

# THE HARBINGER.

UNDER THE SANCTION OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

In malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.—*St. Paul.*

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## DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THOLUCK.

How still is the grave,  
How cool is the air about it!  
If the body sleeps so quietly,  
How blessed must be the spirit!

There lies the garment which the mortal pilgrim wore through the whole period of his pilgrimage, in sunshine and in rain. O what thoughts crowd upon the mind when we stand before a corpse—thoughts which come to us at no other time! We could then have so much to say, so much to hear, so much for which to ask forgiveness. But his ear hears not, his mouth speaks not. How differently should we act to all men, could we anticipate how we shall feel, when they lie before us in their grave-clothes upon the bier.

Soul purified in the furnace of affliction, thou art now with God. O when now the bands fall from thine eyes, when faith is changed to sight, how will it be with thee! When from the mouth of the Lord, upon whose hand thou hast leaned when thou couldst not see his face, thou shalt receive the welcome, "Come thou faithful servant into the joy of thy Lord;" when this joy of thy Lord shall illumine thy spirit, "how will it be with thee! The fruit has fallen because it was ripe. Blessed spirit, it was appointed to thee to ripen upon earth; thou hast learned fully the value of human life, its labors and its sufferings—and hast not learned in vain; what thou hast labored upon without, has been also labored within. All thy toil in the world was at the same time a preparation of thy soul for the temple of God. When at evening after a hot day the wagon laden with fruit enters the barn, all the inhabitants rejoice.—Thus I imagine

thee, serene, blessed spirit, entering the house of thy heavenly Father, and the inhabitants of heaven rejoice. Since there is so great joy in heaven, lamentation upon earth must be hushed. Could thy voice be heard from the place where thou now art, surely it would say nothing else than, "Weep not!" Therefore must we dry up our tears.

Thou didst not belong to us when thou wast upon earth; thou wast thy Lord's. We should therefore be thankful that thou wast lent to us so long, and hold fast what we have received through thee. Blessed spirit, thou must yet remain among us; from the riches which belonged to thee, hast thou dispensed so liberally to us, that we yet have thee, after thou hast left us. Thou art among us almost in a visible form that we may take counsel of thee, and thy mouth may teach us, even after death has closed it. Thou hast labored and watched for us with such fidelity and earnestness, that the blessing of thy prayers is not yet exhausted, but will continue to descend upon us as long as we live, like the dew from God. Even in the contemplation of the Everlasting Light thou wilt not forget us, for eternal light is only the light of love, and thy thoughts will be prayers for us.

Thy fight of faith is finished. We have learned from thee that man can hold himself by the Invisible, as if he saw Him, and since we have learned it, we need no longer mourn as those who have no hope. What they have buried, that was not thyself, it was thy vesture, and with the vesture have they laid all thy toils endured in it, and thy tears, and when thou shalt receive it again, renewed by the hand of the Almighty, it will no longer bear any traces of tears. He who said, "Where I am, there shall also my servant be," has taken