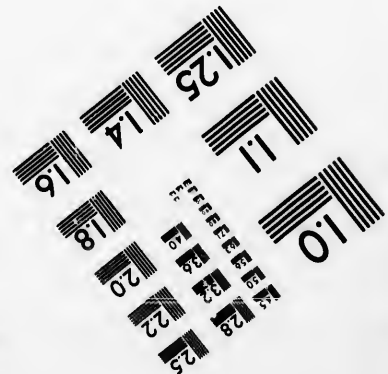
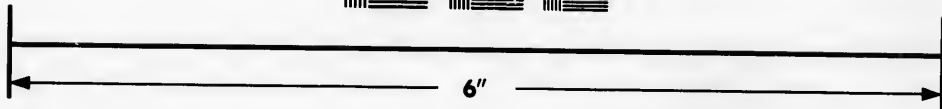
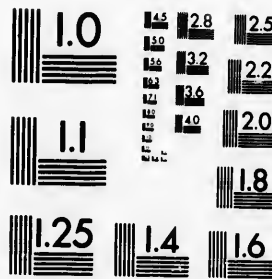


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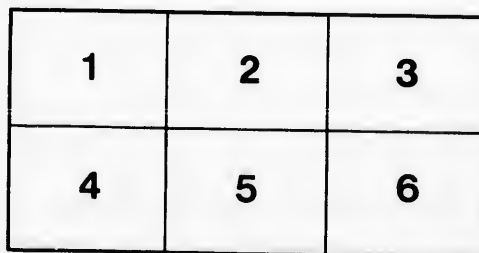
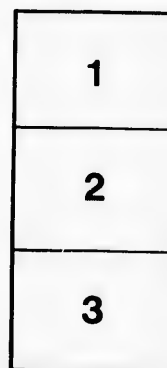
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# S E R M O N S

PREACHED IN

TRINITY CHURCH, MONTREAL,

ON THE

OCCASION OF THE DEATH

OF

THE REV. MARK WILLOUGHBY,

INCUMBENT.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BOND,

L A C H I N E,

AND

THE REV. CHARLES BANCROFT, A. M.

INCUMBENT OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

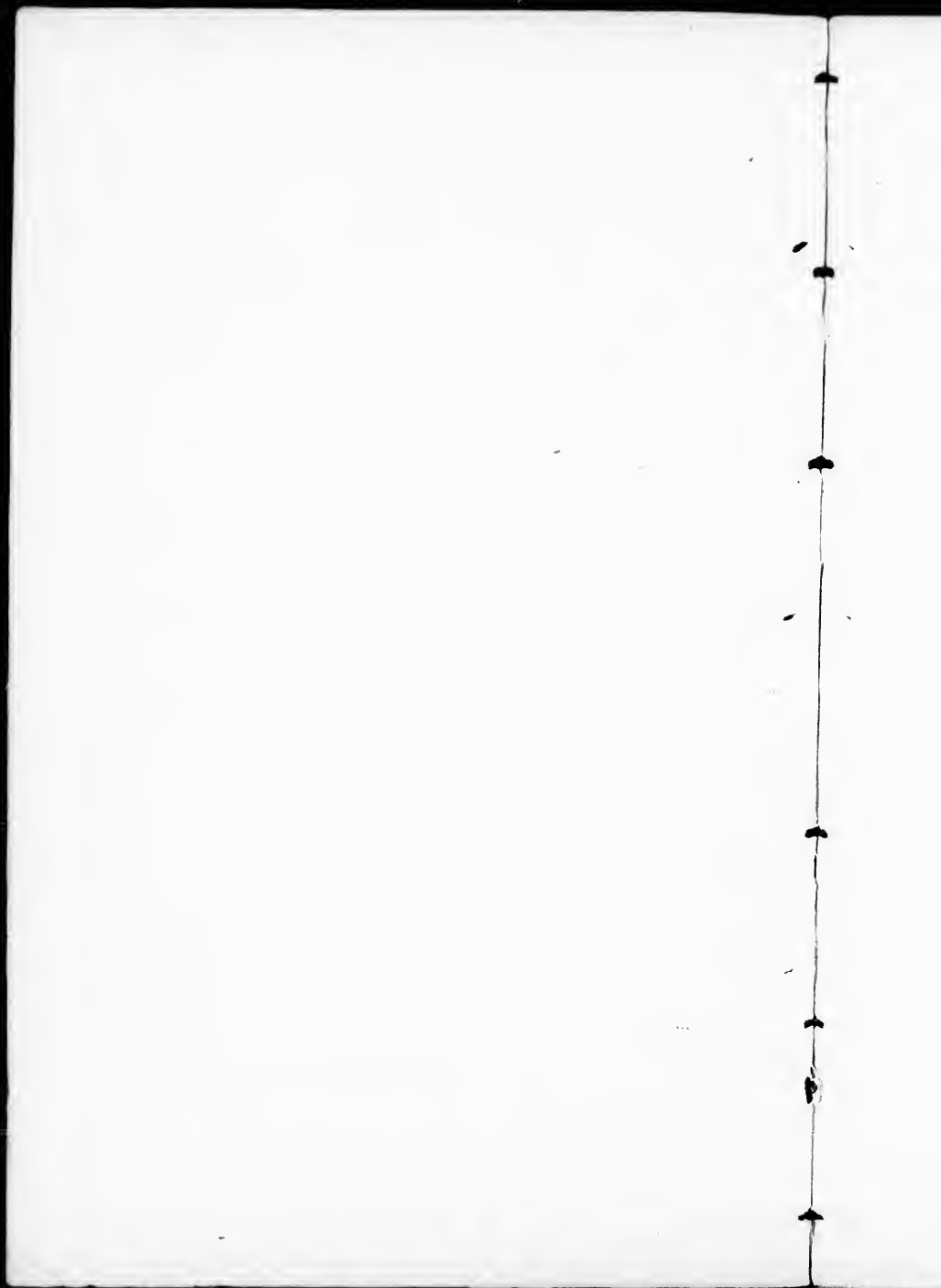
Published by the Vestry of Trinity Church.

MONTREAL :

PRINTED BY LOVELL & GIBSON, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

1847.

The profits, if any, arising from the Sale of this Pamphlet, will be appropriated towards the erection of the "WILLOUGHBY SUNDAY SCHOOL."



A S E R M O N,

ON THE DEATH OF

THE REV. MARK WILLOUGHBY,

PREACHED IN

*Trinity Church, Montreal,*

ON SUNDAY, THE 18<sup>TH</sup> JULY, 1847,

BY THE

REVEREND WILLIAM BOND,

LACHINE.

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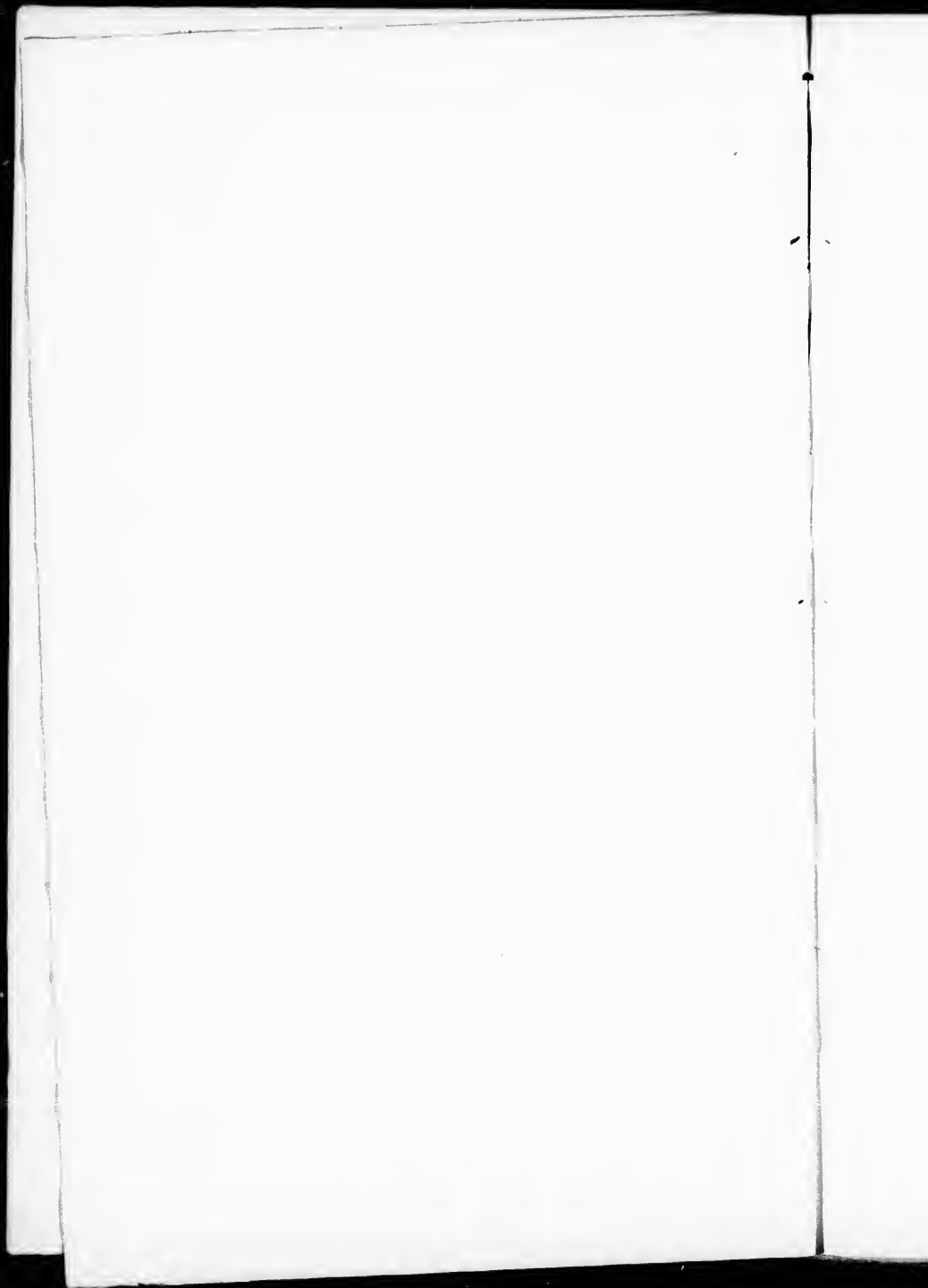
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MONTREAL:

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1847.





## S E R M O N .

“I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, 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.

THERE must have been something very remarkable in the fortitude and constancy with which the first Christians met various and dreadful deaths: their conduct often exacted from their bitterest enemies,—their most cruel persecutors,—both admiration and respect. In the Heathen world death was no strange sight, splendid self-devotion no uncommon thing; yet such was the lofty and noble bearing of the Christian martyrs, that men maddened with the thirst for blood looked on with wonder. Apparently there was nothing to inspire or support the sufferers; nothing to work up the passions to stern endurance; no proud feeling of defiance; no fierce spirit of rage and hatred; no crowds of admiring and encouraging friends; no superstitious belief that the

mere act of enduring would secure endless glory: they were a meek and an inoffensive people,—despised by the great,—contemned and scorned by the basest and the vilest,—jeered and ridiculed even at the stake or on the bloody arena,—by the congregated multitude: but they were not moved. With noble grandeur, they braved suffering, and calmly and firmly sustained every pang.

We know the secret of this; we know the source of this more than human fortitude and courage. We can account without hesitation for that which astonished and confounded the heathen persecutors. We know that they were Divinely supported, that,—as they were “baptised for the dead,”—as they contemplated the jeopardy in which they stood, as they pictured the savage beast ready to devour them,—they turned to the promises which they knew were written and were sure; and as they read, “Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life,” and “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,” they went fearlessly on with the work of their master and welcomed,—when he came,—Death in his most terrible and appalling aspects.

The season for which St. John wrote was fruitful in such scenes: often was the ground

wet with the blood of the Saints: often were the famished beasts of Ephesus and other cities gorged with the flesh of God's people; but the faithful were not daunted; they pressed on in the work; they joined "the noble army of martyrs," and won for themselves the crown of glory.

We do not say that this self-devotion was easy then; we do not maintain that to follow in their steps is easy now; we cannot deny that there is something terrible in death; that naturally we shrink back from the grave, and cling to life. Death has modes of approaching man,—of seizing upon his victim,—the very thought of which sickens the soul and causes the whole frame to shudder. And this is true, not only of the time when the mind pictured the wreathing and the scorching flame,—the rending teeth of the furious beast; it is often true of common life and of the present day. No small portion of the martyr's spirit is required to face infectious and malignant disease; to look upon the agonies of the dying; to behold their fearful struggles and contortions, and listen to their delirious ravings: no small portion of the martyr's spirit is required to witness these proofs of intense and sudden suffering; to feel around the breath of

death; to know that you are braving him as it were in the midst of his kingdom; and that in a moment you may be one amongst the raving and the dying: no small portion of this spirit is required to witness, and to know all this, and yet calmly and fearlessly to go on with duty; resolutely and perseveringly to enter the abodes of the infection, and minister to the wants of the dying: to see it fastening upon and pulling down one after another of those who, in their career of benevolence and duty, dare its power—and yet to persist in lifting the cup of water to the parched lip,—in alleviating the sufferings of the wretched,—in kneeling by their side and telling them of the mercy of God and the all-sufficiency of Jesus. It is not an easy matter thus to act in the midst of all this danger and death, and without any earthly motives to prompt to the self-devotion and the sacrifice. We can see sufficient moving power, only in the Spirit of the Gospel and the love of God.

An attempt may be made to controvert this conclusion by meeting us with proofs of a mercenary spirit. We do not dispute their existence; but arguments manifesting their weakness will occur to every mind, and we shall content ourselves with simply replying—

Death is faced; his sting, as it is entering the soul of the perishing, is often plucked away; many, in grappling with him around the beds of those already struck, fall beneath his hand; and we believe that this courage, and philanthropy, and charity, mainly spring from trust in God and hope in CHRIST.

And as persecution raged around, as blood flowed in rivers from the Church, and the Christian knew not how soon his might swell the stream, doubtless encouragement was often drawn from the thought, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord:" and doubtless often since,—as Christians have stood around the grave of friends—martyrs to their duty, and listened to the words, "I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,"—doubtless they have been encouraged and strengthened, and gone back to their work with a fresh and firm resolution to be faithful unto death.

Nor does this blessedness come only upon those, who, from love to Christ, die in the cause of Christ: it belongs to all who faithfully serve Him,—to all who cling to Jesus for salvation; indeed, the passage may be considered remarkable for this,—that it is said, those who die in the Lord are blessed; in other words, those

who are united by faith to Christ, are members of His spiritual body, are pervaded by His Spirit, are made partakers of His life: these when they depart from this world are pronounced emphatically "Blessed." In connection with the blessedness their works are not so much as named. It is dying in Christ,—though surrounded by infirmities and temptations, though constantly struggling with corruptions, though cast down and almost overwhelmed, though sorely tried and afflicted, yet still, amidst all, looking to Jesus, trusting to Jesus, drawing strength from Him,—it is this which secures to us our blessedness; this interest in Christ, this union with him,—this support which makes us more than conquerors, and enables us to claim the promise, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be my son:" our works are not forgotten, our works do follow us, and through the goodness of God, are met by a glorious reward; but the writing is, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Now, simply by examining the assertion in one general view, we must pronounce those who die in the Lord as indeed "Blessed." They stand in the presence of their Lord, and serve Him in glory! This in itself is enough

to insure for the tombstone of such, the inscription, "Blessed." It is a glorious and a blessed thing to serve the Lord here below; to go forth as His messenger, declaring around the glad tidings of salvation,—proclaiming mercy to a perishing world: let us ask those who, from love to Jesus, have entered heartily upon His work: they speak; and listen to their testimony: "There is more real pleasure, more substantial happiness, in the giving a cup of cold water in the cause of Christ, than in all the rich banqueting of the wealthy. As we went about feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, speaking to the thoughtless the word of warning; to the weak the promises of encouragement; to the dying the sweet language of mercy and of hope: we gathered more hours of delight, than in all the service of sin. Blessedness flows in no scanty stream to those who, in any station, devote their energies to the work of their Lord." And if it be so with private Christians, O it is doubly so with those who go forth with credentials as Ambassadors of God. We know well the blessedness of a faithfulness to our trust,—we know well the blessedness of giving above receiving. Amidst all our trials and discouragements, (and they are neither few

nor light,) we know well the delight and gratification of conveying the word of pardon to the perishing; of pledging to him,—as he doubts and fears, and casts upon us his dying, his imploring gaze,—of pledging to him the word, the truth of Jehovah,—that He will not the sinner to die. We know the blessedness of watching him as gradually he turns to his Saviour; as tremblingly but firmly he cleaves to Jesus; and as with bright and placid hope, at last, he sinks into his rest. We know this and much more of the blessedness of serving God in time. He gives us now many pleasing tokens of His love; and He gives us besides many glorious views of the future, of which we cannot now tell.

But with all this blessedness in time, there is not one of us but heartily subscribes to the writing, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." We know that, however favorable may be our position here; however smiled upon by our Master while in this world; O, it is far, far better to depart and be with Christ; it is unspeakably more glorious and happy to serve Him above; it is infinitely more to be desired and longed for to stand in His presence, to behold His face, to do His will in the realms of glory—girded with immortality and moved



by celestial energy. O, how far more blessed, to see the broad picture of His dealings and the bringing good out of the great mass of evil; to watch the chain of His Providences and mark the love which binds the links; to meditate upon the developing and fulfilling of Prophecy, and wonder over the closing and finishing of the mighty scheme of Redemption. And while we thus gaze and adore, how still more blessed to be employed as fellow-workers with Jehovah, in executing many of His works; in gathering home His Church; and finally, in sitting with Him on the Thrones of Judgment!

Again, how far more blessed to have escaped the tribulations that are coming upon the earth; to have been called from a scene of labor and sorrow—where all is dimly seen—where much is wrapped in clouds of darkness; to the brightness and knowledge of Heaven, to the certainty and reality of endless joy, to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

We know little yet of what we shall be, but we know enough,—when we mourn the “dead which die in the Lord,”—to take from sorrow its bitterness, from death its sting, from the hidden future, the mysterious Eternity, much of its darkness and much of its terribleness.

We know that even our serving the Lord here, is labor to our weak and frail bodies; but when we serve Him in Heaven day and night we shall rest from our labors. We know that here our very best works are defiled with impurity and sin, and merit condemnation; but there, separated from their imperfections, even our works follow us and heap upon us the rewards of grace and mercy: and then, with wills and powers sanctified, we shall join with the countless multitude in doing the services of Heaven, and swelling the rush of melody; as is sung, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways thou King of Saints."

And as this appears when we consider the future prospects of the Christian generally, it is equally manifest with reference to individuals: for instance, we thanked God,—on last Friday, as we stood beside the grave of our dearly loved friend and brother,—that He had delivered him out of the miseries of this sinful world. We felt our loss; we keenly mourned. Yet with trustfulness, with thankfulness, did we stand there. We had firm faith that it was a happy change, a glorious deliverance for the departed.

The Christian (and it is doubly true of the faithful Christian Minister,) has many discouragements, many sorrows, much weariness and toil to contend with; he sorrows as he beholds those who did run well, stopping in their course or turning aside from the path of life; he sorrows as he contemplates the wretchedness and woe, and death, with which he is surrounded; he sorrows as he meditates upon the corruption and guilt with which the world is defiled, and man destroyed; he sorrows as he encounters fightings without, and fears and misgivings within, and as he anticipates still a long and weary pilgrimage; and thus this sinful world, though having many a bright and lovely spot, is to him a world of "miserics;" and thus it is that "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Such a death puts an end to all these sorrows; the soul takes immediate and final flight from the abodes of woe; the dark mass of human misery and wretchedness, as beheld from the eternal world, will be but as a speck; and only serve to prove the assertion, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us;" the departed will meet the glad welcome of Saints and Angels, a Father's

gracious hand will wipe away every tear, the Kingdom will be entered upon, prepared for him from the foundation of the world, and eternal and infinite blessedness shall be his; corruption shall have put on incorruption; mortality shall have put on immortality; the deformity of man shall be clothed in the Righteousness of God; faith shall be absorbed in sight; happiness shall be found in every object; and on all inscribed, "Eternity."

Brethren, need we say any more to prove to you that those who die in the Lord are blessed? We have told you of their glorious service in the presence of God,—we have told you of their escape from the miseries of this sinful world, of their entrance upon the joy and felicity of the world of holiness,—we have given you hints by which you may picture further the bliss of those who have gone to Jesus. If you would know more we leave you to contemplate the promise, "He shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be my son."

Brethren, this blessedness is his whose loss to-day we mourn. He has ceased from his labors, he has gone to receive his reward, he has entered into his rest. Instead of darkly, faintly, seeing his Lord, instead of serving Him

in the midst of infirmities and weaknesses, instead of meeting in our Father's house, as we do, to go away again to the world and sin; to-day he is present with his Lord, and sees Him as He is; he is there girded with immortal strength; there for ever and ever.

He has no more anxious fears and careful prayers; no more watchings and fastings, and weepings; all is perfect in enjoyment and bliss, and blessedness. He has entered into the Heavenly mansions. He has received the crown of glory, and brightly does he shine in the firmament of Heaven as one who won many to righteousness. But bright as is his crown, and happy, as we are sure he is, yet brighter still and happier still will be his lot; many of his works are yet to follow him: he labored hard to fit you for Heaven: he has been already welcomed by many who have been gathered from amongst you: and as one after another of you drop from your places here and go away to Jesus, the lustre of his crown will be added to, till his joy and crown of rejoicing are perfected and completed. O, brethren! would to God that none of his labor might be in vain amongst you! would to God that not one of you might deprive him of any of his reward! that not one of you might be

missing from that glorious multitude around the throne of God! but O, we know that his labor shall not be useless; we know that Sermons die not; that ordinances are not ministered in vain.

That hand that poured upon some of you the waters of baptism is powerless in death; that voice that you once heard inviting, beseeching, warning, encouraging, is silent in the grave; that tongue that blessed you as you pledged your troth of love before God's holy altar, is paralyzed and nerveless; that fatherly affection that led you forward to confirm your vows and receive the blessing of your Bishop, can now no more be manifested; he no longer holds visible communion with you at the table of the Lord; no longer kneels by the bed side of your sick and dying friends; no longer ministers to you in holy things: but O, think not that any of this is forgotten in the past; think not that all is buried in his tomb. No! the word of God cannot return unto Him void; the work of Ministers if not a savour of life unto life, must be a savour of death unto death. If any of you are lost, his very faithfulness will add to your condemnation; his hand, his tongue, his voice, his life, his death, will rise up in judgment against you; his labor

of love and your obstinate resistance, will with scathing power strike upon your memory in the bottomless pit. But let us turn from this, and pray that we may follow his teaching, and his example, in all holiness and godliness of living.

And now you ask, perhaps, how we can speak so confidently of his blessedness, and offer so much of his conduct as an example. Our answer is, brethren, not only because he died in the Lord, but because too, he lived in the Lord. Amidst infirmities and frailties, he yet kept his eye upon the glory of God and the salvation of souls; amidst trials and temptations, he still kept Heaven in view as his portion, and clung to Jesus as his only hope: often and often has he said, "I am a poor miserable sinner, but Jesus is my joy, and Heaven will be my exceeding great reward." Ye know his doctrine and his trust; it was all "grace, grace," from the foundation to the head stone thereof. Christ was all, man was nothing.

But it was chiefly in prayer that he manifested his being in Jesus; he was eminently a man of prayer; he took not a step, scarcely chose a hymn for public service without applying to the throne of grace. His heart naturally, (for it was renewed,) instinctively ascended to

his Heavenly Father, whenever difficulty or even care presented themselves to him. He was noted for his communion with God as a private Christian fifteen years ago, and often sought unto as a man possessing spiritual wisdom and experience; his praying habits gave him great influence, and great success in his Master's cause. Long before he himself had entered upon the Ministry, he had been instrumental in sending others to the work, and in instructing some more perfectly who had already begun; he has left many behind him preaching the word of truth, who owe all they have and all they are to him as the means; some going back to sixteen years ago; others even to his Sunday School Class, when he was merely a Sunday School Teacher. His progress in grace was gradual—but from his earliest youth he prayed, and spiritual life went on strengthening with his strength and ripening with his years, until at last he seemed only to long for Heaven, and to wait his Lord's will for removing him from this weary wilderness. As for you, his congregation, little do you know how he loved you; little do you know with what care he watched over you, with what earnestness he prayed for you; little do you know how willing he was to spend and be



spent, that you might be saved. O, how his heart was pained and his spirit moved as he saw you wandering, even for a day, from the right path! and how he rejoiced when you walked in love, or when, as a shock of ripe corn, any from among you were gathered into his Heavenly Father's garner. I verily believe that at one time or another every individual amongst you was personally pleaded for before the throne of grace. We, his brethren, well know how he exhorted us to pray for our flocks, and to ask God's blessing as we prepared to ascend the Pulpit; and you know the fervency with which he sought the Holy Spirit's presence and influence in the many and various meetings which he was accustomed to hold.

But he has gone! we shall no more take sweet counsel together; no more have visible communion here on earth. His voice will not again be heard within these walls. You have lost a Pastor who loved you unto death; many of us have lost a Spiritual Father whose affection exceeded that of nature. He has gone! but it is only a little before us. He has gone! but his path is the path of the just; glory is before and around him, and it will shine more and more unto the perfect day. He is gone! but he beckons us on. He tells

us to tread, as it were, in his footsteps. We think of his blessedness and long to be with him. He stands, as it were, and says, a few years longer,—some more or some less,—then a cold or a fever, a few days (it may be hours) of sickness, then a struggle, a prayer, a commending of the spirit into the hands of our God, and the soul is emancipated, and wings its way to the dwellings of the just.

Come, brethren, let us form the prayerful resolution, “We will, we will love and serve thee, O Lord Jesus. We will strive and struggle with sin. We will be faithful unto death. We will remember the way of our departed Pastor and Brother, and give heed to his invitation, Come away to glory.”

A S E R M O N,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH

OF

THE REV. MARK WILLOUGHBY,

DELIVERED IN

*Trinity Church, Montreal,*

OF WHICH THE DECEASED WAS THE INCUMBENT.

ON SUNDAY, THE 25<sup>TH</sup> JULY, 1847,

BY THE

REV. CHARLES BANCROFT, A. M.

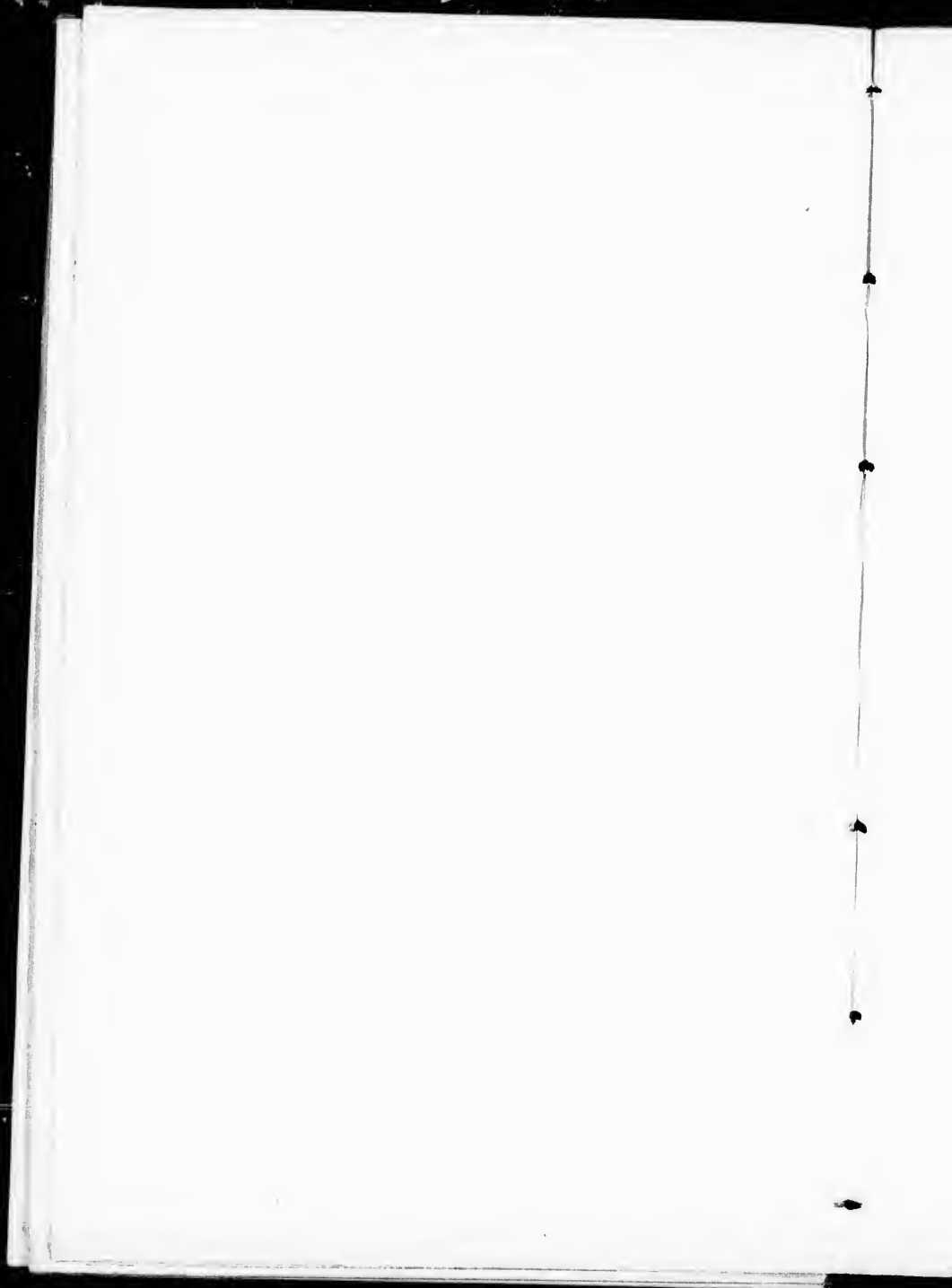
INCUMBENT OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

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*Published by the Vestry of Trinity Church.*  
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MONTREAL :

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1847.



## S E R M O N .

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2 TIMOTHY, IV. 6, 7, 8.

*“For 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: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.”*

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THE death of a Christian Pastor is, at all times, an event of solemn and profound interest. It is the severance of one of the dearest of earthly ties. It is the closing up of a connexion, the influence of which, whether for good or for evil, is to be felt throughout eternity. He is gone to render up an account of his labors, his people will soon be summoned to meet him; both will be righteously judged, according to the improvement made of the talents committed to their trust.

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints,” especially of those who have been the instruments of turning many to

righteousness. Precious in the sight of a Christian people is the death of their earthly Shepherd, who has long been their guide in treading the heavenly road. In such an event the consolation is, that

“Th’ Eternal Shepherd still survives,  
New comfort to impart ;  
His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.”

Under this trying dispensation, my afflicted brethren, we feel that you stand in need of strong support. Oh! then, let us find it in the conviction that our lamented friend was well prepared for his change, that he died on the field of battle, equipped in the armour which divine grace had provided; and that he has now entered into that blessed rest which remaineth for the people of God. That we may be able to direct your meditations into a profitable channel, we have selected the words of the text, as expressive at once of the dying hope of the Apostle Paul and of our departed friend: “For 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: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at

that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

I. "*For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.*" The Apostle is supposed at this time to have reached the age of at least three score years. His Christian life had been one of continued hardship, which may have added to his natural infirmities. He had, in all probability, received the divine intimation of the approach of death. Indeed he was even now the prisoner of a capricious and cruel tyrant, who might at any moment deprive him of life. But with perfect resignation he could bow to the will of God: "*I am now ready to be offered,*" or, as it is in the margin, "poured out," an allusion to the Jewish offerings, on which wine and oil were poured, "in the service of Christ. I am now willing "and happy to shed my blood in the support of "the Gospel testimony which I have delivered, "and for the promotion of the Divine glory. "It matters not when the call comes, I am "ready,—and I believe it to be very near; I "am standing on the verge of the grave; yet I "can look into it with entire composure, for my "peace is made with God." What a desirable state of mind! Who of us can lay claim to it? Who of us that gazes on that wreck of mor-

tality, upon that closing grave, upon the tomb in which the dead are buried out of our sight, can say, "*I am now ready to be offered*: I "have a desire to depart and be with Christ "which is far better?\*" I can cry out to corrup- "tion, thou art my father: to the worm, thou "art my mother, and my sister; † because I know "that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall "stand at the latter day upon the earth: and "though after my skin worms destroy this body, "yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall "see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and "not another." ‡ Do we ask who of us can with sincerity employ such language? I answer: He who can continue the strain of the Apostle, and say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

That our beloved friend, whose departure we mourn, could adopt the first clause of this expression, no one at all familiar with his holy walk and conversation can reasonably doubt. We are not aware that until shortly before his death he had even a presentiment of his coming end; but when the reality burst upon him, it found him prepared. Only a few words of direction were necessary respecting his temporal affairs, for they were already arranged,—

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\* Philip, i. 23.

† Job, xvii. 14.

‡ Job, xix. 27.



an example which we would do well to imitate, since a sick bed, which may find us totally incapacitated for mental exertion, is not the time or place in which to "set our house in order." Nor was the case far different with regard to the concerns of his soul. When one of the medical attendants asked him (would that all physicians might think sometimes of the souls of their patients,) "Whether his faith was firm? Could he rely on Jesus?" He replied: "*I have no doubt, I have no doubt, I have no doubt, I have no doubt.*"

II. But the Apostle continues: "*I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course.*" We have here a favourite allusion to the Grecian games. The Christian life is a *warfare*. Upon it St. Paul had entered. He sought the salvation of his soul, he embraced the cause of Christ, he was clothed in the spiritual armour provided by God, and met the attacks of the foe in the strength of God. Hear him cry out in his strugglings with indwelling sin and corruption: "O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"\* Again, listen to his testimony concerning the number and power of his enemies: "We wrestle not against flesh

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\* Rom. vii. 24.

and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."\* The victory over them, however, was in his case achieved. "I thank God," he exclaims, "through Jesus Christ our Lord."† "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." But St. Paul could with his dying breath, shout, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?"‡ Have you entered upon this warfare, beloved brethren? Have you put on the Christian armour? Have you fought the good fight of faith? Have you obtained victories over sin, the world, and the devil?

But the Christian life is also a *race*, and upon that race St. Paul had entered. "Know ye not," he writes to the Corinthians, "that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain, but every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly: so fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means,

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\* Ephes. vi. 12.

† Rom. vii. 25.

‡ 1 Cor. xv. 55.

when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast away.\*" With what spirit he maintained the conflict, we have also exhibited in his Epistle to the Philippians, in which he says: "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."†

I need hardly remind you with what devotion our dear friend was engaged in this warfare. Commenced early in life, it was vigorously maintained until the hour of death. A descendant of fallen Adam, he inherited a sinful and corrupt nature. The struggle with his spiritual foes was unceasing, but always carried on in the strength of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose grace he found sufficient for every emergency. He had finished too his course, the race appointed him by God! not that he had carried out all his plans for the Divine Glory; his life was not sufficiently prolonged for this; yet he had done enough, he had accomplished his work. He had made his own peace with God; he had been instrumental in turning many to righteousness; he had built up this

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\* 1 Cor. x. 24-27.

† Philip. iii. 13, 14.

large and flourishing congregation; he had collected the noble Sunday School, its chief ornament; he had been the means of establishing Schools over a large portion of British America;\* he had introduced into the ministry many of our most useful Clergy †; he had taken

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\* Mr. Willoughby was the Superintendent of the Newfoundland School Society, and as such had the charge of their Schools in Canada. The high estimation in which he was held by that venerable Association, the following Resolution, prepared by the Executive Committee since his death, a copy of which the Secretary was directed to forward to Mrs. Willoughby, will abundantly prove:—

“The Committee, in recording on their minutes the decease of the Rev. Mark Willoughby, cannot do so without expressing the great loss they feel they have sustained by this sudden and severe bereavement. They are prompted to pay this tribute to Mr. Willoughby’s memory, not only from the consideration of the great respect which they have ever entertained towards him, as a faithful minister of the Gospel of Christ, but also from their sense of the value of those services, which he has so long and so efficiently been permitted, under God, to render this Society.

“The Committee are fully aware that, however well founded may be the constitution of their Society, and that whatever care they themselves exercise in jealously watching the nature of its operations, almost every thing must after all depend upon the qualifications of the Society’s Superintendents in the Colonies. In the late Mr. Willoughby, the Committee were assured that they had one who would not only uphold the evangelical character of the Society in all its purity, but who would also, by his Christian kindness and judicious management, both conciliate those who were opposed to its proceedings, and lead those who approved of it to a yet stronger attachment.

“The encouraging statements which have from time to time been received, both directly and indirectly, respecting the Society’s successful labors in Canada, are, the Committee conceive, mainly to be attributed to Mr. Willoughby’s indefatigable exertions in promoting, under God’s blessing, the Society’s interests in that important Colony.

“Whilst, however, the Committee deeply lament the blow the Society has received in the removal of Mr. Willoughby to a better world, they would most affectionately tender their sincere condolence to his mourning relatives, for whom they pray Almighty God to vouchsafe them every consolation and support, and to enable them to look forward with joy to a blessed reunion with their departed friend in the Saviour’s presence.”

† As many as twelve young men were, by Mr. Willoughby’s exertions, brought before the notice of our venerable Diocesan, and after due preparation, ordained to the sacred office and work of the ministry. Nor will these and many others of the clergy, soon forget the help which they derived from their lamented friend, and which was always so cheerfully given in the prosecution of their various labours of love.

part in the formation of some of the great religious Societies of our Mother-land. A devotedly attached member of his own branch of the Church Universal, he was yet ready, as opportunity offered, to engage in works of mercy with all those who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; often looking forward to that blessed time, when divisions in the religious world would cease to exist, and all, of every kingdom and tribe, would, with one heart and voice, worship the Lamb. His life has been one of extraordinary usefulness. We have lost a benefactor and a friend. The note of lamentation is sounded in our community. "I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."\*

III. The Apostle, however, adds a third particular: "*I have kept the faith.*" He was appointed to preach to a lost and perishing world, that Gospel which is "the power of God and the wisdom of God." And upon the truths which he taught his own soul rested for comfort and acceptance. When he determined "to know nothing among men save Jesus

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\* Rev. xiv. 13. Prayer Book translation.

Christ, and him crucified," it was because of the solemn conviction that such preaching alone could profit to the salvation of his hearers. "Christ crucified" was his only hope; hence it was his theme, the vital doctrines of the Bible all clustering around the atonement of Christ:—the lost condition of man, his helplessness, his all-sufficient Saviour, the blessings of whose redemption were to be apprehended by faith as the instrument, the converting and sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost, applying the blood of Christ, changing the heart, enabling the believer to bring forth the fruits of righteousness, and fitting him for happiness. These truths he published everywhere, maintaining them through evil report and good report. They were dearer to him than life, and ah! with what comfort could he look back upon a lengthened pilgrimage, and feel sensible that in the strength of God he had been able to continue faithful, true to himself, true to his master, true to his work. Well might he exclaim, "I am now ready to be offered: I have accomplished my task." Yes! in the face of martyrdom, for he had said it before: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I

have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."\*

And, my brethren, we believe that our lamented friend, on his death-bed might, with great sincerity, have employed similar language. Reviewing his past life, he could with truth have declared, "*I have kept the faith.*" Christ crucified was indeed his theme. His own soul rested on Christ for salvation; he preached him only: he never felt that his duty had been performed, unless his discourse had conducted the sinner to the feet of Jesus, as a Divine and all-sufficient Saviour. He was always in earnest. He preached as a dying man to dying men. He seemed to enter the pulpit inspired with the sentiment so forcibly expressed by Richard Cecil: "Hell is before me, and thousands of souls shut up there in everlasting agonies—Jesus Christ stands forth to save men from rushing into the bottomless abyss. He sends me to proclaim his ability and his love: I want no fourth idea! Every fourth idea is contemptible! Every fourth idea is a grand impertinence."† Being emphatically a man of prayer, following out in his whole life the apostolic injunction, to "pray without ceasing,"—prayer preceded, accom-

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\* Acts, xx. 24.

† Cecil's Remains, p. 126.

panied, and followed every discourse. Can we wonder that his sermons were blessed of God, that the arrow of conviction reached the heart of many an impenitent sinner, who left this house with new light and new strength, and new determination? And he "*kept the faith,*" shunning all error, adhering strictly to the doctrines of the Bible, in consistency with the teaching of the Church of England, to which it was his happiness and his glory to be attached.

Brethren, as you review the past and contemplate the future, when you remember that there is but a step between you and death, as you stand on the verge of the grave, can you say, "I am now ready to be offered, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith?" If so, then may you appropriate to yourselves the blessed assurance of the Apostle, which, in the

IV. Fourth and last place, we briefly notice. You will see by the very terms in which it is expressed, that it is the portion of every true believer. "*Henceforth,*" he writes, "*there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.*" In the way of



merit St. Paul believed himself to be deserving of nothing but everlasting death. Yet his trust was in Christ, who had in his own person fulfilled the utmost requirements of the law, and provided a righteousness for him. Through faith in the Redeemer he was esteemed just or upright, and became an inheritor of all the blessings of redemption. "For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."\* This he terms a "*crown of righteousness*," bestowed by Christ, the righteous judge, upon all his followers, as the reward of their faithfulness; a reward not of merit, but of grace, purchased meritoriously for them by himself, bestowed on them as the recompense of faith and devotion to his will. In this "*crown of righteousness*," we see opened to the apprehension of the Apostle all the glories of Eternity. Once caught up by the spirit into the third heavens, he had witnessed things unutterable. To that blessed abode of his Saviour, and the faithful of past ages, his hopes were turned. It was the rest that remained for the people of God; a rest from the strugglings of indwelling sin and corruption; a rest from the attacks of spiritual enemies;

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\* 2 Cor. v. 21.

a rest from bodily pain and anguish; a rest from mental suffering; a rest from toil and weariness; a rest from calamities of every kind; a rest from every care; rest in the positive enjoyment of the favour, and smile of a risen and ascended Saviour; rest in singing the eternal praises of Him who died to redeem us; in tuning our harps with the angelic choir, singing in louder strains than they the mercies of redemption. What a crown, my brethren! To know that our earthly conflict is over, our race ended, the last enemy conquered, the gates of the New Jerusalem opened for our admittance, and closed against every enemy of our peace; to feel safe in the arms of omnipotence, and to know that we have entered upon an Eternity of happiness, united with those relatives and friends who have departed in the fear of the Lord, nay, with the saints of all ages; permitted forever and ever to tread the courts of the heavenly city, and to reign with Christ!

“Who, who would live away, away from his God;  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o’er the bright plains,  
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

“Where the Saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;  
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!”

Into this rest your beloved pastor has now entered. "*As regards my spiritual condition,*" he said to a friend, "*I feel that Heaven is my portion, for God will be glorified in the redemption of such a miserable sinner as I am.*" How many of us will join him there?

Until the day before his death, I had dared to hope in common with many others, that we should have been spared the separation. After having already committed to their parent earth, the remains of two dear friends, members of this congregation, devoted servants of Christ,\* I did hope that the Shepherd of the flock would have been left to comfort the mourners: it was our prayer, that we might have heard God saying to the destroying angel, "It is enough, stay now thine hand." But, alas! the fatal shaft has winged its flight, has accomplished its end, and we are bereaved. Never again in this world shall we behold the venerable countenance of your shepherd, of our brother, counsellor and friend, the guardian of the suffering poor, whose life has seemingly been the sacrifice of his devotion to their interests, the valiant champion of the cross. How shall we give expression to our feelings? That voice which has now for seven

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\* Mr. John Crispo, son of Lieut. Crispo, R. N., and Lieut. Lloyd, R. N.

years, proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation from this pulpit, will not again be heard; that hand which has so oft and so affectionately ministered to you the memorials of the broken body, and shed blood of the Redeemer, will not again perform its holy office; no anxious solicitude will again be manifested for your temporal and eternal interests; the prayer of faith will not again ascend in your behalf from those now closed lips. The lambs of the flock will miss the kind look and encouraging word of their shepherd; the poor will search in vain for the cheerful welcome, the open hearted response of their beloved Pastor; the community, the Church will mourn, for who may fill the blank?

Alas, my brother! and is it even so? Cannot the march of death be stayed? Cannot the grisly monarch be robbed of his victim? Why is not the word of omnipotence again heard: "Lazarus come forth!" Why, at this crisis in the history of our Church and country are we thus afflicted? Why, within the compass of a week, are three swept away, and by such a disease? Brethren! we cannot answer these questions. We have well pondered the trying dispensation; we have endeavored to fathom the mystery. One only voice comes to us from

Heaven, and the language is: "*Be still, and know that I am God!*" Precautions and remedies, these have been our dependence; God is teaching us to acknowledge His sovereignty. "See now," He is saying, "that I, even I am he, and there is no God with me; I kill, and I keep alive; I wound, and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand."\* He is impressing upon our minds, too, the truth, that, although he condescends to employ human instrumentalities in carrying forward his work, he is yet wholly independent of them. Omnipotence needs not the help of man; omniscience can decide without our counsel. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."† Hence, not unfrequently the most promising, the most useful, nay, those whose presence is deemed indispensable, are cut down in the midst of their days. A similar view I find expressed in a letter received since writing the above, from a distinguished clergyman of our sister Church in the United States. In allusion to the event which has filled our hearts with sadness, he says, "Dear and devoted Mr. Willoughby has lost his life on the battle field! O, how those words have been ringing in my ears since I

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\* Deut. xxxii. 39.

† Zech. iv. 6.

heard of his death: 'Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.'\* What can be in store for the Church when such men as Willoughby, Milnor, and Duv, are removed in the midst of their labours! On the other hand, our Schools are sending forth annually, large numbers of men who decry some of the greatest and most precious doctrines of the Gospel; and, instead of making their people hunger and thirst after righteousness, lead them to hunger and thirst after *Rome*! But this I know, that 'the Lord reigneth,' and his cause shall finally triumph." The friend whose departure we mourn, was fully alive to this reality: "*God*," he would observe, in witnessing similar dispensations of Providence, "*needs not any of us.*"

True it is, my beloved friends, that the righteous are sometimes taken away as a judgment upon those who remain. They are not appreciated by us, the talent is not improved, and, being prepared for their change, they are removed from the evil. Such a visitation as has lately befallen us ought to lead to "great searchings of heart." The former world could not be overflowed until the believing patriarch and his family had first been rescued. The

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\* Psalm xii. 1.

Cities of the Plain could not be destroyed by fire from Heaven until pious Lot had been forced away from them! Can it be that the Lord is now sifting his Church, with the view of leaving it for a time to the desolations of the Evil one? We hear complaints in the Mother Country of the prevalence of a spiritual famine; it is echoed on our side of the Atlantic, it is the case here in this City, in our congregations. God has threatened us with scarcity: He has sent the raging epidemic, and multitudes have fallen, and are still falling around us. When His judgments are upon the earth He would have his people "*to consider*;" yet how many are viewing these things with indifference, or else striving to drown the remembrance of them with the intoxicating draught of pleasure or of licentious indulgence.

Brethren, a voice comes to you from the grave! O, will you not give it heed? It speaks to those of you in particular, who are without a saving interest in Christ. It asks whether your prospect of life is fairer than was his who but a few days ago ministered to you in this Sanctuary? Are you sure that you will not be among the next victims of the pestilence? Where will you flee from it? It is on every highway, it is traversing the country,

it is in our lanes and by-ways. Are you prepared to meet it? Have you the Christian hope and confidence of our dying friend? It is pleasing to remember, that up to the last moment of consciousness he was not oppressed with one anxious care respecting his everlasting salvation. "*All is peace within, all is comfort,*" were among his closing words: and when he could no longer speak, he pointed significantly to Heaven. There he has entered the "gates of pearl," and we delight in imagination to trace him moving along the celestial courts with the seals of his earthly ministry, but especially with those beloved friends who rallied around him in his work of love at the Emigrant Sheds, the seat of the pestilence, sacrificing their lives that they might minister comfort to the dying stranger. We know the spirit in which they laboured, and we remember him who said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."\* But a few weeks since we sat together in the School-room of St. Thomas's Church, having assembled for the purpose of forming a Parochial Association in connection with the Church

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\*Matt. x. 42.



Society of the Diocese. Mr. Yarwood, R. N., was in the chair; our dear friend was on his left hand, and never have I seen him more animated and happy than he was in his address upon that occasion. Lieut. Lloyd, R. N., Assistant Secretary of the Church Society, was on the right; and immediately in front, Mr. John Crispo, who had also consented to take a part in the services. Now, where are they? *Yarwood is gone! Crispo is gone! Lloyd is gone! Your revered Pastor is gone!*\* They have gone to form a happy circle in Heaven; they are taken from us. Yet while we grieve for ourselves, and chiefly for the interests of the Church of our affections, we would not recall them; no, not to this world of sin and misery. Concerning each one of them we would say, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."† "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."‡ O, ye who are without such a confidence in Christ as these possessed, listen to the admonition of your now sainted Pastor, who loved you and laboured for your salvation:

\* The death of Mr. Willoughby has been followed by that of four other Clergymen of our Diocese,—the Rev. Wm. Chaderton, Minister of St. Peter's Chapel, Quebec, the Rev. Wm. Dawes, Rector of St. Johns, C. E., the Rev. C. J. Morris, M. A., Port Neuf, the Rev. R. Anderson, B. A., Upper Ireland. All died of Typhus Fever, contracted in attendance at the Emigrant Sheds.

† Psal. xxxvii. 37.

‡ Num. xxiii. 10.

“Seek the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon him while He is near; let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God for He will abundantly pardon.”\*

Christian believers! there is a message for you: “Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.”† To us, who as ministers, are placed on the watch towers of Zion, he “being dead yet speaketh:” “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with *thy might*.”‡ “Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee.”||

Sunday School Teachers! “Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.”§ And you, lambs of the flock, turn to Him who said, “Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”¶

It was the oft expressed wish of our dear friend that *the poor* should be invited to attend his funeral. To you, beloved, we say, cherish the remembrance of one who so faithfully

\* Is. lv. 7.

† Matt. xxiv. 44.

‡ Ecc. ix. 10.

|| 1 Tim. iv. 16.

§ Gal. vi. 9.

¶ Matt. xix. 14.

laboured for your welfare. Let him still warn, encourage, and console you. Pray for his afflicted widow that she may be sustained under the heavy trial with which it has pleased the Lord to visit her, and that she may be enriched with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus. Pray that the mantle of your late Pastor may descend upon some worthy minister of Christ's Church, who may go in and out among you, seeking "not yours but you."

And now, brethren, "the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead Our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever."\* Amen.

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\* Hebrews, xiii. 20, 21.

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NOTE.—How much good may be accomplished by a private individual, whose heart the Lord has opened to bestow of his abundance towards the advancement of the interests of the Church, will appear from a slight glance at the history of Trinity. The building was erected in 1838, by the late Major Christie, an eminently pious and excellent layman, at his sole expense; and having been first made over to the Church, was consecrated by his Lordship the Bishop of Montreal. Mr. Willoughby was nominated to the Incumbency in 1839, and thus had at his death accomplished eight years. During that period not less than 1000 have been admitted as Communicants, 181 have been confirmed by the Bishop of the Diocese, 1600 Scholars have received Sunday School instruction. No less a sum than £8000 has been expended for the promotion of the interests of religion. And at the death of our lamented friend, arrangements had been entered into for the entire support of a Travelling Missionary, and funds subscribed sufficient to carry forward the enterprize for at least two years. To the zeal and piety, and liberality, of that munificent churchman, Major Christie, is the Church therefore, under God, indebted for the accomplishment of this great work. Nor only this. A Church and Parsonage have been built in Christiville, (C. E.,) and endowed by the same liberal donor, where, we rejoice to say, under the faithful ministrations of the Incumbent, the Rev. Wm. Thompson, the Church is being successfully and permanently built up. May it please the Lord, in this time of our need, to incline the hearts of other pious laymen to "*go and do likewise.*"

