

A Quiet and Gentle Life.

In Memoriam:

MARY NEILSON HOUSTOUN COCHRANE.

BORN, FEB. 16, 1834; DIED, JAN. 8, 1871.

EDITED BY THE REV. WM. COCHRANE, A.M.,
ZION PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BRANTFORD, ONTARIO.

"Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring bloom,
Down to the appointed house below,
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
Return—but with them bring not thee.
'Tis sweet balm to our despair
That Heaven is God's, and thou art there
With him in joy."

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ANDREW HUDSON AND JOHN SUTHERLAND.
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1871.



To the

*Kirk Session, Board of Management, Sabbath School Teachers,
Members and adherents*

Of Zion Presbyterian Church,

THESE MEMORIALS

Of one who loved them all,

Are affectionately dedicated by their bereaved friend and Pastor,

WILLIAM COCHRANE.

*Brantford, Ontario,
March, 1871.*

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P R E F A C E .

The following pages have been prepared to meet the wishes of many friends of the departed in Brantford, and elsewhere, who desired to know more of her early history than the acquaintanceship of later years unfolded. I should not, however, have yielded to such a desire, did I not also feel that the story of her gentle, unobtrusive, christian life, may, under God's blessing, be of value to very many beyond the immediate circle of her intimate friends. Written hastily and while suffering acutely the bitterness of this sore bereavement, I have had neither leisure nor inclination to seek after elegance of composition. As prompted by a loving heart, I have simply, and I trust honestly attempted to tell the brief story of her life, as known to me.

It is not altogether unlikely that trifling inaccuracies in dates and places may be discovered by friends in Scotland, into whose hands these pages may come. As the main incidents are, however, I believe, correctly narrated, I hardly deemed minor details of sufficient importance to warrant delay in publishing until such time as I had corresponded with friends at a distance.

To my brethren in the ministry, and others, whose comforting words and tender ministrations are recorded and referred to in this little *souvenir*, I return my warmest thanks for placing their notes at my disposal, and other acts of kindness.

Their testimony to the genuine worth of the departed, and their sincere sympathy in this, the great trial of my life, will be gratefully appreciated by sorrowing friends in a distant land.

If to my own congregation and other christian friends, I have seemed, in the discharge of public duty, unduly oppressed with sorrow, I can only reply in the words of the Poet Laureate, of England:—

“Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature whom I found so fair,
I trust she lives in Thee, and there
I find her worthier to be loved.”

EARLY YEARS.

CHAPTER I.

“Face and figure of a child
Though too calm, you think, and tender
For the childhood you would lend her.”

“Fathers may hate us, or forsake,
God’s foundlings then are we,
Mother on child no pity take,
But we shall still have *Thee*.”

“Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace,
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face,
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly *her soul and the truth*.”

“Thee have I loved, than gentlest from a child
And born thine image with me o’er the sea.”

MARY NEILSON HOUSTOUN was born in George Street, Paisley, (Scotland,) on the sixteenth day of February, 1834. She was an only child, and consequently enjoyed a large measure of that care and affection, which in such circumstances might be expected, at the hands of devoted christian parents. Her father carried on a successful business for many years as a china merchant. His Ecclesiastical relations were with the Established Church of Scotland, in which he held office, for some years before his death. It is not known to the writer of this sketch under whose Ministry she was born, but her earliest

years of Church attendance, must have been under the Ministry of the Rev. John Macnaughtan, long known throughout Scotland as the popular Minister of the High Church, and now of Rosemary Street Church, Belfast. Her mother, who died when she was but 11 years of age, was evidently a person of good solid judgment, mingling firmness with affection in the training of her child. Methodical and precise in all that she did, she left the impress of her orderly habits upon her daughter. The judicious counsels given her at that tender age, by a fond and loving mother, she never once forgot, but often repeated them in after years. Mourning friends, including the writer of these pages, call up through the dim vista of well nigh thirty years, her fairy form and laughing countenance, as she stood at her father's door, or nestled close by her mother's side. Of slender and delicate build—with dress neat and chaste—with hair plaited and parted, and tied by cunning fingers—with an innocent merry smile, and a footstep swift and agile as the gazelle, she had many friends beyond her own immediate relatives. Her winning manners, and grace of person and unaffected modesty, secured for her a place in loving hearts, which she retained, when girlhood merged into maturer years.

After her mother's sudden death in 1845, at the early age of 37, she was left to a great extent under the guardianship of an aunt, who kept house for her father until his death in 1849. Nothing of very special interest in her history is known during that period. She prosecuted her English education with other accomplishments, under several teachers, prominent among whom were the Misses Cunningham, who kept a private school for young ladies, and Mr. James Reid, of the Town's English Academy, who still survives in a green old age—a noble specimen of the intelligent and thorough educationist of a bygone day. Under such teachers she made rapid progress, not only in the common branches taught in our public schools, but in fancy needle work, and other branches of a kindred nature. And as no young lady's education was then considered complete without the graces of the ball-room, she attended for many

sessions, one of the popular dancing academies of the town, and became a proficient if not indeed an enthusiast in that art. Although thus thrown into fashionable society, she never acquired a taste for a life of gaiety, naturally preferring even in her younger years, the quiet retirement of her home, or the society of one or two chosen and like minded companions. This love of home and quietness, she possessed until her death. For although, happy, agreeable and cheerful in the society of friends, she valued the still hour of eventide by her own fire-side, as most precious and profitable of all. Then and there in "secret silence of the mind" she spent some of the happiest moments of her life.

Left without a mother's care, as already narrated, when in her 11th year, her orphanage was soon completed by the death of her father in 1849, when she was only 15 years of age. From a memorandum in her own hand-writing, found among her papers after her death, and evidently prepared in *anticipation* of her death—where she records minutely the more recent changes among relatives, she writes :

" Mary Davidson died 23rd August, 1845.
Robert Houstoun died 24th August, 1849."

Although utterly unprovided for at her father's death, so far as his estate was concerned, she experienced the truth of the promise, " When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." She was at once taken into the house of her Uncle, Mr. Walter Lamont Houstoun, Sheriff Clerk Depute for Renfrewshire, where she remained until her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Houstoun having no children of their own, gave to her the place of a daughter. She thus enjoyed advantages, to which in other circumstances she would have been a stranger. Perceiving in her a strong desire after further mental acquisitions, and a taste that needed only to be gratified and cultivated, to fit her for more than the ordinary walks of life, they gave her every facility for the enrichment and cultivation of her mind and eye. Nor did she disappoint their

fond expectations. She grew up to womanhood, beloved as a daughter by those who had adopted her as their own, and the idol of her companions. The name of "Mary Houstoun" was to them a symbol of all that was gentle and attractive, while her talents were the pride and boast of her teachers and her admiring friends. She disarmed all jealousy—she won all hearts—she enjoyed the good will of all with whom she came into contact. None knew her but to love her, as much for her humility and goodness of heart as for her acknowledged gifts. Seldom indeed do we meet with one, so thoroughly unconscious of attractive qualities, and so ready to disburse what she did possess for the enjoyment of others. It was, doubtless, this singular trait in her character that made her so much the idol of her student companions, and gathered around her so many sincere friends. Whatever talents she possessed were placed at the disposal of all who could benefit by them. Whatever gifts and graces she had given her were expended for the good of souls. She lived not for herself, but for the joy and happiness of others, and in so far as she could advance their welfare, was her own satisfaction and delight. The well known verses, frequently repeated by her in subsequent years, were even at this early period, the motto of her daily conduct,—

“I live for those who love me
 Whose hearts are kind and true
 For the heaven that smiles above me
 And awaits my spirit, too;
 For all human ties that bind me;
 For the task by God assigned me;
 For the bright hopes left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.

* * * * *

For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the wrong that needs resistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.”

However happy an orphan's home may be, and however kind the friends that God in his providence raises up to take the place of parents, there always remains in the heart a vacancy,

which nothing earthly can supply. The object of this sketch, although amply furnished with all that love could dream of, shared such feelings, and could sympathise with lonely and forsaken ones. Among her most intimate companions, she mentions one, who seems to have been very dear to her heart, chiefly on this account. "Maggie and I," she writes, "are very intimate now, and the more I know of her, the more I like her. She is a very good pious girl, older and more sedate than I am, and I always feel better after being in her society. *She is an orphan like us.* Is it not strange how orphans cling to one another." In this connection, although somewhat anticipating the order of events, it should be added, that in Jersey City and in Brantford, she ever opened her house and home to all who were thus bereaved. She knew what it was to lose a fond mother, and was able to sympathise with those whose heart yearned for more than the ordinary friendship of the world. She was thus fitted to comfort them, by the comfort wherewith she herself had been comforted of God. Many who read these lines will understand what I mean, and revere her memory for what she did for them, when they found themselves in a strange land, with no friend near them, to whom they could unbosom their secret griefs. Since her death touching testimonies of her tenderness and attentions to such a class have been received. One young lady writes, "I know too well,"—referring to her little motherless daughter—" *how desolate the child* is who has no mother. I have thought of the great kindness shown me when in distress by Mrs. Cochrane. How often I have gone to your house feeling that I had not a friend in the world, certainly not in Brantford, and wondering if the world would ever look bright again. Yet before I left, I always felt assured that I had a friend, whose kindness made the Brantford world a great deal brighter."

MAIDEN LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

“ Be thou my first, my best, my chosen treasure
Delight my soul with love that knows no measure,
Filed with thyself, can earth’s delusions charm me
Can Satan harm me.”

“ Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an angel’s theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in heaven a martyr’s palm.”

“ Her every tone is music’s own
Like those of morning birds ;
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words.”

“ The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude
She took as she found them, and did them all good
It was always so with her.”

RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

“ I waste no more in idle dreams my life, My soul away
I wake to know my better self, I wake to watch and pray.”

It is a matter of uncertainty when she first became the subject of religious impressions, or whether the change was gradual or instantaneous. It is evident that very soon after her father’s death, if not before, she had serious thoughts about her soul. Having passed through so much that was

fitted to awaken anxiety about another world, it could hardly be otherwise. Accordingly some time about the year 1852, she appears to have made application to be received into membership of the Church, and became a professed follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Her uncle was connected at that date, with the Thread Street United Presbyterian Church, under the Ministry of the Rev. Willam MacDougal, under whose pastoral care she remained for several years. In 1856 or 1857, when her uncle transferred his membership to the Canal Street Presbyterian Church—then and still under the pastoral care of the Rev. George Clarke Hutton—she followed, and continued there until her marriage. The spiritual good received by her during the years she attended Mr. Hutton's Ministry I dare not attempt to speak of, out of deference to the feelings of that beloved friend and brother. I would not, however, be doing justice to myself or the feelings of the departed, did I not place on record, the impressions made upon her mind, and the new views given her of Christian faith and practice. Religion now became to her more than a mere sentiment. While her mind was enlarged, and her thinking powers strengthened, her heart was warmed and incited as it never had been before, to give herself to the Lord. Unlike many young men and women of the present day, she did not imagine that having joined the Church, she was beyond Bible or catechetical instruction. On the contrary up to very nearly the time she left her native land for the United States, she was a constant attender of Mr. Hutton's advanced classes, and received a degree of benefit from his teaching, only second to that of his preaching. And indeed in so far as Bible knowledge is concerned, such classes when properly conducted, are of the utmost importance in preparing the mind for the appropriation of gospel truth. One marked benefit of attendance on this Bible Class, was the precision with which she rendered passages of scripture. She was thoroughly disconcerted when she heard a text misquoted, just as the ear of a practised vocalist is jarred and pained by a false note in music. All this

was a noble preparation for personal effort in after years, and made her a most successful teacher. In a living Church, where the Minister and Membership are not contented with their own congregational prosperity, but search out the lapsed and sinking masses of the population, in order to bring them within the influence of religious ordinances, such teachers and workers as the subject of this sketch proved herself to be, will never be left long unemployed. It appears from documents left behind, that she taught in two different Sabbath Schools, one connected with Mr. Hutton's and one connected with the Oakshaw Street United Presbyterian Church—Mr. France's. Extract minutes of date August 18th, 1860, signed by the Superintendent and Secretary of the Canal Street United Presbyterian Church, speak of her "unwearied labours" in this department of Christian work. "We hope and pray," it concludes, "that God will give you a safe and speedy passage across the great Atlantic, and in the new and wider sphere of usefulness you will be called upon to fill, you will shew the same activity and the same self-denying efforts for the enlightenment of your fellow creatures, that you have shown amongst us." Accompanying the extract, they ask her acceptance of a copy of the Holy Scriptures and a copy of Cowper's Poems, as a small token of their esteem. Long before this, however—as early as 1854 or 1855—she was a teacher in a mission school, connected with another congregation, and labored there most unweariedly, in behalf of those for whom no man cared, not even their parents. A little crimson velvet clasped New Testament, given her in 1860 by the little girls of this class, was in her eyes more precious than pearls or diamonds. It was while teaching this class, she caught the infection of fever, which brought her, in 1857, to the very gates of death. She writes prior to her illness, "There is a great deal of fever and small-pox in our school for some time. I have generally fourteen girls in my class, but it has diminished to seven. The day school teacher has taken the fever—also his assisstant; my friend Miss —— has also taken

small-pox. I went to see her twice. 'The children are now returning from the Infirmary, where they were all sent. None of them have died, but they have all got a good shake, poor things.' And after mentioning the names of teachers, who had wisely enough, absented themselves from the school, she adds, "I am glad that I don't feel afraid, and I pray the Lord may preserve me safe from harm, *if it be his will.*" *It was his will* that she should be laid aside for many months upon a bed of languishing, when to all appearance, her service of work was ended. During this illness, she was very kindly attended by the Rev. Mr. France, in whose mission school it was supposed she had caught the infection. The gratitude she felt for his visits, in braving all danger, and sitting by her bed side, day after day, when few would venture near her was most sincere. It was to her a cause of deep regret, that from unforeseen circumstances, she was prevented from meeting him on her recent visit to Scotland, and once more telling him, how sweet and precious were his words to her, in these days of weakness. It is of this sickness she writes soon after, "I did not think I was so much beloved, as to cause so much interest to be taken in me;" closing the same letter with the prayer, "May our Heavenly Father, *who watched over me* when I was sick and nigh unto death, and who has mercifully raised me up again to health, ever keep you and guide you by his Father's hand." Somewhere about this period, we find her appointed Treasurer of the Missionary Association connected with the Church Sabbath School, and distributing tracts every month, in neglected parts of the town, and at the risk of receiving violence from certain Roman Catholics, into whose houses she had given the word of life. We next read of her visiting a young acquaintance who was dying, and regarding whose salvation she is greatly exercised. "I fear," she says, "that his hopes soar little above this earth, for religion is little to him. His inward sight is very dark." Naturally of a retiring disposition, and diffident to an unusual degree in speaking of her own spiritual experience, such earnestness and boldness in

religious matters takes us somewhat by surprise. And yet have not the most timid saints of every age become lion hearted and fearless under the impulses of God's spirit!

GROWTH IN GRACE.

“Then draw we nearer day by day,
Each to his brethren, all to God;
Let the world take us as she may,
We must not change our road.”

I feel a delicacy in unveiling the inner life of one so dear to me, even to the sight of her most intimate friends. Apart from this, her well known repugnance to all that savoured of parade, forbids it. She kept no diary of her feelings, and the letters which contain glimpses of the rise and progress of religion in her soul, were never intended for other eyes than the few to whom they were addressed. In one of these, of date 1854, speaking of some disappointment that for a time threw a dark shadow over her spirit, she writes:—“Though the prospect is very gloomy just now, often the darkest morning turns out the brightest day. And though we cannot see the dark windings of Providence, yet we are none the worse of a few crosses at a time. It teaches us our entire dependence on Him who ordereth all things well. If we would get all things to go just as we pleased, we would feel proud and haughty, 'mid fortune's sunshine.” In another, of date 1855, she writes: “Will you join your prayers with mine, that God would teach me to lift my thoughts and affections from things beneath to things above? Oh! there are times when I feel so sad, so wretched and downcast, that I want some one with whom I can speak *unreservedly* about my soul. But why am I ashamed to speak of Jesus? If ashamed of him, he will be ashamed of me. And then, I cannot always think calmly of death. I do a great

many things I ought not to do, and I know my duty and often neglect it. I make resolutions, and do not keep them, because, I fear, they are made in my own strength. Perhaps God is gently leading me to see this. He knows my inward weakness—he will bow his ear to my stammering prayer, and pick out the meaning of my inexpressible groans, and respect my humblest offering, if there but be my heart in it. As John Bunyan expresses it, in his “Come and Welcome,” “I sometimes have a kiss of the sweet lips of Jesus Christ—a blessed word that drops like a honey comb on my soul.” In one of a later date, she says: “I used to think that by associating with religious men and studying religious books, I would be sure of becoming holy, but I now feel convinced the more I read, that nothing but the influence of the Holy Spirit can raise us one step higher than the earth. It is strange we are so attached to these low regions of sin and vanity.”

Other pens, than that of the writer of this short memoir, may in after years more fully pourtray her *inner life*, as revealed in her letters. For obvious reasons, and indeed until both parties to this correspondence have passed away from earth, extracts only, and these but sparingly, can be given. The series of letters referred to—extending over a period of six years—would more truthfully describe the high christian principles that ever regulated her conduct, than anything that can be said by the most intimate friend. For one who made no pretence whatever to elegance of composition, and who wrote her letters in the spare moments of a busy life, and frequently when nature demanded rest, they reveal an amount of historical knowledge, a wealth of chastened fancy, and the exercise of a sound, well balanced judgment, upon matters of the most momentous interest, far beyond what her fondest admirers would suspect. They are also the spontaneous effusions of a pure and guileless heart, which opened up without reserve the hidden depths of a somewhat sad but hopeful nature, expecting confidently a tender and sympathizing response. Her style, naturally chaste and perspicuous, was doubtless aided to

some extent by the perusal of the best English authors, and the study of the British poets, whose works were found in great abundance upon the shelves of her uncle's library. A man of great taste in the selection of his books, and fully abreast of the literature of the day, he thus provided for his niece the very material her mind demanded. She read and re-read favorite authors with intense delight, and wandered into fields where but few of her age dare venture. This is proved alike by her correspondence as by her conversation with congenial minds. As years passed on, her literary taste underwent a very marked, and in some respects, singular change,—a change, however, easily accounted for by the more solemn views of life and the profounder thoughts concerning a hereafter that took possession of her soul. Her reading became not only more restricted in its range, but also of an entirely different character. The biographies of christians not too far removed from common experience—expositions of religious truth in simple language, and the records of christian effort in home and foreign fields, became interesting and fascinating as they had never been before. Among such books, greatly blessed to her soul as to others, may be mentioned Miss Brewster's treatise, "Work, plenty to do, and how to do it;" The memoirs of "Mary Lundie Duncan;" "Mrs. Judson's Memoirs," and those of the "Martyred Indian Missionaries." Whenever she found benefit from the reading of a book, she recommended it, or gave it for perusal. The first named of the above volumes was loaned to many young friends both in Scotland and America, and with great results. The following letter found among her papers, indicates this method of doing good. On reviewing it, she has appended the works: "Written, after reading 'Work, or plenty to do and how to do it, 1855.' "

" DEAREST MARY AND CHRISTIAN FRIEND,—Pray for me. Oh, Mary, pray for me, that I may be kept in the *narrow* way. It is ever, ever struggling against sin; ever doing that which I ought not to do and do not wish to do, and leaving that undone which I ought to do. Mary, I am very, very weak. Pray for

me that I may be strengthened from on high, and that I may be purged and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Here are the words on which my hope rests, and from which I was first enabled to believe: 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' Blessed words of the blessed and merciful Saviour. * * * * * Mary, I pray for you night and morning, that you may be strengthened, kept and preserved, and made more and more like Him who died for you;—more like Jesus, I pray also for your kind friend who gave you this book. Adieu, dear Mary; remember me. I love you.

Your sincere friend,

LIZZIE G."

I have made reference to such interchanges of christian feeling, not for anything extraordinary in the correspondence itself, but as revealing an exceedingly interesting state of mind, among a select circle of young women, who were engaged in daily studies, which did not, *directly, at least*, tend to foster a high type of spirituality. The parties, who, unknown to their nearest and dearest friends, kept up this christian intercourse, were prosecuting their studies in the Government school of design, when not engaged in household duties. They were at an age, also, which is not usually credited with serious thoughts concerning the future, but, on the contrary, is most commonly charged with devotion to the fashionable excitements of a thoughtless world. Yet, despite of all, the spirit of God was silently carrying on a work of grace, which resulted in the birth of precious souls into the kingdom, and an accession of moral and spiritual power into many homes.

Apart from her own relations and a few christian companions to whom she could reveal her thoughts, her circle of acquaintances was by no means large. She had no great desire to cultivate friends, merely for the sake of a wide-spread, but superficial and hollow friendship. She preferred to have few, but these reliable and trustworthy. She selected them for the possession of those qualities, and the imparting of that counsel and comfort, she stood most in need of. Living very much within her own thoughts, the many could not understand her,

nor enter into her feelings. There was one, however, to whom she could at all times go, with whatever troubles oppressed her soul,—always sure of a cordial welcome. And it may be pardoned for a loving son in passing, to pause and pay an humble tribute to the memory of one of the fondest and best of mothers, who certainly lived not for herself, but for the good of others. Often in the silence of her darkened chamber, did that mother wrestle with the angel of the covenant, her language that of the mother of Samuel: "For this child I prayed * * * wherefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent unto the Lord." "Left a widow, with an only child—the writer of these pages—but strong in faith, she was eminently fitted to speak a word in season to weary ones, and shelter the orphan from the cold and bitter blasts of an unfeeling world. Meek and gentle by nature, she was rendered doubly so by grace. Her very expression was spiritual—her features indicated that her thoughts were heavenly, and that she was among us rather as a celestial visitant than an inhabitant of earth. As has been said of Mary of Bethany, so might it be said, as it was felt by all who knew *the Mary* of whom we are now writing: "She was too spiritual—too sensitive—too frail a flower, to live and bloom in this ungenial clime. She was never made for the angry strifes, the harrowing cares, the hackneyed pursuits, the trivial details, the miserable common places of a world like this. That was not her sphere; but to move among us as a light from heaven, casting its radiance around us, and beckoning us onwards and upwards to a better and a brighter world; a lovely example and manifestation of the spiritual life, the life which comes from God, and ever pants to return to God; a perpetual protest and rebuke against the prevailing earthliness of all around."

It was in the society of such a matured disciple that the subject of this sketch learned some of the best lessons of her life, and enjoyed happy seasons of converse and communion. The home of such an one was to many young believers a sanctuary from the ills of life. She listened to their story—told them of

her similar experiences—repeated some precious promise that had comforted her own soul in friendless days, and sent them away relieved and hopeful. One or two extracts from the correspondence already alluded to, will show how much such fellowship was valued : “It makes me happy to think that I had a warm corner in your mother’s heart ; for I loved your mother too—loved her because she was my own mother’s friend. To her I could go for counsel and sympathy when I felt perplexed or vexed. She knew so much of my mother’s history.” * * “Who would not have loved your mother ! Everybody that knew her, loved her. I for one retain her memory with a sacredness next to that of my own mother. I love to think of these evenings, shortly before she died, when we had many a pleasant conversation, and many a wholesome advice she gave me. I could tell her all that was in my heart, and always went away comforted.” * * * I felt it a great privilege to hear her speak of the things of the kingdom.”†

It is seldom that God introduces his chosen servants to the realities of active service, without subjecting them to trials.—The subject of this sketch, as we have already seen, was no exception to the rule. In 1852 she was again laid upon a sick bed with a dangerous attack of small-pox. To personal sicknesses, there were also added other sad bereavements. From that period on till her marriage, frequently recurring deaths of friends and acquaintances brought her face to face with death and the eternal world. To one like her, whose friendship was of the strongest and purest kind, and who could not love at all but with an intensity of feeling, the deaths of companions were occasions of bitter grief, as well as serious reflection and personal examination. She was at times led to think, as if she was in this way peculiarly tried beyond others, and led to en-

† When asked, after the birth of her little daughter, what name should be given the child, she at once replied, “your mother’s name—call her Mary MacMillan.”

certain gloomy views of her repeated chastisements. On such occasions, we find her quoting and repeating the verses :

“O, ever thus from childhood’s hour
I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree or flower
But ’twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die.”

A very dear young friend died in 1857, of whom she writes :
“Joan D—— died on the 11th September. Little did I think when I saw her last and shook hands with her, it would be for the last time on earth. I wept unrestrainedly when I saw her remains. Truly, death changes the countenance. We both were taken ill at the same time, and I was raised up and spared, and she taken away. I fear I would not be so well prepared for such a change, and able to say with her as she said on her death-bed, ‘The Lord is my rock and my portion for ever.’ May we hope to see each other again in heaven.”

MISSIONARY ANTICIPATIONS.

“Not unto manhood’s heart alone
The holy influence steals :
Warm with a rapture not its own
The heart of woman feels
As she who by Samaria’s well
The Saviour’s errand sought—
As those who with the fervent Paul—
And meek Aquila wrought.”

By the mercy of God she was prevented from falling into a state of hopeless grief, which often clouds the opening years of existence, and in many cases, diminishes the capacity for future service and actual achievements in the cause of God.

Her future home, and position in life, now began to engage her thoughts. In deciding the important question where she is to labour, she grapples with the difficulties that presented themselves, under a consciousness that tremendous guilt would be laid to her charge, if any sacrifice that the case demanded was shrunk from on the grounds of personal ease. The writer of these pages having had his attention directed to Foreign labor, and having almost resolved to offer his services to the Scottish Church, and go far hence as an ambassador of Christ, she writes as follows:—

“ I come to that part of your letter which troubles me most—about India. You have hardly any conception how much this question is troubling me. It occupies my thoughts almost constantly, and how to answer it is the difficulty. At one time I think I could go—at another I tremble at the very thought. I do not think that I have that facility for the acquisition of languages that is necessary, although I understand that some of the languages spoken in India are not very difficult to acquire. I have been trying to get as much information as I can about India, and the Indian Mission. But I have not decided yet. I wish this was off my mind. Yet it has been beneficial to me in many ways. I see more of myself than I did, and I have been led to read and study my Bible more frequently than ever before.” In another letter she says “ I feel very much perplexed as to my duty in this matter, whether I could go or not. I have been thinking of it very seriously and I trust prayerfully, and examining myself too. * * * I have no qualifications for the work, and I am very much afraid of the motives that would take me there. Until I feel that the highest motives—love to Christ and his cause—urged me, I could not presume to offer my services. *It would be like offering strange fire before the Lord.* One extract more must suffice, regarding this matter. “ I have given the subject prayerful consideration. Indeed the subject has seldom left my mind for a moment, and is mixed up with everything I do. I begin to feel a deep interest in Missions and Missionaries, and see the necessity for more laborers in the great harvest field. I feel a deep sympathy for the poor deluded heathen, worshipping idols, and undergoing so much suffering to please their Gods—even giving their bodies to be burnt or crushed under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut. I am glad that such a question has come up for decision, were it only for the purpose

of testing the sincerity of my interest in Missions, and asking myself, if in wishing others to engage in the noble cause, would I be willing to sacrifice everything—friends, earthly comforts and my native land—and go to live a life of self denial for the sake of Christ? I was deeply interested in reading the memoir of Mrs. Judson, the first female Missionary who left the shores of America, and also the memoir of Mrs. Newell who left with her for India. Was God preparing the way for your letter, in leading me to take so much interest in their lives? I felt it strange that I should be placed in similar circumstances in which they were placed at one part of their lives. It cost them a hard struggle to decide and I often questioned myself, if I decide to go, should Providence call me, have I the same disinterested motives influencing me that influenced them? I fear not. I feel I have not their deep piety, nor their many intellectual qualifications, to fit me for so responsible a position. My knowledge of spiritual things is much less—I am but a babe in Christ, and seem to have but little interest in the things of the Kingdom; indeed I often doubt if I have any at all. I often wonder why I have been spared so long, and been raised up to health and strength from the very verge of the grave, while others who would have been far more useful, have been taken away. Surely God spares only those, to whose souls he intends to do good, and takes those who are ripe for glory. I often think that in sparing me, God intends I should do some work for him. Oh! if thou hast work for me, prepare me for it. * * * To the eye of human reason there is much to prevent you from going but with God all things are possible. I am happy to think that your mind is in such a state as makes you feel willing to go or stay as the Lord will direct. If I am to occupy such a position, I should like to adopt the language of Thomson, and say :

“ Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barb'rous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian Mountains, or his setting beam
Flames to the Atlantic Isles 'tis naught to me
Since God is ever present—ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where *he* vital breathes, there must be joy.”

Having referred to this matter, it is but justice to the memory of the departed to add, that after prayerful consideration she consecrated herself to India, if God should direct her

footsteps thither. It was from no preference, that she crossed the Atlantic to live and labour and die in another field. And never in all her subsequent life, did she forget the claims of the heathen, or cease to yearn after their salvation, with an almost apostolic fervour.

No arguments were used to bring her to such a determination. She was left entirely to her own judgment, and solemn reflection, in answering the question, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" It is said of Dr. Judson, the famous Missionary to Burmah, that when asking the far famed "Fannie Forrester"—Miss Chubbuck—to go with him to India," he pressed the subject upon her with all the energy of his impassioned and most truthful character. He painted to her the glories and the deformities of the Orient; its moral desert in a wilderness of luxuriant beauty. He set forth the toils and privations of the Missionary's lot, and over against this, the privilege of being a reaper in the great moral harvest of the world; the blessedness of those who turn many to righteousness, and the glory of that coming world, whence faith already draws many a presaging token of bliss." In the present case it was far otherwise. The claims of God more than affection for man moved to the sacrifice of friends, companions, and associations dear to her as life. What she might have been and done had the sacrifice offered been accepted, we cannot tell. Not in vain has she lived, though her dust reposes in a colder clime than India's—that gorgeous East, which

"With richest hand
Showers on her King's barbaric pearls and gold."

The glimpses given of her life so far, will probably lead the reader to conclude, that her's was a gloomy and desolate existence, full of inward fears and external sorrows. There could not be a greater mistake. Solemn thoughts frequently she doubtless had, but for the most part her countenance was cheerful, and her heart was buoyant. Although never a proficient in music, she had a strong natural taste for the melo-

dies of her native land, many of which she memorised and sung in solitary hours. Such songs and ballads as "Old Scotland I love thee," "Ye Banks and Braes," "Ilka blade o'grass has its ain drap o' dew," "The Mocking Bird," "What are the Wild Waves Saying," the verses beginning "Where are the friends we all loved so dear, long long ago," and many of the compositions belonging to the Jacobite period of Scottish Minstrelsy, such as "Will ye no come back again?" were special favorites. She sang them with a simplicity and pathos in that "low sweet voice" which her friends knew so well, which showed how intensely she felt their meaning and entered into their spirit. She was also accustomed in her readings to write out for future reference, verses of poetry that harmonised with her state of mind. For the most part, if we may judge from the fragments left behind, these selections were of a somewhat sad and foreboding character. Among them is "The Mariner's Grave," the touching story of a British seaman, who sleeps in the lone lone deep, with no stone to tell his name or fame or glory.

"Serene and safe from storms that scarce can rock his lonely pillow."

Next comes "The Dying Child," to whom, as his eyes grow dim and his face more deadly pale, there comes borne along on the night wind, the Angels coral hymn, that welcomes him to Heaven; and many others of a similiar character. Passing through the Glasgow Necropolis on her recent visit to Scotland, she copies the following lines, with a note appended; "From a tombstone in Glasgow Cathedral:"

"Our life's a flying shadow—God's the pole
The index pointing at him is our soul,
Death's the horizon, when our sun is set,
Which will through Christ, a resurrection get."

Such selections shew the serious undercurrent of her life, unsuspected by the casual observer, and indeed unknown to her many friends. She was gradually becoming weaned from earth, and prepared for Heaven.

NATURE AND ART.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her, and she shall have her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
 Shall pass into her face.”

“Birds and beasts,
 And the mute fish that glances in the stream,
 And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
 And joyous insect hovering in the air,
 The fowl domestic and the household dog,
 * * * She loved them all.”

Ruskin somewhere says in his writings, that no one can be far wrong in way of life or right temper of mind, if he loves the trees enough, for if human life be cast among the trees at all, the love borne to them is a sure text of its purity. The subject of this memoir was one after Mr. Ruskin's own heart in this respect. Her love of nature—of flowers and landscape scenery, was intense. Her early years, indeed, were not spent among the trees, but the close-built walls of a populous manufacturing town seemed but to increase her longings after communion with the beautiful, fair, free world, that stretched itself illimitably under God's open sky. She was no mean naturalist in this sense of the word. Day after day, in summer and in winter, when time permitted, she made long excursions into the country, gathering wild flowers and rare specimens of Nature's flora. When at the sea coast, she rambled wildly and recklessly over rocks to gather sea weed and shells. The curious actions of nature's humbler children, were to her a frequent study and a constant wonder. With a practised eye and an open ear, “she waited upon nature as a lover, and wooed her at all hours.” Thus she found

“Tongues in trees—books in running brooks;
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

She went farther than this, for she saw *God* in everything. She adored the great Creator as revealed in his works, regarding them with the eye of an humble christian, as sure evidences of his infinite wisdom and unbounded goodness.

To a class of men, who look upon nature with a hard prosaic eye, and deem its treasures only valuable, in so far as they can be converted into gold and turned to practical account, she must have seemed extravagant in her admiration of nature, and in the spare hours she devoted to its study. Untaught souls there are in every community, whose passions and instincts have nothing in common with such a refined and ennobling pursuit. Like the unawakened peasant described by Wordsworth, nature never finds the way into their hearts; they never feel the witchery of the soft blue sky; and though they dwell among vales and streams and see the budding broom and thorn, they remain ignorant and unconscious spectators of the mysteries of creation.

“A primrose by a river’s brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Very different were her feelings, of whom we write. She could say in truth--

“To me the meanest flower that blooms, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

The correspondence already referred to is full of such simple outbursts of genuine sympathy with nature. Speaking of a visit to Burns’ monument in 1854, she says: “I spent two or three hours on ‘the banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon,’ and heard *the song* sung under the old bridge of Doon. It had a splendid effect *there*, but it brought so many sad recollections of days gone by when my mother was living—it was a *favorite song of hers*—that my spirits were damped, and I forgot I had come to enjoy myself. I picked up this ‘bit of heather’ that was grow-

ing near 'Burns' cottage,' which I send you. It will remind you of "the bonnie hills of Scotland." On another occasion she writes: "The morning was so fine that I walked to the village. It was really a beautiful walk, and I enjoyed it. The fields were so green, and so many little wild flowers peeping out from under the hedge rows, and the little birds so joyous in the leafy trees, singing as if to burst their little throats. I walked along with my heart lifted up in joy to the bountiful creator." On a summer visit to the sea coast, she writes: "This piece of heather was taken from the highest hill on the Cumbræ, from which you have a magnificent view in all directions—'a' the airts the wind can blaw.' Opposite this hill, the battle of Largs was fought, and on the spot are trees planted like an army of soldiers in different positions. It is said that the army was standing on the day of battle as we see the trees planted." She speaks in the same letter of a certain young minister who preached striking sermons at Millport on the summer Sabbath evenings in the open air. "The large concourse of people, rich and poor, young and old, high and low, all gathered round their young minister. The broad blue sky above their heads—the sea extending far as the eye could reach—the beautiful hills gilded by the setting sun—the solemn stillness of the Sabbath, broken by the rich sacred music, and echoed back by the hills around us, made it very grand and solemn, I love to think of these days."

Shortly after the death of her father, the Government School of Design was established in her native town, and many young men and women availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them, to study the principles of art. The Principal then appointed, and who still continues to adorn his profession, was admirably fitted to awaken a passion for high attainments in this branch of our higher education. A man of fine taste and cultivated scholarship, he found no greater pleasure than in marking the progress of his more promising pupils,—taking them excursions into the country to sketch from nature, and in every way enriching their mind and eye. Among the most

successful students of her age, was the subject of this memoir. Sketching and painting, which many young ladies simply regard as innocent pastimes, patiently accepted as a part of a liberal curriculum and necessary as accomplishments in certain walks of life, were to her sources of purest delight. In a qualified sense, it may be said, she gave to art her very soul, and worshipped it with all the powers of her being. Instead of attending the classes as a duty, she considered it a privilege, and spent long hours at her sketches, after the other students had finished their allotted tasks. As might be expected, when a few sessions of such a school had been attended and the novelty subsided, the zeal of many waxed cold, and the attendance few, but never for a moment, unless prevented by sickness, did she relax attendance or abandon her favorite studies. In view of such a fondness for art and the opportunities thus afforded her, it would have been strange indeed had she not gained a high pre-eminence among her fellow students, and been regarded by her masters with an honest pride. Year after year, she carried off the highest prizes in books and medals, until, in at least one special case known to the writer, she lost a valuable scholarship, because no one of her class would compete against her. What she might have attained had she consecrated her life to art, no one can predict. This much may be said, that her eye and hand would have carried her through the world, and gained for her a noble independence. But with all her talents in this department, there was not a single grain of vanity. She shrunk from public recognition, and speaks regretfully of the annual distribution of prizes, saying in one of her letters, "I wish they would just give me the medal, and make no more ado about it." She was generous to a fault in scattering the productions of her pencil. It was a pleasure to prepare for friends such simple souvenirs of her regard. An American gentleman who had never seen the "blue bells of Scotland," expresses a wish to have such a sketch, and forthwith it is sent him. Another friend, on leaving for a distant

land, receives a wreath of "Forget me not," accompanied with the verses:—

"Accept tho' small its value be
 This token of my love sincere;
 And glancing on it, think of me
 Forget me not, thou ever dear.
 May it to faithful memory
 Recalling many a long loved spot,
 For distant Scotland,—and for me
 Breathe softly, sweet 'Forget me not.'"

Her sketches and water colour drawings are thus in almost every part of the world, given to friends as parting tokens of her affection and as mementoes of early friendship. The rooms of her late dwelling are clad with compositions and landscapes, while finished and unfinished studies of every possible description remain behind, as evidence of her delicate taste and indomitable energy. To those who knew how little time she had at command for such recreation, after other duties were attended to, the number of these sketches is truly wonderful.

In later years she had neither the opportunity nor leisure for the gratification of such a taste. But her love of nature never waned. The gorgeous sunsets—the clear blue skies—the richly tinted colours of our forests in autumn months—the gem-like pendant icicles of winter, had all peculiar attractions in her eye. How tenderly, through several years, she nursed and kept alive a tiny root of heather, and how much she loved her flowers and little garden is known to many friends. The snow drop and the crocus were peculiarly welcome as harbingers of returning spring and forerunners of joy, buds and blossoms and singing birds. She was thrilled with when spring sent forth its awakening voice through the young woods. In the birth of leaves and flowers she recognised the better birth of souls from death to spiritual life, and the earnest of an undecaying immortality. Earth to her was but the shadow of heaven—a faint type of that which is within the veil.

"That day spring eternal
 Which shall dawn on the dark wintry night of the grave."

MARRIED LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

“ A creature not too bright or good
For human nature’s daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.”

“ A light, busy foot astir
In her small housewifery : the blithest bee
That ever wrought in hive.”

“ Whether the day its wonted course renewed
Or midnight vigils wrapt the world in shade ;
Her tender task assiduous, she pursued
To sooth his anguish, or his wants to aid.”

“ Still with thoughtful care providing,
Sweetly ruling, softly chiding,
Such the mother’s gentle guiding.”

“ And o’er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim ;
Beyond the night, accross the day
Through all the world, she followed him.”

LEAVING SCOTLAND.

“ Ask me no more, thy fate and mine are sealed ;
At a touch I yield
Ask me no more !”

“ I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay
I see a hand you cannot see
Which beckons me away.”

“ With—not boasting, but for truth’s sake I write it—a very wide power of choice—much more extensive than would generally be supposed a woman in my position could have, I have voluntarily, founded on regard for you, said ‘all—all your own.’ The future certainly looks dark to me, but with my hand in yours, if you will only clasp it close, and the certainty of a place in your heart I can look upon it courageously.” So wrote the betrothed of an Indian Missionary. The first of these paragraphs was as true of the subject of this sketch, as the last embodied her feelings in leaving Scotland. On the 24th day of July, 1860, she was married ; and on the 25th day of August following, sailed from Liverpool, for her new home in Jersey City. The solemn thoughts that occupied her mind prior to the event, and the earnest prayers she offered for direction and guidance in her new position, were manifest in a serious, subdued deportment, which characterised her at this period. Memories of the past and fears for the future filled her soul. In parting with her many relations, especially those who had so long encircled her with their love, and the companions and friends of early years, it could hardly be otherwise. Naturally timid and shrinking, and always underrating her own abilities, the prospect of becoming, to some extent, the subject of remark as a minister’s wife, and being called upon to occupy a somewhat prominent position in the Church of Christ, filled her with anxiety. She had a strong desire to engage in active work, but she must follow, not lead ; she

would rather fill the servants place, than the post of honor and command. It must have been with such thoughts in her mind, that writing to a friend of her past happy days in Scotland she says : " I take the greatest pleasure in recalling the happy days of the past ; indeed I am often ' thinking, *thinking* of the days that are no more.' "

" So fresh, so sad, the days that are no more
 Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others, deep as love— ,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
 O death in life, the days that are no more ! "

The exceedingly cordial greeting she received from the members of the Church, and christian friends belonging to other denominations, did much to overcome her timidity, and make her feel at home. Nor was she entirely without old acquaintances in her new sphere, who regarded her with peculiar interest for her own sake, and the sake of parents, whom they had long and lovingly known in Scotland. The kindness evinced towards her by the congregation, and the valuable gifts repeatedly presented her, during her short stay among them, touched her sensitively grateful heart, with overflowing emotions. Here too, she had every opportunity for gratifying her love of nature, and studying works of art. The picture galleries and studios of New York City provided the one, and the upper windows of her home in Jersey City, commanding a magnificent view of New York Bay, afforded the other. The steam ships and sailing vessels, that passed to and fro through the Narrows at every hour of the day, could be easily distinguished many miles distant by the aid of the telescope, and were to her a never failing source of pleasurable delight. Although her residence in Jersey City was a brief one of some twenty months, it formed a bright spot in her married life, and was the beginning of friendships that only terminated in her death. She was one of those contented spirits, that feel happy wherever their lot is cast, if they but enjoy an ordinary share of fortune, and to whom the thought of change or

separation is full of pain. Our first friends in a strange land, in any case, cannot easily be given up, the more especially if their genuine sympathy has been fully proved and their kindness tested in the hour of need. The subject of this memoir had many such, and the thought of separation proved a bitter ordeal. But strong as were her attachments, when duty demanded the sacrifice, she hesitated not. Mere sentiment never directed her life, nor swayed her judgment. Firmly believing that the footsteps of the good are ordered by the Lord, she cheerfully obeyed in the exercise of unwavering faith. Her residence in Brantford beginning in May, 1862, is of too recent date, and her daily walk and conversation so well known in, and beyond the congregation, to admit of lengthened remark. As in Jersey City, so in the town where she latterly lived and died, she gathered round her many deeply attached friends, and the love she gave them in return was honest and sincere. She had, as all cultivated minds must have, her preferences; kindred souls, whose society was specially sweet, and whose conversation was peculiarly edifying and comforting. But beyond this circle, and in the humbler walks of life, she had her favorites, whose temporal wants she cared for to the utmost of her ability. To revive the spirits of the humble and contrite ones, and weep with those who wept, and speak words in season to the weary, was a privilege more than a duty. Had greater strength been given her for such labour, she would have delighted in it, feeling that her own soul was enriched, in proportion as she made others happier by the outflow of her own tender sympathy, and the ministrations of divine consolation. This feature of her character has never been adequately understood, from the fact that she but rarely *in public*, disclosed her secret feelings in religious matters. To those who moved in her own circle, she was extremely reticent in speaking of her inner life; perhaps beyond what at times was necessary for the sake of truth, and the encouragement of younger disciples. In her case this secretiveness did not arise from unwillingness to testify of

God's goodness, but because she imagined others better fitted to give such testimony, and because she shrunk from everything that savoured of vanity and outward display, in speaking of God's dealings with her soul. It has been said, that the higher the organization, the richer is the experience, and the finer the grain of character, the more worth knowing is the actual life, while the greater is the reserve, such persons are likely to have. It was so in her case. She could not reveal even to the nearest and dearest, her inner feelings, and this disinclination seemed to grow upon her, in spite of efforts to overcome it, as she advanced in grace—illustrating what the Poet says—

“How often the friends we hold dearest
Their noblest emotions conceal;
And bosoms the purest, sincerest,
Have secrets they cannot reveal.”

The only relief that such natures have, is in a throne of grace. If they cannot gather courage to unbosom their hearts in the fellowship of the saints, they can at least *go to Jesus* and tell him all they feel. He alone, indeed, can minister to the higher wants of existence, for he alone understands the subtle and complicated workings of the mind.

The years spent in Brantford, were associated with much that was pleasing. If in her case there was occasionally something of the “shady side” there was much more of the “sunny side” of life. She became attached to the place and interested in its prosperity. Her home—her flowers—her birds—were sources of pride and pleasure. The trees and shrubs planted by her own hand became, from year to year, more attractive in her eyes. She watched their growth and verdure with affectionate interest, and bestowed upon them a tender oversight. She felt a delight in her little plot of ground, and could honestly say:

“I love my garden well
And find employment there
Employment sweet, for many an hour,
In tending every shrub and flower,
With still unwearied care.”

To the utmost of her strength she endeavoured to meet the demands that were made upon her time. Where she could do good, she went. Practical in christian life to the last degree, she had no patience with the forms and dull routine, the artificial manners and arbitrary rules and "worthless masking" that prevail so much even in religious circles at the present day. Her downright honesty of character could not brook the mere pretences to friendship, which fashionable society, so called, regards as proper and becoming. She could not practice deceit in any shape or form, nor conceal under bland and soothing words her indignation at public wrongs or private injuries. In a qualified sense, it might be said of her, what she once remarked, in defending the character of another friend—

"If she loves, or if she hates
Alike, she knows not to dissemble."

So long as there is so much hypocrisy in the world, such characters cannot hope to secure universal regard, but in proportion as sincerity and truth prevail, their memory will be honored and their straightforwardness admired.

It is due to the departed to add, that every successive year she felt more and more satisfied with her Canadian home, and less inclined to leave it. What influence she possessed was used once and again in behalf of Brantford. Except in one solitary instance, where her own inclinations seemed to harmonize with what appeared at the time the call of God—she invariably dismissed the thought of separation from the Church and the friends, among whom she had spent so many happy years. Possibly this great reluctance arose in part from her aversion to enter anew more conspicuous and responsible positions, for which with characteristic humility, she always deemed herself unqualified. When ten years ago in Jersey City, an effort was made to transfer the writer's labours to a prominent charge in New York State, she wrote as follows:—"I am glad for your sake that you have gone (to preach) but not for my own. Something seems to say that you will be

there, but *your poor little wife is not fitted for such a place.* I cannot help crying when I think of it;" and thus she frequently expressed herself in later years. Entertaining the highest conception of the Ministerial office, and everything and everyone connected with it, she always feared lest the cause of Christ might in any way suffer at her hand. She had no desire to attract attention or occupy the place most commonly though erroneously appropriated her. She preferred that others equally gifted, or in her estimation better adapted, should lead the various benevolent and philanthropic movements that belong to christian churches at the present day. The grace of humility was prominent in all that she did. Her heart was not haughty, nor her eyes lofty,—she did not exercise herself in great matters. "Be kindly affectioned one to another—in honour preferring one another" was the motto of her daily life.

CLOSING DAYS.

"Pain yet assails me,
 Strength oft times fails me
 Yet my weakness is my strength and rest ;
 Light o'er me stealing,
 Softly revealing
 Scenes of glory up among the blest."

In the year 1869, she was permitted in the providence of God, to revisit the place of her birth, and the scenes of her early years. She was anxious to see in the flesh, a near relative, who was fast sinking under a painful malady, and who since her return to Canada, has been called away. The visit was looked forward to with pleasing anticipations, and was thoroughly enjoyed. She seemed refreshed and invigorated by the bracing air of her native land, and happy and delighted in the society of dear ones. She sought out old companions,

and with them spent hours in recalling the past, and comparing their different allotments in the world since they parted years before. She went to the old burying ground, now but little used, and searched among the tall rank grass for the graves of her parents. She made acquaintance once more with the secret haunts of nature, where in the years of girlhood, she had often wandered in search of wild flowers, or filling her mind and fancy with visions of rare beauty; and she listened again with great satisfaction to the words of her former Pastor, and enjoyed the ordinances of God's house, with wonderful relish, feeling somewhat as did the Jew of old, on his return to the City and Sanctuary of his fathers. Most conspicuous in her conduct, during her brief stay in Scotland, was her love for the society of experienced saints, whose hairs were whitening with the snows of age, as their hearts were ripening for the blessed change. In the company of such, whom she had long known and esteemed for their rare excellencies and shining graces, she spent many hours, feeling with the Poet that—

“ Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be
As more of heaven, in each we see.”

It might be imagined, that one so strongly wedded to her native land, and so enthusiastically alive to its many attractions would have preferred to sojourn there, in preference to the hardier clime of the western world; more especially as her married life in Canada, had not been free from severe attacks of sickness and almost constant weakness. If she had any such feelings they never were uttered. She expressed no reluctance in returning to the land of her adoption, but rather longed as the time grew near, for the quiet and rest of home and the sight of christian friends, who though for a time separated by the ocean, had never been lost to memory. With thankful heart she accepted, what still seemed to her the leadings of providence, that in this far off land, she should bear her humble testimony to the grace of God. A lady friend

and old companion, whom she had long and tenderly regarded, accompanied her to Canada, on a visit to friends in Toronto. Doubtless her presence and cheerful society, mitigated to some extent, the sorrow she felt at parting with friends she never expected to meet again on earth. During the voyage homeward in spite of complete prostration for many days from sea sickness, she bore up cheerfully. Only once did she give way to her feelings. On the Thursday afternoon before landing in Boston, she was taken suddenly and seriously ill. The Doctor of the ship was called and applied restoratives, but for a time without effect. She grew fainter and colder, until grave fears were entertained of the result. No adequate cause could be suggested for such symptoms, for she had been upon deck that very day, and seemed more like herself than ever. When she began to recover towards night, the mystery was explained by other passengers, who came to enquire after her condition. In the ladies' cabin, where she had spent some hours that day, a German musician had been playing some favourite airs—among others that touching strain “Home, Sweet Home.” Her eyes were observed to fill with tears, and her whole frame to quiver with emotion. Soon she disappeared and was found lying in her room in the state described. Her whole nervous system had undergone a shock, which threatened for a time to jeopardize her life. Possibly she had premonitions that never again her eyes would look upon the “Home, Sweet Home” she had left again so far behind!

For the last sixteen months of her life she was an almost constant sufferer, to an extent known to but few. She bore her ailments bravely, unwilling to obtrude them upon the notice of her most intimate friends. Her appearance did not indicate the weakness of her system, or the frequent distressing pains to which she was subject, and as for the most part, she struggled to be up and doing, no one dreamed of dangerous disease. Often indeed when suffering distressing agony, she tried to smile, that the happiness of others might not be

repressed on her account. Such constant weakness led to frequent periods of gloom and melancholy, and gave to the later months of her life, a sad and sombre complexion. Frequently she would give way to tears and cry profusely, saying, when the storm of emotion had spent itself—like a child that has unwillingly pained a loving parent—"I am sorry for it—but I cannot help it." No one, indeed, could account for the marked change in her naturally cheerful and happy temperament, apart from the progress of disease. To those who were ignorant of, or made no allowance for it, her frequent melancholy and nervousness of temperament must have seemed strange and unaccountable. Looked at now in the light of subsequent events, the wonder is that she bore so much and complained so little. Her great physical weakness not only produced mental depression, but cast a dark shadow over her religious experience. No one can be as she naturally was "keenly alive to spiritual joy, without an equally exquisite susceptibility to spiritual suffering." Still her faith maintained its supremacy over all the troubles of the body, making her the more happy in the thought of a coming world of rest, where there is no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain, and where the former things have passed away.†

Presentiments of an early death came with these bodily infirmities. To such occasional visitors as she could reveal her feelings, she spoke frequently of the certainty of a speedy call. But these mournful thoughts were attributed to weakness and corresponding despondency, and regarded as certain to pass away when health was reestablished and the mind had

† Possibly in these dark moments, her now motherless children occupied her thoughts. Forecasting the future we can imagine her saying, "My children will look about for their mother and perhaps cry; and then they will forget me. They will be in trouble, and I cannot help them; they will sin, and I cannot teach and discipline them; they will feel sorrow for their sin, and I cannot pray with them and point them away to Christ. I am not afraid to die, but I am very sad." Fond as every rightly constituted mother must be of her offspring, she watched them by day and night with unwearied solicitude. The earnest prayers offered for both—the simple lessons from Scripture, and the stories about Jesus and the "little lambs" that she so often repeated to her boy, cannot surely under the blessing of heaven fail, in their ultimate conversion to God.

regained its normal state. Many things she did and said during this period, looked back upon through the lights and shadows of the past, acquire a significance we could not then perceive ; or possibly did not wish to understand. To the last love is incredulous of the plainest warnings, and strives by hushing the thought of death, to banish the reality. And so, when the moment comes, and the precious life ebbs away, in spite of human skill and human resources, we sink into a hopeless despair,—like the giant oak suddenly smitten by the thunderbolt, and laid prostrate on the earth.

We are now drawing near the close of a quiet and gentle life. At the Communion Season on the 26th September, 1870, she was present, though very weak and unable for such a strain upon her strength. To her it was a season of great spiritual enjoyment. Her old Pastor from Scotland was present and assisted at the service, preaching also in the evening. The day was exceedingly stormy, but nothing would prevent her being there. At the close of the service, she retired to the vestry, seemingly overcome, and sat down, before attempting to return home. One of the elders, perceiving her weak condition, gave her some wine, which she accepted gratefully, remarking, as she thanked him for his kindness : “ *This is my last Sacramental season upon earth.*” In the evening of that same day, she again attended church, and returned home greatly delighted, though much exhausted. She was indeed very near Heaven that day, and seemed like Moses from the top of Nebo, to have comforting glimpses of the better land. Meeting with such a dear friend in her far off home, and hearing once again the well known tones of a voice that had often addressed her in other years, was joy beyond expression. Doubtless the strength received on that occasion accompanied her in what remained of the journey, until she appeared in Zion before the Lord. From this time, and until the night when she was fatally seized she was more or less a sufferer, though seldom confined to her room, and occasionally visiting the homes of sickness and bereavement. On the 18th day of

December she attended divine service for the last time, the sermon preached being founded on the text ; “ So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.” When Christmas Day drew near, she said touchingly and tearfully to the writer of these pages, “ I have no Christmes gift for you this year,” alluding to her inability to prepare, as on former occasions, some token of her love. On the Monday after Christmas, her little boy was seized with a dangerous illness, which caused her great anxiety during what remained of the expiring year. Late and early she was by his bedside, forgetful of her own ailments and weakness. On Sabbath morning the 1st day of January, she said to him, “ Willie—a good New Year to you,” adding some playful words to cheer him in his sickness. She had hoped to have attended church on that day, and began the year by a renewed consecration of herself to God’s service, but on account of her child’s sickness she remained at home. Next day, Monday, the 2nd of January, she was about her household duties, with more than ordinary activity, and with no apparent indications of the sudden illness that seized her, ere the day had ended. On account of several public engagements that evening, it was arranged that tea should be served a little earlier than 6 o’clock. As usual, she took her accustomed place at the table, A blessing had been asked, and she was in the act of eating, when she uttered a loud scream, which indicated intense pain, at the same time placing her hand upon her right side. Leaving the table, she went to her bedroom, where remedies were applied, but without effect. Medical aid was then procured, and further treatment resorted to, but throughout the whole of Monday night and the following Tuesday, her sufferings continued without abatement and accompanied with complete prostration. Wednesday brought some little relief, and on Thursday she seemed considerably better. She was able to speak, and although very weak was hopeful of recovery. Between the hours of seven and ten that same evening, a relapse took place and she gradually grew worse. About midnight, when the

pain had returned with all its violence, and efforts were made by hot applications to produce internal heat, she said to the sorrowing writer of these lines, in broken sentences: "I know I am going to die at this time—I am as good as dead already. I have just arrived at the age, my mother died, and with me it will soon be over. But as far as I am concerned, the sooner the better. I am very near home—I see Jesus coming for me." A little after this, she spoke of a lady friend of hers who "was very poorly," and these were the last distinct words she uttered. Friday morning came, and with it a sad change in her appearance. She could not speak, and lay, seemingly inattentive to all that was said or done. Everything that medical skill could suggest was tried. Under the influence of a sleeping draught, she rested during a portion of Friday night, and on Saturday morning appeared if anything a little easier. But the listlessness of the previous day, soon deepened into a dreamy unconscionousness. She heard the voices round her bedside, and seemed to yield mechanically to the entreaties of affection, but without recognition. The oft repeated name of "Mary" no longer brought the answer of the eye or tongue. On Saturday night she again slept, and to the watchers by her bed, it seemed a more natural and refreshing sleep than that of the Friday. Hope once more filled the heart. On the Sabbath morning when the Doctor came, he found her in a heavy doze, and roused her to take some stimulants. That given, immediately she became cold, and sank gradually away. That she was "very near home, and Jesus coming for her" was now too evident. The lips changed colour—the face assumed a deathly palor, and the eyes that were wont to sparkle with intelligence and speak the feelings of her soul, grew dim and hazy, gradually closing upon the scenes of earth. It was now drawing near to eleven o'clock, and the bells were calling the different congregations to the sanctuary. Suddenly the eyes grew bright and lustrous, and a faint smile seemed to pass over her countenance. It seemed as if the silent tongue, might once more speak, if only to give a bles-

sing to the sobbing ones around her death bed. Alas ! it was but the momentary glory of the setting sun, as it sinks beneath the horizon, and leaves the world in darkness. God opened the golden gates, and noiselessly they swung back upon their hinges, while under the wings of cherubim and seraphim, the weary pilgrim passed into the city. Gently and quietly, as her pure life had ran its chequered course, her eye closed upon the world.

* * * "brightening ere it died away
Tending with intenser ray
To Heaven whence first it came.

Yes ;

"No smile is like the smile of death
When, all good musings past,
Rise, wafted with the parting breath
The sweetest thought the best."

With but a slight change of phraseology, how strikingly appropriate are the following words, descriptive of the death-bed of another of God's children :—

"The struggle of life subsided—her weary tossings became still. She was going home to her Father's house. All things had been prepared for her and in her. Her tender loving heart was sheltered from the consciousness of being rent from her husband and her children. She had no leave to take of any one, and wanted nothing of any of us, but a grave. That day three weeks she had joined the voice of the multitude who kept holiday in the sanctuary. Seven days of anguish having terminated the conflict, shortly before the hour of noon, her own sweet countenance returned—her breathing sank away, and her emancipated soul passed into the world of spirits. There no pause occurs in the acts of worship. Where the Sabbath is eternal, it requires no returning seventh day to bring back the congregation to occupy the vacant sanctuary. Yet it touches the imagination a little to consider, that Mary departed at the very hour when had all been well, she would have been entering the courts on earth, which she loved to tread."

* * * * *

“The snow drop may droop its pallid head over the turf that covers that precious clay, and the primrose that she loved, may open its fragrant petals amid the grass, showing that the hand of lingering affection has been there ; mourning love may raise its modest tablet to tell whose child—whose wife—whose mother—and whose friend is taken from the earth; that is the work of those who are left to struggle out their pilgrimage. But *she* is united to that family which cannot be dispersed or die ; adopted to that glorious parentage which endureth for ever ; dwelling in that light which is ineffable and full of glory ; and desiring that all she ever knew and loved on earth, may through like precious faith, join her in the kingdom and glory of the same precious Saviour.”

“A brightness hath passed from the earth
 Yet a star is new born in the sky ;
 And a soul hath gone home to the land of its birth
 Where are pleasures and fulness of joy !
 Where its thirst shall be slacked with the waters that spring
 Like a river of light, from the throne of the King ;
 And a new harp is strung, and a new song is given,
 To the breezes that float o’er the gardens of Heaven !”

"ALONE—YET NOT ALONE."

A SERMON,

PREACHED IN ZION PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BRANTFORD, ONTARIO,
ON SABBATH FORENOON, JANUARY 22ND, 1871, BY THE

REV. WILLIAM COCHRANE, A.M.

"Alone : and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

—*John, Chap. 16th, v. 32.*

Of all the forms and degrees of earthly suffering to which men are subjected, perhaps *loneliness* is in some respects the most difficult to bear. It is thus that penal servitude and banishment from the society of men, form such a bitter ingredient in the transgressor's doom. In some cases, where access to every source of employment and mental effort is impossible, insanity and death are the inevitable consequences. In many instances, the criminal would vastly prefer a speedy though ignominious death, to close confinement within the murderer's cell, with no hope of release or variation of his misery and remorse on this side the grave. Society is a necessity of our nature. We are dependent upon it for much of the happiness of existence. The severest student and the most confirmed hermit cannot permanently remain in solitude. And even should they, with a certain measure of sincerity, disdain the pleasures of friendship which others value, the knowledge that it is within their reach takes away the sting and agony which *enforced* solitary confinement invariably produces. Withdraw

a man suddenly from the circle of his chosen friends; deny him the accustomed exercise of his mental powers; take him from the excitements of a busy life, to the gloomy melancholy of a monastery or a bastile, and you make life a cheerless, heartless, unenviable thing, unfit for an immortal soul to breathe in. As the brooks and rivers must find a channel for their limpid waters, and finally mingle and lose themselves in ocean, so must the affections and emotions of our nature have room for daily exercise, within the more restricted limits of the family circle, or the wider range of human sympathies in the great outlying world.

But loneliness may be felt in its acutest form, without withdrawing a man from the busy world or the companionship of his fellow men. Wandering in the streets of a great city, where the crowds jostle and surge along the highway, and the noise of busy traffic prevails from early morn till dusky eve; where all is excitement and energy, and men push along with every fibre of their nature strung to the utmost tension,—we can feel as hopelessly sad and lonesome as in the wilds of Africa. It is the *inner realm of consciousness*, it is the condition of heart, that makes us glad or sorrowful, happy or sad. And thus it happens, that when dark clouds of sorrow gather thickly round our households, and near and dear ones, whose voices were music in our ears, whose eye was life and light by the fireside, and whose footfall was the signal for gladness to all around them, are suddenly called away to mingle with higher companionships than earth, and increase the joy of another world,—the feeling of loneliness oppresses the spirit and weighs down the soul, to a degree indescribable and inexplicable to those who have never experienced the sundering of sacred ties. The world around us moves on as of old. Men buy and sell and get gain—festive gatherings are convened where music charms and entertains, and great events transpire that seem to shake the very globe; but one and all fail to call forth the interest or dispel the sadness of the smitten one. The “flame of life sinks so low,” that it seems but a little

would quench the spark for ever. He feels alone in the world—the desire of the eyes has been removed—the stay and support of life has been broken—the grave has received the mortal form of all that seemed worth living for, and from its cold and gloomy precincts there comes no response to the mourner's cries. A few days' sickness, a few nights of watching, and all is over. And thus we realize how true are the words of the poet:—

“There are swift hours in life—strong rushing hours
That do the work of tempests in a night.”

We may not despise such feelings, nor characterize them as unmanly or effeminate. Nay, we dare not venture to say that they are not quite compatible with the christian's assured hope of immortality, and the knowledge of a future and more blessed, because unending union.

“Some dream that they can silence, when they will,
The storm of passion, and say, “Peace be still;”

but it is not so. Many of the best of men, whose confidence in the great central doctrines of our faith, as regards the happiness of the dead in Christ, was of the most undoubted character, have gone mourning all their days, when what seemed to be the sun of their existence became suddenly eclipsed, and the household prop removed. They have fought against the feeling, and nobly struggled to assume the cheerfulness and vivacity of other days, but in vain. And just in proportion to the sensitiveness of the mental organization will such a feeling exist. To such natures, it is not something external that is taken away when the dear ones of their homes depart—it is a part of their own selves they lose. “When the ideal is torn away from us,” says a living writer,—“when the golden gates roll upon their hinges; when a sword flames upon the threshold of Eden; when, instead of singing voices, a silence prevails; when we meet with our impoverished selves; when we wake dis-illusioned;—the heart contracts; a terror falls upon us; our royal robes are changed for tatters; we were walking as conquerors; we have to labour at the wheel.”

We are not, then, surprised to find one who was more than man, and yet man in everything but sin and guilt, experiencing just such a condition of mind as we have been describing, and confessing the loneliness of his heart, for the comfort of other mourning hearts in after years. That same desire for sympathy and companionship, in the hour of bitter agony that is common to humanity was his, and followed him to the very close of life. In the passage from which our text is taken, we have a glimpse of the Saviour's heart on the eve of crucifixion. The hour long predicted—long anticipated and fondly looked forward to—not because of its terrible tortures, but because of its grand results to our fallen world,—was now at hand. He stood upon the brink of the grave—his eye rested upon the throne above. His disciples did not even yet clearly understand the necessity or nature of his sufferings, nor could they realize that his time on earth was so brief. "It is expedient for you that I go away * * * A little while and ye shall not see me, because I go to the Father. I came forth from the Father, and again I leave the world and go to the Father." Such words filled their hearts with sorrow, while the more heroic and courageous of their number avouched their undying love for the Master and their readiness to share his sufferings, and, if need be, to die his death. But the Saviour knew well how weak and unstable were the best resolutions of those disciples, and how differently they would act in the hour of trial. And so it proved. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here and watch with me. * * * He cometh and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, what! could ye not watch with me one hour? * * * He came and found them asleep again; for their eyes were heavy. * * * He cometh to his disciples, and saith unto them, sleep on now, and take your rest; behold, the hour is at hand, and the son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners." It was meet indeed that he should be *alone* in that terrible conflict with the powers of darkness, which preceded his victory over death and hell; and that no human eye should see, as no human heart

could understand, the mysterious agonies of Gethsemane, when he drank the bitter cup of wrath to the very dregs. It must be, as long before predicted, "awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts: smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered;" or, as in the words of the text, "Behold the hour cometh, yea is even now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me *alone*: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

But it was not only at the close of life, when through the treachery and unfaithfulness of professed friends, that the Saviour trod the wine press alone. All through life, surrounded though he was by his disciples, and enjoying the sweetest fellowship of such families as that of Bethany, and receiving the occasional hosannas of the multitude, he was a solitary wanderer, with none to share his sorrows, and none to understand his grief. By as great a gulf as the Infinite mind is separated from the finite, was the Son of Man isolated from human thought and sympathy. He moved in another sphere and lived in another world, though for a time tabernacling in this vale of tears. "He was indeed a lonely being in the world. With all the exquisite tenderness of his human sympathies—touched with the feeling of our every sinless infirmity;—with a heart that could feel for a peasant's sorrow, and an eye that could beam with tenderness on an infant's face,—He was yet one, who, wherever he went, and by whomsoever surrounded, was, in the secrecy of his inner being, profoundly *alone*." The interests, conversation, hopes and aspirations common to the average mass of men, had nothing in common with the far-reaching conceptions and holy desires of his divine nature. He could not stoop to the level of their carnality and selfishness; they could not approach the majesty of thought and purity of conduct, inseparable from his being. The gross ignorance that he encountered at every step, and found in every class—the low and grovelling passions that ruled the life, and prompted the actions of the more refined and intelligent of his

day—the false ideas entertained and accepted of what was true and beautiful and noble—the childish aims and wretched ambitions that for the most part controlled the unregenerate world—all these forced him again and again, amid the solitude of mountain tops, to seek nourishment and strength in communion with heaven. He mourned over the obstinacy, the blindness, the depraved perversity of those who preferred the sensual pleasures of companionship in sin, to the pure and elevated influences of the divine mind.

There is something very touching, and at the same time comforting, then, in these words, to every solitary mourner. “*Alone, says Christ, and yet I am not alone*, because the Father is with me.” As if he had said to his disciples—“so far as you are concerned, I am desolate, friendless, forsaken. You cannot enter into my feelings—you cannot share my sufferings—you cannot be near me in Gethsemane—you dare not plead for me at Pilate’s judgment seat; nay, the foremost of your company will follow me afar off, and stand at a distance from the cross. When I am bearing the load of shame and pain that the guilt of men imposes on me, you who have been my companions for years will all have fled, every man to his own, and leave me alone. And yet, *I am not alone*, because the Father is with me. I am conscious of his presence and cheered by his approval, even when clouds and darkness veil the heavens, and I die a despised and outcast malefactor at the hands of men.”

We may not in the same literal sense as the Saviour used these words, take them as exponents of our individual bitter experiences; and yet may it not be said truly, that there are times when we do feel *alone* in the world, and yet we know that we have the sympathy, the companionship, the presence of the Divine being in our souls. It is good for us at times to be alone. Our higher nature cannot prosper unless we are alone. In the blaze of the world’s admiration—fondled by the luxuries and delights of happy homes—sailing with the current upon a smooth sea and under a silvery sky—cheered by the applause of the multitude, and greeted by the “good-night”

and "all's well" of genuine love,—there is danger of resting upon the tangible and short-lived creations of the present, to the exclusion of those more real and lasting consolations that belong to God himself. And thus it is assuredly, that God oftentimes lays us prostrate upon beds of sickness, where for weary months, weak, speechless and companionless, we may value the comforts of spiritual communion and taste the joys of a present heaven. Thus it is, that our life's plans are frustrated, and our best hopes and choicest speculations are suddenly shattered and destroyed; thus it is that we miss from our side—from our table and from our heart, those who were dearer to us than life itself, and in the agony of bereavement, vainly call them back again; while, at the same time, we can hardly realize that they are gone beyond the reach of human sounds and the caresses of human love. Blessed, thrice blessed, are they, who, in moments of bereavement, when standing over the cold marble form of the sainted and honoured dead, can say, "*Alone, and yet I am not alone*, because my Father is with me."

Yes, my hearers, no bereaved soul need utter the despairing cry, "*Alone*," so long as God is present with his gracious supports and never-failing mercies. He can more than make up for the loss of the nearest and the dearest. He can, out of his infinite fullness, abundantly supply every longing of the desolate heart. "There is more company with him in the solitudes of the wilderness, than in the throngs of the city, where there are only men for company." Those of us who now miss beloved ones, in whose wisdom we confided, in whose love we reposed, and whose goodness of heart for many years we have enjoyed, must go beyond the creature for the love, the gentleness, the sympathy we long for. To such a God we must commend our motherless and fatherless children, as the case may be, resting confidently in the promise, "when father and mother forsake thee, I the Lord will take thee up."

It is indeed a blessed consolation that in all the changing and chequered scenes of life, we are never beyond the watch-

ful care of Heaven. We have a sympathising High Priest—one who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities ; a brother born for adversity—a friend who sticketh closer than any brother. To him we may repair with our burdened souls, and in his ear whisper our hidden griefs. And it is only in so far as we constantly realise that we are *not alone*, but that *our Heavenly Father is with us*, that we can maintain a cheerful faith before the world. What distinguishes the golly man from the wordling, is the fact, that the one is entirely dependent upon things seen and felt, while the other lives under a consciousness of things unseen and eternal. To both human sympathy in the hour of trial may be gratifying, but the one has a higher and more permanent consolation than the creature can offer to the wounded heart. He draws from the ever and over flowing fountain of God's own infinite love, inexhaustible and unchangeable as God's own nature. If at times the stricken soul complains, "The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me," Faith responds, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands ; thy walls are ever before me. Why art thou cast down O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God ; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

And how much better *this certain* knowledge, that we have God for our companion and friend in moments of loneliness, than all the speculations of human wisdom. Philosophy and poetry have come to the help of disconsolate humanity, and suggested that the spirits of the departed dead when liberated from the body still hover near the loved ones upon earth ; that they are constantly near us in angelic form—interested in our welfare, and guiding us by an unseen influence through life's weary pilgrimage, until we join them in the spirit world. There is something it must be confessed very pleasing and attractive in such an idea to a certain class of minds, and

albeit that there is no *sure* foundation in Scripture for such a belief, it is one of those speculations, which in certain cases, may not only comfort bereaved souls, but also stimulate them to a holier and gentler life. For ourselves we feel much happier in thinking of departed saints, as so engrossed and wrapt up in the glories of the eternal world, as to have little or no interest in the affairs of earth. True they are ours as when they lived, for death cannot dissolve the bond of Christian affection; and they wait for us to join them in their new abode but the wonders of eternity exclude the concerns of earth, and sink them into petty insignificance. We rather feel with the poet speaking of a departed one :—

“ I do not deem you look
Upon us now, for be it that your eyes
Are sealed or clear, a burden on them lies
Too deep and blissful for their gaze to brook
Our troubled strife; enough that once ye dwelt
Where now we dwell, enough that once ye felt
as now we feel;”

while we look hopefully forward to the time, when as part of the redeemed, they shall accompany the Saviour to judge the world, and gather home his blood bought saints. “Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.”

“ Back, back, the lost one comes in hues of morn
* * * The gulf is filled—the dark night fled
Whose mystery parts the living and the dead.”

In thus thinking of our departed ones, as beyond the passions and unholy excitements of earth—their memory—their works—and the happiness of their dying hours, cannot fail to have a blessed influence, upon those who remain behind. There are unconscious—persuasive—spiritual influences in the world that do more to calm the tempests of the soul, than the more direct and outspoken voices of human friendship.

“ Their influence breathes and bids the blighted heart
To life and hope, from desolation start.”

The fragrance of the flowers that adorn the graves of God's own children, is symbolical of the aroma of a holy life and the sweet perfume of the goodness, which they leave behind. Those who have lost such dear ones, need never be *alone*, nor at a loss for companionship. If on the one hand, the stillness of the household and the vacant chair and the silent portrait and the unfinished task, and the motherless children, call up associations and scenes of the most tender character, and open afresh the bleeding wounds that have been but partially closed—on the other hand, the retrospect of past communion with the blessed dead—their gentle deportment and the consistent testimony of their lives to the grace of God, may furnish material for profitable and pleasing meditation in after years. Gathering up the broken, disconnected, fragments of their short but useful lives—their conversation—their actions, their looks, and all the little unostentatious—indescribable graces of their person, as we would the shattered pieces of a fragrant and costly vase, we may form to ourselves pictures of the departed,—more complete and precious than the life-like speaking portrait of the artist. Of such loving memories, death and the grave cannot rob us. We have

“Something to think of, when we sit amid the unheeded falling
snow
 Of evenings, when our sorry work is done.”

Such disjointed—crudely expressed thoughts, I judge not altogether out of place on the present occasion—not simply as expressing the feelings of my own heart, under the shadow of a crushing grief, but as affording comfort to many in this congregation who like myself, have recently been called to part with beloved friends. As Mrs. Judson wrote on the death of her husband, I may say, “after being loved and petted as I have been, it is so—so desolate, to be alone! God is disciplining me however, and I suppose I need something very severe.” I cannot trust myself on the present occasion to say all I would like to say, and that you doubtless would like to

hear concerning the sainted dead. To me, whatever she was or appeared to others :

“ All the past
Is full of her untried perfections, while
Amidst the unknown recesses of my heart
Enthroned she sits, in tenderest mist of thought
Like the soft brilliancy of autumn haze
Seen at the setting sun.”

To those who knew her best, as an humble—unobtrusive—meek minded christian who—

“ Led by simplicity divine,
Pleased but never tried to shine.”

—as one who, long under the dealings of the Refiner and Purifier, was gradually made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light—I need not attempt to delineate her character. Words of mine are not needed. From a number of papers left behind her, I select the following, as expressing her own feelings :—“ May the great ever living God, who up to the present time, hath so wonderfully guided me through many and various paths, continue to uphold me by his father-hand, and so rule both my mind and body by his Holy Spirit, that all his gracious designs may be accomplished in and by me, to the promotion of my own sanctification and the increase of my ability to be useful to my fellow creatures.” To those of the congregation, who did not know her so intimately, it were foolish now to speak her praise. What she would have me do this day—had consciousness remained in her closing hours to direct her thoughts and strength to articulate her dying commands—to press upon sinners that salvation, which she long since obtained—let me rather now do. My impenitent hearers, there is but a thin veil between us and the spirit world, and how soon we may be called to pass within, who can predict ! Are you prepared for that solemn change ? Can you look forward happily to the hour of dissolution, saying, “ *I know I am soon to die—but the sooner the better so far as I am concerned—I am very near home, and I see Jesus coming for me ?*” Are

you trusting to some extraordinary exercise of Omnipotence to change your hearts, rather than giving heed to those calls of the spirit in providence and in grace, which daily urge you to accept of pardon? Do you hope to find repentance on a deathbed and *then* startle the world by evidences that you possess a peace, to which you are now a stranger? Oh, sinner, do not thus trifle with the Almighty! Despise not the riches of his goodness and forbearance and long suffering, for the goodness of God is intended to lead thee to repentance. Do not in the hardness and impenitence of thine heart, treasure up unto thyself wrath, against the day of wrath, and revelation of the judgment of God. As you value .. immortal souls, I beseech you this day, look and live. Rest not upon any natural gifts or graces you may possess, for nothing can avail you at the bar of God, but the peace speaking blood of the Redeemer. Peer and peasant—rich and poor—learned and unlearned, must all enter Heaven by the merits of the one Saviour—a Saviour who stands ready this very moment to accept you as his own, and begin in your hearts the gracious work of sanctification, which alone qualifies you for his presence and his glory. You have often heard such statements from this pulpit, but to-day, they are pressed upon you, *with a peculiar solemnity*, which I have never hitherto possessed. If my preaching has hitherto had no influence upon your hearts, let the death of one who longed after the salvation of every member of this church, and whose spirit now waits and welcomes you to share her new born joy—move you to serious concern and to immediate action. “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do—do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest..” *Amen and Amen.*

"THE BOND OF THE COVENANT."

A SERMON

PREACHED IN ZION PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BRANTFORD, ONTARIO,
ON SABBATH EVENING, JANUARY, 15TH, 1871,

BY THE REV. JAMES ROBERTSON, OF PARIS.

Ezekiel 20, 37—"I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant."

After some introductory remarks setting forth the peculiar circumstances in which this promise of afflictive discipline was given to the children of Israel, and the value of it, the preacher continued as follows:—*We have here two points to be considered:—*

First. *The method of God's dealing with his people as set forth in the words, "I will cause you to pass under the rod;"* and second, *the object to be attained by this dealing, "I will bring you into the bond of the covenant."*

First then, *God's method of dealing with his people.* "I will cause you to pass under the rod." A course of unbroken worldly prosperity is not unfrequently injurious to the soul. However eagerly we may desire that all things should go as we would wish them go, yet God sees that it is not for our best interests that such desire should be granted. God sees that it would be utterly destructive of our spiritual welfare to have the sun of temporal prosperity always beaming upon us. You know how it was with Israel of old; almost every time of

great temporal prosperity to Israel, was with them a time of great spiritual apostasy. The record almost invariably runs to this effect, "Jeshurum waxed fat and kicked. They forgot God who made them, and lightly esteemed the Rock of their salvation." The tendency of a course of unbroken prosperity is to alienate the mind and heart from God. We accept the gifts, but we forget the giver. We come to look upon the blessings we enjoy as our inalienable possession; and we are ready to say in the spirit, if not in the words, of the proud King who gloried in his riches and his power, and the extent of his dominions, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built! Is it not by my own strength and skill that I have gathered all these possessions around me?" Now God sees that such a course of unbroken prosperity would be fraught with pernicious, if not utterly fatal consequences, to the souls of his people, and so he deals with them, not as *they* think best, but as *He*, in his infinite wisdom, *sees to be best*. He makes them "pass under the rod." For instance, *God appoints some of his people a rugged and difficult course through life*. It is UP HILL work with them all the time. They are oppressed with many cares. They do not see how provision is to be made for the wants of themselves and of their families when old age or sickness comes. They have enough for the day, but barely enough. They lie down anxious at night; and they wake anxious in the morning. They are fretted and harassed with a host of little, petty, insect cares which rise up and surround them continually. And all the time they are thinking, "If God had only ordered my lot otherwise; if he had only given me such and such a portion of this world's goods; if he had only placed me in such and such a position of life, and given me the friends in whose converse I could have delighted, then it would have been far better with me. I would have been more generous—more sympathizing with the sorrows of others—more ready to help on every good work; in a word, if I had been *happier* I would have been *better*." Some one may be thinking thus; but, friend, God sees better than

you. He knows how proud and self-sufficient you would have become in that position for which you so eagerly long—he knows how fond of the world you would have grown, and how forgetful of him; and therefore he has hedged your path with thorns—he has disappointed your dearest hopes—he has thwarted your most carefully laid plans—he has turned you back again and again to the point from which you started. He has been making you to walk in a rough and thorny road. There may, indeed, have been some little green spots in your life-journey—“some sweet little resting places where your spirit was refreshed, but the most of life’s pilgrimage has been to you a time of weary toil and depressing anxieties. Your Heavenly Father has been causing you “to pass under the rod.”

Again, *times of bodily sickness are times when God’s people “pass under the rod.”* As long as we are free from sickness or pain, we seem to forget that we are dependent for every breath we draw, and for every moment of our existence upon the continued exercise of God’s almighty power. But when the body is worn with sickness—exhausted with pain;—when we are laid helpless as little children upon a couch of suffering, then we learn to know and to feel that God is very near to us indeed; that in him are all the springs of our being; that he is the potter and we are the clay. And perhaps, too, the sickness which God sends comes exactly at the time when we consider it most essential to our interests to be up and about. We have *this* engagement to keep—or *that* piece of work to perform—or *that other* important duty to fulfil. But God says, “No; here is my place for you;” and the body has to succumb under the power of disease. Your Heavenly Father is making you “pass under the rod.” He is taking you away from all the glare, and noise, and turmoil of the battle of life; and He is shutting you up in a darkened and silent chamber, where every footfall is hushed, that you may be alone with your own thoughts and with God your maker. Some of you may have known such seasons of separation from the world.

God has been leading you into his Kingdom by a way you know not of—a dark and troublous way—but the end whereof is *peace*.

Again, *seasons of bereavement are in a peculiar manner seasons in which God's people "pass under the rod."* Our affections naturally become entwined around those with whom we have long and closely associated. Those whom we love grow into our life, and become as it were, part of our life. The little child that has nestled in the mother's breast, and smiled in the mother's face, has become part of the mother's life. The brother or the sister who has joined with us in all our youthful undertakings, and shared in all our joys and sorrows has become part of our life. The loved parent to whom we were wont to carry all the vexing questions that troubled us, and whose love and care we never found to fail, has become part of our life. Even as the ivy twines itself about the oak, so have we twined our affections about those dear relations whom God has given us ; but even when we are rejoicing in them—even when we think we are most secure in our possession of them, suddenly, God sends his messenger of death and the best loved member of the household circle is torn away from us ; and an empty chair is left at the table, and an empty seat by the fire-side, and the words of loving welcome and kindly cheer are heard no more. The dear friend—the dearest of earth—the one, who had gone step by step with us for many a weary year, and many a weary mile of life's pilgrimage is caught away from our side ; and the heart is left bleeding and desolate ; and we wonder how life can go on with its dull round of duties when all the sun light has faded out. We are ready in such times of bitter sorrow, to pour forth our mourning plaint, and to say, in the words of one of England's sweetest poets :—

"The face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With hourly love is dimmed away ;
And yet my days go on, go on.

“The heart which, like a staff, was one
 For mine to lean and rest upon.
 The strongest on the longest day
 With steadfast love, is caught away;
 And yet my days go on, go on.

“The kindness, I ask to be done,
 Is but to loose these pilgrim-shoon
 (Too early worn and grimed) with sweet,
 Cool, deathly touch to these tired feet,
 Till days go out which now go on.

“Tis but to lift the turf unmown
 From off the earth where it has grown,
 Some cubit-space, and say, ‘Behold,
 Creep in poor heart, beneath that fold,’
 Forgetting how the days go on.”

Yes friends, God sends his messenger of death into the home circle, and the fairest and the best of those we love are taken away. He gathers the sweetest rose from our garden; he takes the brightest gem for his crown; and though, in the spirit of resignation to the divine will, we may say with the Shumanite woman of old, when bereaved of her child, “It is *well* with the child; “It is *well* with the departed sister, or wife, or friend.” Yet none the less—none the less—do we feel the smiting of the rod in our Father’s hand.

But yet again, *seasons of spiritual darkness are seasons in which God makes his people “pass under the rod.”* There are times when God hides his face from his people, and they are troubled. He shuts out their prayer from him, and they cry in bitterness of soul, “O that I *knew* where I might find God.” He leaves them in the power of their spiritual enemies, and they go down to the lowest deeps of soul-suffering, and are ready to say with the Psalmist, “The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.” God teaches his people severe spiritual trials the misery and the danger of departing from him.

Thus you see, friends, what is God's method of dealing with his people as set forth in the words "I will cause you to pass under the rod." By the *position in life* He assigns us—by the *sickness and pains* he makes to befall us—by the *sad bereavements* wherewith he visits us—by the *hidings of his countenance* from us—by all these things the soul of the believer is smitten and humbled within him, and he is ready like the Prophet Jeremiah of old "to lay his month in the dust if so be there may be hope." But observe, secondly,—*the object which God has in view in thus dealing with his people.* It is to bring them within the "bond of the covenant." This expression, "the bond of the covenant" simply signifies the *bounds or limits* of the covenant; and the idea is, that God's design, in all his dealings with his people, is to render them obedient in heart and life unto the requirements of the covenant. As you all know, God entered into covenant with the Israelites of old to give them the land of Canaan for an everlasting possession—the sole condition being that they should observe his statutes and his judgments to do them. It was a covenant of *grace*, for God had brought the people out of the iron furnace of Egypt, and his commandments were not grievous; but the people would not submit themselves to the restrictions of the covenant. They would not have God to reign over them, but desired another king and worshipped other Gods. They were proud, and headstrong, sinful and unbelieving; and so God gave them into the hands of their enemies—even into the hands of the Chaldeans—that fierce and cruel nation—that they might learn in captivity and servitude the ruinous folly of sin, and that the only true liberty of the soul is to be found in God's most holy law. God dealt with them in just such a manner that he might bring them into subjection to the requirements of the covenant. *And so does God deal with his people now*; his great object being, through all the discipline of life, to teach them the lesson of unhesitating submission to his revealed will. God has entered into covenant with his Son to give everlasting life to his people. He has given

his word and confirmed his word with an oath that *a willing people* shall come unto Messiah in the day of his power, and that not one of all those for whom Christ died, shall perish; and God will never go back from his promise. But the people thus given to Christ in covenant must be made a *holy* people, they must be taught the requirements of the covenant—they must learn to be meek and lowly of heart—to submit their own wills to God's will, and to walk in the way of his precepts; in a word, they must be brought within the bond of the covenant. They are already *within* the covenant of grace, as far as the *electing love of God* is concerned, but they need to be brought within the bond of the covenant, as far as *their own hearts and lives are concerned*. And, therefore, is it, that God deals with his people, as he does deal with them; sending affliction upon them to teach them the way of his law. The present life may be regarded as our school-time—our time of preparation for a higher and better life than the present. God is the teacher, and we are the scholars; and by all his dealings with us, both in providence and grace, he is seeking to inculcate the lesson of unhesitating submission to his will, and that the way of his commandments is the way of life and peace. Oh, christian friend, thou who art repining because of the hard lot which is yours—because of the many cares which surround you, and the weary days of toil appointed unto you; or because of the desolate path in life which God has marked out for you; why should'st thou repine? This is the very discipline that is needed to bring down the proud heart and the rebellious will, and to make you humble and obedient before your God. Oh, thou, who art mourning because of bereavement—because, it may be, God has entered into your home and taken away the very one that was as the light of the dwelling,—why should'st thou murmur? The fairest flowers must be gathered for the Master's use, for the Master hath need of them in his kingdom. *And, above all else, he wants thy heart*—he wants thee to give thyself to him—to set all thine affections on things above, keeping nothing

back. Yes, mourning believer, God is dealing with you in the very best way; he is, in the very sorrow which presses upon your heart, fulfilling his gracious promise unto you—the promise that is *sure* to all his people, “I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant.”

And now, friends, God is speaking to us by his providence, and calling us by recent sad events, to increased zeal and faithfulness in his service. It is as yet but the beginning of the year—only two short weeks of it are gone—and yet one who, as the wife of your esteemed pastor, was well known to all; she *who entered upon this new year*—if not with such strong hope of lengthened days as some of us, still with but little expectation of sudden departure as *has taken place*, now lies silent and still in the grave, never to be seen again on earth till the heavens be no more and the grave gives up its dead. Only a few Sabbaths ago she sat with you in this church, and listened to the words of life—words preached from the text, “So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom,” and now she has been called away, in the mid-time of her years and of her usefulness, from the sanctuary of God on earth to the sanctuary in heaven. She was one, we doubt not, who died in the Lord, because she had lived in the Lord. Early had she given herself to Christ; and she knew the blessedness of faith in him; and for the love she bore her Lord she faithfully endeavored to walk in the way appointed for her. So far as she knew the right, she *did* the right, and what more worthy record could be given of any one than that? Quiet, simple, unobtrusive in manner, still was she diligent in the performance of duty; ever ready to help, to counsel, to comfort, to do a kind action to those in need of it; with failing strength, oftentimes in weakness and in pain—greater weakness and greater pain than many imagined—still she strove to do what her hand found to do. And *through* all, God was the portion of her soul. Some lines, found after her death, transcribed

in her own handwriting, indicate the prevailing disposition of her thoughts:

“When flesh and heart decay and fail,
God shall my strength and portion be;
Support my spirit, heal my pains,
And softly whisper, ‘Trust in *Me*.’”

“Himself shall be my tender friend,
My kind companion and my stay;
To soothe my fears will condescend,
And wipe my bitter tears away.”

Conscious of her own physical weakness, she was always looking forward to an early death, and seemed to have the conviction that she would not live beyond the years attained by her mother; and so it proved, for the difference in the length of their lives was only a few months. And now, her sudden removal is a call to this congregation, and to all who knew her and esteemed her, to increased diligence and faithfulness in the work of the Lord; and while we extend our earnest sympathy to the mourning husband and motherless little ones, we would remember the admonition to ourselves: “Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh.”

Death has come, bringing rest to our departed friend, and we sorrow not as those who have no hope, but comfort ourselves with the promise, that they who “sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.” And in every afflictive dispensation of God’s providence—in every sorrow and trial and sad bereavement, we desire to behold the fulfilment of the *gracious promise*, “I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant.”

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY THE REV JOHN WOOD,

(Of the Congregational Church,)

IN ZION CHURCH, BRANTFORD, JANUARY 11TH, 1871.

Mr. Wood, who had been unexpectedly called upon to take the place of another brother in delivering an address on the occasion, spoke in substance, as follows :

I suppose, dear friends, that there are two emotions uppermost in every heart on this sad occasion ; those viz., of *wonder* at the mysteriousness of Divine Providence, and of *profound sympathy* with our dear brother, with whom we have met to day to mingle our tears and sympathies over the mortal remains of his beloved wife.

This is a world of mystery. We are everywhere met by facts which are certainly no less difficult to explain than some of the statements of revelation. We are taught by the book of Nature, as by that of Inspired Truth, that " God is good to all and his tender mercies are over all his works ;" but how to reconcile many of the events that daily transpire around us with the infinite goodness of Him who " worketh all things after the counsel of his own will" is a problem which must be left to the light of eternity to solve. This world is a school of faith ; we must " walk by faith and not by light." We must accept the facts as they are, and await the explanation which the Lord promises in the future ; " What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Now, says the Apostle, " we see through a glass darkly,"—as one guesses at

a riddle,—“ but then face to face ; now we know in part ; but then shall we know even as also we are known.”

And perhaps it is not best for us to occupy our minds too much, in circumstances such as those in which our dear brother is placed, with anxious questionings as to why God does these things. We may perplex ourselves to no profit by asking why the righteous are often removed, and the wicked left ; why the tender christian mother is taken from her infant family ; or why those who appear to us least to need affliction often suffer most severely and heavily ? All these are things “ too high for us,” concerning which our souls should be “ even as a weaned child.” Better to ask, what God would have us to learn from the affliction.

The stroke which our dear brother is called to suffer, is one which I am sure none can fully realize but those who have been called to bear it. To be thus suddenly bereft of the partner of our joys and of our sorrows, under any ordinary circumstances, is the heaviest affliction through which any one can pass. But it is rendered doubly painful in the present instance by the fact that our deceased sister has been taken away in the very prime of life, and has left behind her not only a loving and sorrowing husband, but also two little children, too young to realize the greatness of the loss that has befallen them.

But there are many sources of comfort even under such afflictive circumstances.

1. Our dear sister “ Is not dead, but sleepeth.”

“ No, no, it is not dying
To go unto our God ;
This gloomy earth forsaking
Our journey *homeward* taking
Along the starry road !”

She seems long to have had a presentiment, founded probably, upon a sense of internal organic derangement and decay, of the change that awaited her.

As long since as the 25th September last, when at a cost of great physical suffering and exhaustion, she came to listen to her old pastor, from Scotland, and receive from his hands once more the sacred emblems of the Lord's broken body, she expressed to one of the Elders of the church, her conviction that that would be her last communion on earth. She had evidently felt that the earthly tabernacle was fast being taken down ! Several days before her death, when her friends had scarcely begun to realize how critical was her condition, she told her husband that she knew her illness would terminate fatally, but expressed herself as feeling no alarm at the prospect, for, she said, " I see Jesus coming to receive me." These were among the last intelligible words she uttered. Thus the Lord mercifully prepared her for it, and sustained her in the conflict with the last enemy.

2. The separation is only for a season ; perhaps only for a short season. " Fellow heirs of the grace of life," she and her sorrowing husband, and all her friends in Christ, shall soon gather together again in our Father's house of many mansions, whither Jesus himself has entered as our fore-runner. " I go to prepare a place for you," he says ; " And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also." Take comfort, then, dear brother, you shall meet again, where partings are no more !

3. " Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." For the present, indeed, affliction is not joyous ; but " afterward it shall work out the peaceable fruit of righteousness in them that are exercised thereby."

Sometimes it would seem as if affliction was borne vicariously, the pastor being called upon to suffer for the spiritual well-being of his people. And who knows what blessed fruit may grow under God's blessing, from this grievous trial of the pastor's faith ? What else would have awakened such tender sympathies in the hearts of all the congregation ! Mourning in the home of the Minister brings mourning into the home

of every family of his flock. May it be sanctified to all? Far better then will it be that one prepared, as our dear sister was, should go, than that some of you, dear hearers, whom so sudden a call might have found all unprepared, should be taken. Let the precious dust that lies before you, and which we are about to commit to its final resting-place, speak to you in God's name, of your own mortality, and of your need of the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus, that so you may be always ready; "for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

And now as we bid farewell to the dear departed one, let it be in the beautiful words of Bishop Heber,—the words of Christian faith and hope:

"Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, for the sinless hath died.

"Thou art gone to the grave! and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy tired spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of glory beamed bright on thy waking,
And full on thine ear burst the Seraphim's song.

"Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died."

A P P E N D I X .

IN MEMORIAM.

BY W. H. D.

(From the "Brantford Expositor," January 20, 1871.)

How greatful to the heart and memory is the familiar portrait of an absent friend ; with what satisfaction and affectionate feelings do we give the allotted space in our albums to the dear faces that never change, but are always ready to meet our eager eyes with the same friendly expressions that last they wore. While strangers may look with curious eyes and cold hearts on these picture galleries which are sacred to the memory of the absent or dead, how tenderly we mention dear names, and pay the ready tribute to their memory in accents of praise. Some particular portrait may be familiar to all, and every tongue may be ready to declare its knowledge of the individual, while in reality, in all that constituted genuine acquaintanceship, the charming privilege of knowing such an one, might be conferred to the discerning few.

In our daily lives we may meet with old faces, that have become familiar as household gods, and we say we know their owners, whereas we know them not. Their true characters are hid from our eyes, like sealed books, of which all that we do know is their outside binding, their colors and forms ; hence misjudgments, uncharitable verdicts, and evil communications on the one hand, and misplaced confidence or undue praise on the other.

Who that has lost an intimate and dear relative or friend, and delights not in expatiating on their virtues and beauties of character, as though they would describe a pearl that was lost? Have we not all felt an instinctive desire, when we have lost dear friends, that others could have known them as we did, and seen them with our discerning eyes? and is it not due to their memory that we should preserve their true lives and characters from misrepresentation or oblivion, by depicting the mental features and characteristics of the departed in their true light?

There have been lives spent of persons whom we have only known by their writings or their public acts, of whom little is personally known by the masses beyond their names, their occupations and abodes, and it is natural to many to desire a key to their inner lives. This the biographer furnishes, which serves to enlighten us on many points that had been darkly understood; but there have been many who have passed away whose lifetime has been the centre of a large acquaintanceship, owing to their peculiar position or circumstances, and yet who have died hardly understood by their nearest and dearest relatives. Surely then an effort to re-set a precious jewel, to re-frame the portrait of a bosom friend, to press and preserve the leaves of a favorite flower or, dropping metaphor, to jot down the sweet memories of a precious life for the benefit of others as well as for personal gratification, is a genial task, as well as a debt due to the desire so keenly felt that justice may be done to the character and memory of the dead.

Under the pressure of such thoughts and feelings, the writer of the following necessarily brief, and naturally imperfect memoir, has undertaken an effort which he has thought worthy and deserved. His intimate acquaintance with the deceased, his keen appreciation of her real character, his genuine admiration of its honesty and worth, added to a warm personal regard for her as a congenial friend and sincere christian, have all compelled him to give vent to the desires of his heart, that others might know more of the late Mrs. Cochrane than they

could otherwise know of one who was not demonstrative, nor liable to be easily understood.

Were it not for her position when in life, as the "minister's wife," any effort of the sort might have been deemed out of place, and it cannot be undertaken without a conscious feeling that had she ever deemed that it would have been made, she would have protested against it with all the power that a sensitive nature could command, for she was one who instinctively shrunk from any publicity or notice. But her many warmly attached friends will readily sympathise with the writer in the object aimed at, while their memories are gratefully stirred by the effort, however far it may fall short as a life portrait of their departed friend. Many members of the congregation who worshipped with her, but yet knew her not, may be glad to get a nearer and clearer view of one who was doubtless dear to them all.

The object of the writer is not to place her biography on record, but rather to dwell on the personal attributes of her we knew, as we found her, and as she left us, ere the "silver cord was broken, or the pitcher was broken at the fountain, or the wheel was broken at the cistern, and the mourners went about the street."

Probably there have been few instances similar to that of the subject of this memoir, of a "minister's wife" instinctively shrinking from all the public duties of her position. Naturally of a retiring disposition, a child-like nature, and a frank, outspoken character, she probably imagined that she had not the popular qualifications for the not generally enviable office, in its public sense; but having married the man rather than the minister, she was satisfied to share the name and fame of one to whom she was devotedly attached, even at the sacrifice of others' opinions as to what was due from her as their minister's wife.

As a wife, a mother, a friend, and above all, a sincere christian, she acted well her parts in private life. She was social, yet cared not for society—so called. Hospitable, yet cared

not for entertaining others than intimate friends. Mere formal visiting and visitors she greatly disliked, and was no hypocrite in her conduct towards those whom she either fancied or disliked. Being a faithful interpreter of character, she instinctively understood all with whom she came in contact, and was so constituted by nature that she could not hide the verdicts written legibly on her countenance. Hers was no common character, and yet one only too liable to be misunderstood. Sensitive, even to a fault, she shrunk like a suspecting mollusk into its shell, from those she dreaded. So that while presenting a hardened exterior to the many, she had still the soft nature to be drawn out in congenial hours, in the society of those she trusted and loved.

In early life, owing to circumstances which need not be related here, she was compelled to find her own resources of happiness. Her most congenial companions were the flowers and birds of which she was so fond to the last, and which in many respects she closely resembled, returning sweetness and fragrance to those who moistened her with the dews of affection, and uttering blithe notes to friendly ears. Her tastes and occupations eminently fitted her for private life, rather than for any position where a character must be assumed when occasion demanded it. She was thoroughly honest, fearlessly straightforward, and terribly blunt even for one of Scottish birth; but under a sometimes cold exterior carried a warm heart and liberal mind. Her thoughts were ever pure as her conversation, and her taste in all that gratified the eye, was exquisitely correct. She was an excellent artist, and at a tender age carried off many a prize from competitors when attending the School of Design. Her mind was cultivated and her literary tastes always refined. Her habits regular, orderly and neat, even to fastidiousness, and while her tastes ran to the ornamental around her, her own person was invariably plain, although her wardrobe and dressing-case were furnished by loving hearts, with all that feminine heart could covet, or a tasteful eye desire. As a sincere christian she knew and

deplored whatever failings she had, being solemnly impressed with a sense of what a christian's life should be, but the lamp of her faith never burned dim, and she had long been preparing for what she felt sure was her fast approaching end. For several years previous to her decease, she had been a great sufferer from bodily infirmities, and never fully recovered from the effects of an accident that occurred about eight years ago, whereby she received severe internal bodily injuries. To this cause may doubtless be ascribed much of the nervous irritability of which those who did not understand her were wont to complain. Her natural cheerfulness was too often damped by causes over which she had no control, the effect of which to one of her peculiar temperament was painful to herself as well as to others, but she lived in a certain sense, in a world of her own, where all was bright and beautiful, and to which she was apt to retire with her children, her flowers, and her birds. She loved solitude rather than companionship, unless with a few friends of her own choice, to whom she could open up the treasures of her mind and heart, which comparatively few gave her credit for possessing. She had long had a deep seated presentiment that her sojourn on earth was to be of short duration, which with her bodily infirmities often cast a gloom over her life which she could not shake off in the presence of even those she loved best. Her love of her native land "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood," was deep rooted in her nature, and we may well picture to our minds her childlike delight, when on a recent occasion she returned to the scenes so dear to the Scottish heart, where she could revel to her heart's content amidst the wild flowers and feathered pets of her youth. Dearer to her eyes and heart than all the jeweller's gems were the "wee crimson tipped flower," the "bonnie blue bell," and other precious gems, which carpet the waysides and fields of her native soil, and sweeter to her ear than the voice of human praise, were the voices of the woods, where her oldest friends were making melody in her heart as they poured from their little throats the musical sounds of "Auld Lang Syne."

An examination of her papers and personal property has revealed a great deal that had lain hidden in her nature from even those who thought they knew her best. She had her sacred repositories, material as well as mental, concealed from human eyes ; for, consistent in all things, she made no parade of either her religious feelings or her memories of the past ; and yet the fervent humble prayer in her own handwriting, her mementoes of absent friends, of dead relatives, and of living confidants, gave a loud denial to the accusations of those who only judged by appearances, which so often deceive. Her christian friends can testify to the active interest she displayed in all that concerned the church of which she was a grateful member, and if at times she may have been prevented from taking part in any of its schemes, it arose from neither apathy nor opposition, but failing health alone. Her humblest sisters in the church, ever found her a warm friend, ready to assist them or counsel them in times of trouble or need, and she bore no animosities even towards those with whom she had nothing in common, and yet as the minister's wife she was at times subject to sad " trials of patience." Were it not for the christian's hope that the friendships made on earth, will be renewed and perpetual in Heaven, no vindication of a friend's memory, would be of any avail. No happy recollections of their past lives could assuage the grief that we suffer from their loss, but surely the hope and prospect of spending an eternity above, with those with whom we have been associated below, should enhance the pleasure of remembering the virtues and amiable traits of character of those who have gone before us to the Happy Land. That the subject of this memoir has gone to Jesus we have no doubt. Her last testimony to her belief in her Saviour was in the words, "*I see Jesus coming for me now.*"

Do we miss thee dear Saint in our daily routine
 Midst the scenes once adorn'd by thy face !
 Has thy form and dear face, never more to be seen,
 Been missed from their old wonted place !

Do we miss thy kind voice and thy musical laugh
 Which melody made in our hearts ?
 Or the sorrowful look that true sympathy hath
 With its tender and sweet soothing arts.

The mournful enquiry, the sigh of distress,
 Which only true friendship may own !
 Or the earnest appeal, the winning address,
 The honest, the truth telling tone !

Do we miss thy light step that we waited to hear
 Approaching on passage or stair !
 The warm ready grasp, with its welcome so dear,
 Thy smile parting lips, and soft air !

Do we miss thee ! sweet charm of thy hearth and thy home
 The light of the house, and its prop !
 Do we miss thee, when sitting so sadly and lone
 Permitting our tears now to drop ?

Dear Saint, we shall miss thee for ever below,
 And ever shall hope, and still pray,
 To meet thee near Jesus, for there now we know
 Thou spendest thy happiest day.

D I E D .

(From the "Brantford Expositor," January 13th, 1871)

COCHRANE.—At her residence on Albion Street, Brantford, on Sabbath forenoon, 8th January, at 11 o'clock, MARY NEILSON HOUSTOUN, the beloved wife of the Rev. William Cochrane, in her 37th year.

It is our painful duty to announce the decease of the beloved wife of the Rev. William Cochrane, Pastor of Zion Presbyterian Church, Brantford, who passed away last Sabbath morning, at eleven o'clock, after a very short illness. During her residence of about nine years in Brantford, the deceased lady had won the respect and affection of all with whom she came in contact. A sincere christian, a dutiful wife, a loving mother, and a true hearted friend, her loss at a comparatively early age will be deplored by the whole community. She leaves behind

her, to the care of their inconsolable father, two children of tender age, who will sadly miss their deceased mother. The funeral, which took place at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, was very largely attended. As a mark of respect the business of the town was suspended during the hour of funeral. The church was thronged with not only the members of the congregation, but by a very large number of the prominent inhabitants of Brantford and vicinity. The pulpit and surroundings were draped in mourning, and the services which were conducted by the Revs. Messrs. Lowry, Wood, and Robertson of Paris, were of the most solemn and impressive character, during which the audience were very deeply affected. The funeral cortege at the close of the services in the church took its way to the cemetery, where the last obsequies were performed by the Rev. Thos. Lowry. In his great bereavement the reverend gentleman has the entire sympathy of the people of Brantford, who, while they condole with him on the irreparable loss he has sustained, feel assured that he will derive strength and comfort from that sacred word, of which he has ever been a faithful and fearless expounder.

(From the " Jersey City Times," of January 13th, 1871)

COCHRANE.—At Brantford, Ontario, on Sabbath morning, the 8th inst., MARY NEILSON HOUSTOUN, the beloved wife of the Rev. W. Cochrane, of Zion Presbyterian Church, and formerly of this City, and Paisley, Scotland. Mrs. Cochrane while resident here was much esteemed, not only in the immediate circle of her husband's pastoral charge—but by all with whom she came in contact.

Her flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chain with sweet surprise,
And in her Saviour's image rise.

FUNERAL SERVICES IN ZION CHURCH.

(From the "Brantford Expositor," January 20th. 1871.)

The Rev. James Robertson, of Paris, occupied the pulpit of Zion Church last Sabbath, and preached to large and deeply solemnized congregations. His text in the morning was Revelation, chap. 14, v. 13th: "And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth," etc., etc. In the evening the text was Ezekiel, chap. 20, v. 37: "And I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant." The sermons were most appropriate and impressive. At the close of each Mr. Robertson paid an honest tribute to the memory of Mrs. Cochrane, as a sincere, earnest unostentatious christian, and as one who, after the cares of life, has fallen asleep in Jesus. Many tear-dimmed eyes in the congregations testified to the universal sorrow felt at her sudden removal from the church and community.

MINUTE OF THE PRESBYTERY OF PARIS.

At a meeting of the Presbytery of Paris, held in Knox Church, Woodstock, on the 10th January, the following resolution was unanimously agreed to, and instructions given that a copy of it should be placed in Mr. Cochrane's hands:—
"A letter from the Rev. William Cochrane, the Clerk of the Presbytery, having been read, intimating the sudden death of his beloved wife, and his consequent absence from this meeting, the Presbytery agree to express heartfelt sympathy with our brother under this very trying dispensation of Providence, and to assure him of our fervent prayer that God, who is a very present help in trouble, may be his support and may strengthen him to take comfort from the assurance 'that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called, according to his purpose.'"

MINUTE OF THE BRANTFORD MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE.

The following is a copy of a minute adopted by the Brantford Ministerial Conference at its first meeting after the decease of the late Mrs. Cochrane, February 6th, 1871 : " Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, the Sovereign Disposer of all events, to visit our dear brother, and fellow laborer, the Rev. William Cochrane, Pastor of Zion Church in this Town, with a severe and painful bereavement, in the sudden decease of his beloved wife, this Conference would assure him of its deep and tender sympathy with him in his affliction, and would affectionately commend him and his family to the loving kindness of our Father in Heaven, who afflicteth not willingly, our merciful and faithful high priest, who is " touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and the blessed Spirit, the comforter, who also maketh intermission for us with groanings that cannot be uttered."

MINUTES OF KIRK SESSION, ZION CHURCH, BRANTFORD.

At Brantford, and within the Session House of Zion Church, the second day of February, eighteen hundred and seventy-one.

Which day the Kirk Session of Zion Church met, and was duly constituted,

Inter alia

In view of the painful and sorrowful duty devolving on Mr. Cochrane, as Moderator, in announcing, among the removals by death, that of his own beloved wife, the Session offer him their sincere sympathy, and their earnest prayer is that he may be enabled to see the goodness of God in every dispensation of Providence towards him, and that he may be comforted with the precious truth, that though death may remove those who are near and dear to us, yet the power of the grave shall

not prevail over them, they are not dead but sleeping, for their liveth one who died for them and rose again; and though for a time deprived of all intercourse with the departed, we would comfort him by the thought, that the hour is certainly coming when death divided friends shall meet again, to be sundered no more, when that which is sown in corruption, shall be raised in incorruption.

Extracted from the Records of the Kirk Session of Zion
Church, by

THOMAS McLEAN, Session Clerk.
