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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

"Patience."

A gentle angel wendeth
Throughout this world of woe,
Whom God in mercy sendeth
To comfort us below.
Her looks a peace abiding
And holy love proclaim:
O follow then her guiding,
Sweet Patience is her name!

She leads us through this tearful
And sorrow-stricken land,
And speaks, resigned and cheerful,
Of better days at hand:
And when thou art despairing,
She bids thee clear thy brow,
Herself thy burden sharing,
More hopeful far than thou.

She sobers into sadness
Thy grief's excessive smart,
And steep in peace the madness
And tumult of the heart.
The darkest hour she maketh
As bright as sun at noon,
And heals each wound that acheth,
Full surely, if not soon.

Thy falling tears she chides not,
But pours in healing balm;
Thy longing she derides not,
But makes devout and calm:
And when in stormy seasons
Thou askest, murmuring, why?
She giveth thee no reasons,
But smiling, points on high.

To every doubt and question
She cares not to reply;
"Bear on," is her suggestion,
"Thy resting-place is nigh."
Thus by thy side she walketh,
A true and constant friend;
Not overmuch she talketh,
But thinks, "O happy end!"

Religious.

"Roger Williams and the Baptists."

[Concluded from page 74.]

After relating a number of persecutions of Baptists in New England and Virginia the author says:—

The trial of three Baptist ministers in Virginia brought out one of the noblest bursts of eloquence that ever fell from the lips of Patrick Henry. The scene in that court house must have been thrilling beyond description. The orator had come fifty or sixty miles to volunteer a defence of the men. The indictment was being read as he entered the house; and he caught the words, "for preaching the gospel of the Son of God." To every word that followed he listened with intense interest; the big veins in his temples began to swell; and his great soul was gathering itself for an outburst of eloquence. And when he rose and took the indictment in his hand, and read the charge, "for preaching the gospel of the Son of God," and waved the parchment round his head, uttering those impressive words, "GREAT GOD!" and then launching forth into new torrents of eloquence, until every face in that court room grew pale with emotion, until the king's judges bowed their heads, until the prosecuting attorney clinched his hands and grew ghastly pale, until the chief justice sprang to his feet, exclaiming, in a voice hoarse with excitement, "Sheriff, let those men go!"—all that is indescribable.

But I must pause, and rest this proposition here. From this hasty review it will be seen that this sect, the oldest of all, has been persecuted in all ages. The people holding the tenets which I have enumerated have always been on the rack of cruelty.

Baptists have been persecuted by *Roman Catholics*, by the *Reformers*, by *Churchmen*, and by *Puritans*. The lecturer gives a number of cases by way of illustration. Erasmus says of the Swiss Baptists, in 1529, "They are oppressed by all other sects." Cardinal Hossius, the president of the Council of Trent, says of Baptists, "There have been none, for these twelve hundred years past, that have been more grievously punished." Mosheim says,

"In about all the countries of Europe, an unspeakable number of Baptists preferred death in its worst forms to the retraction of their sentiments." And yet there are not a few, who, ignorant of the history, tenets, and practices of this denomination, or too unjust to render honor to whom honor is due, brand it as the most illiberal and intolerant of sects. Wonderful ingratitude to those who for eighteen centuries have been paying the price of soul liberty!

The third section treats of:—*The Influence of these Tenets upon the World, and the Indebtedness of the World to the Baptists*. The most grateful proposition to treat, we must pass over it with the utmost brevity. We claim, first, that the race is indebted to the Baptists for soul liberty. Southey admits that Roger Williams "began the first civil government on earth which gave equal liberty of conscience." From necessity Baptists must be free; their churches are not merely congregational—they are independent.

"The basis of the modern civil liberties of this country and of Europe," says Curtis, may be traced back to speculations upon religious liberty and the rights of conscience. The declaration of independence was but the public announcement of a thing, the germ of which had existed long before." This is too obvious to a limit of a single question. Where the mind is enlightened and the conscience is free, man cannot long be a slave. The thrones of tyrants topple and fall when soul liberty asserts its holy rights; and to the heroic struggles of Donatists, Waldenses, Mennonites, and modern Baptists the world is yet mainly indebted for its civil freedom.

But Baptist sentiments have benefited the world, in the second place, by checking the tendencies to a spurious church membership, to which infant baptism always leads. The step from infant baptism to infant church membership and communion is a short one: the step from infant church membership to baptismal regeneration is also a short one; and whoever takes the first step must, by irresistible logic, take the second and third. The Christian world has always been troubled with this subject, and Pedobaptists have always been perplexed to know what to do with the baptized child. Among all Pedobaptist sects, the Roman Catholic idea is the most logical and consistent. Indeed, there is no logical standing place between a Baptist and a Roman Catholic. Infant baptism must be rejected, or followed to its legitimate conclusions. Protestant Pedobaptists have always found the rite a troublesome one.

Passing over some fine passages illustrating this point Mr. Eddy observes in literature and science, in works of mercy and charity, in missionary endeavors, in theological lore, they have more than a respectable standing. They are not ashamed of any page of their lengthened history, nor of the names that fill their roll call. Tyndal, the noted translator of the Bible, is claimed as a Baptist, and Wickliffe inclined to the same side. Robert Hall, the Chrysostom of modern times, the golden-mouthed, was a Baptist. John Bunyan, the world-renowned allegorist, whose feet now tread the streets of the celestial city, was a Baptist. Andrew Fuller, that noble old logician, whose theology is as strong as Scripture truth, was a Baptist. John Milton, the prince of poets, was a Baptist in sentiment. John Foster, ranking with the profoundest essayists of the world was a Baptist. John Howard, that devoted philanthropist, that unselfish reformer, was a Baptist. William Carey, the first in our times to go out as a foreign missionary, the originator of modern missions, was a Baptist. The largest assembly that convenes to-day in the world for religious purposes is Baptist. Such is the denomination which claims the name of Roger Williams. And this denomination is supposed to be the most illiberal of sects. What makes it so? Has it ever persecuted? No. Does a single drop of martyr blood cry out against it? No. Does it force its own opinions upon others? No. Its only crime consists in believing that baptism is an immersion in water, and that the rite is a prerequisite for communion at the Lord's table.

Though we could count the names of the noblest ones of earth among our fathers, it would avail nothing unless our own lives were pure, and our own principles correct. That is Christ's church which has Christ's

truth, whether it be one year or eighteen hundred years old. They are Christ's people who are loyal to Christ, whatever else may distinguish them.

May we not all unite in the prayer that sectarian bitterness may ere long disappear; that imperial truth may triumph over error; that righteousness may be exalted in the earth, and all men love and serve the only living and true God, and believe in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

A Horton Sketch.

BY GAMMA.

The following is one of a series of original articles which have appeared in consecutive numbers of the *N. B. Christian Watchman* under the title of "Horton Sketches." We presume that the facts are true, but that the names are fictitious.

It is a wonderful scene when the Holy Spirit descends in answer to earnest prayer upon a community who have waited for his manifestation; to see men who for a life time have been wrapped up in gross materialism, suddenly awakened to spiritual things: to witness the indifference and apathy of a whole congregation supplanted by eager anxiety; to behold sinners aroused, convicted, and imploring mercy. The circumstances of such a scene are always as various as the characters of men. Sometimes a revival will be attended with fearful accompaniments of physical excitement; at other times there will be nothing but the deepest solemnity and the strongest feeling.

The revival in Horton was of the latter kind. No violent scenes marred its sacred character, no outbursts of frenzy or wild excitement were there to create doubt or inspire perplexity. For although these manifestations may co-exist with the real work of God, yet we all know that revivals are always better without them.

The Principal of the College was also co-pastor of the village church, and was a devoted and laborious minister. He was founder of the Institution and had given up his whole life to its interests, yet he had never neglected the higher calls of the sanctuary. He was a devoted man of thorough scholarship, but also of devoted piety, and while he sought to impart to the students the blessings of an education, he thought it far higher honor to communicate to them the glorious truths of religion. When Father Harding's age restrained his labour, the energy of Dr. Pryor was exerted, and his efforts were crowned with unusual success. He was a learned man, and an eloquent preacher, yet the true secret of his success in the ministry, could only be found in his earnest faith and warm devotion. He saw the path of duty in private, as well as in public life; he was not more zealous in preaching than in private conversation; his known earnestness, and affectionate manner made him personally welcome even where his words were disregarded; and the students acquired for him an affection that was almost filial.

His associate Doctor Crawley was a man of a different order. Equally devoted to religion he was perhaps less popular in the mode of its expression. His natural reserve, and somewhat stately manner had often the effect of repelling intimacy, but by those who knew his gentle and noble nature, no man was more beloved. He was more fitted for a life of thought than of action, his nature was that of a student, and his acquirements were of a high order. His preaching appealed less to the feelings than to the reason, his manner in the pulpit was impressive, his personal presence imposing, his voice deep and finely modulated. He was in every respect a remarkable man.

Nor must another be forgotten who certainly was never lacking in zeal or piety. Like the others he never forgot the claims of Religion upon his scholars, nor did he ever allow an opportunity for urging them to pass away. He had no family, and the College was his home and his world. With the affection which his name inspires, there is mingled a mournful feeling. Cut down in the prime of life, his death was a heavy blow, and time which has repaired the loss, has in no respect

diminished the affectionate regard which his friends entertain for the gentle virtues of Isaac Chipman.

With the co-operation of men like these, the revival spread rapidly, increasing its triumphs every day. The town's people were the first to feel its influence.

At the meeting which followed the one of which I have spoken, the first fruits were gathered in. A number arose and asked the prayers of the congregation. A deep solemnity rested over the place. No sounds arose to break the awful stillness, except the sob of the penitent, or the broken voices of those who wrestled in prayer.

Meeting succeeded meeting. Scenes of varied interest, pathetic, mournful, or fearful, occurred in quick succession. At every meeting there was a harvest of souls. Now a strong man would rise his frame quivering with emotion to ask in supplicating accents for the prayers of God's people.

Again an old man would come forward, who never prayed before, to implore prayer for himself, that even in the eleventh hour his cry might be made known and accepted; again a young girl would ask in a scarce audible voice that she might share in the common blessing. Nor did it end here. It was not enough that the power of the Holy Spirit should be shown in bringing new souls into the kingdom; a harder task yet was performed in breaking up the covering of apathy or aversion that encased the stubborn heart of the backslider. These appeared again, filling their old places, seeking to regain their old feelings, to bring back their vanished love. They came from every side. Pride, shame, all were thrown away, in the awakened desire for pardon.

Then there ensued a scene of happiness that had not been witnessed for many a year in this place. Other revivals had occurred before, but none like this. The blessing descended from an unsparing hand, and every heart was filled with peace, and joy exceeding and full of glory. Prayer meetings began and ended, but the members could not go away—again they began, and again they ended, and still again they took up the strain, until at last they left, but often, only to recommence a final meeting in some private room. It was no uncommon thing to spend a whole night in prayer. The joy of young converts is proverbial, and here it was felt to its largest extent—joy, full and free—bliss, that flowed like a river. These feelings burst forth in singing. The songs of Zion were exhausted to express the feeling of all these happy souls. It was a scene which was a foretaste of the Millennial dawn.

"As I look round upon these young converts" said Father Harding—"all happy, all rejoicing—I feel as though I were like some old oak tree, whose vitality has been supposed to be exhausted. But spring has come, and shoots and buds burst forth, and they grow, till the gnarled old trunk is green with foliage."

The students had looked upon all this with varying feelings. Afraid of being converted, and still more afraid to show this fear, they did not know whether to go to the meetings or stay at home.

There was Edward Vincent and his brother John, the former a gay and mercurial youth, the latter gentle and affectionate. There was also Tracey whose feelings were a strange mixture of hope and fear, and whose somewhat satirical nature made him afraid of appearing ridiculous, Robinson who followed wherever the others led; and two brothers George, and Alfred Cummings.

These six young men were the leaders of all the others, and the most influential in the College. They formed a society by themselves, and so vehemently did they resist the influence of the revival, that at length this battle between Earth and Heaven seemed to centre around them.

Just at this time an old student came from a distant city to visit them, and as he expressed it, to have some fun at the revival. His name was Marshall, and he was as completely inaccessible to religious influence as any man that can be imagined.

Their favorite resort was at a village store, where they used to talk over the subject that was uppermost in the minds all.

"If you fellows go much oftener to these meetings you'll be caught and converted as