power to conquer and subdue; but gave his work into the hands of twelve poor men, not one of whom was a philosopher or statesman, warrior or poet; and now that Christianity, that Christ—for Christianity is Christ—is the only vital power in our world.

Those gods of Greece were embellished by poesy and by art, and defended by every mental power of man; but the "Stone cut out of the mountain without hands" has crumbled to dust the iron, the brass, the silver, and the gold, no less than the clay of the great image. Jupiter's power is gone like the smoke of his own thunderbolts. Minerva has been crushed by the weight of her own armor. The changing, changeless moon has kissed Venus into an everlasting sleep, as Venus kissed Endymion of old. Bacchus has perished in a fit of drunkenness. Xantippe, the scolding wife of Socrates, is not more surely dead than Juno, the scolding wife of Jupiter. The chill wind of Time has swept over snowy Olympus, and frozen Apollo and the Muses into frigid silence.

Over them we have no tear to shed, no regret to waste; for we have "one Jesus," whom we love and whom we serve, who is "all in all." His subjects are daily increasing—His empire is daily

extending. When our Lord Jesus came down to the earth, not only did Heaven's host and Heaven's song come with Him, but Earth, ungrateful though she was, sent a company of wise men from the East, laden with the richest and rarest treasures their country could produce—its “gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.” And ever since, to the same Jesus, the wisest and the best have been bringing their richest and holiest gifts. The thinkers who have dug deepest into the mines of Truth, have laid their purest gold at the feet of Him who was once the *child* Jesus. The frankincense of lives cleansed in His blood, has ever been ascending as a sweet-smelling savor before Him; the myrrh of penitence—of broken and contrite hearts—He receives daily, and it is in His sight of great price.

The tears of His saints are to Him more precious than earth's costliest gems. No life is too noble, no heart too pure, to be laid at His feet, to become nobler and purer by His acceptance. Nay, rather let the mind bring its largest thoughts and most noble impulses; let Science bring his loftiest principles, and Art her choicest productions; let Eloquence bring his noblest praise, and Poesy her sweetest and most grateful song; let the heart present its warmest love, and the conscience its deepest penitence; all, all come infinitely short of His worth, His due, His manhood and His Godhead. So let all earth join with all heaven in saying, “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and

riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!"

As our earth turns on its axis, and brings every part beneath the sun, the mountains and the pyramids lift their heads up towards that sun; the dumb spires and the lofty trees rear themselves into his light; the lark carries up his song unto the glory; and the grass points its tiny finger upward, the rose reflects his beauty, and the waters his brightness.

In like manner, as the revolving wheel of Time brings each event to the surface, the mountain facts of History, and the monuments of Genius; the temples of Art, and the flowers of Poetry; the fingers of living men, and the tomb-stones of dead ones,—whether we see it or not,—all things point to JESUS, the great SUN that giveth light to the world; to Jesus, the beginning of all knowledge and the end of all science; to Jesus, the purpose of all providence, and the aim of all history; to Jesus, the perfection of all beauty, King of all Powers.

But I must confess to you that this paper is only a fragment. I laid out a large field when I commenced. I intended not only to speak of the Homeric gods as I have done, but to follow the course of religious thought in Greece; to show you how, little by little, the intelligent minds became disgusted with these absurd deities, and craved gods better than themselves. I intended to show



you that such gods created vile worshippers, some of whom Paul found in their vileness in the Corinthian Church; to show how Socrates, child-like as he was, went about the world asking philosopher and child, heaven and earth, the questions: Who is God? Where is God? What is God? Whence came I? Whither am I going?

I wished to show you Plato, *broad-shouldered* giant as he was,—like the giants of old,—piling one mountain of speculation upon another, and then climbing to the top and straining his eye to catch a glimpse of the throne of the Eternal. I wished you to realize that their eyes saw as far, and their minds comprehended as much, as unaided human eyes and minds ever could.

I wished to make it plain that, four hundred years before *our* Sacrifice was offered, the climax had been reached.

Human reason had done its utmost, morality had made its best men, and yet the world had not found an atonement for sin; had not answered the question which was then nearly three thousand years old, "How shall man be just with God?"—and I wanted then to look, for a little, at God's answer to that question; at God's system of morality; at *His* glorious contrast to all that error and blindness.

But the first part of my subject has grown so fast, the consciousness of my own ignorance has grown so much faster, that I am glad to leave it

just here for some competent hand, or for some hoped-for time when I may have a less partial acquaintance with the poets and philosophers of Greece.

And now I seem to myself like a guide who has conducted a party of travellers through some underground region, some coal-pit, or mine, or gloomy cavern, and who, having brought them back to the light of day, feels half sorry for having led them such a gloomy way. So, perhaps I ought to apologize for taking you down through those gloomy caverns of the past, for making you stand by while I scraped away the dust of centuries, and unearthed these fossil men and gods.

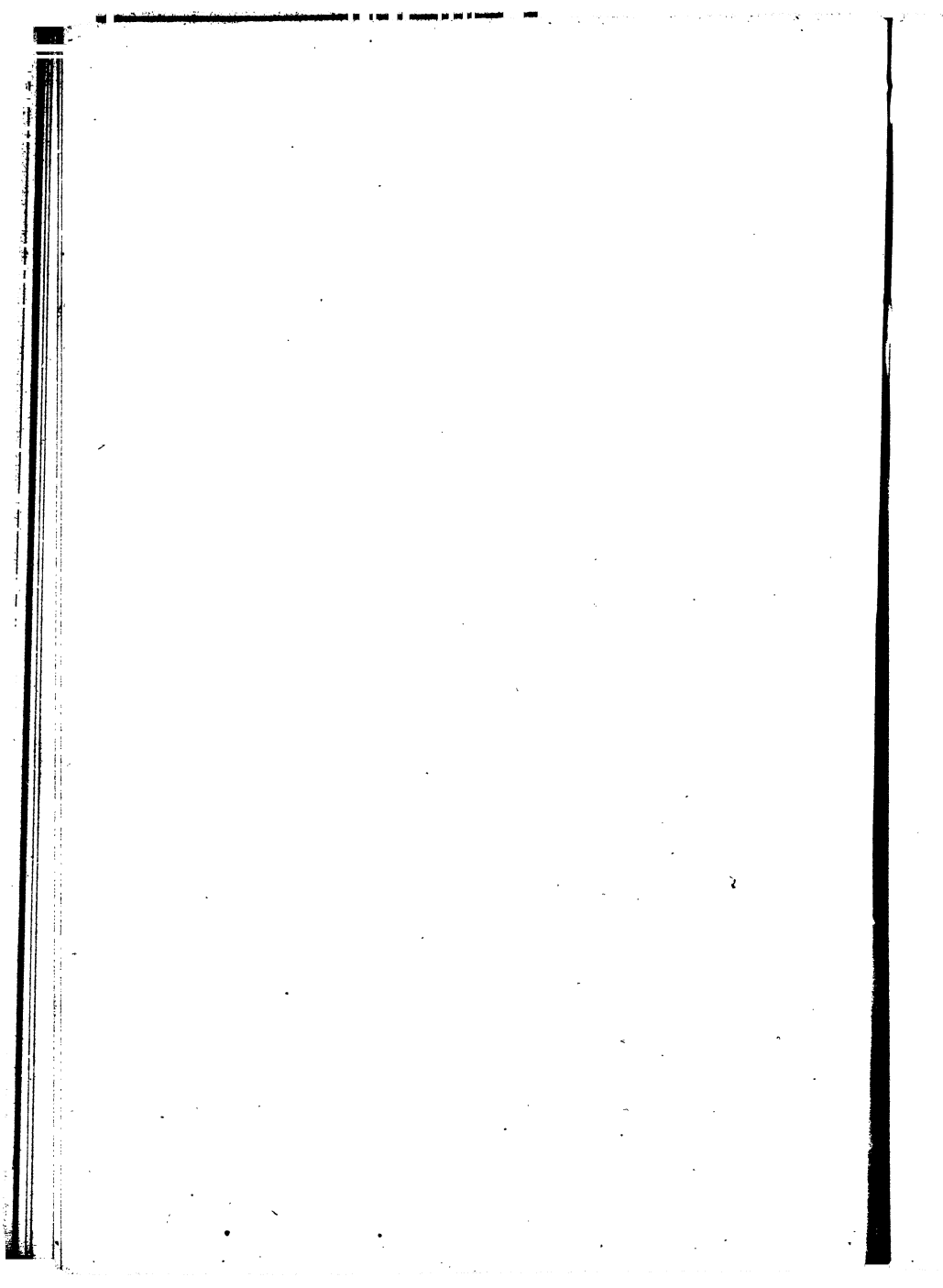
In these underground abodes we have seen some men digging deeper, thinking they were coming to the light; and others trying to peer through the black roof, if, perchance, they might see Heaven. We have seen them gather their worthless pebbles, and call them jewels; and light their dim lamps, and call them suns. We have seen them carve—out of beautiful alabaster it may be—their images, and call them gods; and yet those gods were but dumb men with human faces all soiled by the unclean hands of the workman; and now we have come up to the upper world of our Heavenly Christianity.

Happy guide shall I be, and well-paid traveller you, if you have come up *gladly* from the foul air of those unwholesome regions to the pure breath of

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Heaven, if you have *rejoiced* to leave the stagnant pools of human corruption for the ocean of God's love. Happy *we*, if you have *joyously* turned from those dark, chilly regions of speculation, to the sight of "the *Sun of Righteousness* with healing on his wings," even Jesus Christ our Lord, whose light is life, and whose life is love.





# BAPTIST CLAIMS AND BAPTIST DUTY:

## *AN ADDRESS*

*Delivered at the Anniversary of the ONTARIO BAPTIST MISSIONARY  
CONVENTION, October 18th, 1867.*

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I see, Mr. Chairman, that I am the only one on the platform who is not a minister, and so, I may perhaps be allowed to give a layman's speech to the laymen before me. You have others here who are actually on the Home-Mission field, who can tell you all about it—let me take another aspect of the subject.

*They* will tell you the need of preaching—let me tell you why it should be Baptist preaching.

Just now, when the claims of the Foreign field are so great, it may seem to be selfish to be anxious about our Home field where so many denominations are at work—but it is not so.

The work in Canada and in India is the same, the spirit that prompts it is the same, the fields only are different. The Baptists were the first to go to

that foreign field, they have remained there most manfully, and I am sure they will be the last to leave it.

But we have responsibility here too. There is not a township in Canada that can afford to be without Baptist influence. We have done a work for the world that no others can do, and we have as much yet to do. I would be sorry to hear my brethren boasting, but I do think that as a denomination we have not yet risen to the height of our position, we do not yet realize our honors and responsibilities. We have a large claim on the gratitude of the world; if we forget that claim, the world will forget it too. It becomes us, with all humility, to vindicate this claim, to tell the world humbly what God has wrought through us, what He has for us yet to do.

We often hear men very loud in their praises of British liberty and the power of British influence. They tell us that Italy, and France, and Prussia, govern by parliaments, because England has set them such an example; they tell us that Russia has freed her slaves, because she had learned noble lessons from Britain; they tell us that North America has a grander destiny than South America, because the one has British settlers, the other has not.

All this is true, but they forget to tell you whence those influences sprang. Why, Sir, had we time, we could prove that these blessings are due more

to the principles which Baptists have ever advocated, than to anything else. Just let me mention a fact or two. Five centuries and a half ago, the first English law against heresy was passed; and who was the first to be burned under that law? William Sawtre, who would not adore the cross instead of Christ, and who had denied infant baptism; and the very *last* English martyr was also a Baptist. And what do these facts say? They say that Baptists were the first to lift their voice against the sins of Popery, and the last to submit to Protestant persecution. They say that Baptists protested sooner, and protested longer than any one else.

But it was not until the 17th century that the "damnable doctrine"—as some of the Divines called it—this doctrine of "universal toleration," which we had always preached, was recognized. And so, if we and half the world with us are enjoying a liberty which is our best national blessing, we owe it to England, and England owes it to those Baptists who struggled and suffered—to Keach who stood in the pillory, and Bunyan who lay in a dungeon.

*They* were the champions of civil, as well as religious liberty. They knew that when they strove for the rights of the Christian, they were striving for the rights of the citizen. Liberty has become so fashionable in our day, that we ourselves almost forget that once it was not so fashionable as Baptist martyrs were. And yet, with all the lessons of two revolu-

tions, with all this Baptist preaching from pulpits, and scaffolds, and dungeons, and stakes, England only learned half the lesson.

It remained for our own Roger Williams, flying from persecuting England, flying from persecuting Puritans, practising as well as preaching the perfect law of liberty—it remained for him to set up a government that would withdraw its unholy hand from the Ark of God, and leave it to the care of God. To these principles, to our principles, do we in Canada owe our deliverance from a State Church; and our free America is to-day teaching to Europe and the world, the lesson of a free church—a lesson a thousand times more valuable than universal suffrage and all its advantages.

And thus we submit our claim to the test of history. Every time a Christian church has reformed it has come nearer to us.

Two hundred years ago, two thousand ministers in England were expelled, because they would not do just as Parliament told them; but in laying down State pay, and fat livings, and courtly honors, they were only laying down what we never would take up, only refusing what we never would accept. Twenty-five years ago the best ministers in Scotland, tired of the tyranny of the State, were about to tear themselves away from the church they loved so well, and form the great Free church. Four hundred, led by Chalmers and Welsh, marched three and three, up through the streets of wondering Edin-



burgh, and every step those noble men took, was a step away from the State, away from themselves, away from old prejudices, nearer to truth and nearer to us.

I remember well, Mr. Chairman, when I was a boy of seven or eight years, that a Roman Catholic neighbor, while admitting that we were as old as any Protestants, would still answer my father's arguments against Popery, by saying that we sprang from the "Madmen of Munster!"

Well, Sir, you and I have met with men who would scorn to be called bigoted, who would yet say the very same. And who were the "Madmen of Munster?"

I am sure I need not tell you that they were men maddened by oppression, men intoxicated with high thoughts of liberty, men who had too much spiritual light for their dark age, men who lived a hundred years before their time, and who held truths which many Protestants have not yet reached.

But our birth was not even then, not even in Luther's time.

Follow Christianity back through the middle and dark ages, follow it by the lighting of fires and the groans of the martyrs, back beyond Popes and beyond councils, beyond Domitians and beyond Neros, beyond even the cross itself, to the first Baptist and the first martyr, and wherever you hear a protest against priestly power, or noble words in defence of truth, wherever you find men worshipping in

secret or suffering in public, in nine cases out of ten, they are men who are contending for, or suffering for some principle that we have *ever* held dear. This is our claim, this is our history.

Our principles have been a necessity to the world's progress in the past; we believe they are just as necessary to the world yet. Even if the world were, humanly speaking, perfect to-night, it would need to be reformed before to-morrow morning. But even the Protestant world has something yet to learn of liberty and truth. If you doubt it, see how Germany—the land of the Reformation—has for the last thirty years persecuted those Baptists who *would* preach to them the Gospel. But it is only by repeating and enforcing our old truths—the truths of the Bible—that any real progress can be made.

First and foremost of all these truths, we think it is specially ours to cling fast to God's word as our only standard, our only authority, our only doctrine. Let others hold to their creeds, others to their confessions, others to the Fathers, but for us, let us "to the law and to the testimony." If we are to live and work in the future as we have done in the past, if our denomination is to be as immortal as our principles, it is only by keeping God's word above every other.

And, perhaps, there is no principle so peculiarly our own, none that lies so near the foundation of all Christianity as the spiritual membership of

churches. Let that once be carried out in practice, and infant baptism, and god-fathers, and sponsors, a worldly church, and all the other parts of that crazy system will be swept away. That man alone is prepared for the church, whom God has prepared. We protest—and we cannot protest too loudly—against allowing a Christian's child to believe that he is better in God's sight than another; we protest against sending a child out into the world with the lie in his heart, that some water, or some parent's vow has prepared him for God. Protestants are learning—learning through our teaching—that when they open the door to the world, they open the door to bad theology, to weakness, to spiritual death. And if we have accomplished nothing else among Protestants than to destroy their faith in some of these Popish ceremonies, than to show them that it is the Spirit of God, and not water that cleanses; that it is faith, and not the church that saves; had we done nothing more than this, it would still be worth all the contempt and wrong and persecution we have borne.

And we believe also, that we have much to do in teaching doctrinal truth. I venture to say that Spurgeon has done more in his short life, to teach the truth as it is in Jesus, than some denominations have *ever* done.

Our system of doctrine is consistent, because it unites the extremes, and because it represents the Bible view of truth. We hold high doctrines.

because the bible teaches high doctrines ; we appeal to man's conscience, because the Bible does so. We do not speak always of God's decrees, nor always of man's duties, but we embrace the whole round of Christian truth. In the one hand we hold God's sovereignty, and in the other, man's responsibility; in the one, the threatenings—in the other the promises ; in the one, man's duty—in the other, God's power alone to save.

We do not promise to reconcile these truths to every one. God reconciles them in the experience and life of every Christian.

These are some of the reasons why Baptists are necessary to our country and the world ; these are some of the truths for which we are responsible. We dare not abate one iota of these truths.

In a certain sense it is not sectarianism in us to strive to spread our denomination ; we are only striving for a fuller truth and a completer Bible ; and, believing so, we would sin did we not strive earnestly. God has placed a large trust in our hands in the past, that trust remains there still ; we must not, we cannot fail in that trust. Never mind the *mode* of baptism—no scholar will risk his character there—that dispute is settled.

And when others tell us that we differ from them only in the amount of water we use, show them that it is false, that there are far greater differences than that ; and that even if it were true, that difference would still represent an important principle.

When they talk about essentials and non-essentials, tell them that our Master's command makes *anything* essential, and that "to obey is better than sacrifice." The truths that distinguish us are too precious to be bartered or despised. Let us declare again and again the true relations of church and state. The marriage of God's kingdom with the world's kingdom, is a vile adultery—we proclaim an everlasting divorce. This kingdom of God is a Christian Theocracy; we own no king but Christ! He has made our laws, we dare not make any, we have but to obey. We allow no man or body of men to lord it over "God's heritage," for we are all "kings and priests unto God."

And when God becomes a respecter of persons, when He ceases to convert men individually, when He ceases to judge and reward them individually, then, and then only, will he allow us to call any man master—allow us to discharge our duties by proxy, or allow us to be governed by any one but ourselves. There may be more apparent obedience in a Popish despotism, there may be more apparent harmony under a hierarchy; but God does not govern thus. His government makes us citizens of a spiritual kingdom, and he demands from us, and enables us to perform the duties of equal individual citizens.

And in this age of education, and books, and literature, and science, it is our work, as it has been in the past, to watch that man's wisdom does not

take the place of God's. There is little danger of our neglecting human helps—that day has gone by. We want our young men to be thoroughly furnished; we despise no help, we refuse no knowledge, only let us remember that a full heart should go with a full head, and that, when we have done all, God's Spirit must yet make the successful minister.

It is ours to teach the world that God's Book is the Christian's only creed, only guide, only law.

It is ours to teach the alphabet of Christianity, that every one—in a Christian—no less than in a heathen land—must be born again, and that the church is only for those whom God has thus prepared. It is for us to show what the ordinances mean, what is their value, and to whom they belong. It is to teach all this that the Baptists need to live and work.

Apart from our duty to God, we owe it to our ancestors for their gifts unto us. We have a rich, a princely inheritance from the past, let us walk worthy of it.

That inheritance is rich in faith, rich in labors, rich in truth, yes, and it is rich in sorrow, and suffering, and death. It is princely—none others can claim such honors—let our princely bearing declare our high rank among God's noblemen.

Let us educate our young men,—I do not mean at the Institute,—I know that the spirit there is just what it should be—but let us educate them every day and everywhere in the presence of this lofty

denominational spirit that knows its own dignity. "Like pastor like people," says the proverb; but it is just as true that, like people like pastor. If *we* go cringing to the world and begging its patronage instead of telling our history and our claim, depend upon it our ministers will fawn at the world's feet too. Let our young men know that "views, tastes, and feelings" are not to be thought of, when eternal principles are at stake; that worldly honors are not to be compared to the honor of being on God's side.

Show them that, when they stand beside the despised Baptists, they stand beside men who have been at once the poorest and the richest, least honored and most honorable of all; beside men who have been poor and dishonored because they have been true to truth and principle; they stand beside a long line of worthies—Lollards, and Waldenses, and apostles—beside the real Puritans, the real Protestants, the first Reformers of the Christian church, and beside a host of martyrs whom no man can number, who "have gone up out of great tribulation."

Show them that they can well afford to be cheated out of this world's honors, when they inherit such honors as these. Sad indeed will be the day when all men shall speak well of us; when patronage comes in, principles go out—when earthly honors come, heavenly honors depart.

We would foster no narrow prejudice, no selfish

pride ; but it is meet that we tell the world how we have fought, and what we have won—tell the world that in struggling for God we have been struggling for *its* dearest rights and blessings ; and, “having done all, to stand,” with our feet firmly planted on the rock of eternal truth, which will lift us up safe above the politics, and the errors, and the corruptions, and weakness of the world and a worldly church.





THE  
DIGNITY AND WORTH OF LABOR:

*AN ADDRESS*

*Delivered in the BAPTIST CHURCH, BRANTFORD, May 31st, 1866.*

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Were I about to address those who were strangers to work, I might make an apology for choosing such a subject—but I will not dishonor either you or my subject by any thing in the shape of an apology. Most of you have realized for yourselves the value of employment, and I am sure you cannot feel the sentiment implied in my theme an unwelcome truth, much less an untruth. And yet work is so common a thing, it has so many little discomforts, so many necessary drawbacks, that we often forget its influence on our national and individual character.

It seems to me that one special cause for thankfulness which we Anglo-Saxons have on this continent is, that nine-tenths of us are men and women who live by work.

If any one were to ask me how it is that the children of little Britain have reclaimed half this continent from its native wildness, and brought with them the hum of business; how it is that the arms of British influence embrace not only this continent; but half the globe; I answer, that next to the Christian religion, it is because we need to work, and we love to work; and so if there is anything in our civilization, or wealth, or literature, or power, of which we may be proud, we owe it directly to the fact that we are, as a whole, a nation of workers.

There is not a treasure of the past but has cost somebody labor. A lucky dream, or an afternoon snooze never begot an invention, or perfected a science. Byron says he awoke one morning and found himself famous; but the work had been done when he was not in bed.

Minerva is said to have sprung, fully armed, from the brain of Jupiter; but "Paradise Lost" did not leap in full dress from the brain of John Milton. The starting of a Mission cost labor, no less than the weighing of a planet. Forests do not fall, and cities rise by the wand of an enchanter; there is not a science, or an art, or a trade, or a reform, a history or a poem, but has begun and ended in work.

I heard the other day of one, not far from here, who thought he should be perfectly happy, if he could sit down with nothing to do and nothing to

think of. Such an effort would be as vain as it is silly, and as ruinous as vain.

With our Northern restlessness, it would be utterly ruinous, if the majority of our nation were above working. With nothing to do, they would be certain to do something that would turn our country into a huge bedlam; mobs would eclipse the mischief and violence of the day, only by the greater mischief and violence of the night. The rewards of labor are too much in the future, present enjoyment is too tempting to allow the majority to work without the strong motive of necessity; so that not only is employment a blessing, but necessity is so too.

God, in his wisdom, did not see fit to leave Adam and Eve without a garden to till; and if work was necessary for the holy, how much more for men as they are,—for men with desires ever on the alert—men with passions ever ready to burst into a flame.

But some one may say, "did not sin bring a curse upon work? Has not work become a badge of disgrace?" I ask, what is there in the world, or your home, or your heart, however true, or tender, or lovely, that does not bear the blight of that curse? and yet God can make it a minister of good. It is employment alone that can give the highest zest to enjoyment. Rest that does not follow work is no rest—relaxation is no longer relaxation when it becomes the business of life; sleep is sweet, but sweetest to the man who has earned it. He alone

is fitted to enjoy, who has first learned to endure. The sunshine of spring would lose much of its charm, and the beauty of summer much of its richness, if the frosts of autumn, and the storms of winter did not come first; and thus it is only after a struggle with the storms and rudeness of the world's work, that enjoyment becomes a luxury—that rest is rest, and play is play.

I scarcely know any one more to be pitied—I had almost said despised—than the man who makes it his business to play, or lounge, or dream his life away. He sneers at work, lest he should seem to know that his father, perhaps, made all his money by work. His hands are carefully covered, lest they should be polluted by the earth they are made of. His mouth seldom opens, except to utter some complaint, or yawn away some useless hour. Only very seldom does a lazy thought visit his sluggish brain. When he leaves the world, he has accomplished nothing but to spoil some good clothes, or waste some good food. He has stolen a lifetime, and given nothing back in return. He never felt the luxury of a frame alive with energy. His pulse never leaped with a gladder bound as he saw difficulties with which he had bravely grappled, vanish from under his hand. His eye never kindled with enthusiasm, as he lingered fondly over something his skill or energy had achieved. No nation will ever study his words, or learn his lessons—no man will ever applaud his energy, or imitate his patience.

The tale of his quiet, plodding life will never nerve any young heart to do or to suffer. Neither family, nor neighbors, nor countrymen, will ever rise to thank or bless him.

The worker is ever the gainer. Work pays its own way. The outward work is clear gain, but the inward effects on the character are more valuable still. Physical labor develops the very qualities that are needed in mental and moral labor. It develops that individuality which, in the worker, becomes independence, but in the idler, selfishness. It gives that self-reliance which tends to self-mastery. The consciousness that one has earned his own living, creates self-respect, without which there can be no true nobility. The determination that will not yield to material obstacles, is akin to the power that wins moral victories. The patience of hope is fostered by the patience of labor. All that we mean by national or individual character, derives much of its loftiness, its stability, from the strength that work gives. Idleness—that never produced a physical giant, never produced a moral one. Neither manual nor mental labor is religion, but there never was a noble Christian who was not in some way a worker, and no sluggard was ever grandly pious.

But even if there were none of these rewards of work, there is nothing in it that is degrading. It is sin that pollutes, not the dust of a work-shop, or the grime of a coal-pit. No dirt, or sweat, or

smoke, can make disgraceful a work which no unholy motive has degraded. With the toughening of the hands, the sensitiveness of false, dishonoring pride will disappear.

The hand may defile the work, but honest work cannot defile the hand. Hugh Miller was as kingly when making his mark on the stones in the quarry, as when writing truth on the hearts of the Scotch nation. Humphrey Davy was no less noble when doing the drudgery of an apothecary's shop, than when lecturing to the Science of London.

The heads that tower grandly above those of other men, are the heads of men who feel work to be both a delight and an honor, and whose hands or thoughts are generally busy.

There are no idlers in the ranks of the illustrious—no sluggards among the world's Reformers, or Missionaries, or Martyrs. God's ministers rest not day nor night. Although they may have existed since before the world was, yet they have never sighed for time to spend in dreamy nothingness. They have learned by the experience of every hour, that labor ennobles; and that only the worker can grow in wisdom, or strength, or holiness.

But we have higher and holier examples than venerable men or holy angels. The greatest earth-born worker was the Son of God. Since He did a carpenter's work, all work has been made sacred. What *His* hand has hallowed, cannot degrade the

hand of *man*—of *any* man. The workshop that His presence has consecrated should not only be above men's sneers, but should be a privileged spot. Man surely may rise to the toil to which He stooped. If King Jesus was a carpenter, and His Apostles, fishermen, surely the servant need not complain that he is not higher than his Lord. The great Example, who went about "continually doing," has not laid aside His labor with His suffering. He ever liveth and worketh; and He also said, "My Father worketh hitherto." Men might nail Christ's hands to the cross, if haply so He might not work, but none can stay God's hand from working.

The life that sings, or blushes, or dances around us, is just His continually exerted energy. We see this energy in the life that is lifting the world in its spring growth up nearer to heaven. We see it working in the new lives that every minute are being welcomed to this world. We see it in the new birth which every minute gladdens some soul. Christians feel it in the growing life that year by year makes them more like the Great Worker. In every holy thought, every opening bud, every revolving world, we see God at work.

Again, if the mind is emphatically the man, mental work is emphatically man's work. The mind deals with thought,—with the past, the present, the future. The very ability to think is an honor. The ability to deal with the spiritual, to travel in

fancy "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," to create things true and beautiful in the workshop of one's own mind,—this is, indeed, the only gift peculiarly man's own.

Not to think, is not to be a man. Not to think, is to exclude ourselves from companionship with spirits. To be too lazy to think, is to barter away our likeness to God, for a little dishonorable ease. Not to think, is to despise man's chief glory, and voluntarily ally one's self to the brute.

Blind Homer could not work with his hands, but he would not be a burden to his friends; so he travels, and thinks, and sings, and the echo of those songs still rings in our ears, and will ring through all the lapsing ages.

Paul strikes the consciences of thousands with the hammer of God's truth, and the ring of those sturdy strokes will echo for ever.

The walls of Bedford jail could not restrain John Bunyan from working; and his Great-Heart still protects pilgrims journeying to the Celestial City; his Faithful still shows how to suffer in this world's Vanity Fair; and his Hopeful still sustains the dying Christian.

But, friends, the subject is getting up beyond my reach. I feel like a traveller who climbs a high hill, only to discover a higher in advance; and who climbs that higher, only to behold a mountain before him. There are thoughts ahead which loom up like mountains, but I fear I cannot climb; and



even if I could, I should not be able to describe the view. I see, rising up before me, a great principle of God's treatment of His children; that their growth is made to depend on their work; that they will, spiritually, be dwarfs or giants according as they are slothful or diligent; that they will *know* of the doctrine if they *keep* the commandments.

I get a glimpse of the thought that, if all work is noble, much the noblest is that work whose object is God's glory and man's salvation; whose rewards are holiness and likeness to God; and in which we are partners and co-workers with God.

I see, stretching off into the dim distance, the thought that all work is immortal; that there is to be a resurrection of *every deed*; that we shall some time see what seemed a trifling act expanding into an eternity of evil, or an eternity of good, of which, in either case, we can form but a faint, shadowy conception.

. Looking back over the ground we have travelled, we see that all the wealth we inherit—wealth of pocket, of intellect, and of life, has been heaped up, dollar by dollar, thought by thought, deed by deed, only by hard work.

We see that work is the salt of society, that keeps it from corruption. Work gives to repose its sweetness, to pleasure its delight, to hope its crown of success. Work is the shady back-ground

on which are painted all the bright scenes of real enjoyment. Work gives firmness to the muscles, strength to the limbs, clearness to the eye, stability to the will, courage to the heart, and dignity to the whole man.

The head that has been bowed over honest work, rises higher than fortune could raise it. Drops of sweat on a workman's brow crown him more nobly than a diadem of pearls. Since the Son of God has toiled in a work-shop, and the great apostles wrought as tent-maker and fishermen, the lawyer's quill and the physician's lancet cannot be more honorable than the hammer or the plough.

Since the Eternal God has fashioned with his fingers, and endowed with life, the insect, the reptile, and the worm, *man* cannot be dishonored by any work which He has sanctioned.

It is the *idler*, and not the worker, that is to be despised. The former sits still in a creation that is busy all around him. He is unlike God, for God is ever at work. He is unlike the noble of the past, for they are remembered for their *doings*. He is unlike Satan even, for he is too earnest to be idle. He is a blank in creation—his character is a blank, his mind is a blank, his influence a blank—save for evil,—let his memory be a blank also.

All that is charming in song or thrilling in story; all that is grand in poetry or beautiful in

art; all that is ennobling in word or heroic in deed, are, at once, the inheritance, the reward, and the honor, of busy heads and busy hands. Work is the *blessing* of man, the *felicity* of angels, and the *rest* of God.





# THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

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## A SERMON

*DELIVERED IN ALMONTE, AUGUST, 1871.*

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LUKE xv. 2.—“And the Pharisees and Scribes murmured, saying, ‘this man receiveth sinners and eateth with them.’”

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The Pharisees did not always misunderstand Jesus. When He spoke, a little previous to these words, in the parable of the wedding feast, of the humiliation of those who had to give place to a more honorable than they, they could not misunderstand Him, for He had just seen them “choose the chief rooms.”

When He told those who made a feast to call neither their friends, nor the rich, nor the noble; but to call the poor, the maimed, the blind, who could not recompense them, they felt that by that principle Jesus acted; and they hated Him. As He spoke of them who had been bidden to a supper, and who began to make excuse, their consciences told them it was they whom a new farm, a new stock of cattle, or a new wife, had prevented from coming.

They thought that the seats of honor in Messiah's kingdom were all for them, because they were the great and good men of the nation. But they saw Jesus gathering around him the poor and the halt, the off-scourings of the streets and the lanes; and then, as all the publicans and sinners, encouraged by Christ's manner, drew near to hear Him, their anger reached the climax, the bitterness became more bitter, and they exclaimed in the words of our text, "This man receiveth *sinners* and *eateth* with them!"

We are glad, very glad, that the Pharisees said this about Christ. We are glad to have such good testimony to the character of Christ. We are more than willing to accept from the enemies of Jesus, this short history of his life. If these Jews had said all they thought, they would, doubtless, have talked much in this way:—"This man pretends to be a teacher sent from above, and yet he goes down to such men as these! He professes to be holy, and yet he walks and talks with sinners! He professes to be righteous, and yet he does not come to us who are the righteous and the good! We would not go into that publican's house—we would not waste our knowledge on those vile persons; and yet how they crowd around him!"

Such, doubtless, were the thoughts in the hearts of those proud Jews. The learned, holy Doctors sat in judgment upon Christ, and this is their sentence:—"This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them!" They charge Him with this as a crime; *we* rejoice in it as His merit. What lowered Him in their estima-

tion, raises Him in ours. What they counted as His dishonor, we count His greatest honor. We rejoice that this Jesus "receiveth sinners," for that is just the Jesus we need. This is the chief beauty we see in Christ, this is His worth and His glory! We do not attempt to disprove this charge—we are glad it is true. The only defence we attempt, is to throw back the words of the charge—this man does what *you* never did! "*This man* receiveth sinners, and eateth with them!"

Let us first consider who it is that treats sinners thus. It is Christ, the source of all wealth and goodness. It is true that when He stood there, with the tax-gatherers around Him, He was, perhaps, the poorest one of all. They had homes, however small and cheerless they might be; but *He* had not "where to lay His head." When He sat at table, it was generally in the house of some poor man; yet He was not always allowed to shelter Himself even in the houses of such, for sometimes they entreated Him to "depart from their coasts;" sometimes they "sought to stone Him;" but very seldom to treat Him kindly.

When "every man went unto his own house," "Jesus went into the mount of Olives;" and sometimes "He continued in the mountain all night, in prayer to God." Others had friends, rich, powerful, it might be; but His were the humble, the poor, the lowly fishermen of Galilee! Thus Christ stood, the poorest man in that poor crowd,—and yet He was not poor, except for a time and for a purpose. His home

was where God's throne is; His wealth was there. He had made Himself a stranger and a foreigner, leaving behind Him the glory He had before. His clothes were just as plain, His food just as coarse, His fare just as hard, as though He had never been Lord of Heaven's splendor. But, however His glory might be veiled, it was yet all in reserve for Him.

Sin had sealed men's eyes, so that they did not recognize the Son of God in His humility, in His poverty; but He was still the rich King. In a few years He would put off those human garments, and put on again the "garments of light and majesty." But Christ's wealth was not all in Heaven. The silver, and the gold, the cattle upon a thousand hills, and the fowls of the mountain were His. Had not His hands made the world in which He was walking? He himself had built the house in which the tribes and the nations were living; for "without Him was not any thing made," and yet Jesus appeared in His own house as a beggar. He permitted man, who had taken possession, to call himself lord; while He, the real Lord, gave up His claim and His right.

Yet He had wealth superior to all this; wealth to which none would lay claim, wealth which was *in Himself*. "In Him were," and are "hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge!" He alone felt what was holy, for He was "holy, harmless, and undefiled!" And this is a kind of riches the world cannot buy, because it can furnish no adequate payment. The world does not know the riches of know-



ledge without any error. It cannot appreciate the purity which knows no stain, because no one on this earth ever had such purity but Christ. It never felt the warmth of a heart *wealthy* with love; because the world's warmest hearts have been cold compared to His; in none of them was there ever love like Christ's love. While all the world was poor in these things, Jesus was rich in all. All hearts but his were barren of true love; all minds poor in wisdom and true knowledge; all lives beggars in purity and holiness.

Thus Christ was not what the Pharisees took him to be; He was the rich king—the monarch in disguise. It is true, there was no crowd of princes and courtiers around Him. None called Him king, none paid Him tribute. His clothes, His friends, His surroundings, all proclaimed His poverty. He was a poor laborer; and yet, at His word stones would have become bread. At His touch mount Olivet would have become gold. At His look the brook Kedron would have flowed with wine. At His call legions of angels would have hailed Him Lord.

His enemies said He was a sinner, because He loved sinners, because He talked with them—permitted them to touch Him, and wash His feet with tears. He lifted the heavy burden from a poor woman one day, and they called Him a Sabbath-breaker. He said to the adulterous woman, "neither do I condemn thee," and they tried to convince Him of sin. He said to a poor guilty soul, "thy sins be forgiven thee," and they said, "He blasphemeth; who is this that forgiveth sin?"

This was the man, with all this wealth in Him and around Him, with all those treasures of love, those riches of goodness, and wisdom, and holiness, this, the man who received sinners—who still “receiveth sinners, and eateth with them !”

*Those whom Jesus received :*

Their outward condition was poverty. This is one of the chief glories of Christ's gospel. It is offered to all. But while all are welcome, the poor are specially so. While Christ was upon earth “the common people heard Him gladly.” The doctors of the law might gather up their long robes lest they should touch “the Nazarene,” and pass by on the other side ; the Jewish noble might sweep past Him in his chariot, knowing little and caring less for the homeless wanderer ; the Roman governors and officers, fearing a tumult, might treat harshly the man who drew such crowds around Him—these were not the people who “thronged Him.” *They* were the unwashed laborers, the hungry fishermen, the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind, who crowded around Him—who *thronged Him*.

Their diseases He healed, their ignorance He enlightened, their sorrows He mitigated. They felt that not only was He *among* them, but that He had placed Himself down beside them—on a level with them. They knew that knowledge, or wealth, or station, or influence was not needed before they could get near to Jesus. They were poor, they were

sinful, they were sick;—their plea and Christ's welcome told them *that* was enough.

“He receiveth *sinners*.” Let us not forget the meaning the Pharisee gave to this word. He shall speak for himself, “God, I thank thee that I am not as other men!” *He* was not *like* other men. *He* kept the law—not a single observance was allowed to pass unnoticed. *He* paid all the tithes—*he* fasted regularly. If he touched any dead thing, or any vile person, if he polluted himself by coming in contact with any vile publican or any unpurified Jew, he cleansed himself according to the law. He was holy, “other men” unholy. *He* could come and claim something from God; for had he not kept his law?

But the publican, whom the Pharisee despised, who stood afar off, and, smiting upon his breast, prayed, “God, be merciful to me, a sinner!” went down to his house “justified rather than the other.” Why? Because, unlike the Pharisee, he knew he had nothing to present to God, *felt* that he was really poor, that he was a *sinner*.

But the Pharisees are not all dead. They are found in almost every congregation—every community. It is true, they do not wear the long robes and broad phylacteries of their Jewish brethren, nor are they now seen kneeling at the corners of the streets; but they wear the same countenance, and entertain the same high ideas of their own holiness, and put the same trust in something they have done or can do.

Whenever we seek to hide any evil from God, it is hypocrisy.

Whenever we tell God by word or thought that we are good—that we are not so bad as some, or a great deal better than others, we are Pharisees. “Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord.” If we come to God expecting some favor for our good character or worthy life, He will say unto us, as Christ said, “Woe unto you, Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites!”

It is not enough that a man should feel himself poor in goodness, but he must feel that he abounds in evil—not only that he is poor towards God, but rich towards Satan. Men who have never got a near view of their own hearts, while they have felt that there was not much that was good about them, have still thought there was not in them much that was bad. But Jesus requires deeper self-knowledge than this. He would have the soul not only feel its poverty, but its sinfulness; and He is “faithful and just to forgive sins,” only when we “confess” them.

Our sinfulness is the only thing in the world we can really call our own. Friends and home, our liberty, our country—health, comfort, life with its joys and pleasures—none of these are ours—they are lent us for a day—they are the Lord's. But God will lay no claim to our sins—they are our own. He gave us hearts that we might love Him; but they have hated Him, and loved what He hates. He gave us a mind that we might honor Him; but we have

polluted it by the service of ourselves and Satan. He gave us bodies to be His temple; but He has been excluded from that temple, and every unholy thing has been served and worshipped there.

The unrenewed heart is filthiness and uncleanness in God's sight. It is like a pool of stagnant water which grows worse the longer it stands—exhaling disease and death, and bringing forth loathsome creatures. The pure sunshine that blesses everything else, only makes it more impure; and so with the heart without Christ—the sunshine of God's favor only makes it more unclean. His goodness, if it lead not to repentance, only leads to “hardness of heart.” It is God, Himself, who said once of man, that “every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.”

What shall be done, then, with all this sin—*our* sin? We must bring it to Christ. We cannot come without it, even if we would. Sin clings to us as close as our very life—yea, closer, for death may take away our life, but it cannot take away our sin. Nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from sin. Bring your sin then, perishing one, *it is all you have*. You are a beggar in everything else. You may have money, or influence, or power, but these have been given you, and some day you will have to give them back; but you have great possessions in sin. You have a heart full of it, a life full of it, words steeped in it, thoughts born in it. If you think you have no sin, you need not come to Christ, for it

is *sinners* He receives. But if you come as a sinner, He *will* receive you. Come with the words of the publican in your heart and upon your lips,—“God, be merciful to *me*, a sinner.”

If you come thus, in penitential sorrow, Christ will receive you:—and what does this imply? That He will take you sensibly, *consciously* into His presence; you shall see His lovely character, you shall feel the warmth of His love, the tenderness of His compassion, the blessedness of His forgiveness.

Christ's receiving you, implies that you are treated as just. He accepts you as if you were holy in His sight. If you feel that your righteousness is as filthy rags, then He will give you garments of His own making—pure and spotless as Himself, and will treat you as though you had never ill-used Him.

No charges will be brought against you, and kept sounding in your ears. If you acknowledge your sins, He is “faithful and just to forgive you your sins.” Once forgiven, they are cast behind Him into the sea of forgetfulness, and for them there is no resurrection. If forgiven, they have been laid upon him; He has borne their curse, received their penalty, and they shall never appear against you. “As far as the east is from the west,” said one who had tasted this forgiveness, “so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.”

This receiving you, implies that He will *eat* with you. “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." He will come in and sit down at your table, abide in your house, go where you go, dwell where you dwell, and be your nearest and best, your most intimate and faithful friend. "If a man love me," says Jesus, "he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

A few years ago, Lord Palmerston, who was then Prime Minister of England, was making some kind of political visit to one of the towns of England; and the people treated him, of course, very cordially. As he landed at the railway station the crowd was cheering very lustily; and seeing one of a crowd of boys cheering more vigorously than the rest, Lord Palmerston stepped up to him, and shook him by the hand. The cheers of the crowd were redoubled, and every paper in the land repeated the incident. Men said it was a great condescension for the head of a great nation, the Minister in so many Cabinets, to take the hand of an unwashed, ragged school-boy. But verily he had his reward. In the first place, he was paying for the praises the boy had given. In the next place, he knew the act would be spoken of greatly to his credit. So much for the world's condescension.

But Christ never had praise from those He receives, but the very opposite. The ragged boy might some day be as great as Lord Palmerston; and so, in one sense, they were equals—the lord did not stoop to the boy. But when Christ takes us by the hand, let us

not forget what He does. Let us remember what we are, and what He is: Christ all richness; we all poverty; Christ all goodness, we all vileness; Christ the holy, we the unholy; Christ clothed in light, we clothed in darkness; Christ the God, we perishing men.

I do not know any tidings of such great joy, any truth that ought to be so welcome as this: Christ Jesus receiveth sinners!"—Bless God, my dear friend, that it is so; then there is hope for you and for me. Let our heartiest song of praise be for this: "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

If Christ had come to call the righteous, He would never have called me—He would never call you. But, thanks to His name! He came to call "sinners to repentance." If He had come to gather the good and the holy, He would never take me or you; for He came "to seek and to save that which was lost." If Christ had come to seek the righteous, He would have gone back to Heaven without one saved one, for all—"all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." He had no word of welcome for them that thought they were whole. He told them they had no need of a physician.

We are not told that there is joy in the presence of the angels of God when a good deed is done, when holy words are spoken—though who shall say there is not?—but we are told that there is joy when a greater event than that takes place—joy "over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."



Rejoice that this glorious news is true. This is just the news we need. It is the Gospel Christ brought down from above. It is mercy—mercy to the guilty, we need; and it is mercy God offers. Christ gives me no message of mercy to those who have nothing to confess, nothing to repent of. If you have no sin, you need no pardon. If you are not lost, I am not sent to seek you. But if you are guilty, here is pardon. If you are vile, here is the cleansing blood. If you are heavy laden, Jesus says “Come, and I will give you rest.”

If you have sin—nothing but sin,—if you are a sinner—nothing but a sinner, then “this man,” Christ Jesus, “who is over all, God blessed forever,” —“this man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them !”





LESSONS DRAWN FROM THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

PROF. J. C. YULE.

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A SERMON

PREACHED BY REV. R. A. FYFE, D.D.,

Before the BAPTIST CHURCH, WOODSTOCK, and the Students of the  
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1ST CORINTHIANS xii. 31.—“Covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet I show  
you a more excellent way.” - - - Chap. xiii. 12.—“Now we see through  
a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall  
I know even as also I am known.”

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These verses are not independent statements carrying upon their surface their exact meaning and aim. They are woven into, and form a part of one of the most remarkable portions of divine truth, the depth and force of which are yet, but imperfectly apprehended, even by the most advanced of God's people. The lessons of these verses which we have chosen as our text, borrow their lights and shadows, their enlargements and limitations, their suggestions of encouragement and caution, from the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of First Corinthians,

in the midst of which they stand. They set before us important pursuits, indeed, (nothing less than the service of God), but they remind us how imperfectly men follow them, how narrow and unsatisfactory they are, in some lights, and how soon they are to be superseded by better methods of attainments, and by infinitely more satisfactory results. But let us briefly recall the circumstances which occasioned the writing of the impressive passage in which our text is found. It will be remembered that Corinth was the wealthiest, as well as proverbially the most dissolute city in Greece. And there, God encouraged Paul to remain and labor, because the divine Redeemer had much people in that city. There the Apostle soon gathered a strong church, so that he could say of them, "In every thing ye are enriched by him in all utterance and in all knowledge; even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you; so that ye come behind in no gift." But in a comparatively short time, this highly favored church forgot her first love, and a rapid process of spiritual decay manifested itself. The spirit of partizanship and rivalry sprang up in the church, and one cried "I am of Paul," another, "I am of Apollos." The Judaizing spirit also began to work, and they disputed about meats and drinks, and whether it was lawful for a Christian to live with an unconverted companion. Their old worldliness, also, stole in among them; and they dragged their brethren before heathen tribunals to the disgrace of both parties. Their

former licentiousness, also revived among them, and, in one instance at least, showed itself in the unblushing practice of a horrible crime. And last, though far from being the least of their faults, they lost their reverence for, and religious sense of the miraculous gifts with which members in the church were so largely endowed by the Holy Spirit. They began disputing about the relative value of these gifts; and seemed to fancy, they were conferred chiefly to distinguish the persons on whom they were bestowed, by astonishing the beholders at the wonderful things which these gifts enabled them to do. Many desired to speak with tongues for example; that is, to speak some language which the hearers could not understand. Paul afterwards showed them, how profitless this was for the hearers generally, though it had its appropriate place in the economy of spiritual gifts. This sad state of the Corinthian Church was reported to the Apostle Paul, by the house of Chloë. About the same time, it seems, messengers from the Church in Corinth, arrived, bringing to the apostle an answer to a former letter of his, and asking some questions. All these matters are taken up by the apostle in the epistle, and thoroughly disposed of; and thus, out of the errors and sins of the Corinthian Church, principles of lasting obligation for the guidance of all Christians, are clearly evolved and enforced. The portion out of which we have chosen our text, this morning, relates mainly to the exercise of gifts, for the cause of God; to the grace which alone can give

them spiritual character and value; and to the considerations which should reconcile us to the limited and unsatisfactory measure of our knowledge here below. It is in this direction that I propose to turn your thoughts on this occasion. Spiritual, or miraculous gifts, were conferred on the early Christians, to perform for the churches the work which God intended, in the next generation, to perform by ordinary means. These gifts occupied in the Apostle Churches, the place of a properly trained ministry, and an experienced membership. Hence, Paul said to Timothy, "The things which thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also." Here is an inspired warrant for educating ministers. But at the commencement of the church, where three thousand were converted in a day, where were men to be found fit to teach, train and govern this great company, unless they were raised up by miracle? Hence God raised up, apostles, prophets, teachers, workers of miracles, those who could assist in government, who could speak with tongues, who could heal diseases, &c. There was no other conceivable way, of supplying the wants of the churches at first. But when the churches were established, and had time properly to educate, and develop the natural talents of the members, those miraculous gifts were taken away, as the apostle intimates in Ephesians and Timothy they would be. In the mean time, we find, as in our text, that these spiritual gifts were to be

prized highly and zealously sought after; especially those which were most useful to the particular churches.

1. Let us notice the inspired writer's exhortation to the Corinthian Church: "Covet earnestly the best gifts," or as Conybeare and Howson say, "Feel intense eagerness about the best gifts." Whether we are to understand from this, that the Holy Spirit, in the sovereign disposal of these spiritual gifts, had, at the same time, reference to the earnest desires and prayers of his people to obtain them, or whether the apostle meant to exhort the Corinthians to be intensely eager to use or employ the best, or most useful gifts, for the benefit of the church, is not, in my mind, quite certain. It does not, however, seem inconsistent with the teachings of Scripture, to suppose that the apostle may have had both these thoughts in his mind. Be intensely eager to obtain the best gifts, and to employ them for the perfecting of the Church of God. How much has God graciously given up to earnest prayer! Prayer has driven even death away for years, as in the case of Hezekiah. It has opened the heavens and shut them, as in the case of Elijah. It has placed, as it were, the divine Redeemer himself at the service of the pleader, as in the case of the Syrophenician woman—"Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." And O how often have we experienced the benefits of this wonderful arrangement! We have ourselves often seen that it imparted talent to dulness, and strength to weakness. In answer to it, our feet

were taken from the horrible pit and the miry clay. Who can say, what earnest and persevering prayer may not accomplish ! No man in this wide world, is more to be pitied than the brilliant and learned philosopher Tyndall ; for, according to his belief, God himself cannot help him in his sorest need. I suppose then, Paul is urging the Corinthians to desire intensely to have the best gifts, and to use them for the spiritual welfare of the church that had erred in so many ways. He knew that, by following his exhortation, they would more effectually rid themselves of any desire for personal aggrandizement, and of any petty feeling of vanity or display in the use of their miraculous powers. They would be craving the best means of blessing others, and striving to use them solely for this end. Now the inspired advice to the Corinthians, is surely apposite and well timed for us. "Covet earnestly the best gifts," the best means attainable, to benefit the church of which you are a member. This is a law as broad as the membership of the Church of Christ. I am not referring now to any particular class in the church to whom the text specially points. I am not pointing my finger at those who have five or ten talents, and passing by those who have two or only one. The gifts which were distributed to the Corinthians, were confessed of different values, in point of usefulness to the church ; but all were necessary to her welfare and proper development. So here, if a man has only one talent or gift, he is as much bound to use it to the best ad-



vantage, as he who has ten. O what opportunities Christians have in our day, not merely to consecrate their best gifts to God, but to cultivate and discipline them! For, while but a small portion of them can obtain what may be called a thorough intellectual training, yet *all* may indefinitely improve the gifts they have, by using them for God. But, how many members join the church, without any idea that they have anything to do for the church? They feel they are to be looked after; and if the church does not frequently send after them, and look them up, they think themselves justified in leaving the church altogether. The church may be to blame, but assuredly such members are in the fault. By serving the church, I do not now mean merely, nor mainly, speaking and praying in meeting, &c.; but I mean, quietly influencing some soul, over whom you can reach, for Jesus. Bring him under the sound of the gospel if possible, plead with him in private. Wrestle with God for him in prayer. "Covet earnestly"—plead unceasingly with God, to obtain the best gifts, those which will make *you* the most useful, I ask you not to pray for the intellect of a John Howe, or the brilliancy of Robert Hall; nor for the wealth of a Peabody to distribute, but for the best gifts for *you*. "Go again seven times," till the cloud arise out of the sea for you. So much for the general bearing of this exhortation.

But our text has obviously, also, a special lesson for those who feel themselves called to the work of teach-

ing, and guiding the Church of Christ. They are to "Covet earnestly the best gifts," to aim, anxiously—with intense eagerness—to develop those gifts or talents which will make them most useful in the church. They are not to crave those which will aggrandize themselves most,—not those which will bring them most fame, or renown for learning or greatness of intellect, but those which will make them most useful. This must be their aim, and this must be the direction of their studies. Yet how diverse from this are the aims and ambitions of many students even for the ministry? They wish to be scholars; and to carry off their prizes, and their gold and silver medals; they even wreck their health for the remainder of their days. They thus, in multitudes of instances, fix upon the wrong goal, and struggle blindly to reach it. Like the unhappy lady who was standing upon the perilous verge of the cliff at Niagara Falls, a few years since; "I MUST *have that flower*," said she, and leaning over the edge to get it, she lost her balance, and went to destruction.

There are two thoughts herein embraced; the danger of cultivating our talents at random, or with reference to worldly ambitions, and the duty of seeking the development and discipline of those faculties which will make us the greatest benefit to the cause of God. "The cause," the church of Christ, must never be lost sight of by the student of the ministry.

2. Observe that the apostle, after urging the Cor-

inthians to vehemently "crave the best gifts," throws in a remarkable caution; "And yet show I unto you, a more excellent way." On the meaning and bearing of these remarkable words, he, in the thirteenth chapter of this epistle, pours a stream of spiritual light and life, unequalled, for warmth and brilliancy, by any other description of vital Godliness. At first, we might think that this new suggestion supersedes the exhortation on which we have been commenting, as if Paul meant to tell us that love is *better* than talents or gifts. This is certainly not the meaning of the passage. The apostle is not contrasting love with talents; but is contrasting love, as an element in which all our talents should work for God, with the spirit and aims in which the Corinthians sought to exercise their gifts. "And yet show I unto you a more excellent way;" or, "and moreover, I show unto you a more excellent way"; that is, more excellent than that which you and others generally pursue—a way by which the highest gifts of men may be transfigured, and made to exhibit the very nature of God, who is love. It cannot be questioned, that many members in the church of Corinth had comparatively low and paltry aims, in the exercise of their gifts. They aimed at awakening the wonder or admiration of their hearers, as talking in unknown tongues is calculated to do. How different would have been the history of that church, had all her gifted members been actuated and led by simple love to God and men—had all their gifts been bathed in, per-

meated, and fused by the glowing love of God, shed abroad in the heart ! And how unworthy are the motives by which many students are actuated now ! They mean to be learned men, to cut a figure in the world, to obtain prominent positions, easy places, rich churches, and large salaries. If these are not always the conscious motives, are they continuously conscious of better and nobler ones ? Know, my brethren, that learning, however broad and accurate, talents, even the most brilliant, knowledge of the word of God, the most varied and the most minute, will not sanctify the heart, or purify the life. The Corinthians had the most abundant and varied gifts. "They came behind in no gift." That is, no church surpassed them in this respect ; and yet look at what a melancholy picture they presented : consider how very far short they came of pleasing God. They might speak with the tongues of men or of angels, but, without charity, they were but sounding brass. They might have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have faith to remove mountains, and yet be nothing. How sadly do we find this illustrated at the present day. What profound scholars have we in the old world and in this, even in the truths of revelation, who have utterly separated gifts from love ? What brilliant scientists are now astonishing the world with their discoveries, whose hearts have never been thrilled by the love of God ? There is a letter, and a spirit in truth, and especially in God's revealed truth ; and this letter

killeth, while the Spirit giveth life, We cast our eyes over the world, and see that there are many men of transcendent gifts and of the profoundest learning, who are professedly engaged in expounding the truth of God, who have yet never felt within them the pulsations of spiritual life, who never pointed a soul to Heaven and to God by the way of Calvary; and who, if called to sing the hymn,—

“Nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee,”—

would fancy that they were only asking that the distance from one point to another, might be lessened! The love, so grandly described by the apostle, where it takes possession of the heart of any man, is not only to him “a joy forever,” but it vastly increases all his powers. It is the mightiest impulse to exertion. It quickens his ingenuity; it stimulates his every faculty. It endows him with a patience and perseverance which never tire. It will serve a man instead of talent, and, to a large extent, in lieu of intellectual capacity. It clothes him with a spiritual magnetism, which draws all men unto him. The other Christian graces are full of beauty; but this is the Ko-hi-noor, the mountain of light, which towers above them all. Even in Heaven there can be found no substitute for love. Hope will be swallowed up in fruition, and Faith supplanted by sight, but still there, love will remain to fill the bowl and banquet of the skies. It is the fulfilling of the law, the essence of religion. “He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God

in him." How then is it possible to accomplish anything in spiritual matters without love? How can a man fit himself for usefulness without carefully cultivating this spirit? And can any member of the church do any good, without having much of the love here spoken of in his heart?

We know from our observation that men often fatally err by sacrificing their health, in their eagerness to obtain intellectual culture and knowledge. And the apostle teaches us in the text, and its connections, that they also err most grievously, in seeking gifts with wrong aims or motives. Gifts thus obtained, do not benefit their possessor spiritually, nor do they largely benefit others. They do not bring the soul near to God. The faith that works by love, alone does this. Then why, O why, will men so persistently overlook God's great law, in His spiritual kingdom! Gifts alone will prove a curse instead of a blessing. The text suggests yet another reason, why the possession and cultivation of gifts, should not be so eagerly, and *exclusively* sought—that is, because our highest attainments are very imperfect in this state, and often leave us in sad perplexity, if not in doubt. "Whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part."—He illustrates this by comparing the present state of our knowledge, to the state of childhood. The child's knowledge, and thoughts, and speech, are, however interesting and appropriate, adapted only to

a child, after all. He is bounded by very narrow limits, surrounded by mysteries which he cannot penetrate, and by perplexities which he cannot solve. So it is with the man of the most regal intellect, and of the profoundest learning. In every direction, his most anxious and long continued researches meet with a wall which he cannot overleap. And in his every day life, in his family circle, yea even in his own soul, he is hourly meeting with mysteries, on which he has no light, and with trials which sadly trouble him. Here, even in the word of God, we see by means of a mirror, obscurely—or, as the text says, “through a glass darkly.” The thoughts presented about many things, are but vaguely and dimly set before the mind. With what passionate longing did the great mind of John Foster, for example, approach the verge of this world, so to speak, and peer away into the future, to get some clearer and more satisfactory views of the Eternal world, and he could only return with a sigh of disappointment. His passionate desire could not be satisfied. He could only see through, or by means of, a glass darkly.

What more perplexing event, than the one which has occasioned the remarks I have thus far made, can we consider? A man, who, by great self-denial and patient exertion, fitted himself for an important department of service in the church of Christ—a department which needed his services, and for which he was well prepared, is cut down, almost as soon as he entered upon his work. And

this, in the face of the urgent language of the Master himself, saying, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, for the harvest is great, but the laborers are few." We can devoutly say, "It is the Lord's will, and good is the word of the Lord concerning him." But is this an explanation? The whole family of sciences is dumb concerning matters like these; and the word of God, itself, only enables us to "see through a glass darkly." "We know only in part." We thank God we have the good hope, that events of this kind, and many others, we "shall know hereafter." "That which is in part shall be done away."—"We shall see, face to face, and know even as we are known." Man's great difficulty in knowing accurately what transpires around, and in him, is that the media by which he obtains his knowledge are imperfect. Our senses may deceive us, or we may read incorrectly the testimony of consciousness. We may reason unsoundly on these things; and language itself is an imperfect vehicle. But there, we shall see directly, without media,—*there*, will be no darkness at all. "We shall see face to face—and know, even as we are known." Whatever mysteries and errors surround our conceptions on earth, in regard to divine things, none were ever felt in Heaven in regard to us, and the promise is, that we shall there know, even as we were known. Now, we can only bow reverently before God, and wait, "Till the day dawn and the shadows flee



away." It is when we look at the limitations of our best minds, in respect to the investigation of truth, and at the unsearchable and trying events of Providence, by which we are constantly surrounded, that we see, from a new stand-point, the necessity of possessing that love on which the inspired writer so strongly insists. We must have the love of God in our hearts, in order that we may receive the things here spoken of as God would have us. A loving heart alone, can yield a spiritual submission to God, in events like this. The so-called submission of an unloving heart, is the submission of a slave. "I bow, because I must," is all it can say. A loving heart submits, because all these events are directed and controlled by the hand of an all-wise and loving Father whom it loves. Such an one has, at least, three strong reasons why he can, through his tears, cheerfully, and even gratefully, commit himself and all that is dear to him, for time and eternity, to his heavenly Father: Because he loves God, and knows that God loves him, because God's avowed plan is to bring good, and only good, out of evil, and because he is assured that all will be made plain to him—"He shall know even as he is known," and "see face to face." When standing in this position, the light of Heaven falls directly upon us, and we are strengthened and refreshed, that we may farther serve and wait. Permit me now, more immediately, to state what occasioned the train of thought

and the lessons which I have endeavored to set before you.

Our deceased brother, J. C. Yule, whose sun went down ere it was noon, was in feeble, or failing health, for more than a year. He fought a hard battle for life, and for his chosen work on which he had strongly set his heart. He realized the old poet's words :

“ Fighting the battle of life, With a weary heart and head,  
For in the midst of the strife, The banners of joy are fled.  
Fled, and gone out of sight, When I thought they were so near,  
And the music of hope, this night, Is dying away on my ear.

\* \* \* \* \*

Even as now, my hands, So doth my folded will,  
Lie waiting thy commands, Without one anxious thrill.  
But, as with sudden pain, My hands unfold and clasp,—  
So doth my will start up again, And taketh its old firm grasp,  
Nothing but perfect trust, And love of thy perfect will,  
Can raise me out of the dust, And bid my fears lie still.

Though he was very feeble, he still cherished the hope that he would be spared for his beloved work, until within about two weeks of his decease. I visited him, at the request of his anxious companion, on the afternoon of Sabbath, three weeks ago, and told him, as gently as I knew how to deliver such a sad message, that his physician thought he might live two months, and he might not live two weeks. The message was calmly received by him; and after I left, he retired within himself, seemingly to ponder over what he had heard. After a time, he called his wife to him,

and asked her to feel his pulse. It was running rapidly, and she thought he had an access of fever, but he told her no. He said he seemed to have got on a higher plane. He had been fighting for life; and O, such a fight! But it seemed it was death which his Heavenly Father had prepared for him. He said, he saw this to be his Father's will, and he cheerfully chose and accepted it, as what was best for him. From that time, till his death, his face was turned toward the land which lies over the dark river. He expressed no ecstasies—ecstasies do not belong to a type of mind like his—but he calmly and peacefully moved on toward his end. On my next visit to him, he asked me, as I had known him longest, to preach his funeral sermon, and put as little of J. C. Yule in it as possible. He mentioned a text which he had thought of for the occasion, but he would not insist upon it. It was I. Jno. iv:10, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins." The following touching facts were mentioned in connection with this text. It was the last which he himself had tried to preach from, when he was stopped in the midst of it by hemorrhage from the lungs. The outline of his plan on that occasion, (which he barely indicated to me, was characterized by his ingenious method of treating texts. He proposed to view the text, as a series of wonders—"A wonder, that men should not love God; A won-

der, that God should love men; A still greater wonder, that God should send his Son to be a propitiation for our sins." I did not select this text to preach from on this occasion, because I thought I could better set before you the lessons and messages which he wished me to convey, from the words I have chosen. On the visit at which he desired me to preach with reference to his death, he gave several other directions, which he would like to have carried out, in regard to his funeral. He wished no funeral badges worn—in which I perfectly agreed with him. I wish the useless and senseless fashion were abolished. He wished to be borne to his grave by the theological students, all of whom he loved, and many of whom he had for a short time taught. I saw him once more before he left us, when he again mentioned some messages and a testimony he would like to have delivered to the students and to the church.

A little more than an hour before his death, when the family and friends were all around him, he quoted a part of the 116th Psalm, and they afterwards sang it in the Scotch metrical version.

" I love the Lord, because my voice,  
And prayers he did hear.  
I, while I live, will call on him,  
Who bowed to me his ear.

Then afterwards, they sang the hymn, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," &c. His oldest

surviving brother attempted to start the tune, but in his distress he lost it, and Mr. Yule, who was beyond singing at this time, attempted to whistle it, to direct his brother, for he wanted to hear the hymn once more. He was truly now standing on "Jordan's stormy bank."—In a few minutes after, he turned over, and passed out of sight forever. He entered into rest, in the 37th year of his age. His day's work was done. "He rests from his loved employ." The lessons which he left for us have been, in substance, woven in among the thoughts which I have drawn from the text, but for the sake of clearness, I may be permitted briefly to name them, by themselves, by way of application.

1. The life and labors of Mr. Yule, stand out as an example to students for the ministry. He did "covet earnestly the best gifts." "This one thing he did." Few men ever, more eagerly, or more persistently, sought to discipline their powers, and store their minds with useful knowledge. His aim was, to prepare himself to "vindicate the ways of God to men," to expound the Scriptures, and to teach others to expound and enforce them. And he largely succeeded in accomplishing this aim. He obtained a clear insight into the word of life, and a nice appreciation, even of those delicate shades of meaning, which (in the original) enrich and adorn the sacred Scriptures. He had a cultivated taste as a writer, and a just appreciation of

the source of language. In a word, he laid a broad and solid foundation on which to build, for the benefit of others, a grand structure of Scripture knowledge. The great object stood before him, namely, to make known to his fellow men, the unsearchable riches of God's truth. No higher aims can be placed before any man, and none are, more worthy to employ our noblest endowments, in this world or the next. But while taxing his intellectual powers, to the utmost, in order to fit himself for his life-work, he afterwards became sensible, that he had been guilty of a serious oversight. He neglected too much, for years, his physical health: and thus, alas, deprived himself of the ability to employ the attainments which he purchased at so great a price, for the benefit of the church on earth. And, as he drew near to the end of his earthly career,

“ The sunset of life gave him mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.”

He wished me, my young brethren, to caution you against this mistake. Christ has seen fit to lay down his own life, to redeem, not only the souls, but the bodies of men. They are therefore worth caring for. Besides, they are essential to the performance of our work upon earth. The life of our deceased brother, with this caution appended, sets before you, my young brethren, a most valuable lesson.

2. He left a more direct and impressive lesson which he earnestly desired me to set before the students, and his brethren in the church. "Tell them," said he, "that it is not accurate scholarship, that it is not great attainments, nor high place or position which are to be most earnestly sought. It is continually living near to God, that must be sought with strong crying and tears." This is the thought that he wished me to lay before you, and enforce with all my power. Ah! when we come to die; when all our life-long pursuits and the world itself, which loom up so largely before us in the days of our health and strength, are gliding away from us; when the light of the Eternal world is beginning to surround us, then we see the beauty of "the more excellent way" recommended by the inspired apostle. We are going into God's immediate presence, and if we have not been living near to Him, if His love has not been pulsating in our hearts, the idea of His immediate presence cannot be pleasant. How shall I bring this thought home to you my brethren?—home to myself? Cultivate charity, or love, live near to God daily, hourly. This is essential to your Christian usefulness here—essential to your souls' highest welfare. I press this upon you, as the most solemn conviction of one who was standing on the verge of the Eternal world; I press it upon you, as the last message of a dying Christian to his brethren; I press it

upon you by the super-excellency of the possession itself which you are urged to acquire—to, have in your hearts much of the love of God, of the charity, or love, which suffers long and is kind, which believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things,—the love that never faileth; and I press it upon you by the sanction of the great God Himself, who through his inspired apostle, assures us, that all other possessions are worthless without this.

O, shall we not with our whole hearts give heed to this?

In this spirit, so earnestly commended to us, the widow can see, through the clouds which have gathered so darkly over her, and the tears that dim her sight, *a loving father*; and patiently wait, believing that what she knows not now, she will know hereafter. And the father and mother, brothers and sisters, whose circle has been again broken, can cheerfully anticipate the time—to some of them not far distant,—when they will again “see face to face, and know even as they are known.”



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## DEATH OF PROF. J. C. YULE.

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*From the "CANADIAN BAPTIST," February 3rd, 1876.*

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The sad intelligence has reached us that another well-known brother and devoted laborer in the Lord's vineyard has been called away from our ranks. On Friday last, about half-past two in the morning, without a fear or doubt, Prof. J. C. Yule calmly fell asleep in Jesus, at his home, in Woodstock. The event was not unexpected, although it has come somewhat sooner than we had anticipated. For months past his strength had been gradually giving way, and it was only too apparent to his friends that consumption had marked him out as its victim, and that the end of his earthly race was drawing nigh.

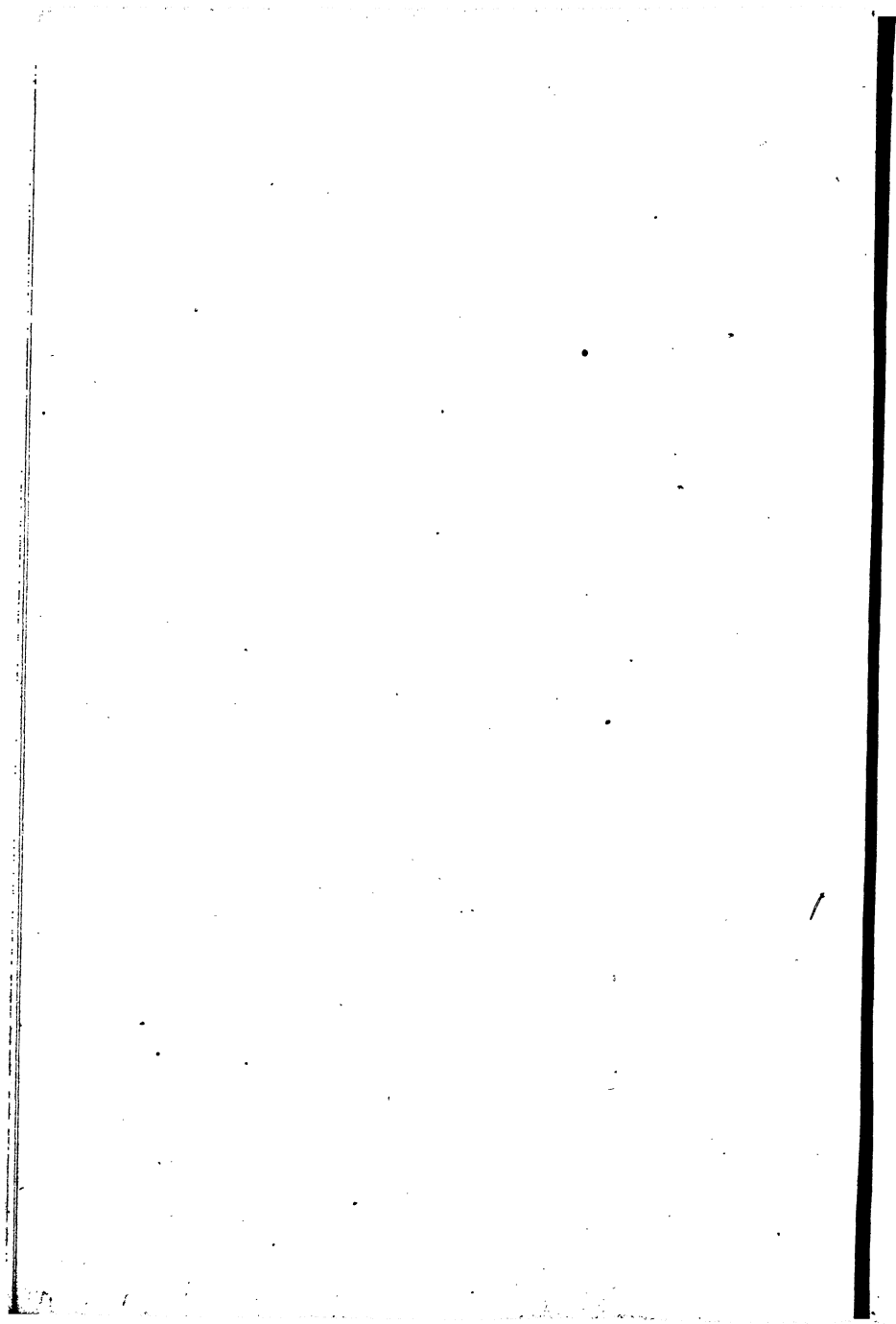
By another hand than that which pens these x  
will probably be written. Still we cannot forbear  
giving our testimony to the gifts and graces of one  
x words, some fitting notice of our departed friend

whom we have known and highly esteemed for nearly fifteen years. Of cultured intellect, exact scholarship, and fine taste, possessing a singular combination of quickness and power, with a heart deeply imbued with the love of Christ, and burning with a desire to serve him in the salvation of souls, he seemed to be, indeed, a chosen vessel, sanctified and meet for the Master's use. To human view it appears sad and strange that a vessel so carefully fashioned, should be set aside from earthly service, just when it seemed best prepared to bear the Saviour's name. But our Heavenly Father doeth all things well, and we bow in humble submission to His holy will. The vessel is not broken; it is only purified and perfected, and taken to higher and holier service in the Church triumphant.

On Monday of this week, devout men carried his body to the burial. Seldom has the process of committing ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, been performed with more of the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection. Seldom has any young man in his prime left behind him the record of a purer spirit or a nobler life. Amid our deepest condolences for his sorrowing widow and bereaved relatives, and along with the earnest prayers which we offer for their support, we cannot but thank God for the fragrance of the memory they are called to cherish, and the honor of the name they bear.

And, although he has left only the promise of what he would have accomplished, had God been pleased to spare him to labor a little longer here; yet, to friends in different parts of the province,—in Brantford, Toronto, York-Mills, Woodstock, and other localities, where he was known and loved, for his work and his worth's sake, he will continue to speak with a voice more tender and persuasive than it comes from an early tomb, and calls them to follow him as he followed Christ, through the path of struggle, and duty, and suffering, onward to the crown of glory.





# PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS

*Adopted at a Meeting of*

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

OF

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO,

FEBRUARY 26th, 1876.

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*Whereas*, in His All-wise Providence, it has pleased God to remove, by the hand of death, our esteemed christian brother, J. C. Yule, M. A., late Professor of Exegetics and Moral Philosophy, Canadian Literary Institute, Woodstock :—

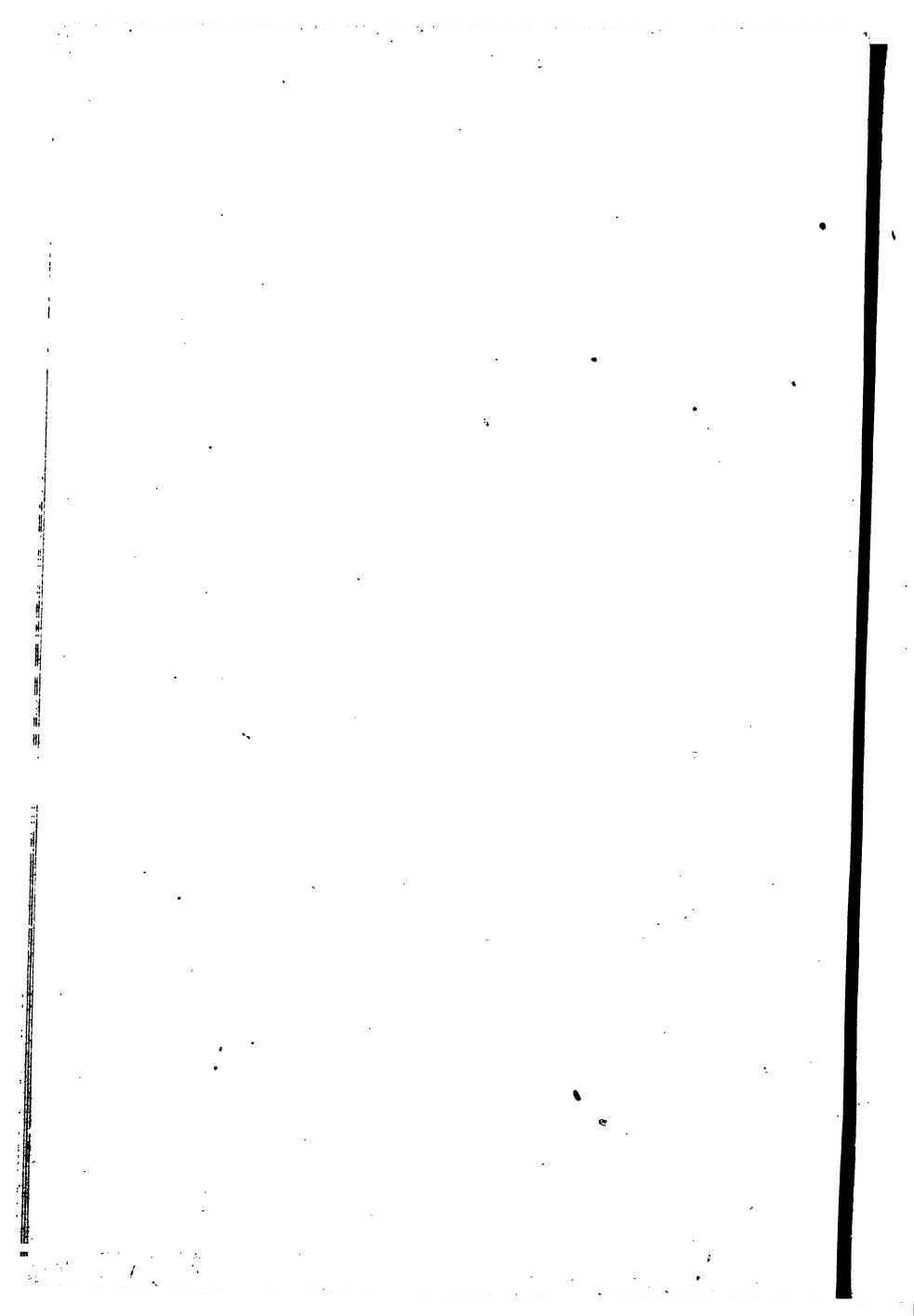
Therefore, *Resolved* :—that we, the Members of the Y. M. C. A., University College, Toronto, place upon record our deep regret at the loss of one who, as one of the founders, and the first President of the Association, and as an earnest worker and sympathetic Christian brother, endeared himself to this Association :—

And *Resolved* :—That, as a mark of our appreciation of his high intellectual and christian attainments, we remove his name from the list of "Life," to that of "Honorary" members ; and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the widow of the deceased.

(Signed,)

S. H. EASTMAN, *Sec. Treas.*

U. C. Y. M. C. A.



## BEYOND THE SHADOWS:

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Thou hast entered the land without shadows,  
Thou who 'neath the shadow so long  
Hast sat with thy white hands close folded,  
And lips that could utter no song ;  
Through a rift in the cloud, for an instant,  
Thine eyes caught a glimpse of that shore,  
And Earth with its gloom was forgotten,  
And Heaven is thine own evermore.

We see not the glorious vision,  
Nor the welcoming melodies hear,  
That from bowers of beauty Elysian,  
Float tenderly sweet to thine ear ;  
Round us lie Earth's desolate midnight,  
Her winter-plains bare and untrod, —  
Round thee is the glad morning sunlight  
That beams from the City of God.

Our eyes have grown heavy with weeping,  
Thine the " King in his beauty " behold,  
And thou leanest thy head on His bosom,  
Like him, the beloved, of old ;  
The days of thy weeping are ended,  
Thy sorrow and suffering done,  
And angels thy flight have attended,  
To the side of the Crucified One.

On thy hearthstone the ashes are fireless,  
In thy dark home the lights never burn,  
In thy garden the sweet flowers have perished,  
To thy bower no song-birds return !  
Yet a mansion of bliss glory-lighted,  
Where anguish and death are unknown,  
Where beauty and bloom are unblighted,  
Henceforth are forever thine own.

Oh ! joy for thee, glorified spirit,  
With Jesus forever to be,  
And with sinless and sainted companions  
The bliss of His Paradise see !  
Joy, Joy ! for thy warfare is finished,  
Thy perilous journeying o'er,  
And, above the deep gloom of Earth's shadows,  
Thou art dwelling in light evermore !





