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JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

BY REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL.

From the ages of sorrow which fly not,
From the curse which has brandished its rod,
From the doom of the dying who die not,
From the wrath of the infinite God,
From the foe who our infancy hated,
And will hate us when laid in the grave
With a malice which ne'er can be sated,
Our REDEEMER is mighty to save.

By the sorrows He welcomed for others,
By the pain which He bore in our stead,
By the love which is more than a brother's,
By the blood which for us He hath shed,—
He has saved from the storm which was o'er us,
He has merited heaven for the curst;
There was death and destruction before us,
There is glory and peace for the worst.

What asks He from those who, awaking
At the flash of the tempests which lower,
Each refuge of falsehood forsaking,
Now trust to His goodness and power?
Although they have nothing to offer,
He has mercy enough to forgive;
He frowns on the proud and the scoffer,
But He says to the penitent, "live."

By that truth which will never deceive us,
By the mercy which cannot forsake,
By the kindness which never will grieve us,
That life let us gratefully take.
Should others in folly despise it,
Be it ours on His love to depend;
When they scoff, all the more let us prize it,
And trust Him, and love to the end.

And when nature around us so smiling,
Seems to whisper that God is our friend,
And the promise, each sorrow beguiling,
Secures us support to the end,
O then, let us bless Him who sought us
When bound in the chain of despair,
And by His own agony bought us,
His bliss and his glory to share.

And when safe in that rapturous heaven,
Our hearts overflow with delight,
Where each sin is for ever forgiven,
Where day is not followed by night,
Where the faculty never shall perish,
Where the bright eye shall never be dim,
It will double our blessings to cherish
The thought that they were given by Him.

Though, therefore, the proud may assail us
With the doctrines of heathens and Turks,
Though Anglican Catholics tell us
We are justified partly by works,
Till death from our warfare release us.
Free grace let us loudly proclaim;
We are rescued by trusting in JESUS;
We are saved by the blood of the LAMB.

The late Rev. Francis Augustus Cox, D. D. LL.D.

[CONCLUDED.]

To be fully appreciated, however, he required to be known in the more secluded scenes of private life, which are the true test of character. A man who shines like an angel, where there are numbers to applaud, may be the terror and pest of the domestic hearth. But, with qualities of mind and manner fitted to adorn and enliven any circle, Dr. Cox appeared to greatest advantage, in proportion as the sphere of observation was narrowed to his most intimate associates. Condescending to the young, sympathetic with the mature, and affable towards all, he diffused an air of enjoyment and an element of satisfaction wherever he was seen; and it was as impossible to have been once in his company without re-

taining a lively impression of his amiableness, as it would be to forget the first sight of sunrise at sea, or the first glance from the slopes of Vesuvius over the Bay of Naples. Seldom proposing any subject of conversation, he readily fell in with any topic that was started; always had some observation, illustration, or anecdote appropriate to each; and exhibited in a high degree the rare tact of abating the incipient storm of controversy by saying something for both sides, and yet insinuating an opinion independent of either. The perfection of his character as a social being was visible in this; that, while instinct with tastes which it might have tasked the most cultivated society to gratify, he could find unfailing sources of pleasure where true virtue was present, let whatsoever else be wanting. Whether referred to a peculiarly happy constitution, or, more probably, to a peculiar susceptibility of those Divine influences on which our better nature depends, in either case he would have been a mark for envy, had he not been an object of love; for he belonged to that rare grade of moral excellence which only would justify a Christian in adopting the enthusiastic language of a Pagan,—

"Tecum vivere amo, tecum obeam lubens."

The words of his religious experience must be sought for in his life. What he was in this respect, might be inferred from the general tenor of his teaching, and especially from his touching and almost apocalyptic addresses at the table of THE LORD. But of his own feelings, he seldom directly spoke. We remember, indeed, hearing him say, that he early laid aside a daily record of his sentiments, from a fear lest it should subside into a perfunctory process, and betray him into factitious representations, scarcely redeemed from an injurious tendency by their foundation in reality. His, therefore, is a case in which, in the lack of such notices, we must look to what is known and remembered of his actual life. Happily, this is amply sufficient; the more happily, because, in the last days of his life, the employment of narcotic anodynes, to alleviate sufferings the cause of which no medicine could remove, precluded the freedom of intercourse which is sometimes granted to the dying, and those who watch for their release. "Joy, joy!" "All in all!" were the only connected words which the writer could catch from the lip of his venerated friend, when taking his last lingering look upon a face which, till then, he had never beheld but as radiant with cheerfulness, and beaming with intelligence and love.

Happily for his flock, and as happily for himself, Dr. Cox, for years before his decease, secured the co-operation of one like-minded with himself; and his church and congregation, how sensible soever of their bereavement, have the consolation of knowing that they possess, in the Rev. Daniel Katterns, a surviving pastor of congenial tastes, not inferior abilities, and corresponding gentleness and piety. "From the first day of our union," said Dr. Cox at the public celebration of his seventieth birth-day, "I may say that our harmony has been complete. Nothing whatever has occurred, and I may add, nothing that I can imagine is likely to occur, to ruffle the stream of our affections; and, when I consider what has taken place in so many other instances, I cannot but deem this as a signal proof of Divine favour to ourselves and the Church. My dear friends, long and affectionate as our union has been, the day of separation will arrive—the day when on my part the pulpit must be vacated, and the lowly bed of death occupied. Sad is the thought of separation, and sad the outward aspect of the grave: but far be it from me to dwell on what is melancholy, or even to regard such an event in its whole character as such. 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."

To this touching reference, Mr. Katterns thus responded:—

"I congratulate you, dear Sir, upon the lengthened period of service which you are permitted to review. There are now but few Baptist ministers in England, and none, I believe, in London, of equal standing with yourself. You have seen every pulpit in this Metropolis vacated and filled again; in some instances, many times over. How rich must your memory be in recollections of personal intercourse and co-operation with departed worthies! The eloquent Hall—the solid Fuller—the profound Foster—the amiable Sutcliffe—the affectionate Byrand—the seraphic Pierce—the devoted Carey—the learned Kinghorn—the polished Saunders—the energetic Roberts,—all are gone, with most of whom you were personally associated. Sir, I congratulate you, that, after this long course of years, you stand among the same people to whom you gave the vigorous fruits of your early manhood and maturity; and the aspect of this assembly must have told you (not that you needed the assurance) that you are now no less honoured and beloved than in former days. I say the same people—the same, yet not the same; only here and there remains a grey head that has outlived the lapse of time. But long continuance in any one place is a decisive test as to the capabilities and resources of the Christian ministry. None can survive that test but those who, from growing knowledge as well as experience, can throw over their instructions an unexhausted freshness and sustained intellectual vigour. You have been put to that severe test, and are found this day the beloved centre of a people never more numerous than at the present moment. May I not venture to congratulate you upon another point, though it touches a subject somewhat personal to myself. I know not why the remark should come from all other lips except mine. You have proved yourself to be one of the very few men who have been able to endure a divided empire. It is not easy for one who has long enjoyed alone the affections of a congregation, to admit another into anything like participation; no man, in fact, could do it who was not above the influence of petty jealousies, and, at the same time, conscious of being able to afford it. This difficulty, my dear Sir, you have conquered. To say that we have been all along perfectly harmonious and united, is to speak the truth in the weakest terms. We have not only been enabled, by God's grace, to maintain unbroken co-operation before the world, but to find the reality of it in our closest intercourse at home. And now, Sir, so far from entertaining the remotest wish that you should retire, I can solemnly declare, that I should view any such act on your part as one of the most alarming and distressing things that could possibly befall me."

The thing that he dreaded has come upon him; and we bespeak for him the prayers of all good Christians, that he may be as suc-

cessful in the undivided care of the bereaved flock, as he was a source of unmingled comfort and support to the departed venerable Pastor.

Mutual Responsibility of Pastor and People.

Pastor and people! Let us beware of supposing that the end designed by the divine appointment of this connection is attained by its mere establishment, however gratifying it may be to either or both parties. They are not brought together by the providence of God for mere personal gratification, for the comfort and honor of the ministry, nor for the weekly entertainment of his hearers. It is highly possible that in this respect both might find all that they could desire, while the true ends of the relation were neither sought nor found, and the investigations of a final judgment be to the confusion and condemnation of all. Ministers and people unitedly stand under solemn responsibilities to God for the accomplishment of his design in appointing such a mode of intercourse. Nor can there be a more awful awakening than in eternity of a pastor and people mutually pleasing and interested, to find that the grand work given them to do remains undone, and that the curse of God has rested on all their pleasing things. Such an association is part of the gospel machinery for promoting God's glory and man's salvation. The sole value of machinery lies in its ability to do the work for which it was made. The beauty and finish of its parts may be delightful to contemplate. So far as they promote ease and efficiency of action, they are highly desirable. But its great criterion is the amount of work which it can do. Ministers and people have work to do for God. This is the sole reason why they are thus joined together. The final judgment on their association will be in accordance with the work which has been done. And in that judgment every soul must render its own particular account, and receive for itself the eternal consequences of its fidelity or neglect. All have work to do. Let it be distinctly understood that the obligation is universal, resting on every man, woman and child in a congregation. It is a very common mistake to regard all the labor and responsibility of success as resting on the minister alone. He is the husbandman; therefore he is held responsible for the fruitfulness of the vineyard.

This view takes in only one side. His hearers also have active responsibilities. They likewise are called to labor for God under his direction. And he may have cleared his skirts by fidelity, while they fall condemned for neglect. Little can a minister accomplish where his people are not helpers of his labor. Much can be done by a congregation themselves zealous and laborious for Christ, even though there be supineness on the part of their pastor. The cause of Christ would not so languish, the growth of his Church be so slow, the standard of piety so inferior, nor ministers themselves so few and inefficient, were there a due sense of responsibility, and corresponding activity, in the congregations to which they preach. The responsibility is not more on the minister than on his hearers. Their work may differ in kind, their spheres in extent, but every soul in a congregation, even down to the least, is responsible to the full measure of his eternal happiness for the faithful service of Christ in that department essential to the general prosperity to which he has been called. Let us all feel this deeply; and those girded for a work the issues of which will be felt through eternity, breathe forth from this hour the daily, fervent, humble prayer, "O Lord, I beseech thee, send now Prosperity!"—*Parish Visitor.*