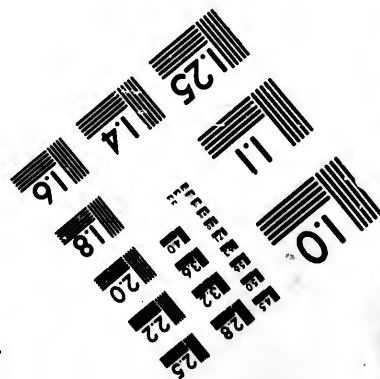
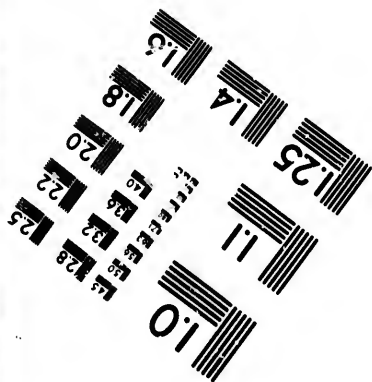
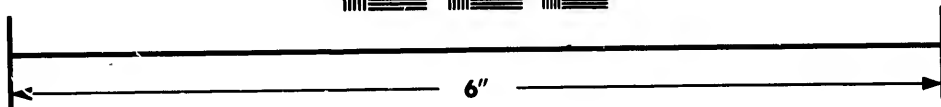
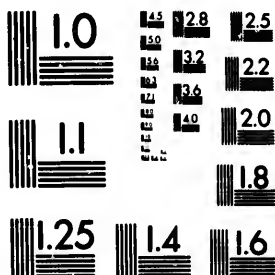


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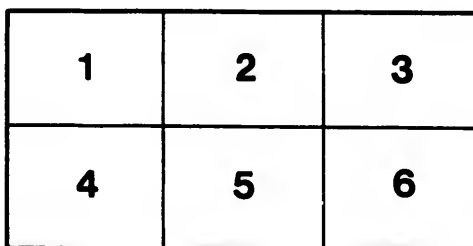
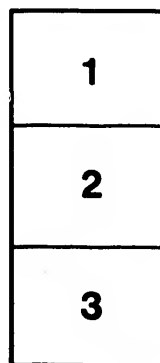
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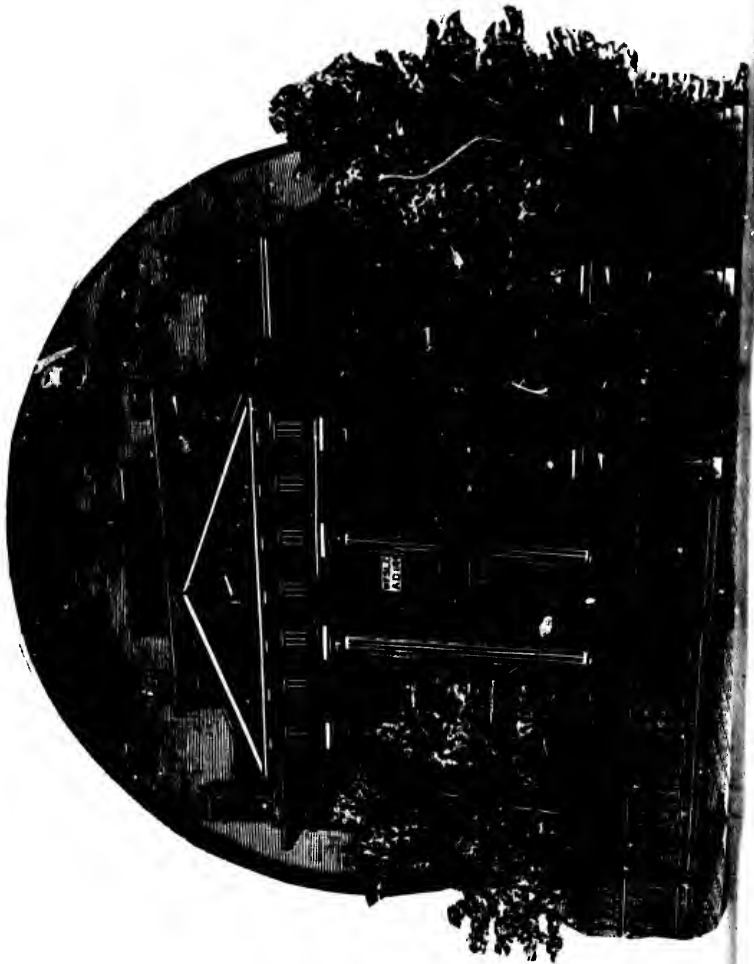
Golden
Wedding
Day.

BY REV. ISAAC TOVELL.



J. Davis

Barnett
3772



G

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C.

GOLDEN WEDDING DAY;

OR,

SEMI-CENTENNIAL PULPIT AND PEW

OF

Richmond St. Methodist Church,

TORONTO.

BY

REV. ISAAC TOVELL.

TORONTO :

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 KING ST. EAST.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE.

S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX, N.S.

1884.

TO THE
FRIENDS OF RICHMOND STREET CHURCH,
WITH BEST
WISHES FOR THEIR WELFARE,
THESE LINES
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

THIS is the outcome of a love cherished for my brethren in the ministry; and for the friends of Richmond Street Methodist Church, amongst whom I spent three happy years as pastor.

Fifty-one years ago the old George Street Church was built. In 1844 Richmond Street Church was erected. These two churches form one continuous history. This poem sets forth the names of all the ministers appointed to these churches during those fifty years—save a period of seven years, when George and Adelaide Street Churches were worked as one Circuit.

Had time permitted, I should like to have touched more fully the history of the pew as well as pulpit; and also to have traced some exceedingly interesting

facts connected with the Sabbath School, over which Mr. W. H. Pearson has presided with marked ability for more than a quarter of a century.

I may say that this was prepared originally to be read at a recent Anniversary Meeting of Richmond Street Methodist Church; but the solicitations of friends on that occasion have led me on to have it published.

If but a few readers only are benefited from the perusal of this little work, I shall feel glad for having, in this way, contributed my mite towards celebrating the Semi-Centennial of this old historic church.

If any brother in the ministry happen to see a reference to himself in this sketch, I trust he will excuse any undue freedom in the use made of his name.

I. TOVELL.

TORONTO, 1884.



Golden Wedding Day.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL PULPIT AND PEW.

PART I.

I.

THE eloquent John Barry
Was the first here to tarry,
And build on a solid foundation;
With a gift of fine power,
Walled about with truth's tower,
Nobly toiled for the weal of this nation.

With force of true learning,
And a spirit warm burning
With love for the Word that doth save,
John G. Manly came forward,
To wing the thought toward
The God whom believing souls crave.

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TOVELL.

Fervid Hetherington came next,
To enforce the good text,
 And awake men from deadness to life ;
While Selley, more youthful,
Kind, zealous, and truthful,
 Weaponèd the heart for life's earnest strife.

After him, to point starward,
Came the brave Dr. Harvard,
 In the strength of a faith heaven-born ;
Clear, persuasive, and tender,
Men were led to surrender,
 Till their joy was the joy of the morn.

Dr. Cooney then appears,
Filled with pathos and tears,
 As he told of man's danger and loss ;
With an eccentric manner,
How he waved the old banner,
 And roused souls to kneel at the Cross !

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Sent with them were two Johns,
Faithful Methodist sons,
Still delighting to toil in the field ;
John Hunt and John Bredin,
Who have long cast the seed in,
With hopes of a great harvest-yield.

To portray the high heavens,
Came the calm Dr. Evans—
Came with wish to extol the great name
Of Christ who hath loved us,
And of Him who hath moved us
To walk in the path of true fame.

II.

There came a time, when heartfelt bitterness
Spread like a mildew, smiting none the less
The Wesleyans than the young Canadian Church ;
The wiser spirits drooped 'neath leaden grief,
For holy friendship's fragrant olive leaf
Could scarce be found, though diligent the search.

One summer day, the eye through dripping pane
Beheld the grandeur of a drenching rain ;

When, lo! an oak by lightning shaft was rifted,
Whose sturdy form had dared the bleakest winters ;
Now it lay, a mass of many splinters,
To feed some flame, or to some flat be drifted.

Alas! the loss, the ruin, we well may say,
When fiery streaks, or blazing sheets of jealousy
Enshroud, or rive the Church, wherever found ;
Then tearful eyes shall look on valleys, spread
With scene as sad as that which you have read
From prophet's page, where bleached bones bestrew'd
the ground.

For seven long and weary, toilsome years,
Our goodly Church had cause for bitter tears,
Her ranks divided were by party feeling ;
The night was long and dark, all joy did wane,
The clouds were angry, pouring coldest rain,
Till morning rose on sunbeam wings of healing.

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The frowning clouds then broke and sped away,
The valleys warmed and woke at break of day ;
The plant of withered hopes, that nigh had perished,
Its sweet and roseate leaves put forth again,
When the Churches, sundered once in twain,
A deep and mutual love confessed and cherished.

III.

With the morn came Dr. Rice,
A preacher strong against the vice
Of jealous strife, or angry treatment ;
With pure intent, told the signs
Of fancied wrongs and narrow lines,
And also told what passion's heat meant.

On the roll of honor, true,
His record read, old or new,
With heart to gain an inspiration ;
All through life, the course to take
Is one of work, for the sake
Of Christ, the Saviour of the nation.

He has trod official stairs,
He has known a pastor's cares ;
 For hearts made sad, and shadowed home,
He has shed the tender tear,
Till the friends about the bier
 Have felt their sorrow was his own.

Greeted now as President,
But recently was fully bent
 On blending Methodistic forces ;
All alone four streams had flown ;
Now they gather, and are grown
 A river deep, that onward courses.

Or, as branches, separate,
Engrafted be, and then create
 A conscious sense of greater power ;
Our weakness was to stand apart,
But Union thoughts bestirred the heart.
 With promise of a grander dower.

Now, O Tree of Union free !
Happy may thy mingling be,
 Of throbbing trunk, and stems, and branches ;
The truth thy rootlets strongly clench,
That whirlwind evils may not wrench,
 Nor yield to error's avalanches.

Blended branches, spread ye forth,
Far to southward and to north ;
 In every sea dip bending stems.
Burst in beauty, blossoms white,
Enrich your foliage in the light,
 And ripe fruits yield like golden gems.

IV.

To unveil the Life Higher
Were sent Davis and Squire,
 All aflame with intelligent zeal ;
From the Cross of Christ's passion
Streamed the light of compassion,
 That sweeps over penitents still.

Next, Wilkinson the gifted,
Whose faith the clouds rifted,
 Till the baptism of Pentecost fell ;
O the richness and power !
And the joy of that hour !
 O the bliss of the saved, who can tell !

'Twas a baptism of fire,
Kindling holy desire,
 Making love-heat diffuse through the soul ;
Till the hatred of years
Flowed in penitent tears,
 And a love, in pure streamlets, did roll.

Then a soldier, entrusted
With a sword, never rusted,
 But double-edged, gleaming, and swift ;
Joints and marrow cleft asunder,
Till vast numbers fell under
 The power that did the heart rift.

The cry from the wounded,
Cold skeptics astounded ;
 'Twas deep, and piercing, and melting.
The conscience lay bleeding,
Poor sinners were pleading
 For mercy, both heal'ng and helping.

Truth's arrows hung quivering,
To guilty hearts shivering
 With fear, lest the punishing rod,
In justice should smite them,
And eternity write them
 As banished forever from God.

The aisles heard the crashing,
The galleries saw the flashing
 Of the Spirit's ever-conquering Sword ;
Pride and blasphemy reeled,
As the thunder-tones pealed
 From Caughey, evangel of the Lord.

Not a pastor this soldier,
Yet none the less bolder
 To plunge into faith's keenest fight ;
Trophies many he has won,
Brilliant stars for the crown,
 That awaits him in mansions of light.

Then was heard in this house,
From the Rev'd John Douse,
 Of righteousness, temperance, and truth ;
Life's plain and chief duty
Was enforced with a beauty,
 That won both the aged and youth.

V.

There's a love that constraineth,
And a rest that remaineth,
 There's a peace that the world cannot tell ;
There's a faith all-assuring,
And a hope all-enduring,
 There's a joy for the heart's saddest knell.

Round the Cross this love clingeth,
Through the soul the joy ringeth,
By the blood is the peace surely found ;
Like a star, ever shining,
Gleams a hope o'er the dying,
They who sleep shall arise from the ground.

With a joy quite ecstatic,
And in words clear and classic,
Charles Lavell flooded light on these themes ;
While the well-learned Harper
Taught the same with such ardor
That souls sought the light of truth's beams.

Then along came John Borland,
Winning men from the moorland,
Who had wandered from God's loving fold ;
While Bishop, now sainted,
Then in word-pictures painted
That glory which the prophets foretold.

Stirring words from McRitchie,
Lest some sin should bewitch thee,
Swept the tinselled temptation aside ;
Learoyd, too, set on fire
With pure love, not with ire,
Urged the trustful in Christ to abide.

VI.

Firtree, box, and sober pine,
Gems dug up from diamond mine ;
Cedar, silver, and Ophir gold,
Were all employed in building,
Or used in richly gilding
The temple sacred in days of old.

Use there was for polished stone,
Iron, brass, and wood well grown ;
Demand for artisan was made :
Men to quarry, men to mould,
Men to paint, or beat the gold,
Till splendor gleamed with varied shade.

God has work for talents five,
Or two, or one, all alive,
 And burnished by the Spirit's hand ;
He has use for souls full-orbed,
Or lesser lights, all absorbed
 In spreading truth throughout the land.

Greet we, then, one famed indeed,
Famed, the multitudes to lead
 In thought and prayer along the way—
The way, rock-paved and sure,
Efulgent with the sunlight pure,
 Of love that guides to endless day.

Gifted with a towering mind,
Thoughts were born and well combined,
 That shook, and swayed, and chained the soul ;
Feelings flowed from studied creeds,
And crystallized into deeds,
 That stand as marks to heaven's goal.

When he labored in this shrine,
Then was he in all the prime
Of powers, mentally resplendent ;
Now, though silvered with full years,
Yet, 'tis said by his compeers,
Dr. Douglass stands transcendent !

How like that tree by the stream,
Which in Spring did lovely seem,
With leaves and blossoms amply clad ;
Deeper did the lustre burn,
When fruits of summer came in turn,
And Autumn tints the leaflets had.

Next to deepen sober thought
Was the faithful William Scott ;
Transgressors saw the threatening gloom ;
Then zealous Parker, W. R.,
Pointed to the bright Day-Star,
Or Sun that gives perpetual noon.

VII.

And now, pray let me tell it,
How that solid James Elliott
 The good fight of faith bravely waged;
Kingdoms sinful he did shake
By the Word which then he spake,
 Till idol-builders felt enraged.

Not with softened finger-tip,
But with giant iron grip,
 Closed with Error's great and guilty force;
Fearing naught which then arose,
Dealt such heavy, crushing blows,
 That wrong retreated to its source.

O'er the wreck that sin has made
Oft his heart on Jesus laid,
 And sighed, and wept hot tears of pity;
Here he saw poor sinful dust,
Reeking with the fumes of lust,
 And reeling through the crowded city.

With him came one well polished,
In various ways accomplished,
 Outflashing brilliant words of wit ;
In spirit kind and genial,
Respecting prince or menial—
 A preacher rare of this inspired Writ.

Who would wonder that men pined,
To hear this engifted mind,
 Let loose the light from heaven's quiver ;
While, with happy tact and skill,
Led the way to Zion's hill,
 Whence issues forth the crystal river.

There from Faith's pure goblets you,
Slaked your thirst with Gospel dew,
 And passions cooled that burned like fever ;
How pure and clear, how sweet and bright,
Drinking as the heavenly light
 Of truth came breaking through the ether !

Who was he that thus then stood,
In the strength of young manhood,
Like some tree with blossom'd stems and
twigs?—
Grown since then to fuller age—
All who read this printed page,
Will know 'twas "silver-tongued" Briggs.

Gifford Forey forward came
The precious story to proclaim,
Of love that paid a hopeless debt ;
Also willing Charles Fish,
Launched to sea with ardent wish
To catch lost souls with Calvary's net.

William Pollard trod this ground,
Ever faithful to expound
The Spirit's holy new creation ;
William Preston then did join,
Delving out that only coin,
That truly can enrich the nation.

Hark ! an orator now comes,
And makes the temple domes
 Echo with his rich and ringing voice ;
Lofty words mark his preaching,
Massive phrases used in teaching—
 Then was William Stephenson the choice.

Burning orb and flashing gem,
Crimson leaf and blossomed stem,
 Diamonds, snowflakes, filigrees,
A thousand things that glint—
Dewdrops, rainbows, rubies, flint—
 Were chastely used as similes.

Bringing brilliant, gorgeous thought,
Clothed with diction, finely wrought,
 He hither drew vast crowds of people ;
Swathed they were with holy light,
Entranced almost with visions bright
 Of river'd peace, without a ripple.

Never may the gold grow dim,
Or deep opaque envelop him,
Or paleness smite his noble power ;
Gone from us to distant land,
Let us pray that truth may stand
About him like a granite tower.

IX.

All hail the next evangel,
Sustained by Covenant Angel,
The steeps and rugged places climbed,
Of prayer and Scripture study,
Till heart and mind grew ruddy,
And widest scope the soul divined.

Dr. Young, when here two years,
Westward went, to sow in tears,
With faith so strong some thought it madness ;
But the ground with plow did tickle ;
Now with rattling, gleaming sickle,
Golden sheaves are reaped in gladness . .

Wake, O Zion! into song,
Let the joy-bells, clear and strong,
 Their pæan sound through these pavilions
For on prairie lands and grasses,
And along the mountain-passes,
 The Cross awaits the coming millions.

From where the sun sinks to rest,
'Neath purpled wrappings o'er the west,
 To Orient turn, where sun, awaking,
Folds aside the amber cloud,
Steps from bridal chamber proud,
 The day to greet, the night forsaking.

Walking o'er the mist-wreathed mountain,
Flings his smiles on field and fountain,
 Till nature wide with gladness thrills;
Alas! that lands so fair and bright
Should quench that pure and holy light
 That streams o'er heaven's eternal hills.

To those realms of Buddhist seers,
Where the gloom of death appears,
Without one ray to sweeten sorrow ;
Japan to save, George Cochran went,
With message that, where Spirit sent,
Reveals to man a glad to-morrow.

Palm and cedar, clap your hands,
Hill and mountain, skip like lambs,
Eastern thought now feels the leaven
Of Christian truth, that shall increase,
Till man with man shall be at peace,
And all shall know the God of heaven.

X.

Dashing now to the front,
Boldly daring the brunt
Of scoffer, doubter, and erring ;
High hopes were enkindled,
Deep joys intermingled,
As stones from his sling went whirring.

Somewhat sensational—

Never irrational—

Most wisely the giant's strength scored ;
Then with zeal heated hot,
Dr. Hunter failed not,
To strike with the Spirit's keen sword.

Far from his motherland,

Here, Dr. Sutherland,

And elsewhere, has rung out the Word ;
The Word of divinity,
That sweeps through infinity,
Awaking great faith in the Lord.

A real Boanerges !

The evil that surges

Against home, the Church, and the State ;
His resistance has felt,
For the powers that melt,
Are preaching and character great.

A witty debater,
A ready creator
Of purposes, measures, and ways ;
In many a chapter,
You will find him a captor,
Laurelled with victory's rays.

With well-balanced brain,
And a swift-flowing pen,
Temperament sanguine and warm ;
Great movements have found him,
With followers around him,
A man unmistakably strong.

Tossing back his light curls,
The thunderbolt hurls
In anecdote, argument, fact ;
His sallies strike terror,
When his foe is in error,
For his strokes are made with great tact.

XI.

A sunbeam soul now flung
His happy rays among
The youth and age of many homes ;
With bounding heart he came,
To sound aloud the Name,
That swells and rolls through heaven's domes.

Since then his travels wide,
Have led beyond the side
Of mountain heights and mighty seas ;
Sylvan groves, silver lakes,
Water that into cascade breaks,
Of foreign lands, his taste did please.

Italian scenes hath made
Him weep with joy ; for blade,
'And shrub, and slope, and sunsets grand,
And crumbling monument,
A charm and glory lent,
That only grace a classic land.

On shores more sacred still,
His heart has felt a thrill
 Of rapture, reverence, and awe ;
On Calvary's mount his knee
Has bent, where Christ sets free
 The trustful soul—a slave by law.

Scripture, travel, and art,
Combined have done their part,
 The thought to mould and beautify ;
Science, letters, and men
Have helped, with graceful pen,
 The range of truth to amplify.

Hugh Johnston, as you know,
With Sutherland did sow
 The seeds of truth in Queen and here ;
Well has he wrought and prayed,
And on his God has stayed,
 Till honors high mark his career.

XII.

Shall we now take a look,
At the man who once took
All hearts in this Church as by storm ?
At first he drove ponies,
That long had been cronies,
With speed as would Jehu alarm.

Some call him "erratic,"
And rather "emphatic,"
Some clothe him with epithets rare :
"A thinker," a "genius,"
"An eloquent witness,"
"A princely believer in prayer."

Eccentric and clever,
His word was a lever,
Poor souls to uplift from the cave ;
Or, struggling 'midst billows,
How he rousèd brave fellows
To leap to the Lifeboat and save !

Many needy have blest him,
And children caressed him,
 Embalmed is his name in their mem'ry ;
And, when his work's over,
Will pray that the Lover
 Of souls will receive Bro. Jeffery.

XIII.

Dr. Young, a second term,
Held the fort, the fort was firm,
 So true was he, and he so wise ;
Wise to strengthen bruised reeds,
To prompt the soul to bravest deeds,
 And build the faith to stalwart size.

For one brief year, as colleague sent,
Frank Wallace, with the Doctor bent,
 The work to do that here they found ;
A spirit chaste, and trained mind,
With clearness he our faith defined,
 That hope might rest on solid ground.

And now a toiler from the west,
To Richmond came, to do his best,
 With heart ennerved for duties high ;
The present called for hope and zeal,
The future promised to reveal
 A smiling sea and sapphire sky.

With canvas spread, and out to sea,
Away we sailed, both glad and free,
 An earnest, working, hopeful crew ;
O'er the wavelets swiftly gliding,
Billows swelling, never minding,
 On we swept 'neath heaven's blue.

A crash ! a quiver ! what, ever
Will this ship its timbers sever ?—
 Against a boulder she had run !
“ Must we leave her ? ” “ Shall we part ? ”
Questions these that touched the heart,
 Till zeal burst forth like blaze of sun.

Tears fell thickly, fervent prayers,
Poured along God's altar stairs,
 Faith was strong in her survival;
Works went hand in hand with faith,
Arousing was the Lord's "Thus saith,"
 From heaven was sent a blest revival!

Friendly waves her keel uplifted,
Away again she grandly drifted
 Until she reached her jubilee;
Here the waters sweetly sleepeth,
Each cloudless star vigil keepeth,
 As on she moves across the sea.

On she sails, her pilot Cullen,
Confident that through the sullen
 Night or open day no harm will come;
With truth for compass, anchor hope,
Faith for canvas, love for rope,
 The deep she'll plow to yonder home.

PART II.



QNWARD bounding o'er the waters,
Let us recall sons and daughters
Whose active feet this deck hath trod,
Now they dwell with Christ and God.

Here the thoughtful Mrs. Taylor—
Brave midst storms as any sailor—
Aptly wove with words divine,
Wreaths of hope, the heart to entwine.

Here, also, gentle Mrs. Young
Kindly spoke to souls sore wrung
With grief; her hand revealed the Cleft,
Whence cometh joy for souls bereft.

By the mast stood Richard Tyner,
Illumined with the hope diviner;
Beside him staunch and faithful Sterling,
Gladly watched Love's flag unfurling.

Wordsworth stood, a well-tryed pillar,
And also noble Adam Miller.

The liberal-handed Thomas Clarke,
Did much to help this gospel ark
Her voyage make with precious freight—
His cenotaph will tell his fate.

James Patton's brawny hand of faith
Did able service, when the wrath,
Of ocean's foaming billows broke
Against these heavy beams of oak.

Genial-hearted Henry Graham—
A loving tribute we would pay him—
How he sought the good of all!
How revered the Gospel call!
How long and keen his sufferings were!
How sure his hope a crown to wear!

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Alexander Hamilton gave
Service good, and long, and brave :
All these and many more beside
Dared to breast death's swelling tide ;
Their deeds still live, we miss their forms ;
They sleep, unhurt by earth's wild storms.

A true delight it is to talk
Of men distinguished, who did walk
These stairways to the cabin hall,
And sermons preached affecting all.
Commanding, earnest Dr. Duff,
From India came—a diamond rough
Not he, but polished, rounded ;
Of faith majestic, deeply grounded
In the love, the love that labors
Plowshares to mould from flashing sabres ;
Spears to change to pruning-hooks ;
The masses turn from Veda books
To pages rich with revelation,
And full of holy inspiration.

Dr. Richey is enshrined
In reverent hearts ; for nobler mind
Ne'er helped beguile the hours away ;
'Tis vivid still, that beaming ray
Of love and joy, when he arose
And passage took that did disclose
The precious truth, " We this treasure
Have"—our faith decides the measure—
" In vessels earthen, that the power
Of God may be, and not of our
Frail strength, and vain, but excellent."
Great truths with love were richly blent ;
'Twas like a box of alabaster
Brought and broke to anoint the Master.
And this on Dedication day,
When souls first gathered here to pray.

Here rang the clear and clarion tones
Of Dr. Punshon ; from all the zones
Of nature gleaned ; compelling art,
Compelling literature to part.

With treasured stores ; till language pure,
Like crystal streams, did charm, allure.
What magic power was his to stir
The soul, and lead the conscience to aver,
Its sense of right, its love of duty !
What scope, sublimity, and beauty,
In uttered passage, verse or prose !
What grandeur, as in thought he rose,
And fulness grasped of Love's great strength—
Its depth and height, its breadth and length !

Like gentle rain on grass new mown,
Or light on dewdrops brightly sown,
Or like some pure spring in the garden,
Such, the ministry of pardon
By Joseph Stinson, Dr. Palmer,
Egerton Ryerson and Taylor,
William Thornton and Anson Green,
And many others, who have been
Kind visitors, of fame wide-spread,
Who now are numbered with the dead.

Of them we may discourse again,
As on we voyage o'er the main ;
They sleep in Christ, and hence shall rise
To dwell with Him in paradise.

Hark ! the music, floating, trilling,
Vessel, ocean, air are filling.
Let notes triumphant, songs celestial,
Ring out aloud from lips terrestrial ;
Unfurl all flags, let pennons stream,
Let every countenance brightly beam.
Onward, living sons and daughters,
Bound away across the waters ;
Yonder gleams the City Golden,
Let it every heart embolden ;
By faith's keen vision see the gates,
The gates of heaven, where Jesus waits
To welcome all who overcome,
And give to all a mansion home.

Behold the City ! wondrous fair !
A silver mist from wings of air

Is shaken down—a bridal veil
It seems to be, with brilliant trail.
Its walls are built of jasper stone,
The gates are pearled with ivory bone ;
Gates and walls resplendent seem,
As emerald, topaz, beryl gleam,
With jacinth, sapphire, chrysolite,
From base to crown, from left to right.
Gold as clear as glass transparent
Constitutes the City's pavement.
Then within those mansions gaze !
Chambers, arches, domes ablaze
With splendor from that Orb divine,
Who pours His rich effulgence down
On pillars, porches, peaks and spire,
On fountains, flowers, harp and lyre.
Till music yields its sweetest strain
And beauty drips from every fane.

Then, again, behold and wonder !
Not at Sinai, whence the thunder

Pealed and crashed, till souls, afraid,
Ran to seek the forest shade.
Nor at Bethlehem's village plain,
Where sang the heavenly seraph train
The song of peace and praise most high,
When Christ was born, for man to die.
But look, that Infant in the manger
Now is on a throne of grandeur,
By brilliant rainbow arched o'er,
And built upon a solid floor
Of changeless truth, o'erlaid with pearls
Of love, so many-coloured, fancy whirls!
That throne is theme for lofty chapter,
Those hands once pierced hold the sceptre,
That form from which the blood-drops rolled,
Is regal now with power untold;
Those feet that bled on flinty ways
Stand now within the Gates of Praise;
The Christ who suffered all alone
Now sits upon His Father's throne;
Crowned forever! A Prince! A King!
To whom the Universe shall bring

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Its homage, praise, and adoration,
For all things good are His creation.

Then behold that sea of glass
O'er which celestial vessels pass ;
Filled with radiant forms and faces,
Clad in robes of silken graces ;
Their praises to the shores resounding,
That Christ, in every heart abounding,
Hath poured His joys in fullest measure.
'Tis John's Apocalyptic sea,
When, body prisoned, spirit free,
On Patmos, swept with eagle eye,
Beyond the stars, beyond the sky,
And saw what nigh did overwhelm,
A glittering, glassy, ocean realm !
Every drop of perfect mould,
Every wave a crest of gold ;
Its lucid depths be-gemm'd with stars,
Or interlaced with purpled bars ;
A sea where John now dips his oar,

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And where the Angels lowly soar
In search of purest, richest treasure.

Back on fields of spreading brightness,
See those reapers clad in whiteness !
There is Abram's stalwart form,
David there, safe from all harm ;
Elijah, too, for ages sainted,
On whom angels kindly waited ;
Apostles twelve, how glad they seem
Treading o'er the deepening sheen ;
Sage, and saint, and patriarch,
A pure and royal hierarch,
Are bearing sheaves in arms of light
Along the highway, gladsome sight !
With songs of joy to Christ they come,
And shout their happy "harvest home."
And these, not all, in fittest dress,
As grand and noble witnesses
For Christ and Truth, as earth e'er knew,
Are there ; those whose courage grew

To strength sublime, of martyr fame ;
 Who feared not prison, rack, or flame :
 Stephen, Wycliffe, Ridley, Cranmer,
 Huguenot and Covenantant,
 A princely race ! Brave sons of God !
 Who gained the skies through seas of blood.

Oh, listen all ! An anthem grand !
 It comes from heaven's Angel Band :
 "The Conqueror of death and sin !"
 "The King of Glory, let Him in !"
 They well remember Calvary's scene,
 They saw the tomb where Christ had been,
 And went with fiery chariot steed
 Adown the way with swiftest speed,
 And bore Him up to where the gate
 Uplifted stood, and where did wait
 The joy that floods the heavenly home,
 And bursts like sunshine round the throne.

The transport grows, the heavens bend,
 With weight of glory ; mark the trend

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Of millions. From every shore
They surge along through heaven's door.
From every land they come unhindered,
All nations, peoples, tongues, and kindred ;
They throng the gall'ries of the skies,
They crowd the slopes of paradise ;
There stand the elders, twenty-four,
With thousand times ten thousand more.
Enrobed in white, on Christ they gaze ;
Their harps are strung ; one hymn of praise
Trembles, thunders, bursts from all
The hosts, redeemed from Adam's fall—
" Redeemed from sin, from guilt and wrath,"
" Redeemed from an eternal death,"
" Our God be praised, His power make known,"
" All honor now to Him be shown !"
This the glorious song they sing,
Till mansion, temple, mountain ring
With hallelujahs to the Lamb,
And glory to the Great I Am.
Then onward, all ye sons and daughters,
Speed the vessel o'er the waters ;

Jesus watches, prays, and waits,
He'll unlock the golden gates ;
Keep abreast with all the fleet,
Keep right on through hail and sleet ;
Though tempests toss and lash the ocean
Into weird and wild commotion,
Yet courage all ; through perils plow ;
A crown awaits Hope's crested brow.
Sing on ; sail on ; about the feet
Of God let pastors meet ;
And leaders, too, and teachers there,
Outpouring strong, prevailing prayer,
That all in Christ may stand forgiven,
And all may reach that blissful heaven.



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