

Tablet Unveiled.

Impressive Ceremony at Grattai.

At the conclusion of Divine Service in the church at Grattai on Sunday afternoon last, a mural tablet, erected to the memory of George Reeves and Samuel James, was unveiled.

The ceremony was performed at the invitation of the congregation by Rev. Archdeacon Dunstan. There was a large number of people present, all of whom were impressed by the solemnity of the service. After the unveiling ceremony followed the hymn, "Peace, Perfect Peace," which was sung very reverently by the choir. Miss Reeves presided at the organ.

The Archdeacon then asked his brother, Rev. W. J. Dunstan, to read for him the few words he had penned for the occasion. They were as follows:—

I assure you I much appreciate the honor you have done me in asking me to unveil the mural tablet you have erected in this church to the memory of two of your brethren who have departed this life, sons of parents whose names stand for much that is good and excellent in the community. I will ask you to regard my presence here in much feebleness of body as an evidence of my appreciation of that honor. In unveiling this tablet I do not think it necessary, nor will I attempt, to gild it with fulsome or extravagant panegyric, but I feel compelled, by a sense of duty, to say something of the worth and work of our departed brethren, not so much in the wide field of general usefulness for which the world has its tributes, as in connection with the church. Men who linked themselves to the church in her earnest endeavour to uplift their fellow-men in a proper sense and to promote the spread of godliness amongst people within the circle of their influence, are undoubtedly a valuable parochial asset. Men who in their day and generation do all they can to root and foster in their own neighbourhood those institutions which have been, under God, fruitful of richest blessings to mankind, are, from the church's standpoint, of much worth. Such were the two men who are no longer with us in the flesh. George Reeves, the first name on the tablet, because he was the first of the two to go down to the silent dust, was not a parochial wet

blanket. He never dropped a duty because it was hard to perform. He never shrank and he never encouraged others to shrink from an undertaking because its success was problematical. He was an earnest, energetic and devoted churchman. He loved his church, and took an active and intelligent interest in matters affecting her well being, and did what he could to help her fulfil her beneficent mission in his district. No one knows better than I do how indefatigably, in conjunction with others, he labored to collect funds for the erection of this church, which I should like to say in passing, stands as a monument to the Christian liberality of the good people in this part of the parish. Mr. Reeves was not spared to see it finished, but this tablet fixed in its walls will serve to remind you of the part he bore in its erection, and inspire with courage for fresh ventures of faith. Much of what I have said of George Reeves applies to Samuel James. They had been cast in pretty well the same church moulds. Mr. James, at the time of his death, was in charge of the Sunday School, an important department of church work. This is a self-sacrificing and disappointing work. These features strip it of its attractions, and it comes to be looked upon as a drudgery. Mr. James did not look upon it as a drudgery, but a joy. He was the children's friend; for their sake he gave up much that flesh and blood cling to. I set my seal to the value of his work and to the self-sacrifice it cost him. Mr. James not only taught the children in the Sunday School, but he set an example of self-abnegation to our church people which they would do well to follow. There is no glamour about Sunday School work, but there is the command, "Feed My Lambs." That is what Mr. James tried to do in the days of his opportunity. These two brethren, no longer with us in their personality, were, in the mysterious providence of God, summoned to give an account of their stewardship at a comparatively early age and at a time when they were doing splendid work for their Divine Master, and when, too, in our erring judgment, they could not be spared from the work they were doing. God knows best what is best for His faithful servants. He takes one and leaves another to serve His own purposes. He buries His workmen but carries on the work they have left unfinished. He always has in reserve men and women to step into the breach, to close up the ranks—men and women imbued with a deep enough

to close up the ranks—men and women imbued with a deep enough sense of the responsibilities of churchmanship to respond to the church's call to duty—men and wo-

men who, amidst the deadening influences of the world, will keep the flag flying. We mourn the loss naturally enough, the loss of our departed comrades, but we rejoice that the loss has been made good by the legacy of fruitful service. The death of our two friends should stir in us a spirit of inquiry. What are we doing in our respective spheres of usefulness to prepare the world for the coming of its King? Are we working in the measure of our opportunity to extend the church's influence for good? Are we a force of righteousness in our own neighbourhood? Are we trying to make men see the beauty of holiness and to lift them to a right conception of their duty to God and man? If we cannot give a satisfactory answer to these inquiries, then meet the situation by a firm resolution to turn over a new leaf in your life, and back it up by the reinforcements of prayer, Bible reading and meditation. And if you will suffer a word of exhortation I will ask you to do that at once, and for the reason that the night cometh when no man can work. You have no tenure of life beyond the present moment. Our two friends were taken, not in the decay, but in the vigor of manhood. You may be called at any time, and you will do well to begin to set your house in order without delay. Many people in this matter act as if they believed they were going to live a very long time, and resolve that they will begin to make preparation for eternity at a convenient season in the far distant future. This is a risky thing to do, and often proves fatal to their purpose. They forget or disregard the Scripture. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Warnings are sent to make us wiser, but we heed them not. They treat them as of no concern of theirs, and the end of life comes suddenly, and they come for the first time to taste the bitter fruit of deadly procrastination. Once more I would exhort you, with all the earnestness I can command, to live the heavenly life. The thought that you have tried to do so will place no thorn of regret in your dying pillow. A well-spent life will be a beautiful retrospect for a death bed. It is more than folly—it is madness—to delay our preparation a minute longer when the issues are so momentous. We miss our depart-

ed brethren, and mourn our loss, but if they have reached the realms of bliss, if they have joined the godly fellowship of accepted brethren, if they have entered into the rest that remaineth to the people of God, we would not ask them to leave their present felicities and come back to live over again the trying experiences of their past pilgrimage for our sake. We would not, if we could, disturb them in the enjoyment of their priceless heritage, the fruit of their labors. That would be selfishness that would cover us with reproach. They have already left us an example and pattern of life, which, however imperfect, may we follow and copy, and so win the approbation of our Father in Heaven. Let us see that we make good use of the legacy they have bequeathed to us. They have left the church militant for the Church expectant, where they will be in safe keeping until the morning of the Resurrection, when the words inscribed on the tablet, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," will be triumphantly verified.