Our Contributors.

REV. EDWARD WEYMAN.

BY REV. C. T. PHILLIPS.

When God calls a young man to go out from father and mother, and home, to preach His gospel, He calls some father in Israel to father him, and some mother in Israel to mother him. In any church of which he is pastor, and in every place—if he be an itinerant—he will find a father and mother waiting for him—sometimes, if he needs them, more than one.

To Timothy God gave Paul, and to many another Timothy God has given a Paul to be his father. And if you were to interview God's servants of every age and land, you would be told: "Yes, that has been my experience. God gave me one or more of His servants who were as my father to me in counsel and help, and mothers who were to me as my own mother in the affection and help they gave me." So God gave me two fathers—that one might not be overworked, I suppose—when I entered the ministry. And to those men of God can be attributed whatever of good I have been enabled to do. My failures have been my own, for which they are in no way responsible.

Father Noble introduced me to my first pastorate, and encouraged and helped me more than I know, or can tell. I shall thank him in heaven better than I can now. He was my faithful father and teacher.

Father Weyman was my counsellor and friend, and he called me his son Timothy. I knew him better, perhaps, than any of his brethren did, and because of that, and for no other reason, I am better prepared than any other to write a sketch of him to accompany the portrait which appears on another page. Some of the brethren knew him longer than I did, but none were brought into such intimacy with him as myself. For two years all the work he did, away from home, was with me, and for 12 years after that he called me his pastor. I knew every trait of his character, and I think I came to know his every mood. The first thing that impressed me was his strength and intenseness. He thought, felt, and expressed himself strongly. Sometimes his intenseness made him speak too strongly; but when he did so he had strength enough to acknowledge it. There are too few men who have strength enough for that.

His honesty impressed me. There are men who are honest enough in their dealings (elementary honesty I call it), who are not honest in argument, nor with men with whom they disagree. I remember what a good impression he gave me of a man with whom he had had a disagreement. Instead of pointing him out as a man who had no good qualities whatever, he gave him the credit of being honest and true to his convictions. "He is a good man," he said, "but he is wrong in this matter." He would have been a poor lawyer, for he would never take advantage of any technicality in his favor, and would rather be beaten on any question if he could not win on its merits.

He was strong in argument. If he would have been a poor lawyer he would have made a good judge, for he had a judicial mind. Without understanding logic as a science, he was a logician; much study of the Bible had made him that. There was never a close Bible student who was not a good deal of a logician, for the best text-book on logic is the Bible; from Genesis to Revelation there is a sequence that teaches, perhaps unconsciously to the student, consecutive thought.

Father Weyman was not only a Bible student, but, for his day, he had a good, well-selected library. There were few Methodists of his day who knew more of Wesley's writings than he did, and there were few Calvinists who knew more of Calvin and his doctrines. He knew Martin Luther and his times as if he had been a contemporary.

Like the man who had talked poetry all his life, and did not know it, Father Weyman's speech, without his knowing it, was frequently epigrammatic. "Pray where you eat," he would say to me. "Make that the rule of your life; there will be times when it will not be expedient, but the rule will be a safe one—pray where you eat." Many times since then I would not have prayed where I had eaten, but for the remembrance of those words.

"Visit the old and the sick and the poor; if any are neglected let it be those who do not come under either class." "He measures well, but does not weigh much," was his criticism of the man who had plenty of assurance, and not much brains. "He weighs well, but does not measure very much," he would say of another. But his highest praise was for the man who both "weighed" and "measured" well.

Father Weyman was the first Free Baptist minister I ever heard speak of union of the Baptist denominations. I remember my surprise very distinctly—although it was thirty-three years ago—for he had told me of the struggles of the Free Baptists, and how they had been opposed by ultra Calvinists.

Father Weyman, like some of his contemporaries, was born a warrior, for he had strong convictions and indomitable courage. And as he told me of the denominational history, and how in the early days they had been misrepresented and wronged, his eyes would flash, and he would fight his battles over again. Knowing his love for the doctrines of his church, and how tenaciously he held to his opinions, I wondered how he could think of union with his traditional foe. It was in this connection that I had my first glimpse of his large, rich, generous nature. He had the magnaminity of the generous warrior, who could forgive and forget when he had fought his battle. It had not been his own fight; he had fought, as he believed, for his loved Lord. And, the struggle ended, he believed the disunited armies could do better work for their common Commander if they were united, and for this he earnestly prayed. A few weeks before he died, when I had my last talk with him, he said: "I would like to see union of the Baptist denominations before I die, that I might take the news home to the brethren. "But its coming," he said; "the devil may keep it back for a while by fanning old fires, but it is coming, and we shall know of it up there, and shall rejoice with the angels of God over the good news." And a "light that was never seen on sea or land," came over the face that was soon to be white in death, as he made his prophetic utterance. "Oh, the pity of it, oh, the wickedness of it"—he frequently said to me as we would be driving together—"that man should keep asunder what God would join together."

The last time he came to the church at Millstream, where he lived and worshipped for so many years, when he gave his testimony, it was so sweet and strong that we felt it was his last, his "Swan's song," and so it proved.

I could write many things concerning my "father's" life, and of what he told me of the old pioneers of our church; they are treasured in my memory. But what I have written here is uppermost in my thought of him now and is what I ought to write.

To be shut out from the companionship of himself and the men and women of whom he told me, and the many whom I know, who, one by one, are going out of the shadows into the light that would be darkness indeed.

What Others Say.

WRONG MEASUREMENT.

Religious service cannot be measured by the clock.—*Free Baptist.*

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Christian union is in the air. It is in the thinking of men and in the deliberation of assemblies.—*Dr. Parkhurst.*

THE STRONG CHURCH.

A church of ten members may be a greater power for good in a community than one containing ten times that number. It is not numbers, but quality, that gives power. A small church, rich in faith, may be a centre of immense spiritual influence.—*The Examiner.*

THE VACATION.

We are in heartiest sympathy with the ministerial vacation. The man who has to stand before the same congregation on an average of three or four times a week in addition to all the other duties that drain his vitality needs a time of "retreat," and will do more and better work in eleven months than in twelve. —*The Presbyterian.*

FLATTERY.

The pathway of life is strewn with the bleaching bones of those who have been killed by flattery. Commendation and encouragement should not be withheld from those to whom they are due, provided such will make a greater efficiency in labor. But flattery appeals to a lower element of character—the false part of man; and only so far as man is false does he understand and welcome flattery. The true man does not recognize it; nor would he give it place in his heart, if he did.—*The Telescope.*

..Figures recently published in Christiana show that the amount of money sent home from the United States by immigrants from Norway last year was $3,780,000.

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