

Sunday Reading.

For the Christian Messenger.
Call Them In.

BY THE REV. J. CLARK, NICTAUX.

Call them in! Call them in! from the world's
broadway;
The poorest, the greatest, the least;
Call them in! Call them in! from the by
ways of sin;
Call them in! to the Gospel Feast.
Call them in! Call them in! They have
wandered far;
No excuse can be made for delay;
They are tempted without; they are trem-
bling in doubt;
Call them in! Call them in! while you
may.
Call them in! Call them in! for the night
draweth near;
And the storm will be fearful and wild;
With souls all aflame, in the dear Lord's
name,
Call the father, the mother, the child.
Call them in! Call them in! ere in justice
supreme,
The Master shall shut to the gate;
And to all who shall cry, there will come
the reply:
FOR EVER, FOR EVER TOO LATE!

Centennial Sermon.

PREACHED IN THE FALMOUTH BAPTIST
CHURCH, ON THE ONE HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF
THE REV. HENRY ALLINE,
FORMERLY OF FALMOUTH, ON SUN-
DAY, FEB. 3, 1884.

BY REV. JOSEPH MURRAY.

"Write blessed are the dead which
die in the Lord from henceforth; yea,
saith the Spirit that they may rest from
their labors; and their works do follow
them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

If there be one fact more clearly
stamped upon the pages of inspiration
than another, it is, that God has not
only purposed and planned, but has
appointed special agents to fulfill his
designs. Pharaoh—was raised up that
all the earth might behold the power
of God upon him. And Moses was
summoned from Midian to be the
executor of the terrible retribution.
Daniel was dragged into captivity to
cleanse the dissolute court of Babylon.
A Saul of Tarsus to carry the glad
tidings of salvation to the Gentiles;
and the lowly mod-st maiden of
Nazareth to be the hallowed mother of
Jesus. Just as assuredly also was the
now sainted Henry Alline called of
God to preach Christ and him crucified
throughout these lower provinces. It was
a time of dense spiritual darkness,
and deadly formalism; but he who flashed
the divine light into the heart of the
poor monk of Germany, and commis-
ioned him to break the papal yoke from the
neck of Europe, laid his hand upon the
proud heart of Henry Alline, and made
him the instrument of salvation to
many souls.

We will now consider our subject
under two leading thoughts, dying in
the Lord; and the blessedness arising
therefrom:

Ist. What is it to die in the Lord?

The text and context are in vivid
contrast. "The same shall drink of
the wine of the wrath of God which is
poured out without mixture into the
cup of his indignation; and he shall be
tormented with fire and brimstone in
the presence of the holy Angels, and
in the presence of the Lamb."—"Write
blessed are the dead from henceforth:
Yea, saith the Spirit that they may
rest from their labors and their
works do follow them." The one is
Mount Gerizim shouting its blessings
to the obedient; the other Mount
Ebal hurling back anathemas upon the
disobedient. The former is the cross
and the expiring Saviour breathing to
Heaven his dying orison, "Father
forgive them they know not what they
do," the latter the cowering priests
and darkened heavens and darker hearts
of his murderers. Oh, death is a
terrible curse! Do you need proof?
Go look upon that dying man, with
emaciated cheek and palled lips. Hear
him moan: "Must I die? I want to
see the green fields and fruitful earth
again, I want to stay longer with my
family and friends." What are these
words but the voicing of an instinctive
desire to live? An inherent dread of
the changes and separations of the
dying hour! Death does violence to
all these longings of our nature. It is
thrust among our earth joys, like a
rude hand among the delicate strings of
the harp, snapping them asunder. Earth's
sweetest harmony ends in a wailing
dirge at its approach. It was intended
to be a curse. An awful penalty at-

tached to a law, to force men to walk
in the way of obedience. "But of the
tree of the knowledge of good and evil
thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day
thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely
die." It is your disobedience which
causes your death. "I have sinned!
I have sinned," cries the guilty soul.
O death where is thy sting? The sting
of death is sin. Ah my friends do
not flatter yourselves that you can live
in utter disobedience of God's commands
and enjoy a happy death. Blessedness
is for those only who die in the Lord.
Hope is so strong and is so affected by
feelings that it often acts without reli-
able foundation. When our friends die,
we cast a veil over the darker phases
of their character, and paint the op-
posite side in rose colors. Whether they
left any proofs of genuine repentance
or not, we would fain have them "Safe
in the arms of Jesus." In our efforts
to comfort the bereaved we may speak
unadvisedly. There is danger of lead-
ing the ungodly to believe that no
matter how they live, death will con-
duct them safely to heaven. I greatly
fear that many are prevented from
consecrating their lives to God, by the
false charity which pronounces the
unconverted dead safe in heaven. I
beseech you, do not offer the sinner a
premium for procrastination. Do not
help him down to the pit.

But our text leads us to consider
the blessedness of dying in the Lord.
And as a first step towards this desire
able issue, Christ says: "Ye must be
born again." You cannot enter the
christian's grave without first having
the christian birth: "Except a man be
born again he cannot see the kingdom
of God." Dignity—fortitude—beau-
tiful words and willingness to die, are
vain in the dying hour, unless "Christ
be in the soul the hope of glory." "I
am the resurrection and the life" says
Christ, "he that believeth in me though
he were dead yet shall he live." Be-
lieve on the Lord Jesus Christ, and
you are safe. There will be no death
for you. You may be smitten down
suddenly. What matters? A few
sharp pangs, then eternal glory. Oh
weary-fainting christian, battling with
doubts—difficulties and fears, lay your
aching head and heart upon this pillow
of God and be at rest.

Now let us observe how our text
applies to the subject of this Centenary
Sermon.
Henry Alline, the son of William
and Rebecca Alline, was born at New-
port, Rhode Island, U. S., June, 14th
1748, and came with his parents to
Falmouth, Nova Scotia in 1760; and
settled on the place now owned by Mr.
Lewis Messenger. We gather from
his writings that he never attended a
public school after his twelfth year,
consequently his education was quite
limited. But possessing a retentive
memory and a fondness for reading he
became better educated in the direction
of his life work than many who enjoyed
higher literary advantages.

At a very early age he began to be
anxious about his soul's salvation.
Sometimes so wrought upon that he
was on the verge of despair. He says:
"Oh! the distressing days, and unhappy
nights that I have waded through.
Nothing but darkness. Nothing but
distress and slavish fear. Sometimes
when I was wandering in the fields, I
would throw myself down on the grass
and lament as if I should go into
despair and it is a wonder of wonders
that I did not embrace my hands in my
own blood." So he continued for some
years. Sometimes mingling in gay
company and scenes of folly, and then
retiring to weep and pray a greater
part of the night. But the Holy Spirit
led him—so long undecided—to give
himself up to Christ. The light and
joy which succeeded his spiritual dark-
ness was unspeakable and full of glory.
Being of an ardent impulsive tempera-
ment, he threw open his soul to the full
reception of God's love. He says of
that moment: "O, the astonishing
wonders of his grace, and the boundless
ocean of redeeming love. Millions and
millions of praises belong to his name!
O how shall I make even the least
return? O what a wretch I have
been to stand out against such love. I
have long and often wondered that God
did not have mercy upon me and con-
vert me; but now I saw it was my
own fault, and wondered why he waited
so long upon such miserable rejectors

of his grace. O, how black appeared
all my righteousness which I saw I had
hugged so long. And O, the unspeak-
able wisdom and beauty of the glorious
plan of life and salvation. O free grace!
free grace."

Almost instantaneously with his
conversion came the desire to preach
Jesus to his fellow men. He wrote in
his journal. "In the midst of all my
joys, in less than half an hour after my
soul was set at liberty, the Lord dis-
covered to me my labor in the ministry
and call to preach the gospel. I cried
out, Amen! Lord I'll go, I'll go.
Send me, send me." So he went "not
disobedient to the heavenly vision."

His first sermon was preached in a
private house in Falmouth in the year
1776, from Prov. 9:12. "If thou art
wise thou art wise for thyself; but if
thou scornest thou alone shalt bear it."

From this time he continued to warn
sinners so affectionally, and preached
with so much zeal and unction that his
enemies in derision called him a "New
Light." So dim had become the fine
gold, so obscured by rituals and cere-
monies was the Light of Life, that this
burning bush, so suddenly set
afire in their midst seemed altogether
new. But no, it was as old as the altar
fire of heaven. Abraham saw it like
a smoking lamp moving between the
joints of his sacrifice. The Israelites
beheld it in the glorious Shekinah which
illuminated Solomon's Temple, and
Saul of Tarsus in its eternal brightness
saw and acknowledged his divine Master.
Henry Alline was not a New Light,
but a lamp of grace specially burnished
and enflamed to show the world and
torpid christians the power and beauty
of the gospel. He possessed great moral
courage, as seen in the bold stand he
took. The morning after his conversion
he rose early to tell his parents the joy-
ful news. He then took a Bible, read
and prayed before the whole family,
publicly thanking God for his deliverance.

Oh, that more would follow his ex-
ample. Alas, that the question must
be so often repeated, "Were there not
ten cleansed, but where are the nine?"
For three years Mr. Alline preached
almost daily in Falmouth, Newport,
Horton, Cornwallis, Wilmot and An-
napolis. Wherever he spoke divine
power followed the word and many
were hopefully converted.

He was eminently adapted to the
work of an evangelist. Of a frank open
countenance, great fluency of language
a voice of remarkable sweetness and
power. His singing, especially of his
own hymns, was peculiarly attractive.
Add to all these an intense longing to
save sinners, with a strong faith that
God would bless his own word, and you
have a combination which few could
withstand. However hopeless seemed
the prospect upon entering a new field
he scarcely ever retired without bear-
ing with him "the God bless you" of
new-born souls and the almost despair-
ing cry of sinners: "What shall I do
to be saved." The flames of converting
grace broke out wherever he went.
The secret of his success we learn from
his journal—a constant prayer for the
presence and blessing of his Master.

On the 5th of April 1779, delegates
from Cornwallis, Horton and Newport,
met the brethren of Falmouth, to con-
sider the advisability of ordaining Mr.
Alline to the work of the gospel minis-
try. After due and satisfactory ex-
amination of the candidate, it was
decided to proceed in the ordination on
the following day. They met in a large
barn on the place now owned by Mr.
John Aylward, and after a sermon (we
are not informed by whom) he received
the imposition of hands. It was simple
yet solemnly grand. His Master had
commenced his life-work in a stable,
and had laid his consecrating power up
on Mr. Alline clothing him with the
ensignia of his ambassadors! And from
this stable bade him go preach his
gospel to all people.

Shortly after this he crossed over to
St. John and went up the river preach-
ing and exhorting wherever he came.
He did not stay long in one place. His
soul seemed to be so on fire with Christ's
love that he could not rest, but with
an indomitable will overcame all ob-
stacles. I am amazed and humbled
when I discover what difficulties he
conquered. Much of the time he
travelled on horseback owing to the
rough roads. But where neither a

horse or boat could proceed he walked,
often on snowshoes through the trackless
forest, sometimes so weary and far from
settlement that he and his guide would
sleep in the woods.

Thus he continued to preach, for
about five years from the date of his
ordination, in many portions of Nova
Scotia and New Brunswick. His al-
most superhuman efforts, now began to
break down his health, and having a
great desire to visit and preach Jesus
in the land of his birth, he left Windsor
August 27th 1783, for New England.
But just before embarking, while stand-
ing on the wharf he offered a most
touchingly fervent prayer that God
would never cease to bless Windsor,
Falmouth, and the regions round about.
His parting with his aged parents and
friends was especially painful, being
persuaded that he should see them no
more in the flesh. But he was deter-
mined to preach Christ as long as
strength permitted. Accordingly he
travelled and held public services daily
until he arrived at the home of the Rev.
David McClure of Northampton, New
Hampshire on the 22nd of January,
1784.

On the 25th he preached his last
sermon in Mr. McClure's meeting house
from Luke xix. 5. From that he took
his bed, and, eight days after, he went
to meet the dear Master for whom he
had so faithfully labored.

When spoken to about his rapidly
approaching end, he said "O I long for
it, I long for it." Mr. McClure then spoke
about the divine support of the promises.
"O yes" said he "but the Promiser is
greater than the promises, and he is
with me." He wished those going to
meeting to say for him, "that the
blessed gospel which I have preached
to them is true: in which they must
believe and on the lively belief of which
they will be safe in death. O, I long
that poor sinners should have such views
of the Lord Jesus as I have." His last
words were "Now I rejoice in the Lord
Jesus."

Such is, so far as we can know with-
out the actual experience the blessed-
ness of dying in the Lord. Contrast
such a departure with that of a noted
infidel who at the last moment ex-
claimed "I am taking a leap in the
dark." But how little can we know of
this blessedness; we have only a few
evidences gleaned outside the gate, a
few joys that the dying ones behold
from a distance. A faint description
from human tongues. But what must
it be when thoroughly initiated into
the pleasures of the heavenly mansion!
When the prayer of Christ will be
answered, and his people shall behold
his glory! Ah! that will be your
portion, O faithful child of God. To
see Jesus in his kingly robes of salva-
tion,—to be his bride decked in his
brightest splendors, sit with him at that
royal marriage supper; not till then
shall we comprehend the blessedness of
dying in the Lord.

II. Now let us consider wherein lies
the blessedness of such a death.

1 That they may rest from their
labors. The rest here spoken of, must
be comparative. It will be according
to labor performed. What can the
criminal, pardoned on the cross know
of the sweetness of rest compared with the
Apostle Paul, who wore out his body
in God's service? How can he, who
comes into the church and is soothed,
carried and fed on the tenderest promises
all through life, appreciate or need rest
in comparison with the subject of our
sketch? Ah! to him rest was sweet
indeed. There was no stain on his
escutcheon. No rust gathered on his
sword. Eight years of incessant toil
then the promised rest.

But ceasing from a labor he so
ardently loved is the smallest factor in
the rest he enjoys. He rests from the
opposition, hostility and slander which
assailed him on every hand. His clear
and pungent style of declaring the truth,
and the burning love and zeal accom-
panying it, were so different from the
common usages of the day, that Satan
was thoroughly roused to malignant
opposition. After Mr. Alline had
preached a few times in Windsor, a
mob of about twenty men, some of them
with drawn swords, and using most pro-
fane language, surrounded the house
where he was staying, and threatened
to kill him. His friends advised him
to slip out the back way and escape;
but he refused saying, "I was called

here of God and I will stay here till
duty calls me away." Afterwards con-
trary to all the persuasion of his friends,
he went out among them? and when
one of the ringleaders drew his hand to
strike him, he took hold of his coat and
entreated him to consider what he was
doing, and so conquered them by love.

It was not the rabble only that in-
sulted him, but those who claimed to
be the servants of Christ openly and
privately denounced him. One of those
so-called pastors of the flock—rode
twenty miles to persuade the people
that Mr. Alline was a vile impostor.
Others endeavouring to crush him cir-
culated some of the most malicious lies
that could be invented. When advised
to put the law in force against them, he
refused, but carried his trial to a higher
court—the court of Heaven! and in-
variably his character was clearly vindi-
cated and the Redeemer's cause ad-
vanced.

What a sweet rest it will be, when
God's servants are forever free from
sin in themselves and others! Free
from hard-wearing toil! Free from
the opposition and slander of ungodly
men! Some of you have been striving
for a perfect service. Take heart my
brethren, the time shall come when
through Christ Jesus you shall love and
serve God with all your heart, and
with all your soul and with all your
mind. For the law is a barrier to sin
only. In heaven sin is banished and
the law lifts the soul to the heights of
perfect and eternal freedom. Servant
of God rest! Thy work was
faithfully done. Thine enemies are
gone. No more can they oppose thy
work.

"Nor cause a wave of trouble roll
Across thy peaceful breast."
But we cannot help comparing those
stormy times with our own halcyon
days. Why so great quietness. Be-
cause we do not labor hard enough to
alarm Satan. I knew of a young man
who struck an axe into his limb while
in the lumber woods. His friends bound
up the wound as best they could. In
the night one of his comrades asked
"are you easy?" He answered "I am
afraid I'm too easy." And so it proved
for unknown to them his lifeblood had
been silently ebbing away through the
night. So I say of our spiritual state.
"I am afraid we are too easy." The
world, the flesh and the devil—a mon-
strous triple vampire is slowly sucking
away our lifeblood. Can we, O my
brethren, claim or expect the rest for
the weary? Oh that God would en-
flame our hearts with a holy enthusiasm.

The blessedness of dying in the Lord
is also seen in the fact that death is the
only opportunity for resting. It is sent
to the laborer that he may rest. It
becomes a friendly servant delivering
the kindly message—"Come to the
supper for all things are ready." The
ghostly frown is stripped from his face
and a smile stamped in its place. We are
so fearful that we can scarcely believe
it. But faith in God and the weariness
of the soul and body disarms our fears.
A man may so need rest that he will
lie down in the drifting snow, though
assured it will be his winding sheet.
The apostle scarcely knew whether to
choose life or death. To die was
indeed gain. The Master has many
weary toilers in his vineyard. By
and bye the home-call will come. A
lingering disease, a fit, steamboat dis-
aster, or a railway collision, and they are
gone. The spectators with blanched
faces cry: "Terrible! terrible!" But the
time for rest had come, and they
could not stop for it while they
lived. "That they may rest from their
labors." My brethren would you
not enjoy being in the midst of some
glorious hard work when the call comes?
I think I would. Go like Stephen from
the pulpit to the coronation. Mr. Alline
enjoyed this privilege. Friends ad-
vised: "Henry, do not work so hard.
Do rest and take better care of your
health;" but his only answer was an-
other sermon, another warning to
sinners. He saw men in such danger
of hell that he could not stop. He
would not rest till death came.

2. Another result of dying in the
Lord is, their works do follow them.

It is well to bear in mind that works
as well as souls are immortal. An act
may seem to be a trifle, and be quickly
performed, but its influence may go
ringing down the ages like a chime of
heavenly bells. A poor widow wrap-

ped in her veil timidly passes through
the Temple throng, and unobtrusively
drops her two mites into the Lord's
Treasury. It was a simple deed of
righteousness; but our Saviour caught
the act in the doing and stamped it
with immortality. A word is spoken
or a deed performed by which a White-
field is saved. He in turn leads hun-
dreds more to Christ, and they in turn
carry forward the glorious work. How
that first act multiplies itself. Surely
"their works do follow them." Who
can possibly estimate the works of Rev.
Henry Alline's sermons and prayers
and tears? He was preeminently an
Evangelist; and his burning words
kindled anew in Falmouth a fire, that
I trust will never be extinguished.
Many have been encouraged and
strengthened by reading his journal and
hymns. One of which was composed
and sang at the deathbed of Mrs.
Benjamin Cleaveland. It shows that
the author was no mean poet. One
verse of it is to me particularly sug-
gestive and beautiful:

"Let me feel the pleasing rapture,
Rising in immortal birth;
I shall have no grave to enter,
Never feel expiring breath;
Life eternal; life eternal,
Swallows up the grave and death."

Another way in which a man's works
follow him, is when those whom he
has been the means of saving will
follow him home to glory. Many of
the redeemed after they have cast their
palms of victory at the feet of Jesus;
and join in the chorus of "crown him,
crown him Lord of all," will turn to
David and tell him how his psalms
comforted them in the house of their
pilgrimage; then to Isaiah and thank
him for his evangelical prophecies; and
the evangelists for their sublime pic-
tures of Christ's character; and Paul
for those letters of his, without which
the churches of Christ could never
have lived amid the gales and currents
of false philosophy. And then, with
souls filled with seraphic joy they would
seek out the sainted ones who had
brought them to Jesus. Oh, what a
blissful meeting that will be. No
wonder that Bunyan said: "When I
had seen I wished myself among them."
What a host will gather around Henry
Alline and Whitefield and many others
who have faithfully preached Jesus.

The old Roman conquerors suspend-
ed in the temple of Jupiter the pieces
of armor which they had stripped from
their slain enemies. They were proud
of their trophies. But I hold up before
you grander deeds. See you those
faces of supernal brightness in the
heavenly mansion? They were lifted
from the gulf of sin by tired trembl-
ing human hands. Do you wish to win
such trophies for the temple of your
God? You may have them. They
wait the conquering hand of Christ's
love. Lay hold of them in your homes,
fields, workshops and stores, and by
God's grace, ere long, you shall see
and hear them among the glorified.

There have been many severe things
said and written about Mr. Alline
because he applied the term "nonessen-
tial" to some of God's most precious
doctrines and ordinances. But it must
be remembered that his knowledge of
the essential elements of a church of
Christ was sadly deficient. That in his
day great spiritual darkness and laxity
prevailed; and that his burning desire
to save souls caused him to neglect
other matters, however important. We
would not magnify his errors into
mountains, nor extol them into angelic
excellencies. A century has thrown
much light upon the deep things of
God's word. The churches were strug-
gling through a transition period. Many
heterogeneous elements were crowded
into it. Some members had been poured
upon, some sprinkled upon and others
immersed. It is not to be wondered at
that Mr. Alline met with divisions,
breaches and heartburnings on every
hand. It would have been strange in-
deed if these disorders did not grieve
one so desirous of snatching men as
brands from the burning. In vain he
cried "peace, peace." There could be no
peace till the gospel order was restored.
To-day the sainted Henry Alline be-
holds the truth in the face of Jesus;
and we have come to the knowledge
that all God's ordinances and commands
are essential to our spiritual life, both
as individuals and churches.

One hundred years ago to-day the
Rev. Henry Alline was laid to rest in a
quiet graveyard in New Hampshire.
We will not take the place of hero
worshippers and exalt him to the pinnacle
of perfection; neither will we ever for-
get the debt of gratitude which through