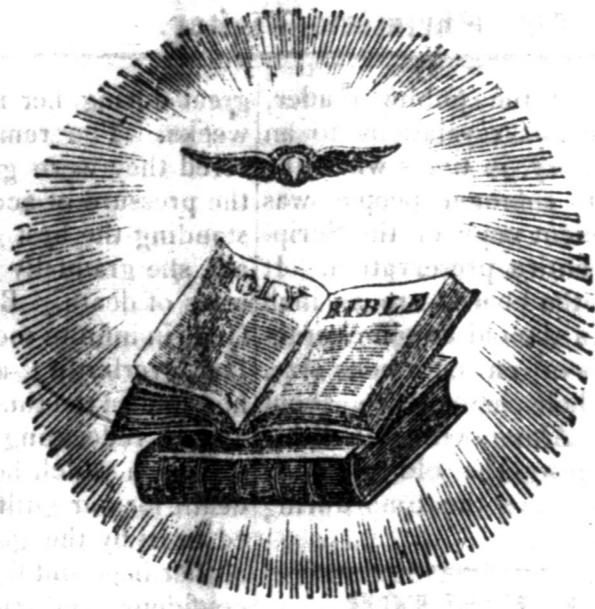


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THE INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. PETER ANSTIE.

"Wherefore is he able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."—HEB. vii. 25.

Hence, ye dark foreboding fears,
Sad, distressing doubts, begone;
Glorious light from heaven appears,
Shining from the eternal throne.
Lo, to faith's unerring sight
Visions rise supremely bright.

Lamb of God, for sinners slain!
See, before the throne he stands;
Worthy now to live and reign;
Life and death are in his hands.
Angel of the covenant Thou!
Earth and heaven before thee bow.

Thou didst take my sin and shame,
Thou didst bear the dreadful load,
Rescued me from endless flame—
Saved from Satan's dark abode.
Great High Priest! I fly to Thee,
Drawn by love to Calvary.

All my wants to Thee are known—
All my weakness, all my woes;
Thou didst take them as thine own;
Thou hast conquered all my foes;
Glorious Advocate with God!
Thou hast bought me with thy blood.

Sins, now pardoned, ye may rise,
Conscience frights my soul no more;—
Earth, thy vain illusion flies;—
Hush the lion's dreadful roar.
Lamb of God! by faith I see
Thou in heaven dost plead for me.

In thy righteousness arrayed,
In salvation's garments drest,
Wondrous grace! I shall be made
Like thee soon, and with thee blest!
Trophy of thy love and power,
I shall praise thee evermore.

Oh most bright, most blessed hope!
Is it mine? Oh can it be?
Is this glorious hope laid up,
Safely kept in heaven for me?
Sinful worm! Be all my days
Spent in wonder, love, and praise.

By the cross and crown inspired,
Prostrate in the dust abased,
Yet with holy rapture fired—
May I labor for that rest;
Sin yet more and more abhorred,
Whilst I triumph in my Lord.

Yes, my Saviour, 'tis thy cross
Gives to sin its deadly wound—
Makes all earthly gain but loss—
Worldly fame an empty sound.
'Tis the assurance of thy love
Lures me to the crown above.

Oh, for more devoted zeal,
Better far to speak thy praise;
Holy Spirit! come, reveal,
More of Jesus and his grace.
Let it be my joy to know
Christ my life, my heaven below,
Exeter, Eng. August 4, 1841.

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]

PREACHERS IN GLASGOW.

[From an American now in Great Britain.]

REV. JAMES TAYLOR.

For some weeks past I have been visiting many of the places celebrated in the civil and ecclesiastical history of Scotland; but so ar-

ranged matters as to spend every Sabbath in Glasgow, having a strong desire to hear many of the distinguished preachers here, such as Buchanan, Symington, King, Struthers, &c. Two have attracted me so much, that no Sunday since I came to Scotland has passed without hearing one or both of them. I refer to Dr. Wardlaw and Rev. James Taylor, pastor of the East Regent St. Baptist church. Their style is entirely different.—The one charms by the winning gracefulness of his manner and his instructive eloquence—the other by his animation and soul-stirring appeals. The one is "apt to teach"—the other apt to impress. In some respects, Mr. Taylor is one of the most remarkable preachers I ever heard. To say that he is an earnest preacher, conveys but a shadow of my meaning; he is "terribly in earnest," as was said of Chalmers. While preaching, he appears to be carried away with his subject.—He seems to forget everything but the fact that perishing men are before him—that an awful hell is yawning, and that a Saviour is waiting to be gracious. The first time I heard him, I was reminded of McCheyne, whose life and remains I read just before leaving the United States. There was the same burning love for souls—the same beseeching earnestness of a dying man. I should say, however, that Mr. Taylor's abilities are of much the higher order. But let his works speak.

Six years since he was pastor of the Congregational church in Airdrie—a town containing some 13,000 inhabitants. This church, under his ministry, from a small body, had grown large and influential. Much of his success is attributed to his out-door labors—preaching in various parts of the town to crowds of the labouring classes, and leading many of them to the church and to the Lord. While visiting Airdrie I heard from various sources of these labors and the blessings which crowned them. While thus engaged, some of his members became strangely disturbed in mind in reference to baptism, and Mr. T., in his efforts to smooth the matter over and set them right, soon found himself in the same predicament.

His position, though by no means strange, was, nevertheless, awkward and trying. After a patient and prayerful examination of the whole matter, he was forced to the conclusion that believers only are subjects of baptism, and painful as the sacrifice was, he separated himself from his beloved people and followed his Lord in baptism. He went to work at once in his Master's name, and in a place where Baptists had been unknown, in less than two years he was pastor of a flourishing Baptist church worshipping in a handsome chapel which cost \$6,000, and was paid for. Strictly speaking, there was, and still is, a debt of \$200 on it, money loaned by the church building society, without interest, which can be paid whenever called for, and can hardly be regarded as an incumbrance. Three years since, some of the Baptist brethren in this city were stirred up to extend the cause, and a church of 26 members was formed. Mr. Taylor's success in building up such interests was well known, and all eyes were turned to him. He regarded it as a call of God, and notwithstanding the tears and supplications of the people, and his yearnings for his own children in Airdrie, almost literally, he tore himself away. Casting his care on the Master, he came to this city, and the blessing of the Most High has followed him. The new church, after meeting in the City Hall for two years, removed to their beautiful chapel in East Regent St., which cost more than \$10,000, and is nearly all paid for. Their numbers are now over 240. Their increase has been by baptisms mainly. During the past year 68 were baptized.

Every Sunday evening during the summer months Mr. T. preaches on Glasgow Green to immense multitudes. The common people hear him gladly. I have often heard the poor people, surrounding the moveable pulpit, speak of him most kindly as *their* minister. I have attended seven of these meetings; at no one were there fewer than 1,500 present, and on two occasions it was computed that more than 4,000 were assembled. Never have I seen audiences more attentive; often have I seen the head bowed and the eyes of strong men streaming. Rich blessings have attended these services, for many of the most worthy members of the church were there "pricked in the heart," and turned unto the Lord, one of them an old woman eighty years of age. Mr. Taylor's voice and manner are well adapted to such services. His voice is clear, shrill and under perfect control. His earnestness which, at times, becomes terrific energy, chains the attention of every hearer. Such a sympathy is established between himself and his audience, that what in any other man would be extravagance, in him seems to be called for. It is said Robert Hall at times used to step back in the pulpit as if preparing himself for a charge, and then rush forward, impelled, as it were, by the strong tide of his emotion. The effect was overwhelming.—The few who attempted to imitate him were laughed at. Mr. Taylor, when at times much engaged, unconsciously makes use of action somewhat similar. His weak body appears to be struggling with the torrent within, and he seems, by a peculiar swaying motion, to be gathering himself for a mighty effort. At last it breaks forth, and the effect is electrical. For more than twelve years he has devoted much of his time to out-door preaching.—While in Airdrie, he preached nearly every evening, often two or three times in an evening, for it must be remembered that it is not dark in Scotland during the summer months until 10 o'clock. The peculiar arrangement of the houses in Scottish towns is favorable: a close or alley often leading into a court surrounded by lofty houses full of people. In these yards, remote from the confusion of the public street, a good man, who is a good preacher, soon can gather and interest a large company. Mr. Taylor is still young, not yet thirty-five years of age. His friends often expostulate with him, for they fear he is killing himself by his labors. He seems to be willing to wear out in the service of Him who died for him.

Mr. T. reads his sermons, not closely, but his manuscript is before him and is used. I never wish to hear again of the chilling effect of notes. They need produce no such effect. He preaches well without notes, and does so frequently when preaching to the labouring classes in the open air. In the second volume of "Our Scottish Clergy," a work containing sketches of the most eminent ministers of this country, is a long article devoted to Mr. Taylor, from which I make the following extracts. I was rather amused than otherwise, with the philosophical part, especially with the coolness with which the author assumes that the Baptists are a small tribe, &c. He seems to think that Scotland is all the world.

"The natural tendency of large bodies is to give expansion to the powers of the mind and heart, while that of small bodies is to contract these powers and desires. We look for the members of a vastly ramified hierarchy to have a width and comprehensiveness of view, which we dare not expect among the disciples of a narrow and exclusive faith. Among those in our day who disturb the harmony which we have supposed or established to exist, is James Taylor. He has a mind and heart which embrace all Christendom, and yet he is formally connected with a comparatively (!) small de-

nomination. He is a conscientious, yea, we must still say, an accidental Baptist. (Dr. Carson here, and Professor Jouett, in the United States, met with accidents precisely similar,) but an intelligent and ardent Christian. Ecclesiastically he shares his thoughts and affections with a *small tribe*, but as a Christian, his heart beats in unison with the entire Israel of God. Hear such a one as the subject of our sketch preach, and you cannot say what are the views he holds of organized Christianity. He preaches Christ Jesus the Lord and himself as his servant. * * * Shortly after he commenced his lecture he raised his voice to the highest pitch, and sustained it at that height throughout. His peroration was a torrent of eloquent and appropriate appeal. Few preachers can boast of a voice of such variety and power. Its gentlest whispers are quite audible, while its thunders startle the most apathetic. In general, his gestures are animated and often graceful. His figures are well sustained and his language neat and chaste. His success as a preacher proves that his teachings possess substantial merit. By his energy and eloquence, the very beautiful and tasteful house, where he now worships, was reared; it is one of the neatest in Glasgow, and reflects great credit on the taste that planned, and the enterprise that erected it. Mr. T. has for several years conducted a monthly periodical called the Evangelist. It is alike creditable to his literary talent and denominational prudence. Indeed, it shows that he is as much calculated to be useful through the press as from the pulpit."

The Independents, Dr. Wardlaw's Connection, and the Baptists of all kinds, in Scotland, celebrate the Lord's Supper every Sabbath.—The manner of doing it at Mr. Taylor's church is different from that generally followed in our country. The ordinance is observed before the sermon, the minister and deacons partaking first. The broken bread is distributed in large pieces from which each communicant breaks off what is required. At the conclusion of all the services, the new members take up their position before the pulpit, and all the members of the church passing before them, give the right hand of fellowship. It was a pleasant sight to witness their smiles and friendly greetings.

Mr. Taylor's church is strict communion, and so are nearly all the Baptist churches in Scotland.

Mohammedan and Christian Powers.

Among the strange spectacles that Europe now exhibits there is none more instructive than the contrast of positions now occupied by the Sultan of Turkey, and their Christian majesties, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, in relation to the cause of freedom. There is at this hour more religious liberty enjoyed in Turkey than in those Christian States which lie upon her borders. For some years past, Turkey has been turning her steps into the path of progress and improvement, and taking lessons from England, France, and America in regard to Science, Art, and Education. She has had French officers to discipline her troops, and American architects to construct her ships. The young Sultan, now upon the throne, is treading in the steps of his father who began this course of innovation with a high hand, in spite of the inveterate prejudice which centuries had strengthened. And now we behold Austria and Russia, professing Christianity, defending the worst forms of ancient despotism by the union of their arms, while Mohammedan Turkey has become the asylum of the oppressed and the champion of human rights. Into what a false position is the Christian religion thus thrown by its being made to coalesce with systems of political