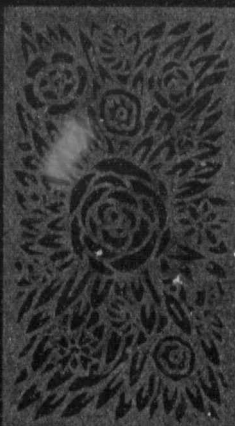


Memorial  
Sermon



Rev. Mungo Fraser, D. D.

Died May 12th, 1903.



REV. MUNGO FRASER, D. D.

DIED MAY 12TH, 1903.

MEMORIAL

# SERMON

... FOR ...

REV. MUNGO FRASER, D. D.



PREACHED IN

KNOX CHURCH, HAMILTON, ONT.

MAY 17, 1903

BY

REV. E. A. HENRY, B. A.,

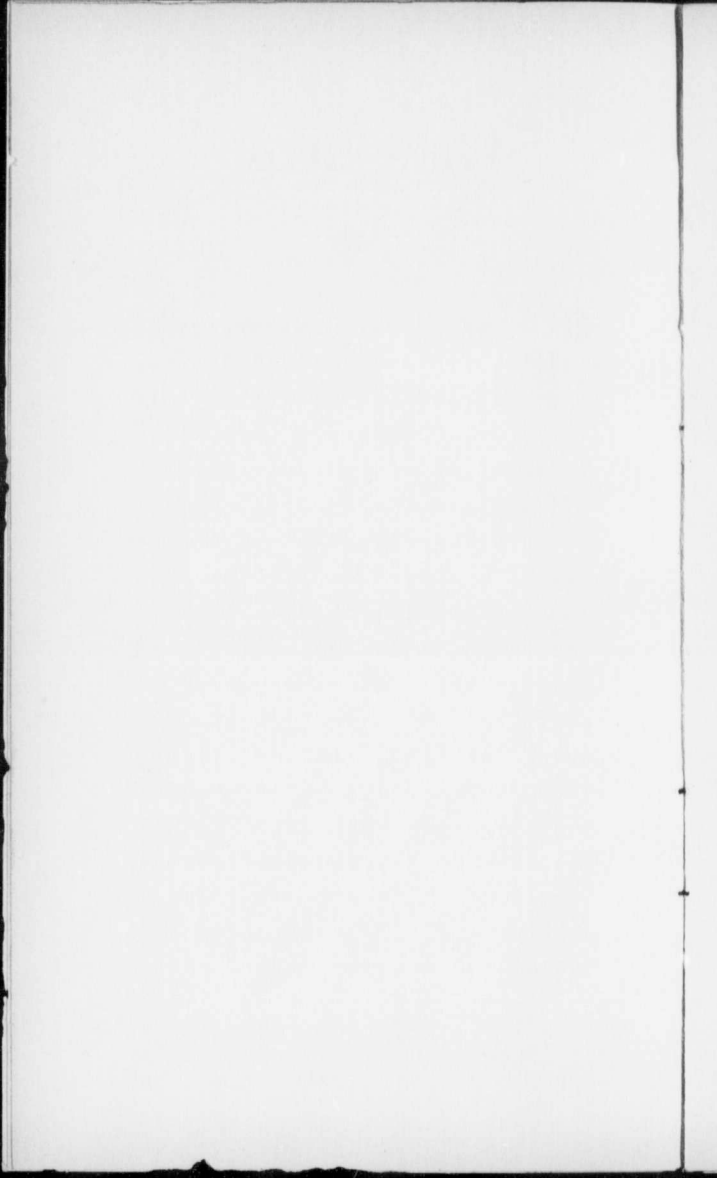
PASTOR.



## FUNERAL SERVICES.

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ON Friday, May 15th, 1903, after a private service at the home conducted by Rev. E. A. Henry, Pastor of Knox Church, a public service was held in the church presided over by Rev. A. MacWilliams, Moderator of Hamilton Presbytery. Prayers were offered by Rev. Dr. Lyle, Pastor of Central Church and Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Blackheath. The 39th psalm was read by Rev. E. A. Henry. The congregation sang "Asleep in Jesus" and "The Lord's My Shepherd." An appropriate address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Fletcher, of MacNab Street Church. After singing "Forever With the Lord" the Dead March in Saul was played on the organ as the casket was carried to the hearse. The pallbearers were Messrs. A. McPherson, R. MacRae, Wm. Gillespie, Jas. Johnson, John Wright, W. H. McLaren, W. J. Cunningham and J. J. McQuarrie.



# MEMORIAL SERMON.

May 17, 1903.

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**Y**EARS ago as a young man Mungo Fraser came with his father from the old land and amid the hard labors of early settlement, hardened his muscles and disciplined his spirit and learned obedience by his toil.

For some time he worked at his trade as a carpenter, training his soul as he wrought at the bench, and fashioning his own character as he shaped the material on which he labored.

Later on he gave up his manual work, for the cry of humanity was in his ear, the call for knowledge and the pleading for spiritual help.

In response to that appeal, he entered the ranks of the teachers, where he formed that attachment for children that was so characteristic of his later pastoral life, and where he sought to instil into the growing youths those principles of manliness and womanliness, and that love of higher education that entered so deeply into his own life and that led him, up to the very time of his weakness, to continue his search after the very best intellectual culture he was capable of. As a teacher he taught books, as a man he loved them, and he never ceased to keep in touch with the very latest of that great literary output that so characterizes modern life.

The broad character of his influence in education can be estimated by the width of his own

interests, as seen in his choice in his library, where all subjects are represented, and where his alert mind can be recognized reaching out to touch every department of thought and study.

But his restless yearning to be a factor in humanity's higher life was not satisfied even with the grand work of a school teacher. *God* had touched his spirit, His vision had dawned upon his soul ; he had been led to the Father's side ; spiritual facts and forces had come to appeal supremely to him ; the overbrooding spirit of God became an inbrooding influence ; the eternal verities stood out before him in all their ultimateness ; the fact of Christ pressed itself upon him, and the need of the world of that Christ and of the ultimate principles of God weighed upon his heart, so he decided on the blessed work of seeking to bring men into contact with the things of God and of standing before men as the representative of things unseen and eternal.

He entered the college and the divinity hall and after the usual course of academic and professional training he was licensed to preach, and in October, 1867, was ordained a minister of the gospel in the Presbyterian Church in Canada. He labored in Barrie and St. Thomas until June 1885, when he became pastor of this church.

Of the character of his life and ministry here, the people know far better than I, and last Friday Rev. Dr. Fletcher, his old friend, spoke of it to the congregation that gathered in the church to do honor to his memory.



For sixteen years he labored in season and out, preaching, visiting, exhorting, warning, baptizing your children, marrying your sons and daughters, advising the young, cheering the aged, comforting the sorrowing, consoling the troubled and burying the dead. Not only among his own congregation but among strangers his services were sought. He never spared himself. Morning, noon and night, and often through the night, he was at the service of his brother man, often exhausting himself that others might be helped or strengthened. How many bed-sides felt his presence like the benediction of a father? How many little children felt his kindly touch upon their heads? How many of your homes feel sore to-day at his passing? How many speak yet of "the Doctor," as they loved to call him, with reverent tone and tearful eye? But it cost—weary moments, loss of rest, expenditure of thought, absorption of time, outlay of nervous power—and yet, he counted it not dear, for the Master's work it was, and following in His footsteps he went about doing good. And while he devoted himself to this exhausting task he never forgot that the Master demands that his laborers should be workmen that need not to be ashamed, and so while he prayed he studied, and while he bowed before God and rested on His Spirit's help he ceased not to burnish and polish the instrumentalities of thought with which God had endowed him.

He took his university degree and after devoting long periods to study he became a Doctor of Divinity. It was a busy life he led—

almost too busy for one man's strength, and he felt the strain of its exactions upon him. But he received his reward, for the children loved him even as he loved them and the hearts of the old people are sad to-day with a genuine regret for the loss of the faithful shepherd whose prayers so frequently cheered their hearts and whose sunny smile and pleasant word banished so often many a cloud.

As a preacher he had that simple naturalness and that direct practical style, which, combined with a characteristic originality, attracted men, and from his settlement until God's mysterious providence brought him low in weakness, his church was thronged with a great congregation gathered from all parts of the city. There was no striking over the people's heads. Every one knew what he meant, and for each and all there was a suitable portion. And when he summoned his people to prayer what power he had. More than one testimony has been given of his gifts in public prayer and his ability to lead his congregation in to the very presence chamber of the King, where he laid their adoring homage at His feet and presented their confessions and petitions before him.

Among the young he constantly moved with a touching interest and an unflagging zeal for their welfare. He left a Sabbath School one of the best organized and equipped in Canada. He has been often called "the children's pastor," and no more touching or symbolic event has taken place than when two little girls went to the home with little bouquets of flowers and

amid the tears of the family, asked for the privilege of being the first to lay a gift on the coffined form of him who loved a little child.

It would be presumptuous to speak in any detail of his life in his home. Its goodness and kindness are known, in their depth and intensity, only to the dear ones to whom he ministered them, and who so devotedly ministered to him in return, during all the sad days of his affliction.

But the stress of his labors eventually told on his once rugged frame. The body became worn through the energy of the soul within ; the machinery could not stand the strength of the current and months ago the minister had to lay aside his loved work and retire to suffer and endure.

The patience of that endurance we all know ; the submission to that suffering was written on his brow. As long as his power lasted to express himself, no words of complaint were heard. In God's inscrutable providence, an incurable weariness was laid upon his servant and a heavy burden was cast upon the lives of those dear to him. With sublime courage and unfaltering faith they rose beneath that burden, and their sorrow we know has "built a shining ladder up whose golden rounds are their calamity whereon the firm feet planted nearer God, their spirits rose and had their eyes unsealed."

The end came sooner than some of us expected. The creeping paralysis that had seized upon him stopped his speech, clouded his thoughts, and gradually increased its hold upon his life, until on Tuesday of last week, with his

loved ones by his side, the young minister who followed him in his work closed the eyes of the servant of God whose resting time had come. He breathed his life out and without a word or a death throe subsided into the bosom of his God.

We say he is dead. Nay, there is no death. "Life is the gaoler, death the angel sent to draw the unwilling bolt and set us free." We gaze at the worn-out tabernacle laid in the casket, and we cry "Alas, he is dead." But in the light of the gospel of Jesus we know he is not. That weary frame is not he. That is only the house he lived in. He is emancipated. He is free—free from infirmity, free from contracted power. He has launched not into life and left us groaning in the sphere of death. It is we who are in the death-life. He is in the life of glorious enrichment, of untrammelled development. He is not in the tomb. We did not carry him to the cemetery. He is in the house of God where the mystery of pain is now solved and he sees as he is seen, and knows as he is known.

Farewell, my brother. Farewell, pastor of this people. Farewell, minister of God. Thou hast fought a good fight. Thou hast finished thy course, thou hast kept the faith. May we fight as valiantly, and run with the same concentration of purpose, so that together we may find that there is laid up for us, as there has been for him, the crown of righteousness which the Lord giveth in that day to those who faithfully serve him.

And now, what would God have us learn?

(1) The value that you can be in a minister's

life. There is something pathetic in the death of an old minister. So many of life's most sacred memories cluster about his work. But sometimes we are apt to forget his needs during his life. How much he can be made by his people. They know little of his sorrows and disappointments. They think little of how a word of cheer could help—how much it means when they enter into his work. How it encourages him when he sees them supporting him, and willing to enter enthusiastically into large things for God and his church.

(2) The best memorial to Dr. Fraser is to hold up the work he loved and carry it to still higher heights and make it capable of still greater achievements, to make it mean more to Hamilton and more to our lives. For while men fall the work goes on. There could be no grander monument erected to the departed leader than to dedicate this church to the strongest, most aggressive work, and the largest possible advance along every line of Christian activity.

(3) The leaders are falling one by one. Read the long list of departed workers in the Canadian Presbyterian Church during the past year. Who is to take up their labors? Who is to fill the vacancies? The standard of Christ must not fall. The call to young men to-day to enter the Christian ministry is loud and pressing. There is no greater work, no finer opportunity for capacity and mental ability, and consecration or longing to be of service.

(4) He has taught us life's real worth. In one sense he was not an old man. To human

appearances it might seem as though he should have had many years of further service. But after all age is not measured by years.

“ We live in deeds, not years,  
In thoughts, not breaths,  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial ;  
We should count time by heart throbs,  
He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.”

Our real life and worth are not in our lengthened days, but in our ability “ to face the silence and see the unseen.” In our capacity for bringing light into darkened places, in cheering loneliness. In having “ our souls well knit and all our battles won.” In having “ some divine idea in us ” which we body forth for others. This is worth, and if we have it we may live long though our days may be shortened.

“ For me—to have made one soul  
The better for my birth ;  
To have added one more flower  
To the garden of the earth.

To have struck one blow for truth  
In the daily fight with lies ;  
To have done one deed of might  
In the face of calumnies.

To have sown in the souls of men  
One thought, that will not die—  
To have been a link in the chain of life,  
Shall be immortality.”

This is worth and the only worth. Is there not a call as from the mouth of the grave, a pleading appeal from that eternal world. If the silent lips could once more become vocal ; if that body could once more stand on this platform and give utterance to its thoughts what would its message be? Would it not be a plea for a helpful life? Would he not say, help one another

now while you have the chance? Strew cheer and happiness and blessing in one another's path for life is brief and we disappear from one another's sight so rapidly. Be kind now. Encourage now. Bury bitterness. Be considerate, sympathetic, loving and tender. Would he not say, "Live so that when you go life will be poorer and heaven richer." Would he not tell again of the power of a life of service? Would he not ring out again for the young men the same old lesson of manliness he so often used to teach? Would he not say, "Keep your record clean, keep your manhood on top, trample down the base and sinful." Above all would he not exalt the same Christ? Would he not plead the claims of the wondrous Saviour? Would he not even more earnestly press upon you to enter the ranks of Jesus' followers and press in to His Kingdom?

Let the voice of him who is gone, whose tones you so well knew, be heard once more and heeded and let us lay ourselves at the feet of the Christ he served and the church he loved to help. And while we mourn to-day let us rejoice too, that his sufferings are over, that he rests from his labors while his works do follow him. He was a Christian, and the death of the Christian is a translation.

May we too live that blessed life, so that when we die it may be a Christian's death and our latter end like his. Would we have it so? Would we believe in that eternal life? Then as we stand to-day considering the life and work of him whose body was laid at rest last Friday, let

us remember that to believe in the glorious immortal life we must believe it is worth starting to live here. We must practice the presence of God now. We must practice immortality to-day. Could the vanished hand still point, could the silenced voice still speak, methinks the message from God's hills of light would be, "Follow Jesus Christ and His own sacred life."

Let us bless God for a good man. Let us consecrate ourselves to the life of goodness.

Now the laborer's task is o'er ;  
Now the battle day is past ;  
Now upon the further shore  
Lands the voyageur at last.

There the tears of earth are dried ;  
There its hidden things are clear ;  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.

There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace ;  
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,  
He who died for their release.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"  
Calmly now the words we say ;  
Left behind, we wait in trust  
For the resurrection day.

Father in Thy gracious keeping,  
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.



# Letter of Condolence.

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HAMILTON, MAY 12th, 1903.

MRS. MUNGO FRASER,  
Park Street, North.

DEAR MRS. FRASER :

The Session and Board of Managers of Knox Church, Hamilton, desire to convey to yourself and family, their deepest sympathy with you in the severe affliction with which God has for so many months visited your home, and the deep loss suffered by you in the death of your husband our former beloved pastor.

The darkness of God's providence is at least relieved, and the depth of your grief assuaged by the memory of his devotion to the great cause to which he consecrated his life and the manifest token of divine favor that attended his ministry.

His work among us, we fully appreciate, and we feel his memory will long remain green and fragrant in our congregation. His work will abide as a permanent possession in the city's life, as well as in the hearts that he was permitted to bless.

We pray most earnestly that the consolation of the Great Heavenly Father may be your portion in your hour of loneliness and grief, and that the knowledge that we love the memory of a pastor, may be a source of comfort to you in your own desolation.

May the blessing of the Highest rest upon you and His peace come to you in this hour, and His glory irradiate your tears.

A. MCPHERSON,  
Clerk of Session.

JOHN WRIGHT,  
Chairman Board of Mgrs.