

11th Mo 19 Hobson's Church of
A
Sermon,
PREACHED IN TRINITY CHURCH,
SHANGHAI,
SUNDAY, 18TH OF MAY, 1862,
ON THE
DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN HOBSON, M.A.,
(British Chaplain, and Pastor of the Congregation ;)
BY THE
RIGHT REV. WILLIAM J. BOONE, D.D.,
*(Missionary Bishop of the Episcopal Church of
the United States to China.)*

TO WHICH ARE APPENDED
EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON
BY
THE LORD BISHOP OF VICTORIA,
PREACHED IN THE ABOVE CHURCH
ON SUNDAY, THE 8TH OF JUNE, 1862.

A

Sermon,

PREACHED IN TRINITY CHURCH,

SHANGHAI,

SUNDAY, 18TH OF MAY, 1862,

ON THE

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN HOBSON, M.A.,

(British Chaplain, and Pastor of the Congregation ;)

BY THE

RIGHT REV. WILLIAM J. BOONE, D.D.,

*(Missionary Bishop of the Episcopal Church of
the United States to China.)*

TO WHICH ARE APPENDED

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON

BY

THE LORD BISHOP OF VICTORIA,

PREACHED IN THE ABOVE CHURCH

ON SUNDAY, THE 8TH OF JUNE, 1862.

SERMON.

REVELATION XIV. 13.

“And 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 labours ; and their works do follow them.”

THE mournful event which has been brought to our knowledge, my brethren, since last you assembled in this house, naturally causes us to turn our eyes to the tomb, and to meditate on our latter end.

I have prepared a short discourse, which, I trust, with God's blessing, may serve to impress solemnly upon our minds the great issues of life.

The text selected as the subject of our meditations contains words most familiar to our ears—those we hear repeated over every open grave : “And 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 labours ; and their works do follow them.” “Blessed are the dead :” this is the consoling declaration that comes to us from heaven, and it is in the exercise of faith only that we can realize its truth. It is not the verdict of the senses, nor the dictate of the human heart. The heart clings to life ; that subtle principle that evades the scrutiny of all human search, and yet can plainly be perceived to be the substratum of our

conscious existence here, the medium through which we are made capable of receiving all our other gifts—the gift of gifts—the sum of our temporal blessings ; as death is the negation of all enjoyment and happiness.

The old poetic title conferred on death by Bildad the Shuhite, the friend of the patriarch Job, still shadows forth the natural conception of our minds—“The king of terrors,” the destroyer of life, who robs us of all our enjoyments, strips us of every prized possession, separates us from every endeared object, and consigns us to darkness and the tomb, “corruption, earth, and worms.”

“Blessed are the dead ;” “Yea, rather,” saith the heart, “Blessed are the living, whose every pulse throbs with pleasure, whose eye beams with delight, who revel in all the gifts of a bounteous Providence, so richly bestowed on man, who take in all the pleasures that address themselves to the senses, the delights that charm the refined taste and the cultivated mind, and the joys that warm the heart from sweet converse between friend and friend, and fill it with the endearments of the domestic circle—the tender bosom companion, the prattling infant, and the advancing youth, the hope of the declining years.” “No !” saith the voice from heaven, “Blessed are the dead.”

This voice, my brethren, speaks of another life than that we live here in the flesh. It says, as plainly as language can,

“’Tis not the *whole* of life, to live ;
Nor *all* of death, to die.”

He who proclaimed Himself as the resurrection and the life, says, “He that believeth in me, though he

were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die."

The departed believer, though passed away from our sight and beyond our conference, yet lives—lives a spiritual and heavenly life that justifies the declaration of the text, "Blessed are the dead." He reclines in "Abraham's bosom;" he is "with Christ in paradise;" he is, according to the anticipation of the Apostle Paul, "present with the Lord." "Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours." The affirmation of the Spirit ratifies the blessedness proclaimed, and assigns a reason for it,—that they may rest; or, as it has been otherwise translated, "in that they shall rest from their labours," which makes the meaning the same as the words in the funeral service—"for they rest from their labours."

The strongest desire of the sin-burdened pilgrim, wearied with the length and hard conflicts of his way, is for rest; hence this is prominently set forth, by the voice from heaven, as the blessing of the dead of whom it speaks. In the language of our service, "they are delivered from the burden of the flesh." Joyous a thing as life is to the thoughtless who are blessed with health and prosperity, to him who comprehends its great issues, it is an earnest, anxious trust. To him whose eyes have been opened to see the corruption that dwells in his own bosom—the Aeldama within,—who has felt the strength of the lusts that war against his soul, and been worn with the unremitting warfare he has had to wage against his unruly passions, if he would bring them into subjection to Christ,—life is a weary struggle. To the spiritually-minded this world is an unfriendly, un-

congenial home. The Son of God himself, while he tabernacled here below, was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. And the nearer the disciple is to his Master, the more will he enter into the cloud with him; the deeper he drinks into His spirit, the more will he partake of the travail of soul his Redeemer underwent. His state, too, is one of constant warfare; in the language of the Apostle Paul, "fightings without, and fears within." And it is not with his own corrupt nature and fellow-men alone that he has to carry on this warfare. The Scriptures distinctly declare to us that he has to contend with most powerful spiritual enemies; "For we wrestle," (that is, have our life and death struggle,) says the Apostle, "not against flesh and blood," (that is, not against men,) "but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness," or wicked spirits, "in high places." In one word, he has a life and death struggle against the whole kingdom of darkness. Well may he pant for rest from such a warfare! "Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours;" they enter into a state of peace and repose, where there is no more sin, nor warfare with sin; "and there shall be no more death there, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—(Rev. xxi. 4.)

Another cause of blessedness is mentioned by the Spirit,—“and their works do follow them.” In a former part of this discourse I have said death strips us of every possession, and in accordance with this is the declaration of Job,—“Naked came I out of my

mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither."— (Job i. 21.) And St. Paul says, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." Death is the great leveller. The crowned monarch and the simple peasant, the merchant prince and the beggar at his door, are reduced to a common poverty; they can carry nothing with them. But the Spirit saith, "their works do follow them;" or, as it is in the Greek, "follow with them." The monarch shall lay aside his crown, the courtier strip off his decorations, the merchant prince leave all his wealth behind him, and the beggar his rags; but "their works," "the deeds done in the body," shall follow with them. Oh, my brethren, what a view does this give us of life! Crowns, honours, riches—all evanescent and passing away; and "the works," the every-day doings of even the poorest and meanest of us, the only *abiding reality*, the *all* of a man's life that he can take with him into the unseen world. Lover and friend may not accompany him; he must leave the wife of his youth and his helpless infants behind, but *his works* shall follow with him. Oh, does it not, then, become us, my brethren, to see to it that these works of ours, whose number we are daily increasing, shall be, by God's help, such as we would like to accompany us to our eternal homes?

There has always been a great deal of discussion about faith and works, and some, in their zeal for faith, have disparaged works; but the Sacred Scriptures and the dictates of our own hearts alike declare the indispensable necessity of works to salvation. I am not speaking of our justification in the eye of God, but of our full and final salvation. I say this to prevent

all misunderstanding. We are *justified* by faith *only*, without the deeds of the law ; but justification is but one of the steps towards our salvation ; *sanctification* is equally necessary, for “ without holiness no man shall see the Lord ;” and sanctification is but another name for the progressive *work* of holiness that *must* go on in our hearts, of which the works I speak are the outward manifestation and evidence. As in the matter of our justification, although we are not justified on account of our faith, but only for “ or on account of the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ *by faith*,” yet we do not hesitate to say we cannot be justified *without faith* ; so with respect to our salvation, although we are not saved on account of our faith and holiness, but *wholly* on account of what our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ has suffered and done for us, we do not hesitate to say we cannot be saved *without both faith and holiness*, both being essential in God’s plan for our salvation. Works are necessary as a proof of the genuineness of our faith, and as an evidence of the work of sanctification going on in us. Profession without practice is mere pretence. To say nothing of the openly ungodly and of those who live lives of impurity, that God should eternally reward an idler and loiterer in the earnest race of life, is contrary to all our ideas of the awards of the great day. Works we must have, or we shall never attain unto salvation,—works of piety, wrought in faith and love, the fruit of the working of God’s Holy Spirit in our hearts. A man’s works, not his professions, are the true *test* of his character. So much is this the case, that the Omniscient Judge himself will dispense the awards of the great day in accordance with this test.

“And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books *according to their works*. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell [hades] delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged *every man according to their works*.” Observe, my brethren, not *for* or on *account* of their works, but *according* to their works. This is the rule or measure by which the amount of reward or punishment shall be meted out to every man. There is no work of man that can endure the scrutiny of the Divine judgment. There is no merit in the best of men that can claim a reward at the hand of God. It is all of *grace*. Eternal death, it is true, is the *wages* of sin; but eternal life is *the gift* of God—His free, unmerited gift, in Jesus Christ our blessed Saviour. Works, then, are necessary to our salvation, *not* as the *ground* of our justification or acceptance with God, but as the *fruit*, which proves the character of the tree. Faith is wholly indispensable; for the Apostle assures us that “without faith it is impossible to please God.” But a faith that does not work by love and purify the heart, inform the life and inspire our actions, is a mere lifeless non-entity—a name and nothing more. On the contrary, our works, if not inspired by this principle, if not wrought in faith and love, are a lifeless carcass—a body without a spirit. Our eternal destiny, my brethren, will be in *accordance* with the character of the works that follow with us. Our sentence will not be awarded by some mysterious, unintelligible principle, but according to the plainest dictates of reason

and justice. We shall be made to eat of the fruit of *our own doings*, unless we are content by repentance and faith to obtain an interest in the *righteousness of Christ*.

But our works follow us not only as they stand recorded in the books before the great white throne, they also follow us in our memory of them; for, my brethren, whether we attain to either happiness or misery hereafter, the memory of what we have been and done here will be an important ingredient in our cup. The remembrance of our past life will either fill the soul with adoring gratitude for the grace that kept us in the paths of virtue and godliness, or haunt us with the recollection of duty neglected and conscience trampled under foot. This truth is beautifully expressed by Young in his "Night Thoughts :"—

"Oh the dark days of vanity! While here,
How tasteless! And how terrible when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when past they haunt us still:
The spirit walks of every day deceased:
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns."

We see, then, my brethren, that it is the dead, not the living, who are called blessed by the voice from heaven; and that they are blessed in that they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. Is, then, death a blessing? Are all who die blessed? Oh, no! Death was the great primeval curse, and its character remains unchanged. It is still the visible expression of God's *abiding* hatred of sin; it is the penalty of His violated law; it is the ripened fruit of sin; for St. James says, "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." Are all the dead blessed? Oh, no! It is only those who die in the Lord; that is, being in the Lord. Death is indeed a curse—the

curse upon our race ; but our mighty Saviour has “*abolished* death, and brought life and immortality to light,” and those who have died in the Lord are blessed indeed. Here, then, my brethren, is the gist of the whole matter, the focus in which all the lines of our subject converge—“who die in the Lord.”

You must all of you have many times been struck with the peculiarity of this phrase—“in the Lord.” It is the common scriptural phrase to express the union between Christ and His people ; it implies the very closest union, such as we do not sustain to our nearest friends. For instance, we never say any one is in his physician, or friend ; or even that husband and wife are in one another ; but every one of Christ’s people are “in Him.” This phrase has grown out of the representation of the Church, as a body of which Christ is the Head ; as the Apostle Paul says to the Ephesians (chap. i. 23) : “And gave him (that is, Christ) to be head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all.” So also to the Romans : “So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.”—(Rom. xii. 5.) There are two chief means by which we are incorporated into this mystical body—*baptism*, “For,” says the Apostle, “we are all baptized into one body” (1 Cor. xii. 13) ; and *faith*, which is the bond of union between the soul and the Redeemer.

The various members of the human body present us with the most perfect instance we possess of a close and vital union, as it consists not only in a continuity of parts, but also in the possession, by all the parts, of a common, informing, self-conscious spirit ; and therefore this is employed to give us a true and lively con-

ception of the union between Christ and the Church—the members of His body. But it is not sufficient to constitute us true and living members of His mystical body that we have been baptized; for it may be only the visible sign of an invisible and spiritual grace that we have never enjoyed. There must be, in addition to this sign, the thing signified. And of the faith that really invites us to Christ, I must say again, as I said in a former part of this discourse, it must be more than a mere profession; it must be a real, living, operative principle, that lays hold of and appropriates Christ as the life and portion of the soul. But inestimable as both baptism and faith are to us, as evidences of our union with Christ, there is one thing still more essential: it is our being possessed of the Spirit of Christ—this is the true ultimate test of our union with Him. As the possession of a common informing spirit is the most complete and perfect test of the vital union of the members of the human body; so it is in respect to the body of Christ. And as in the human body that member which has no conscious identity with the rest of the body, is paralysed, mortified, dead; so that member of the Christian church which has not the Spirit of its Divine Head, is dead also—an alien to the body.

This point is so important that you will pardon me if I pause to prove it from the Scriptures. St. Paul tells us, “If any man be *in Christ*, he is a new creature.” Union with Christ imparts a new and spiritual life, and the principle of this new life is the Holy Ghost—the Holy Spirit—which is also the Spirit of Christ. And so again, in writing to the Corinthians,

“He that is joined unto the Lord is one Spirit ;” that is, has one Spirit with Him ; not the same disposition or state of mind, but the same principle of life—the Holy Ghost. And to the Ephesians, “There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye are all called in one hope of your calling.” “By one Spirit are we all baptized into one body and have been made to drink into one Spirit.”—(1 Cor. xii. 13.) And this possession of the Spirit is the very test he proposes of our union with Christ : “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.”—(Rom. viii. 9.) But most conclusive of all is the startling question, “What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, *which is in you.*”—(1 Cor. vi. 19.) What a truth have we here, my brethren ! These frail bodies of ours the abode of Deity !—temples of the Holy Ghost ! Oh, if all those now before me who are truly in the Lord could realize and appropriate this great truth, what awe would come over their spirits ! how circumspectly would they walk in this defiling world—how shudder at the thought of soiling their bodies by sin, and grieving the indwelling Sanctifier ! If what I have said has made any impression on your minds, my brethren, it is this,—that a man *must* be “in Christ” before he is prepared to die.

It is most spirit-stirring to us to read of our Lord’s victory over death and the grave, to be told that He has “abolished death and brought life and immortality to light,” and to listen to the consolatory voice from heaven, saying, “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord ;” but what will all this avail for any one of us if he be not “in the Lord” when he dies ? You may,

dear brethren, succeed in amassing fortunes, and retire to your native lands to enjoy them, during many years of health and prosperity ; but what will this avail, if you do not at last fall asleep in Jesus ? if at the great day you are to be separated from Him as no part of His body ?—separated from Him for ever, and told, “ Depart from me accursed.” Oh, my brethren, how utterly without consolation is such a prospect as this !

There is, however, great consolation in these precious words, when we are called to part with those whose lives leave us in no doubt of their state after death.

You miss to-day from this desk and pulpit one who has for years ministered to you all the consolations of the gospel of peace, and who has warned you “ night and day, and with tears, and from house to house,” to make your peace with God. There is not an individual before me whose heart is not filled with grief that you shall never more see his manly form standing where I now do, nor listen to his voice again. But you mourn not as those who are without hope. Our dear deceased brother’s character was so honest, transparently upright, and godly, that no doubt has ever crossed a single mind that he died “ in the Lord,” and is blessed.

It is difficult from this sacred pulpit, that is set apart for the proclamation of the gospel,—which means telling of *Jesus* and all that He has done for us,—to say much of a fellow-mortal, without offending against the proprieties of the place ; but as St. Paul has enjoined us to follow him as he followed Christ, I may venture to set before you, for a few minutes, our deceased brother’s character as a man, and as a

minister. Having known him from the hour of his arrival here, it is not a stranger to him who is addressing you, but one who has known him long and loved him well, and who will ever cherish his memory with affection and respect.

Blessed with pious parents, your deceased pastor became pious himself at an early age, and soon felt a drawing to the missionary cause, which in good time brought him to us here; and you all know what manner of man he has been among us. One of his characteristics that at once impressed itself on my mind, when I first made his acquaintance, was his direct, straightforward honesty of purpose. You could not know him, without confiding in him. It was manifest that he had no bye-ends to answer, and you felt the constant charm of the transparency of the character before you. His entire dependence upon God was another striking characteristic. He shewed this in all his plans, in his prayers, and his constant and reverent recognition of the Divine hand in all that befel him or those around him. He had a heart to sympathize with every fellow-creature in distress, and an industry and energy which never allowed difficulties and trouble to turn him aside. With the spirit of a Howard he visited the gaol and the hospital. No form of disease, however loathsome or contagious, ever deterred him from his benevolent visits; and he ministered alike to the body and the soul. You can all testify, too, to his sympathy with the Chinese, when famine and want invaded them. Early and late he could be seen ministering to their necessities, in the city and about the settlement; and many of the sons of Ham will have cause to deplore his loss, as we do

this day. To all his other cares he recently added the charge of the institution for the blind Chinese in the city. He was abundant in his labours, untiring, and painstaking. I may safely, my brethren, in all these respects, exhort you to follow him as he followed Christ.

But I must also refer to his character as a minister. He carried an *earnestness* and *warmth* into his work that made him an example to us all. It was no formal, official, perfunctory service that he rendered you, my brethren; but his heart, his whole heart was in it. His heart gave wisdom to his lips, and inspired many of his most earnest, eloquent, and touching appeals. *Faithfulness*, too, was a prominent trait. He kept back nothing. He shunned not to declare unto you everything he thought was for your good. He would not be deterred by the fear of giving offence. He sought not yours—anything you had to give—your applause, your good opinion, any popularity or fame you could bestow upon him—not yours, but your own selves, to win you to Christ. His preaching was clear and decided. The trumpet gave no uncertain sound. Endowed with a clear and logical mind, he attained an accurate, definite, and enlarged view of the plan of salvation, as revealed to us in the Holy Scriptures. His faith was as simple as that of a child, and rested wholly on God's Word. He was never tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and their cunning craftiness. His faith was never disturbed by philosophical or metaphysical disquisitions, for it was anchored as on a rock—on the teachings of those "holy men of old, who spake as they were

moved by the Holy Ghost." He taught you precept upon precept, line upon line, the depravity of your own hearts, and the fulness and completeness of the salvation which is so freely offered to you through Jesus Christ our Lord. He faithfully warned you, from time to time, against every sin and temptation to which, from your circumstances here, you are more particularly exposed. The last sermon you heard from his lips is a notable instance of this. I had not the privilege of hearing it; but I have read it, and a more affectionate, earnest, practical sermon—laying bare the heart of the faithful pastor anxiously watching over the members of his flock—I have never read. And oh, how affecting it is to recal now that appeal he made, in the conclusion of it, to the tribunal of God, and the words, "none of us know, my brethren, how soon *we* may be called before this tribunal!" I trust these warnings will be indelibly engraven on your inmost hearts.

Brethren, I cannot here again entreat you to follow his example, for you are not ministers of Christ; but I can beseech you, as you value your eternal peace, to follow the teachings of this faithful and safe guide. Treasure these teachings up in your memories, recal them in your seasons of temptation, meditate upon them in your hours of leisure, and conform to them in all your business transactions, and in your daily conduct and conversation.

Brethren, it has been your privilege to enjoy this faithful, clear-spoken, watchful, warning ministry for twelve years. It is a grave and solemn responsibility. The ambassador of Christ pleads not his own cause, but his Master's. His message is "a savour of life

unto life, or of death unto death." He sets before you the great alternative—the problem you must solve in your short probationary span. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Be reconciled to God, through his Son, or banished for ever from His blissful presence. This alternative may be presented in two words,—repentance, or perdition; reconciliation, or ruin. Some men not liking the terms of this alternative determine they will have nothing to do with religion. It is a vain determination. They cannot avoid having something to do with it; they may have nothing to do with its precepts, and thus neglect them; they may have nothing to do with its commands, and thus disobey them; but this will not set them altogether clear of religion; in this case, whether they *will* or not, they *shall* have something to do with its penalties. You cannot, my brethren, evade the great alternative: a choice you must make. You are at liberty to choose either term of the alternative, but you are not at liberty to choose or not to choose. You may choose repentance, or perdition; reconciliation, or ruin; but a choice you *must* make.

Standing, then, as it were, over the grave of my beloved, revered, deceased brother,—your faithful pastor and friend,—as an ambassador for Christ, I pray you "in Christ's stead, *be ye reconciled to God.*" Brethren, the time is coming when there shall be an open grave, and mourning friends will stand around to hear read over our remains these consolatory words—"Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord." Oh, my brethren, if we have not fallen asleep "in Jesus;" if we have not "died in the Lord," if *our*

mourning friends cannot depart, comforting themselves with the declaration of the voice from heaven, shall we not have lived in vain, and thrown away, throughout an endless eternity, the precious life so freely given us of God in Jesus Christ our Lord?

What a contrast such an unblest grave with that over which we stand this day! from which we can depart with the full assurance of hope, comforting ourselves with these words, and leaving them as an epitaph behind us:—

WHO DIED IN THE LORD,

BLESSED FOR EVER:

YEA, SAITH THE SPIRIT, FOR HE DOTHT REST FROM HIS LABOURS;

AND HIS WORKS DO FOLLOW HIM.

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON
BY THE
LORD BISHOP OF VICTORIA,
PREACHED IN
TRINITY CHURCH, SHANGHAI,
ON
SUNDAY, THE 8TH OF JUNE, 1862.

MY brethren, I cannot lose the opportunity, in my ministrations among you this day, of making allusion to that afflictive and unexpected event which has recently deprived this community of a faithful and esteemed pastor, and plunged a large number of foreign residents, in this and other parts of China, into deep anguish and sorrow at the loss of a valued and beloved friend. How great has been that loss, only those can fully realize who were privileged to know our departed brother in the close intimacy of private friendship, and who were permitted through many long years of residence in this land to observe and appreciate the worth of his character, and the unwavering fidelity of his ministerial labours. The sanctity of this house of God, and the many solemn associations connected with such an occasion, forbid me to attempt the panegyric even of such a man. Were it possible for his departed spirit, now at rest with Christ, to wing its temporary flight back to this our earth, and were he permitted to re-appear for a few brief moments in our midst—in this hallowed

spot—so long the scene of his faithful exhortations, his language would be in that same strain of self-renunciation and self-humiliation which gave its characteristic tone to his public ministrations among you: “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory;” “By the grace of God, I am what I am.” But it is expedient for you, my brethren, that the lesson which this bereavement carries with it should not easily and speedily pass away and be forgotten. Our departed friend was permitted to exercise his ministry for twelve years in this settlement. During that long period this pulpit was the scene of fervent, affectionate, and stirring appeals, uttered and delivered in all the earnestness of a pastor realizing the weight of a Christian minister’s responsibilities, and speaking as a dying man to dying men. He lived habitually in a higher and serener atmosphere than that of earth. He rose superior to the mere influences of popular favour or dislike, and sought only to commend himself to the favour and approval of Him who knoweth the secrets of every human being, and before whom he would hereafter have to render up his account. And we may in the review of such a life and such a term of pastoral labour, say, in deed and in truth, that he has finished his course with joy. Bold and uncompromising as a champion of evangelical truth, he raised the voice of warning in public and in private, and in the sacred embassy of Christ besought men as in Christ’s stead, “Be ye reconciled to God.” He knew some of the joys and perhaps still more of the sorrows of a faithful minister of Christ, persevering amid good report and evil report—unmoved either by human

censure or by human praise—doing battle for God's truth, and seeking to win souls to Christ. And now in the full vigour of manhood, and when his sun had scarcely reached the noontide hour of life, he has been stricken down by sudden and violent disease, and these our bodily eyes shall see him no more. And yet his death has not in one sense been a premature death. Our heavy loss has been his great gain. The insensibility and unconsciousness consequent on fever left him indeed no opportunity of testifying to those around his death-bed the blessedness of a Christian hope, and the power of Christ to sustain the trusting soul amid the stern realities of bodily dissolution and decay. But in his case such a witness for Christ was unneeded; for his whole life was one grand testimony to Christ. This ought to be to each one of you a season of solemn retrospect and serious self-examination before God. A prophet has dwelt among you. A true-hearted minister of Christ has lived and laboured among you. A watchman of Israel has blown the trumpet with no uncertain sound. He has ceased from his labours, and his works do follow him. I doubt not his ministry has not been in vain in this place. Many souls under his watchful care and pastoral teaching have been edified, instructed, comforted, and directed towards heaven. Many a prodigal, wandering far from his father's house in this distant land of isolation from the moral restraints of native country and paternal home, has here been roused, alarmed, checked, and converted from the error of his ways. Who shall dare to anticipate the great day of account and attempt to estimate the great amount of unknown, as well of

palpable and apparent good, which it was permitted to your late pastor to accomplish in this post? His best monument is the good which he has been permitted to do. His highest memorial is written on the fleshly tablets of many a mourning, affectionate heart. His sun has set without one cloud to dim its brightness. He has gone to his rest and his reward at a time when he had secured universal respect, when every voice was hushed save in one unvarying testimony of esteem, and when he had laboured long enough to leave behind one abiding permanent estimate of his worth, and to secure the unmingled willing tribute of every fellow-mortal critic and judge: "This was verily a man of God." To his more intimate friends, I will not trust myself to say much, or attempt to express at length the deep sense of loss and sorrowful bereavement which I have personally sustained in the removal of this beloved brother and friend. Bound together by ties of more than ordinary fraternal affection and esteem, we had for many years sympathized in each other's public and private cares, anxieties, and hopes. Full well I call to mind the recently-ordained clergyman fourteen years ago—then in the freshness of manhood's first bloom, and in all the buoyancy of youthful expectation and hope in prospect of his early embarkation for China—spending a day at my residence in London, in company with his newly-married wife. * * * * *

I call to mind that devoted pair of Christian labourers, and the first occasion of our then mingling our prayers in common. I have watched their consistent, undeviating course of usefulness during all the intervening

years. The expectation of a reunion and meeting in this place, after two years of separation, has been suddenly brought to an end ; and I find myself on this day a mourner amongst mourning friends. I pray that the varied lessons of this dispensation from God may not be lost upon any of us. May God in His Providence send you a like-minded successor, a pastor after His own heart ! May the various charities and Christian schemes of usefulness which he assisted in establishing among you still be sustained and continued in your midst ! And more especially, may the completion of that larger and more commodious edifice for the service of the Almighty, which was planned during the last portion of his incumbency, stand forth at no distant period as no unfit memorial of his work of faith and labour of love ! And, finally, when we are each called to quit these earthly scenes, may we be found in our several spheres of duty and Christian callings in life, ready and prepared for the summons ; so that having our loins girded and our lights burning, whether He come in the second watch or in the third watch of the night, we may be found neither slumbering nor unwatchful at our posts,—ready to go forth to meet the Bridegroom on His return ; and ever realizing the spirit of the Saviour's warning—" Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh !"

A P P E N D I X .

Obituary.

(FROM THE "NORTH CHINA HERALD.")

WHEN one who has endeavoured to live to the glory of God is called away from our midst to be present with the Lord, it seems needless that man should write any inscription to his memory, for his memorial is written above. It is, however, a duty incumbent upon us to record the good example of those who have gone before. We thus raise a monument to the praise of the glory of the grace of God, and incite ourselves to obey the Divine injunction, "Whose faith follow considering the end of their conversation." With this view do I desire to perform this solemn duty.

It is little more than five weeks since the Rev. John Hobson, M.A., left us on a brief visit to Japan, to procure relaxation, and to brace up his energies for the more than usually arduous duties of the ensuing summer.

He arrived at Kanagawa on the 16th April, and on the 19th returned from an excursion to Yeddo greatly exhausted by the long ride; and the same evening embarked with Mrs. Hobson for Nagasaki. During the voyage of seven days, fever came on; and on arriving at Nagasaki he was taken in a precarious state to the house of J. W. Alt, Esq. The medical men pro-

nounced his disease typhus fever. Their most prompt attentions were unavailing. He gradually sank into a comatose state, and on the evening of April 30th calmly fell asleep.

The sad news, so utterly unexpected, produced a thrilling sensation through this community. His body was brought to Shanghai for interment, and it was with intense sorrow we gathered round the grave in which we deposited his remains.

At an early age Mr. Hobson was deeply interested in missionary work, and with an ardent desire to preach the gospel to the heathen, offered himself to the Church Missionary Society. Being accepted, he entered the College of St. Bees, where he pursued his theological studies, and after taking the highest honours there, was ordained by the Bishop of London in 1848. In the ensuing year he was appointed to proceed as missionary to the newly-opened port of Shanghai. A few weeks after his arrival he was requested to take the temporary duties of the British Chaplain, during his absence on a visit to Ningpo for his health. On the lamented death of that gentleman off the island of Poo-too, urged by the community and strongly advised by the Church Missionary Society, he left his much-loved work and took the permanent duties of the chaplaincy. Whilst throwing all the energies of an active mind into his new sphere of labours, the interest in his old work was unabated. He continued closely and cordially united with the Church Missionary Committee, watched over their concerns in Shanghai, advised and supported his brethren who followed in his steps, and during a visit home in the years 1857-58 he pleaded the cause of missions with energy and

success from many pulpits in the United Kingdom. His concern for the welfare of the heathen and his knowledge of the Chinese language, made him the connecting link between the foreign community and the native population; and during the rebel troubles and severe winters, often has he gladdened the hearts of houseless and famishing multitudes, by becoming the almoner of his liberal-minded congregation.

Mr. Hobson's personal character commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him, and those who were admitted to intimate friendship, could not but feel his love and affection. The untiring energy and evident sincerity with which he pursued any course of action which he felt to be right, though it did not always disarm opposition, elicited the admiration of those who could not agree with him. His manner was quiet and at times reserved; but those who learned to know him were surprised to feel the warmth of affection, the depth of feeling, and great kindness of heart which marked his friendship. His position often brought him in contact with the unfortunate and unhappy, and no one but God, whom he served, knows fully the self-sacrificing industry with which he endeavoured to alleviate suffering, both moral and physical. In the varied duties connected with the chaplaincy, sound judgment, such as few men possess, was fully displayed. Many remember with gratitude the faithful advice which they received from him.

During the long period of Mr. Hobson's residence in Shanghai, his history is closely interwoven with that of the settlement. He has been foremost in every plan of usefulness. Under his care the present church

rose from ruins ; the Church Mission School was founded and has been maintained with efficiency ; the cemeteries also have been laid out with great taste and kept in complete order. The sea-faring population has shared his labours and sympathies. To his efforts in a large measure the seamen are indebted for their commodious place of worship, and for the chaplain who has laboured among them with approval and success. He carried through, with his usual earnestness, the plans of others to provide a home for sailors. He has not been spared to complete the great work which he so laboriously and successfully initiated, but those who live to see the new church rise, will behold in it a fitting memorial of our beloved pastor.

Mr. Hobson's influence has pervaded the foreign community to an extent of which few are aware. It is confessed by those who visit us, that as regards morality, decorum, and even vital religion this settlement will compare favourably with any of the colonial residences of our fellow-countrymen in the East. Under the blessing of God this state of things is mainly due to the holy example and faithful preaching of him whose loss we deplore.

We must notice lastly the character of our late pastor's preaching. The members of his congregation have enjoyed a great privilege, and amid much discouragement it cheered him to know that there were those who prized his ministrations and profited by them. He was a loving, earnest, faithful preacher of the gospel. He delighted to dwell on such a text as Matthew xi. 28, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." All will remember his words—"When that text occurs in

the lesson for the day I can hardly prevail on myself to pass it by." Earnestness and faithfulness were the prominent characteristics of his ministry. He felt that the vows of God were upon him. He dared not trifle with souls on the brink of eternity. None of his hearers can forget in his last sermon with what solemnity he appealed from our judgment to the bar of God, before whom both he and we must shortly stand. He little knew how soon he would be called there. We sympathize deeply with the bereaved ones; we grieve for our own loss, but we know that to him it is unspeakable gain; and is not this the thought of each heart—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?"

W.H.C.

His spirit has returned to Him who gave it, and the shadows of the tomb have closed over him.

His sacred work and labour at Shanghai is finished. The faithful minister of Christ, the affectionate pastor, the warm-hearted friend, the earnest man—whose sterling worth and virtues have been entwined with the life and growth of this community—has been unexpectedly summoned from his earthly career, in the vigour of his days, and, to human eyes, in the midst of his increasing usefulness.

But, in the mysterious ways of Providence, his work on earth was done, and he is gone. The blow has been sudden, and our hearts are stirred to their very depth in mourning for his loss.

The chords of sympathy attract us now to him in grateful remembrance, with electric power; for his memory is hallowed and endeared to us by years of earnest service in his Master's cause, whether in the

public offices of the Church, or in the more unobserved paths of Christian love and duty.

The ties of earth are broken now. His voice is hushed for ever here, and the place which once knew him shall know him no more. The tears of love and friendship fall silent on his grave. We may rightly raise an outward monument and token of affection, to tell his work to future time, and to evidence our gratitude; but the inward record of the pure and bright example of his public and private life, of his devotion to duty, and of his faithful teaching and guidance to the "Better Land" of those committed to his charge, will be their most precious tribute to the memory of JOHN HOBSON.

T. M.