

ELOQUENT PULPIT TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE CANON ROBERTS.

Splendid Qualities and Useful Life of the Deceased
Clergyman

EXTOLLED BY PREACHERS OF DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS.

In nearly all the Fredericton church pulpits yesterday touching references were made to the life and character of the late Canon Roberts, the tributes paid in the evangelical churches being quite as hearty and appreciative as those of deceased's own communion.

AT THE CATHEDRAL.

His Lordship the Bishop Speaks Appreciatively of His Late Fellow Worker.

At the commencement of his sermon in the Cathedral on Sunday morning the Bishop spoke in this manner:

"The sight of the great gathering of representative men in the Cathedral on Friday last would alone be sufficient to tell of the high esteem in which Canon Roberts has been held. It is pleasant to think that the 32 years of devoted work, of unflinching kindness of heart, of ready sympathy for all, had won the affection of all classes and all minds in Fredericton, while the intellectual talent brightened by the poetry of his mind, and quickened by sound and ripened scholarship won the admiration of those with whom he was brought into contact. It is somewhat startling to think that only a week ago in extreme pain and weakness he preached and communicated his flock, continuing his work to the last moment of strength. He died in harness, doing his Master's work to the last. Surely he has come to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

THE DEAN'S TRIBUTE.

Touching Reference to the Memory of the Late Canon Roberts.

The Dean, preaching at the Parish Church, at the Sunday morning service, spoke on Psalm XXXIX, one of the burial Psalms. He said that amid the lessons of the shortness of life there was a note of great and abiding comfort. Verse 12 describes man as a stranger and a sojourner, it is true; but a stranger with God. That made all the difference. The life of the Christian, hand in hand with God, was described in glowing language, in which every relation of human existence was glorified and uplifted to that holy contact.

Passing on to speak of their great sorrow, he recalled to their remembrance the chief qualities of their beloved rector, his sincere and unaffected piety, his wonderful sympathy and kindness to all classes, creeds and races; his gentle forbearance to all wrongdoers; his powers of comfort in seasons of sorrow, his faithfulness in ministering to the sick. He thought that the secret of the affection of so many towards him was that he gave out so much himself. The Dean gave instances of his charity and consideration for others, and said that such a wealth of large hearted kindness could not fail to bring its response. He described with feeling the last ministrations of the reverend rector, and the deathbed scene, and called upon the congregation to copy the good example which had been set. They should give good heed now to the exhortations made to them for so many years in that beautiful house of God, and let his very silence be eloquent. It was the happiest way to die, in work up to the last. They could not wish him back, with his many burdens of conflict and care, but rather leave him resting in quiet waiting for the resurrection morn.

The following sonnet was then read by the Dean as the last expression of affection for his departed brother: Sweet-scented blossoms lie upon thy breast,

Pillowed thy head on God's eternal love,
Angels attend thee, missioned from above,
Father and friend! we leave thee to thy rest.

Long years of toil o'ertaxed thy faithful heart;
Born on thy prayers thy people's inmost need;
Thy deepest joy their hungering souls to feed,
To win thy worldlings to the better part.

Here in God's House we bid thee short farewell!
Here at God's Board our sweet communion crave;
Here, 'mid our grief, the songs of rapture swell,
And faith, victorious, triumphs o'er the grave!

Still, in life's shadow, we must seek, with Christ, our way;
Thou, in the peace of God, await His glorious day!

REV. SUB-DEAN STREET.

Speaks Eloquently of His Old Friend and Co-worker.

In his sermon at St. Ann's church Sunday night Rev. Sub-dean Street, preaching from Rev. 7th, 14th verse, "And he said to me: These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have written in the blood of the Lamb" said: And now, I would entreat you to look back on the events of the past few days, and think well what he would say, who on last Sunday gave you of his best. I venture to take up this parable, and to bid you ask yourselves how it stands with us here present, as to our hope, our claim to be one day with him among them. It is an individual matter of which I speak. Many are its relations wide-spreading its duties, and its influences; but, in its issues, every one of us stands alone. Alone must we wage God's battles in our inmost soul; alone must we repent and seek for grace; alone must we die; and every one of us must give account of himself to God. "No man can deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him; for it cost more to redeem their souls; so that he must let that alone for ever, yea, though he live long and see not the grave."

Let then the question be put by each one of us. My brother or my sister are you in the way to join this blessed company? Do you believe on the Son of God? I do not mean as a fact in history, but as your own personal Saviour and Master, and atonement before God? Are you growing in grace, and doing battle for God day by day? Are you becoming more holy, more pure, more useful, a brighter example in deed, in word, in temper. Oh, search and see. If this be not so, then is your faith dead, bearing no fruits;—if it be not so, take heed that you be not accounting the blood of the covenant herewith you are sanctified, an unholy thing.

I feel that it is a most solemn thing for any one to search himself and, it is a still more solemn matter for a Minister of Christ thus to search himself. On the Ministers of Christ, as leading in the public worship of Almighty God,—on the members of the choir who are privileged to sound the praises of God in the Sanctuary,—yea, even on the youngest,—on the members of our families who are assembled here, will the account fall heavily indeed, if our repeated acts of worship become a dead form to us,—our sacred duties a mere routine,—nay, if we learn not, believe not, practise not, more and better than others, a life of holiness. If our place be not higher than theirs, assuredly it must be far lower; for to whom much is given, of them much shall be required. Therefore, let us not shrink from the lot of all of God's people, nor refuse God's own way to his Kingdom of glory. Each one for himself, young or old, high or low, must repent and believe; for each of us there is but one way of pardon and acceptance, but one admission to that triumphant company. That way and that admission, is righteousness; not our own, but the Lord's; put on us by faith in Him, wrought in us by obedience to Him.

For many reasons, I have wished to speak this evening on the commemoration of the departed. One reason has come from my thoughts of him who on last Wednesday laid down the office which for more than thirty years he had filled with diligence, faithfulness and honor, as your pastor and friend. I hesitate to speak of him, for I know how decisively he would forbid it, could his voice now be heard; and it goes against the grain to disregard even what he might have wished. But as examples of consistent simplicity, it is well to mark how simply it was all carried on. It never even crossed one's mind that any selfish aim was creeping in to his purpose, or corrupting his simple desire to do right; he never seemed to think about effect; he never stooped to questionable means of getting what he wanted done.

"Meden kata eritheian e kenodoxian." The maxim of Christian state-ship seemed his constant rule; viz to keep his work quite clear of party-spirit and of vain-glory,—those plagues which spoil so many brilliant lives, and do so much to impoverish humanity. And surely it was the high singleness of aim and effort, the fine disdain of anything like trickery, which gave his life amongst us its distinctive strength and worth. For amidst all change and confusion, and excitement, he had the courage to be simple and unpretending.

I am sure that you, his flock, heard from this pulpit this morning, in words more eloquent than any which I may utter, a gracious tribute paid to the worth and excellence of a life-long friend and brother. Yet I cannot stand here tonight and not pay my tribute of respect to his memory, and thank God for the example and saintly life. And, among all the great acts that ennoble human life, and rebuke low thoughts of what a man was meant to be, none surely can be greater than the calm,

deliberate, consistent bearing of one who knows that death is very near, and faces it as he has faced the daily tasks of many years, with simple trust in God. That a man should be able, though afflicted and wearied by sharp pain and sore distress of body, then unhindered and undismayed, to lift up his heart unto the Lord, and to give thanks unto our Lord God—surely this seems like the victory that overcometh the world; and those who in unclouded consciousness so move towards death. Do make us see the hidden greatness of the soul which really puts its trust in God, and by His grace seeks ever to be doing good. Such grace He gave to him whom He has called from his place here as your Pastor and Friend and Teacher,—as Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, George Goodridge Roberts.

Grant him, O Lord eternal rest; and may light perpetual shine upon him.

We read in the Book of the Revelations, that the Saints are a great multitude which no man can number. When like Elijah, our heart fails, and we wish to die because the faithful are so few, and the ungodly are so many, a day such as Friday last points to the waving billows and the clustering palms, and the emblems of a life faithful to its high calling in Christ Jesus.

"Multitudes—multitudes—stood up in bliss,
Made equal to the Angels, glorious, fair;
With harps, palms, wedding garments, kiss of peace,
And crowned and haloed hair.

As though our pulse stirred all, one rush of blood
Fed all, one breath swept through myriad-voiced;
They struck their harps, cast down their crowns, they stood
And worshipped and rejoiced.

Each face looked one waylike a moon new-lit,
Each face looked one way towards its Sun of love;
Drank love, and bathed in love, and mirrored it,
And knew no end thereof.

Glory touched glory on each blessed head;
Hands locked dear hands, never to sunder more;
These were the new-begotten from the dead,
Whom the great birth-day bore."

Grant him, O Lord eternal rest, and may light perpetual shine upon him.

AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

Service Was Largely Memorial—Rev Willard Macdonald's Feeling Tribute to Canon Roberts.

At the morning service in St. Paul's Presbyterian church Sunday, the sermon, prayers and hymns, were largely memorial to the late Canon Roberts with whom the pastor was on intimate friendly terms.

Rev. Mr. Macdonald took as his text, John XIV 3.—"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."

Before concluding his sermon Mr. Macdonald said: "Death has been busy; it is never idle, and from our midst, another has gone to his reward. I want to lay my tribute of esteem upon the grave of him whose mortal remains were laid in the last resting place of the dead last Friday. Suddenly he left us, and his last work was at the sacred desk. Little did I think of his so near departure on Sept 21st, the last time I saw him, as we performed the last rites, for one of our own communion departed. This city is poorer in men by his taking away. In these days of scarcity of preachers, we may wonder why any of them are removed, yet they are. His work is done, his labor is over. For me to speak of the respect and esteem in which he was held, would be superfluous. He will be missed at his home by his parishioners, by his fellow laborers, clergy and laity, and by the whole church. I hope the influence of his life may be powerful for good and that he being dead, yet speaking shall speak to all, that we follow in the straight and narrow way that leadeth unto eternal life.

"Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past,
Now upon the further shore
Lands the voyager at last."

The hymns "Now the laborer's task is o'er, and "How bright these glorious spirits shine", were among those sung during the service.

AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. J. H. Macdonald Paid Feeling Tribute to Deceased Rector.

In his sermon at the Baptist church Sunday morning, Rev. J. H. Macdonald, referring to the death of Rev. Canon Roberts, said: Last week there passed from our midst a Godly man, the influence of whose life will long abide. I need hardly say I refer to the late Canon Roberts, rector of St. Ann's, beloved and revered by all who knew him.

This church, I feel assured, would have its pastor extend their heartfelt sympathy to the stricken family, and to the bereaved congregation. Many there are who shall miss that warm atmosphere of kindly interest and affection which he carried with him; the friendly grasp of the strong, yet gentle hand; and the accents of that sweetly toned voice which bore to the heart words of good cheer, counsel and consolation. Many there are who can use of him words which St. Paul used of Onesiphorus, "he oft refreshed me." The loss to his own people is great and irreparable, and in their bereavement we deeply

sympathize with them—friend and neighbors all.

The influence of such a life could not be kept within the confines of his own congregation. Like Joseph, he was a fruitful vine whose branches climbed over ecclesiastical walls. His special ministry, it is true, was to his own church, but he preached to us all and lured brighter worlds and led the way. I am glad I took occasion to bear personal testimony to him a few months before his departure, the testimony I now bear to you, that I never yet touched his life without receiving good. The world was always brighter for having met him. Surely, such a life as that of the late Rector of St. Ann's "tells for ages, tells for God."

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