Life's Mission, and How to Accomplish It.

ASSOCIATIONAL SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE N. B. EASTERN ASSOCIATION, BY REV. F. M. YOUNG.

2 Tim. 4: 7.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

These are among the last words of a dying hero. There is something very impressive in last words. I recall a few said to have been uttered by heroes who fell on the battlefield in the North-West. "I am shot! God have mercy on my soul." "You can do nothing for me, boys. I am shot through the heart. Take care of my wife and children. I die fighting for my country." "I am shot through the heart. Boys, you know I loved you." "Tell my mother I died like a man."

These are the words of heroes who fell on the battlefield while fighting for their country; but we cannot but recognize them as being words of defeated heroes—defeated by the great enemy, Death. But in our text we have words that may be looked upon as last words of a conquering hero, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," and we might well and appropriately add to them other last words of this same hero—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Who is this hero? It is not Cæsar, as, after the defeat of Scipio and capture of Pompey, he entered Rome receiving unparalleled honors from his countrymen; it is not Alexander, weeping because there are no more worlds to conquer; it is not Archimedes, as he rushes through the streets of Syracuse shouting, "Eureka! Eureka!"; it is not Nelson, as in the flush of victory he cries with his last breath, "Thank God, I have done my duty"; it is not Wellington as he cries, "Up guards, and at them," and forthwith wins the greatest battle of modern times.

No, it is none of these; but it is one who is about to be offered up, whose greatest crime has been that of living a life of faith in God. It is Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles. He may be looked upon by his enemies as a defeated hero, but the Christian world of to-day has placed upon his head a crown that, in brightness, is second only to that placed upon the pure brow of Jesus Christ, the greatest of the world's conquerors. At the close of a life of trials and difficulties and dangers, we hear him triumphantly, yet humbly, saying, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

As in hours of despondency, it is well for us to come in contact with some buoyant, trusting, and courageous soul, as we cannot be in the presence of such a soul without catching some of his spirit; or, as it is impossible for us to come in contact with great souls without being benefited thereby, it cannot but be well for us to pause for a little and contemplate this great soul as we find him a prisoner at Rome, and only waiting to be "offered," his life desire being gratified, viz., that he might finish his course with joy and accomplish his mission; and yet, as we do so, we cannot but feel our own littleness. We feel humbled as we stand before some beautiful painting, or piece of statuary, or before some lofty piece of architecture, which was before our vision as lovely as a dream, and as solid as a mountain; but not so truly so as when we come into the presence of this great soul. But, humbled though we may be, as we grasp his hand at this time and remember that it is the hand of one who struggled with the same power to evil as ourselves, and yet could sing his song of joy and thanksgiving at midnight, we feel to take courage and brace ourselves for the conflict.

You have no doubt seen pictures of persons that have appeared so real to you, that you have imagined them about to open the lips to speak to you, or put forth the hand to touch you; so, as we look to-day at the picture of this dying hero in Rome, we think we see his hand stretch out to touch us as his lips open to address us in brotherly salutation, saying, "With you, a mission in life has been given to me, by God the Saviour; I have accepted the mission and have striven to accomplish it, so that when I am called upon to review my life, I may receive some comfort: now by the grace of God at the close of my eventful life I can say, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.'"

But, friends, while it is our privilege to admire, it is our duty to learn. We learn, then,

I. *Life has its mission.* We look into animal life, and we think we have discovered the mission of different animals. We look into bird life, and we see that bird life has its mission. We look into vegetable life, and we think we have discovered the mission of vegetable life. Everything in nature has its mission—sun, moon, and stars; the roaring ocean and the singing brook; the mountain and the valley; the fierce hurricane and the gentle zephyr. All life of the lower order has its mission, and, as far as we can know, this mission is accomplished; and shall human life, which is life of the highest order, be peculiar in this respect, that it has no mission? No! human life is not peculiar in this respect; it has its mission, and we think we have, for the most part, discovered what it is.

In connection with every human life there is a soul. That soul is to live forever. That forever is to be happy or miserable, according as to whether the soul is brought into harmony with God and his law or not, while in this state of probation. This, then, is the first and great mission of every human life,—to bring the soul into harmony with God and his law; after that the foundation stone being laid, which is faith in God the Saviour, to add grace to grace, and virtue to virtue, and so "glorify God in your body."

What a mission, friends, is this! It is one by the side of which all others sink into insignificance. To build a bridge that will span the chasm between Brooklyn and New York; to run a railroad through the Rocky Mountains; to send great ships, heavily laden with precious freights, across the great deep: these are great and wonderful works, but not so great as that of fashioning a soul for God. To build such a bridge, to build such a railroad, to build such a ship, requires much time and labor, but to fashion a soul for God is a work that is carried through time and finished only in eternity.

To build your railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it is necessary to hew down the mountains, and this is the work of years, but a few years may accomplish it. But, opposing this building or fashioning the soul for God, there stands many a high and rocky mountain to hew down, which is the work of a long life time, and it is only accomplished when the forces of heaven have come to our assistance, and the soul stands ready to enter its final rest.

At the very outset there stands confronting us in the work the flinty ledge of self or selfishness. All evil may be traced to this one source,—selfishness. But should we be discouraged at the prospect, and leave the soul entirely at the mercy of this evil principle? Let us look from ourselves and our own struggles for a few moments, in order that we may be encouraged.

Our text brings before us a man delivered, for the most part, from the power of this evil principle; a man seperated from the mass of mankind, by the suppression of that selfishness which rules in the natural heart. One who could say, "For me to live is Christ." The aim and single purpose of life to him was to please Christ, to honor Christ, to serve Christ. He was willing to be anything, or do anything in order that he might accomplish his mission, and so finish his course with joy. He was not devoid of natural affection; but all affection was secondary to his affection for Christ his Saviour, for whom he was willing to suffer the loss of all things. So far was this spirit of selfishness overcome, that in him Christ came to be the subject of constant thought. At Christ's name his heart beat with strong emotion; Christ's people were his chosen friends; Christ's service his pleasant work. His first thought was, not what would be pleasant to himself, but what would please Christ. He was a man of one great thought, of one grand aim, of a ruling passion which, like the budding tree, without destroying, absorbs into itself the elements, and moulds them into leaves and branches in conformity to itself, drew into itself every natural affection, enforced every social duty, sanctified all.

Is it discouraging to look at such a character as this? It should not be, but rather encouraging; it is the experience of *a man*. He only reached this height after years of hard labor, during which time the burden of sin rests so heavily upon him that we hear him cry, as though fearful lest the building should be destroyed, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?" But at last, by the grace of God, we hear him joyfully shouting, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." This is the experience of *a man*. We, then, should thank God and take courage, for what man, by the grace of God, has done, man by that same power can do.

Can we account for this joyous shout? We think we can. He came to realize our first thought, that every human life has its mission, which is to fashion the soul for God. He had accepted this as his, and had striven to accomplish it. But his idea of life's mission would carry us farther than we have yet gone, viz., the fashioning of a soul for God—it would carry us to fashioning souls for God. "None of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself." Why does the sun break forth in the morning and traverse the skies? Not to shine for the sake of shining; but that it might dispel the darkness; give warmth and light to man, also to send its cheering rays into the earth, that the products of the land lying in her bosom may be started into new life by the warming influence of its embrace. Why the broad ocean spread out before us? Not that it may bask in the sunshine, or chant its angry accompaniment to the weird song of the wind; but, that it might bear on its bosom, ships that open up communication with all parts of the world, thus being a means by which the cause of Christ is extended; or to give its water to the clouds, which in turn return it to the earth to refresh it. Why the mountains, which lift their bald heads so high that they pierce the flying clouds of heaven, if not to show the mighty power of the Omnipotent hand? They stand as monuments of the power of that voice that said, "Let there be" and there was. Why the winds? Not, as may sometimes appear, to enjoy a frolic by rushing over continents, and in their haste, leave behind them scenes of desolation; not to make the proud oak bend its head submissively to its conqueror; not to sport with the terrified sailor, threatening to send him into the bosom of their companion,—the ocean; but, to send ships quietly across the waters, to assist in the industries of the world, to fan the perspiring brow of the laborer, to breathe the breath of health into the nostrils of the whole world, or to sing its gentle evening song as it mingles with the branches of the trees, of "God in nature, God everywhere." So, as though taking a lesson from nature, the Apostle to the Gentiles conceived the idea of life's mission as being that of living for something outside of himself, viz., fashioning souls for God. To this end, we see him going over to Macedonia to help those who are "afar off," the recognized foreign missionary of the Apostles. We have the same commission as had the Apostle: "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you." If we cannot "go" ourselves, we may have our representatives, by giving in order that others may go. Loud calls come from our Mission Boards—Home and Foreign—and shall we, as professed Christians, disregard the call? If so, I fear we have but partially understood the mission of human life. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this,—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Or, in other words, to assist in building up other souls for God while he is fashioning his own.

We learn in the second place that

II. *To accept, and strive to accomplish, this mission will lead to a joyous ending of life.* This is the secret of the Apostle's joyous shout, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." In other words, "I have accepted what I conceived as being life's mission, and I have striven, as best I could, to accomplish it, and this gives me joy."

There is nothing in this life which gives to the soul a purer joy than a consciousness of doing right. The highest type of right doing is the prayerful attempt to fashion souls for God. Jesus went about doing good and in this found His purest joy. To bring strength to a weak one: to bring food and water to a hungry and thirsty one: to bring comfort to a sorrowing one: to bring a Saviour to an unsaved one, is to touch our own lips to heaven's living fountain of joy. To have said of us, truthfully, "He hath done what he could" is to bring that peace to the heart that alone can come from a consciousness of living in the favor of God. Thus the physician feels a peace of conscience, even though his patient may have died under his treatment, when he can look back and say: "I have done what I could, I did my best." There is, indeed, a sense of joyous satisfaction such as never could come into his life, if he had not been faithful. What is the secret of this joyous shout of victory as recorded in our text? Do we not have it in these words from the victor's own lips, "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." No thoughtful person can but answer in the affirmative. In other words, then, he had accepted the mission of life and was pressing on, faithfully and persistently, to accomplish it. There is a joyfulness in doing, that can never come into the life of the inactive. If you would be a joyous Christian, be an active Christian,—ever pressing toward the mark, ever striving to accomplish your life mission. Be a soul builder.

Take the rude soul, rough and unsightly though at first it may be, and work it over and over, and over, until you shall have fashioned it for God. The quarryman goes into the granite mountain, and after much labor brings from it the large rough stone. It is brought to the stone-yard, and there the cutter begins to pick, and pick, and pick, until he has brought it down to the desired shape and size; it is then placed in the polishing lathe, and there it goes through the process of polishing. Over and over, and over it goes, now an application of sand, now of emery, and finally of putty powder, when it comes out a beautifully polished pillar; it is then borne away and set up to strengthen and adorn some beautiful edifice. Be each a quarryman, and cutter, and polisher combined. Go to the great mountains of heathendom in far away lands; or the mountains of destitution in "our own native land;" the mountains of evil everywhere; be instruments in God's hands for bringing out from the mountains, souls, rough, unpolished souls, work them over and over and over, and they shall come to be pillars; "pillars in the temple of my God."

But, friends, this means work; but a work that brings joy with it. There will be no time for wearisomeness or sadness, such as comes into the life of an idler. This is the secret of joyous victory,—earnest and honest effort: pressing steadily onward in the accomplishment of life's mission. The oarsman may achieve a victory, but at the same time feel mean and contemptible, because he is conscious of winning the race in a mean and contemptible way. But, what joy and pardonable pride, fills the heart of that athlete who, in every race into which he has entered, has done the best he could, and has come off victorious? The secret of joyous victory, then, is the thought of having done our best. What joy filled the heart of this victorious champion of our text when he exclaims: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:" and this "joy unspeakable" comes to his victorious soul from a consciousness of having "pressed toward the mark" and so obtained the prize. In this, we have almost anticipated our third point, which presents itself in the form of a question.

III. *How is life's mission to be accomplished?* We answer,—By faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, co-existent with earnest and honest effort,

(1.) Earnest and honest effort is the natural product of faith. Just as the apple is the product of the apple tree or pear of the pear tree. The Apostle says: "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works. You cannot separate the one from the other. The non-producing fruit tree is a barren and useless thing; just so, says the Apostle, "faith apart from works is barren." We may lay it down, then, as a true principle, that, where there is true faith, there will be earnest and honest effort. Let there be faith in God, and there will be work for God. Let one believe that fashioning the soul for God is the true mission of every human life, and he will earnestly strive to accomplish that mission.

Faith, to a greater or less degree, is at the bottom of all honest action. History furnishes numerous illustrations of this fact; thus, Columbus, in the face of much privation, danger, hardship and opposition, kept steadily striving for the accomplishment of his purpose; and what was the impelling power in the life of this man? Doubtless, strong natural faith. That is to say, he had faith in his mathematical and geographical deductions; he had faith in his power to command; he had faith in his personal skill as a navigator. This caused him to put forth the successful efforts that he did. William Carey believed that God wanted "the heathen for an inheritance;" he believed that God wanted him to grasp Ethopia's outstretched hands, and lead her swarthy browed sons and daughters to Himself; he believed that God's children would "hold the rope;" and, so (although he saw but few hands ready to seize the rope) he went down into the "gold mine" in India and worked, in the face of great opposition and many privations, for the conversion of India's children.

Now, friends, do we "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," the world's Saviour? Do we believe that God has given us a mission in life? Do we believe that mission to be that of fashioning souls for God? Do we believe that only by accepting and striving to accomplish this mission can we end life joyfully? Look away! and what do we see? India, China, Japan, the countries of the East, with their dense forests of uncut timber, standing waiting for the gospel axe—millions of souls dying for the want of the bread and water of life, and crying as they die, "Come over and help us."

Look around! and what do we see? Thousands of souls waiting to be fashioned that they may have a place in the "temple of our God." Do we believe all this? "By their fruit ye shall know them." But, some may say, we cannot go and help them. No! but you can be as useful as though you did go, by "holding the rope." Do you believe our Home Mission Board to have been doing a grand work in the year that has just closed? Do you not know that their report of work done is the most encouraging of any they have ever handed in? Do you not know that the Board is now hampered in its operations by a debt of nearly $3,000? Do we not know this to be a disgrace to our people? Do we not know it to be our duty to remove this burden as soon as possible? Do we believe and know these things? Oh, then, as men and women redeemed by the blood of Christ; as responsible beings, responsible to our God and Father for what we are and do; let us approach the burden (and what is this among so many?), and each take a share of it, do what we can to lessen it ourselves, and then take it home with us and roll it before our people, crying, "Help! men of Israel, help! in the name of Israel's God." If we do so, be assured success will crown our efforts. Then will we be able to march joyously onward conquering and to conquer. Then shall the onlooker be led to enquire, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" With hearts full of gladness, will we be able to answer, "It is an army of the living God, composed of the Baptist churches of these Maritime Provinces, which are composed of baptized believers in Christ; supporting their believing by their doing, they are now marching on to victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ?"

Oh! friends, as we hope to have our own souls fashioned for God, let us—

"To the work! to the work! we are servants of God,
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;
With the balm of his counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

"To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed;
To the fountain of Life let the weary be led;
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings, 'Salvation is free!'"

(2) Faith and action ensure success. Admiral Dupont was telling Admiral Farragut the reason why he failed to enter Charleston harbor with his splendid fleet of ironclads. He gave first one reason, then another. Farragut stood silent till he got through, and then said: "Ah, Dupont, there was one more reason." "What was that?" "You didn't believe you could do it."

Do you believe, God helping you, you can drive back every opposing power; do you believe you can beat down the fortifications of evil, that would keep you from accomplishing life's mission? Faith will lead to action. Faith and action will lead to success. Indeed, this is the very condition of success. What would have been the result if, when standing before the waters of the Red Sea, and the word of the Lord coming to him, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward," Moses had answered, "Yes, I recognize that as the command of the Lord Jehovah, and I know he is strong to deliver," and yet kept on praying instead of doing? Doubtless he and his followers would have been destroyed by the maddened Egyptians. But no, it was "Forward" in obedience to the command, and God opened up a way for them by rolling back the waters, and they marched through to a place of safety. By this and similar commands the Lord Jesus means to imply that there is a power to help and deliver in the world that is ready to be exercised in our behalf just as soon as we are willing to put forth an effort on our own part. We firmly believe it is not so much a lack of faith as a lack of willingness that hinders many from advancing in the Christian life. Christ says: "If ye ask anything in my name I will do it." That is, if you have faith enough in me to come to the Father and ask (there is action) anything in my name, I will do it (here the success). With such a faith in him who is "stronger than the strong man armed," there is no power that can successfully oppose the earnest Christian to keep him from accomplishing the mission of life, and at the end shouting the victorious cry of our text, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

But here, friends, our thoughts take a still more practical turn, and we cannot but allow them do so. What object have we in view in coming up to this Eastern Association? I think I may venture upon an answer that will elicit an Amen from the heart of each delegate before me. It is this: To advise together as to the best means by which we may fashion souls for God, and thus be made instrumental, in God's hands, in extending our Redeemer's kingdom. We would see our heart's desire, if we could but witness a manifestation of the power of the Holy Ghost in our midst in the salvation of souls. To this end, if there be an unsaved one before us, as "ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Begin to build for God. Begin now. The reason so many souls are not saved is not because they cannot, but will not come to the Saviour. The true mission of life is that of fashioning the soul for God; the acceptance and accomplishment of which will give you more of the joyous spirit of the true victor, than the performance of greater deeds of valor than the greatest of the world's heroes.

Let the foundation be laid at this season, which is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, upon which build, "adding to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity." And so come to be a well-developed, symmetrically-proportioned man in Christ Jesus.

May God grant it, and let Christ have all the praise. Amen.

One Who Loves Little Girls.

A little Mohammedan girl said, "I like your Jesus because he loves little girls; our Mohammed did not love little girls.

As the heathen woman thought that the author of the New Testament must have been a woman, because it said so many kind things of those who were only mentioned with scorn in the heathen Shasters, so this little girl had seen enough to show her the difference between the religion of Mohammed and the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Consider what Christ has done for the children. Every Christmas bell that rings, every Christmas gift that gladdens, is but the manifestation of the spirit of peace on earth and good will to men, which the Lord Jesus brought into this world. What has heathenism to take the place of the gospel of Christ? Hideous rites horrible ceremonies, bloody and cruel observances, but little of peace, of joy, or of blessing.

In India there are thousands of little child-widows, not more than ten or twelve years old, whose life is to be a scene of misery, suffering, privation and abuse, which only ends in the grave. Thank God, the gospel of Christ, who loves little girls, has gone into the dark corners of the earth, and wherever it goes it carries brightness and blessing on its wings. Let us pray that it may run and be glorified, and that many souls may be saved, and that all little girls may learn to know the Christ who loves them, and who died to save them.—*Little Christian.*

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A Balloon Voyage.

"Tell me something about the most perilous voyage you ever made!" was demanded of Professor King, the aeronaut.

"Well, let me see. The most perilous voyage, I think, was over the Maine and Canada wilderness from New Hampshire down the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We ascended from Plymouth and rose into the clouds. A slight rain was falling. Our course was north-west, and soon we found ourselves over one of the White Mountains, and we had to throw out ballast to keep from striking it. After passing over Monut Jefferson and Mount Adams, of the White Mountains, we plunged into the wilderness, or at least passed over it. About nightfall, as we were crossing Lake Umbagog, we saw a light on one of the shores, and halloed. We seemed to attract attention, but no response was made. A canoe was put down in the water, and we could see it dodging around in the water, as if they were looking for something. The thought the cry probably came from somebody on the water. We soon left the light behind, and, nearing the mountain shortly afterward, we dropped behind it in shelter, and rested for about half an hour. While we were discussing (by-the-by, I had Luther T. Holden, of the *Boston Journal*, with me, who had been on some twenty-five voyages before) what course it would be best to pursue, being in the wilderness and poorly provided with provisions, we finally decided to start the balloon afloat and see if we could cross the wilderness to some inhabited region in Canada. Our balloon was only of 20,000 feet capacity, and not calculated, except under such a stress of circumstances, to remain afloat so long as we would require to cross the wilderness. We had still, however a bag and a half of ballast left, which we were economically using. Just here there was a natural law to be discovered, which was of itself sufficient to carry us through without the use of ballast. It appears that at night when a balloon reaches the ordinary cloud heights, it becomes poised, and neither rises nor falls without an expenditure of sand ballast, and so will float for hours, provided the balloon is free from leakage. Well, we floated on in the clouds, which were occasionally over heads, and once or twice during the night we saw the moon through the rifts, and frequently they would break from beneath us so that we could look into an inky abyss below. The only sounds that came to our ears were the occasional cries of a loon and the sound of falling waters. From our isolated position we could constantly hear the latter.

"As hour after hour dragged tediously away we sat in the car. We could see each other, and kept up a conversation, but we could not tell what time it was except by passing our fingers over the hands of our watches. You know it would have been dangerous to strike a match. Pretty soon a new feature among the sounds of the waters struck our ears. We wondered what caused the peculiar noise, and finally concluded it was the breakers. After passing over them all sounds ceased, and we knew that we were on the briny deep. As it did not seem to be policy to pursue the course we were in, we brought the balloon down slightly and slowly some twenty or thirty miles from where we had heard the surf, and deposited our drag-rope upon the water. This rope is an appendage to the balloon about 350 feet long, and acts as a ballast when it rests upon the water. We kept constant watch, and in the course of an hour we saw in front of us a black line, which was apparently within a few feet of us, and we prepared to grasp it, but it proved an illusion, and as we watched the object it gradually widened, and soon after our drag-rope was caught among the tree tops. We then found we had run ashore over a forest, presuming it at the time to be an island, but as it turned out the balloon had met with a counter current of air on the water, which carried it back to the mainland. We again rested behind a hill, where we lay till the break of day, when we threw out the balance of our ballast and rose again.

"After a while we discerned a road, and succeeded in landing within a mile and a half of it. We made for the nearest place, Saybec, which is about 250 miles below Quebec—and learned that the water we had gone out on was the Gulf of St. Lawrence. If we had continued across it we would have reached the coast of Labrador, 150 miles further on. As it was we traveled 550 miles in thirteen hours."—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Old Age.

Dean Bradley, successor of Stanley in the deanery of Westminister, tells an anecdote of him as he neared his sixtieth year. He was travelling in Germany on a Rhine steamer, and getting acquainted with a boy asked him his age, which being answered, he said, "Why all your life is over." "No," said the Dean, "the best time is yet to come."

"You must be on the wrong side of sixty," said one acquaintance to another. "No," he replied, "I am on the right side." Old age is cheerless enough to one lacking faith in God and Christ; but bright with divinest hopes when one has for his portion the Christ, whom to know with the Father is eternal life. Let every man mourn as old age creeps upon him if he be without faith in the Holy One. Let every man rejoice as age comes upon him if he trusts in Him who said, "Because I live ye shall live." Life here is only the state of infancy. We know in part, and that a small part, but there . . . the time is yet to come."

A plain London lighterman, only a navigator on the Thames, was in the Abbey, standing before the monument of John Wesley, and as he talked with the Dean, knowing he had been to Palestine, said, "It must have been beautiful to have walked where the Saviour walked." "Yes," and with a saintly look he said, "Beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour." Stanley's words as he spoke of death are so beautiful we quote them: "There the soul finds itself on the mountain ridge overlooking the unknown future; our company before is gone, the kinsfolk and friends of many years are passed over the dark river, and we are left alone with God. We know not in the shadow of the night who it is that touches us—we feel only that the everlasting arms are closing us in; the twilight of the morning breaks we bid to depart in peace, for by a strength not our own we have prevailed, and the path is made clear before us."

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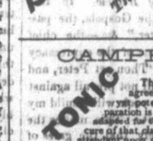

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