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

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THE AGED PILGRIM LOOKING UPWARD.

Through all my life, my gracious God,
I've known thy tender care;
Assist me, with a grateful heart,
Thy goodness to declare.

For threescore years and ten, now gone,
Thy mercy I adore;
O help me, as my sun goes down,
To praise thee more and more.

Infirmity now binds me fast,
But goodness tends me still;
Lord, help me, till my life is past,
To bow to all thy will.

I see the path to thine abode,
Thy grace hath made it mine;
To Christ, to wash me in his blood,
My spirit I resign.

Here, here is rock that *must* abide,
My Saviour's word is given,
(And this can never be denied)
To bring his sheep to heaven.

All my iniquities forgive,
Their memory efface;
And to thy bliss my soul receive,
A monument of grace!

MANSON.

THE LATE DR. WARDLAW.

All that is mortal of Dr. Wardlaw now rests in the Necropolis, between Knox's monument and the monument of Mr. McGavin of the Protestant, and near by lie the remains of his friends, Drs. Dick and Heugh. His grave is hewn out of a rock, and will be held in honour by many of the present and coming generations. After the coffin was lowered to its last resting place, (which was seemingly about seven feet square, and built around with brick and partly covered,) the procession marched past it, every one looking in, and many weeping, as they passed on. Many lingered near the grave for a considerable time, and a great number of ladies had gone to the Necropolis, and taken up their positions so as to command a view of the grave.

THE FUNERAL SERMONS.

Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, occupied the pulpit in the morning; in the afternoon, the Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Edinburgh; and the Rev. Norman M'Leod, of the Barony, in the evening. Admission was ticket only.

The funeral sermons will, in all probability be published, when the several speakers—all of whom are men of the first competency, will deliver their views of the character and labours of their departed friend in a manner which will embalm his memory and do honor to themselves. In the meantime, however, we cannot omit the opportunity of enriching our account by the beautiful tribute presented by Dr. Macfarlane. That excellent minister who belongs to the Presbyterian Church, stood engaged to preach to Dr. Wardlaw's people on the afternoon of the Lord's-day, and, at the close of the service, he disburdened his heart with the following tribute, worthy alike with him that gave and of him that received it. It is to be noticed, that Dr. Macfarlane was taken at great disadvantage, inasmuch as Dr. Wardlaw's death was only announced on the previous forenoon, so that he had but a few hours to prepare himself for the melancholy occasion. But, in such cases, men of true hearts and generous natures require but little preparation, and sometimes the less they have the better. Although the event was new, the subject was old, and the speaker was thoroughly conversant with the character of his departed friend.

DR. MACFARLANE'S TRIBUTE.

To attempt aught like a sketch of Dr. Wardlaw's character would be altogether presumptuous on my part, as the properly-qualified

person for this duty will no doubt perform it in due time. I cannot, however, leave this pulpit without paying a tribute, however humble, though hastily prepared, and almost on the dawn of this Sabbath, to the memory of a man, whom, from my earliest recollections, I was taught to love and admire, and who, amid the family circle wherein I was nurtured, was ever regarded as one of the most beloved of friends, and one of the most accomplished among the princes of Israel.

All the common-place eulogies, so thoughtlessly often heaped upon others, may, with strict truthfulness, be affirmed of Dr. Wardlaw. But this is saying the least of it,—I question if, in modern times at least, his superior has passed before into Heaven; and that superiority I am disposed to claim for him in every view which may be taken of his character.

In him the Christian had a noble representative. That he had his infirmities, none were readier than himself to admit, and with all sincerity of contrition; and he confessed these before the Father. Notwithstanding, I think these infirmities, whatever they might be, were only apparent to the Searcher of Hearts himself,—a more faultless character in the eyes of the world I have not known. If I were asked to specify what his failings were, I candidly own I could not do it. I do not know what they were—so blamelessly and guilelessly did he go out and in before men. Oh, it was a beautiful spectacle to see the combination in him of the majesty and meekness, the purity and gentleness, of the Christian deportment! His was not the wisdom which is earthly, sensual, and devilish, for where envy and strife are, there are confusion and every evil work. But his was the wisdom that cometh from above, and which is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." I appeal to those who knew him so long and so well, if his life was not a marvellously successful effort to exemplify the apostolic injunction, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Yes—these were the things which he carefully selected for thought—for deep, holy, and prayerful thought, and hence the living expression of them in his whole demeanour as a Christian man. There was in his whole character a wonderful combination of the peculiarities of the two apostles, Paul and John—greatness and goodness, power and gentleness, fervour and modesty, zeal and love, courage and caution, forwardness and prudence, brilliant action, and holy meditation. Catholicity was alike an element in the two disciples—they were not sectaries. Though decided in their convictions, and ready to speak them out, and act them out, before the church and the world, they contracted no unlovely spites against others, and eschewed the dirty smoky cabins of sectarianism and bigotry. So did Dr. Wardlaw. He was the embodiment of the principle of the Evangelical Alliance. It was little to him what might be the "ism" of any man, provided he was a lover of Jesus and of his truth. Hence, he lived in peace with us. Oh, we all loved him, of every denomination! You, my friends, have many in all Christian circles, who weep with you this day because our friend sleepeth. I never expect on earth to be honoured and blessed with such Christian friendship as was Dr. Wardlaw's. Over the memory of it I could sit and both weep and sing—weep, that it is gone, and sing for gratitude that it was ever mine.

In him the Christian advocate was truly a finished portrait. Taking his position, even

in young life, by the banks of Zion, he wisely selected the pebbles which were afterwards slung at the head of Error. He has at length no doubt, fallen on the field, but it is that he may rise again; whereas he has, in his time, laid prostrate many a foe to the truth of God, whose resurrection-morn shall never dawn. As an expounder of doctrine, he was textual, logical, and masterly. As a Critic, he was profound, acute, and candid. As a Philosopher, he was Christian, and yet scholarly; simple yet comprehensive. He seemed to be equally at home in synthesis and analysis, which is a rather a rare combination of excellences. As a controversialist, he was fearless though kindly, truthful though courteous, and uncompromising though reasonable. In the arena his weapon was always known by the gleam of its polish, always felt by the keenness of its edge, and often pronounced victorious by the perfect success of its fence. His arena was always a select one, always a Scriptural one. It mattered not what he advocated—it was advocated on Bible ground, and with a truly Bible spirit. If he interceded for the great citadel itself of Christian truth, he took all his arguments from the word of God. With that he slew the Socinian—with that he slew the demon of slavery—with that he battered down the high places of civil and ecclesiastical despotism—and with that he built up the cause of God and righteousness. In perfect self-possession, in thorough and honest scrutiny of the subject, in bland and gentlemanly treatment of his opponent, and in considerate and liberal handling of "the other side," Dr. Wardlaw, as a controversialist, has not had his equal, certainly not his superior among us.

As a Christian author, he stands foremost among the first, not only as regards his voluminous writings, but as regards their calibre, their fame, and their usefulness. There are few, indeed, of the Christian doctrines which he has not beautifully elucidated, and few of the Christian precepts which he has not clearly and forcibly explained. His works remain among the most valuable treasures of the church of God. One of his earliest efforts is one of his best,—his work on the Socinian Controversy; and his last work is not second to it,—on Miracles, wherein, with a giant's force, though wielded with the simplicity and gentleness of a little child, he demolishes the modern structures of infidelity. It is singular that God should have honoured him to begin and close his authorship, with rearing before the citadel of Zion two such fortifications in defence of the very vitals of our faith.

As a Christian minister, he was faithful, affectionate, and earnest. His aim was to win souls to Christ, and ye are his witnesses how eloquently and pathetically, and even unto weeping, he pled with sinners to turn from their evil ways unto God. His discourses, published and unpublished, have made his pulpit better known in this country, I may say in Europe and America, than that of any living preacher. Many have envied you the privilege of having such a pastor to break among you the Bread of Life. His style of preaching was all his own. Of knowledge it has been said, that it is sometimes one's own offspring, and sometimes it is adopted. There was nothing adopted in the manner or matter of Dr. Wardlaw's preaching. Originality was evident, in the smooth, deep, clear, steady current of his thoughts, in the calm but sublime cast of his oratory, and in the tact, as well as genius, of his address. Like Hall of Bristol, or Chalmers among ourselves, he stands out in the pulpit as alone in the possession of those excellences for which his name will be handed down to future generations.

In him Christian philanthropy had one of its most impressive illustrations. His heart was large, and it was warm. Every human interest had a place there, and every human

being had an advocate there. He had a tear for every tear, and he had a smile for every joy. He had a curse there for every foe to human happiness and holiness, and he had a blessing there for every friend of man as a citizen of the world or a traveller to eternity. He might not be Howard militant, but he was Howard eloquent, and compassionate, and practical.

And what was he in the world? Let our great city name another citizen equally illustrious. His name has made Glasgow known wherever the English language is spoken—wherever God's truth is loved—wherever men are called Christians. She has had many sons who have done her honour, but this one is the most honourable to her of them all; and when men shall cease to speak of the achievements of learning and of the explorations of science, and of the marches and triumphs of commerce, they will be still sitting at the feet of Wardlaw, learning the way to Heaven, by the cross of Calvary. He may not have bequeathed to his native place thousands of gold and thousands of silver, like some of our princely Christian merchants; but he has left her something far better—he has left a name and a character of the highest repute for intellectual and religious greatness, and literary contributions which shall never be exhausted, though millions yet unborn draw upon them for their spiritual guidance and safety. Such a man is independent of the monument of granite—he has reared his own monument with his own hands—though, if such were thought creditable to the city, I know of none who have merited such a public testimonial more than our departed father. He was the friend of the poor—the patron of every charity—an associate of every institute for the present and lasting good of his fellow-citizens and his fellow men.

In the more private walks of life he was indeed a most lovely character, and in all his relationships acted throughout as one, having first of all loved Jesus Christ, allowed the overflowing thereof to fall upon, anoint, and bless all within the circle of its approach. But upon these and many other traits of character I cannot, I ought not to enter.

And now, all is over! he is gone; on that venerable countenance we shall not look again—that sweet, persuasive tongue we shall never hear again—that warm grasp of friendship which made our inmost hearts thrill with joy, I was going to say with pride, we shall feel no more; no more shall we have him as a leader and commander—no more shall his light revolve in our little orbit, nor the music of his harmonious affections be heard in the land! True; but neither any more shall his noble nature sustain the rude shocks of this world's cruelty, nor his warm heart be crushed beneath the foot of ingratitude, nor the innermost sanctuary of his divine life be attacked by those evil powers and principalities who go about seeking to devour the strong and the valiant in Zion. No, no! our father is safe and glorified now. On his entrance into Heaven, he would receive the welcome of the brightest and best of the sons of creation; no suspicions, no accuser would meet him there; there the searcher of hearts would enfold him in his arms, and crown him as one of the martyrs and confessors; and there he has now taken his seat beside the Redeemer whom he so long and so brilliantly served; and there he is already further advanced in the science of salvation by grace than he ever could have reached, though he had lived as he lived here for generations to come. Surely, if ever man of woman born found in Heaven what was congenial to a new nature, Dr. Wardlaw is that man! Let us not mourn, then, for him. He has nobly fought the fight, let us rejoice in his graciously bestowed reward of eternal life!

But to conclude, my beloved friends, I must