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"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

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THE DEPARTED PASTOR—"IN MEMORIAM."

The prophets! do they live for ever? Yes,
Tho' in the dust lie down the hoary head
And venerated form, and tenantless
The sacred place on which so long he shed
Bright rays of Heaven's own light. They are
not dead
Who pass within the veil. They live to Him
Who is all Life,—to Him, in bliss complete
Eternal, which nor time nor change can dim;
He lives, the soul's true life; and memory sweet
Tho' touched with sadness, oft, with reverent
feet,
Shall trace his footsteps thro' departed days
Of holiness and love; while Faith's clear gaze
Pierces the mists that shroud his mansion fair,
And hope expects a bright re-union there.
Hackney, Sept., 1853. JOHN H. CUZNER.

Funeral Obsequies of the late Rev. Francis, Augustus Cox, D. D. LL.D.

On Tuesday morning, the surban village of Hackney exhibited a general appearance of sadness. With scarcely an exception, the shutters of every shop were closed, and every dwelling house was closely blinded. It was evident that something had occurred to cause universal sorrow. This mournful tribute of respect was paid, as the readers of the *Patriot* are prepared to learn, to the memory of the Rev. Dr. Cox, one of the oldest as well as one of the most honoured inhabitants of the parish. Even before his decease, many signs were afforded of the general esteem in which he was held; and, from the day of his death to that of his burial, almost every countenance, without distinction of religious sentiments, wore an aspect of peculiar sadness and solemnity.

On the day on which he departed this life, the bell of the parish church was tolled at intervals for several hours; and it became evident, by numerous and various signs, that Hackney had been bereaved of no ordinary nor little esteemed member of its suburban community. The scene presented at the funeral solemnities, however, was required, to bring out into complete manifestation the depth and the universality of the general sorrow.

The distance between the house and the chapel being not many hundred yards, hearse and coaches were judiciously dispensed with; and, at about half-past twelve o'clock, the mournful procession issued forth followed by a great number of Ministers and other friends, whose names we omit for want of room.

As the Deacons defiled into the centre of the road, the procession was joined by a long train of mourners, who had walked two and two from the vestry of the chapel, habited in cloaks and hatbands. At the head of these were several ministers, among whom we recognised the Rev. Messrs. W. B. Bowes, J. Leechman, and S. Brawn; they being succeeded by eighty male members of the church and congregation, at the head of whom were Messrs. Winterborn and Salmon, the oldest male members of the church, having joined it, we believe, before the commencement of Dr. Cox's pastorate. As the coffin was borne along, the immense crowd, among whom were many persons in mourning apparel, received it with every mark of solemn feeling. Scarcely a dry eye could be seen, many sobbing aloud.

From an early hour, the galleries of the chapel, with the seats under them, had been densely filled with members of the church and congregation, whose sable costume joined to the black draperies with which the pulpit stairs, &c., and the organ gallery behind, were hung, gave a sad impressiveness to the scene. As the coffin entered by the right

door, the organ (at which Mr. Arrowsmith, Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music, presided) received it with that masterpiece of Handel—"I know that my Redeemer liveth"—which was played in solemn time and with much feeling. The coffin having been placed along the Table Pew, and the long train of mourners being seated in the pews reserved for them in the middle part of the chapel, the Rev. John Aldis (in the absence of the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M. A., whose engagements in Germany precluded his attendance) ascended the pulpit, and gave out, with deep pathos, the beautiful hymn beginning with—

"Hear what the voice from Heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead."

These appropriate verses having been sung as well as the feelings of the assembly would permit, Mr. Aldis read that portion of the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, which is so appropriate to the interment of departed saints, and was never more appropriate than on the present occasion.—This done, he offered up a prayer; which we forbear to characterise further than by saying, that it was in touching unison with every feeling awakened by the scene. Mr. Aldis then announced some verses of the well-known hymn, beginning,

"Why should we mourn departed friends?"

and, while the congregation, deeply moved, were endeavouring to give utterance to the words, he gave way to

The Rev. Dr. Murch, for so many years the esteemed President and learned Theological Tutor of Stepney College, who, with frequent interruptions from irrepressible feeling, delivered the following admirably true eloquent oration to his weeping and sobbing audience;—

"Death will be contemplated in different points of view by persons of different character. By some it is viewed as a cruel monster, the most dreadful evil, the introduction to all that is calamitous to human nature. By others, it is viewed as a sweet sleep, a calm repose, the rest from all trouble and anxiety! The ungodly have reason to contemplate it with horror. When death approaches them, there is an end to pleasure; comforts take to themselves wings; the creatures on which they relied for happiness, can contribute none; the door of eternity opens, the Judge is beholden, sins and follies rise to view, and with them that punishment which is their dreadful consequence. But the children of God look forward to death and eternity with a different eye. They can speak of it with composure and tranquility of mind. They contemplate it as unfolding to their view the vision of God in righteousness; and, rejoicing in the thought that the soul shall be released from all the imperfections and sins which now cleave to it, that it shall be elevated beyond the reach of misery and the cares of life, and that it shall possess every cause of happiness, they are heard from heartfelt experience to exclaim, Oh Lord, how great are the blessings which thou hast prepared for them that love Thee!

"How soft are the terms, and how gentle the expressions, by which the Scriptures represent the death of the righteous! David, after he had served his own generation, by the will of God, fell asleep. Our friend Lazarus sleepeth. The dead who die in the Lord, rest from their labours. It has been universally allowed, that there is a natural resemblance between sleep and death. The likeness holds good in a variety of respects. In sleep, the senses of the body are under a temporary suspension; the ear heareth not, the eye sees not, and the whole body is in appearance so lifeless, that, in many instances, it has been doubtful to a spectator whether a person were asleep or dead. The mind, however, is still active and awake, when the body

is asleep. It can transport itself to the most remote places in a moment; it can seem to hold conversation with different persons, and to think with as much, if not more freedom, than when the body is awake. Thus is it in the sleep of death; the whole man dies not. The body, indeed, is dead because of sin, but the soul, according to the promise of the Saviour, can never die, and is more free and active than when present in the flesh. The soul of the believer, when disengaged from the body, is admitted into the region of felicity,—is present with the Lord in Paradise. Both sleep and death level all distinctions, and equalize the state of kings and their subjects. The rich have then no confidence in their wealth, nor do the poor suffer anything from their poverty.

"In the tomb of death all sleep alike, but at their awaking how different will be their states! Some shall be cast into that gulf, where is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; while others shall be taken up to heaven by the gracious power of God, for ever to rejoice in perfect felicity.

"When the Bible represents death as asleep, we are to understand it as speaking in reference to the body; for, when the body returns to the dust whence it came, the soul departs, at the command of God who gave it, into that intermediate state of existence which will be either of joy or woe, according to its individual character. The idea of the soul sleeping is revolting to our best feelings, and directly contrary to innumerable passages in God's Holy Word. If the soul slumbered in the dust with the body, it would suffer an extinction of being, and be deprived of that spirituality which constitutes its essence. While united to body and matter, the soul acts through the medium of the senses, but, when its habitation is destroyed, and the organs of sense are dissolved, are we therefore to conclude, that which was the chief ornament of the structure; that that for which alone the habitation was erected, must be dissolved with it? No, my friends; the inspired Apostle tells us—and nothing less than inspiration from Heaven can give us satisfaction on the point)—the Apostle tells us expressly, concerning the righteous, 'We know, that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' And then, he immediately adds, what decisively proves that he had no notion of the soul's sleeping in death, 'In this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven.' It is, then, in especial reference to the resurrection of the body, that the Bible so often speaks of death as a sleep. 'When I awake,' says the holy Psalmist, clearly alluding to a person awaking from a profound sleep, 'I shall be satisfied with thy likeness.' And the Apostle tells us, 'In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, the dead shall arise.' That pale and lifeless body, now become dust and ashes, at the command of God, shall be invested with a second life. Let but God speak, and it shall be done. The simple act of his will and power can restore from the earth every particle of the human body. For a season, the body shall sleep in death; but it shall awake: it will be renovated; and, in whatever form it shall appear, it will be a form infinitely pure. Like the dry bones of Ezekiel covered with flesh, it shall be re-animated by the breath of the Lord. It shall be raised, glorious and immortal, no more subject to death or infirmity. It shall be raised a spiritual body, allied in its essence to the immortal spirit. Then shall be brought to pass the saying which is written, 'Death is swallowed up in victory. Oh, Death! where is thy sting? Oh, Grave! where is thy victory?'

"Your friend, your tender relative, your beloved pastor sleepeth. But how consolatory

is the thought, that the soul has entered into the presence of God! Numbered with those who are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, your beloved pastor now associates with holy spirits in the mansions of heaven. The days of his sufferings and sorrows are now ended. There shall be no night there. Time shall be no longer known. Eternal hallelujahs employ his breath. The high praises of God and the Lamb will be his everlasting song. He is now realising those blissful expectations which he was so fond of indulging when on earth. His dying testimony, or at least his testimony uttered but a few months since, was, 'I have always taught you, as Christians, to take the most cheerful views of the future, and have always sought to adopt them myself. I have always represented death as a vanquished enemy, divested of his power and sting, and eternity, to every believer in the great Conqueror, as a blissful home, his very Father's house. I will not cherish gloom, or aim to inspire it, but rather gladness. When we part, it will not be the dissolution of our ties; they are too strong and indissoluble for death or the last fires; they are stamped with immortality. If the hour is to come, as assuredly it will, when we must bid farewell, I only regard it as when two friends say, 'Adieu;' the one to go into some distant country, the other expecting, after a time, to follow, when they will meet joyously again. And so, brethren, whenever we part, I shall hope to meet you, and for ever, on a happier shore.'

"These words must be sacred to many of you; sacred to all those to whom they were immediately addressed. You will now call to remembrance his agreeable temper, his cheerful disposition, and amiable conduct. And I trust, also, you will call to remembrance the many messages of pardon, of strength, and of sanctification; of liberty, life, and happiness, which he delighted to deliver. Happy is it for those who, under his ministry, have been convicted of their sinful and condemned state, of their spiritual ignorance and utter insufficiency, and have been led to Christ for wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption. You will call to remembrance his faithful remonstrances and his earnest and affectionate entreaties, and, with heartfelt gratitude, will acknowledge him as the instrument by whom you receive the word of Life, the Gospel of the grace of God, the Gospel of your salvation.

"And, doubtless, there are those present who admired the preacher, and sat under his ministry with considerable pleasure, but with little profit; who, like the deaf adder, stopped their ears and refused to hearken to the voice of the charmer, though charming never so wisely. We would remind you, that that eye which beamed with affectionate and earnest desire for your salvation, is now sealed in darkness, and that tongue which sweetly instructed and powerfully persuaded others, but failed to persuade you, is now dumb. We entreat you now to reflect upon the great purpose for which he lived, and laboured, and wrote, and preached. It was for the salvation of sinners. For this purpose, he delighted to expound the interesting truths of the Bible, to explain its difficult passages, to illustrate what is obscure in it, and to enforce what is obvious; to remonstrate, to exhort; to attack the strongholds of iniquity, or to guide the gentle into the ways of peace; to bind up the broken-hearted, and to sympathise with the distressed. In this work, he was instant in season and out of season; ready to reprove and rebuke, or to instruct and console, with all long-suffering and doctrine. His business was—

'To watch for souls for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls that must for ever live
In rapture or in woe.'

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