FOOTSTEPS IN A PARISH; AN APPRECIATION OF MALTBIE DAVENPORT BABCOCK AS A PASTOR. [NEW YORK-1908]

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Footsteps in a Parish; An Appreciation of Maltbie Davenport Babcock as a Pastor. [New York-1908] by John Timothy Stone

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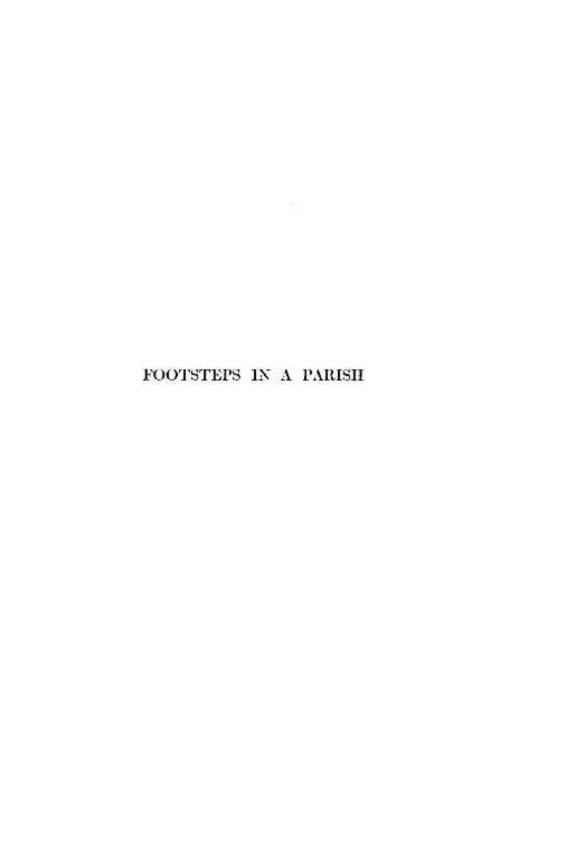
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JOHN TIMOTHY STONE

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AN APPRECIATION OF MALTBIE DAVENPORT BABCOCK AS A PASTOR

BY

1

JOHN TIMOTHY STONE

HIS SUCCESSOR IN BROWN MEMORIAL CHURCH, BALTIMORE

"Others have laboured, and ye are entered into their labour,"

NEW YORK 1908

Correger, 1908, by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Published October, 1908



To

THE LOTAL PROPLE OF

BROWN MEMORIAL CHURCH,

WHOSE LOVE AND FAITHVILLIES

HAVE CAUSED THOSE WIIO HAVE MINISTERED TO THEM

TO HISE UP AND CALL THEM BLASSII

A PASTOR

*He knows but Jesus Christ, the crucified. Ab, little recks the worldling of the worth Of such a man as this upon the earth! Who gives himself-his all-to make men wise In doctrines which his life exemplifies. The years pass on, and a great multitude Still find in him a character whose light Shines cound him like a candle in the night; And recognize a presence so benign That to the gudless even it seems divine. He bears his people's love within his heart, And envice no man, whatsoe'er his part. His church's record grows, and grows again, With names of saintly women-folks and men, And many a worldling, many a wayward youth, He counts among the trophies of his truth. Oh, happy man! There is no man like thee, Worn out in service of humanity, And dead at last, 'mid universal tears,-Thy more a fragrance in the speaker's breath, And thy divine example life in death."

> By Dr. J. G. HOLLAND, From The Learned Professions,

FOOTSTEPS IN A PARISH

"They ring for service," quoth the fisherman; "Our parson preaches in the church to-night.

. . . He's a rare man,

Our parson; half a head above us all."

In Jean Ingelow's beautiful poem, "Brothers and a Sermon," we find a fitting testimony of the one whose life as a pastor we are to consider:

I have heard many speak, but this one man—
So anxious not to go to heaven alone—
This one man I remember, and his look,
Till twilight overshadowed him. He ceased,
And out in darkness with the fisher folk
We passed and stumbled over mounds of moss,
And heard, but did not see, the passing beck.