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A NEW-ENGLAND DEACON OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.

He was a man of calm and austere mood,
And in his sternness showed his pedigree,
For he was born of Puritanic blood;
To no one did he ever bend the knee,
Except to God, and even then expressed
Less outward homage than his heart confessed.

Though stern his brow, his heart was warm
and mild,
The fountain gushed, though curbed its
sparkling rim;
His eyes, as he chastised a froward child,
Were oft with nature's gentle dews made
dim;
He struck with those fond feelings he betrayed,
As round his old arm chair the urchin played.

His words were few, select and pertinent,
Each understood and well performed its task;
Before their force frivolity grew silent,
And guilt, in sudden fear, let fall its mask;
And yet, though strong his bow and sharp his
steel,
He only wounded men that he might heal.

He may have wished, but never worshipped
wealth;
He sought it as a means, but not an end;
He deemed the best of "creature comforts"
health,
The best of all God's outward gifts a friend—
Incomparably so his chosen wife,
And, He who broke to both the bread of life.

Beneath the pulpit, in his wonted seat,
He meekly sanctified the day of rest;
His locks fell on his shoulders like a sheet
Of snow upon a bending maple's crest;
His features solemn, meditative, mild,
Repressed the lightness of the gazing child.

He was a breathing, bold impersonation
Of moral outlines, which the preacher drew;
Impressing portraits, limned in Revelation,
By corresponding features full in view. [ed
A living picture strikes, when one that's saint-
Will sometimes fail, however strongly painted.

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]

REV. JAMES A. HALDANE.

Few names are better known in this age of the Christian world than that of Haldane.—There were two brothers of the name. To see and hear the Rev. James A. Haldane, the surviving brother-pastor of the Baptist church, Leith Walk, is an attraction to not a few of the many visitors to this capital of the North. Long has he stood at his post, and now at the age of eighty-two, with natural force unabated, he preaches regularly the same gospel it was his delight to preach near sixty years since.—The Tabernacle in which his people worship, was built for him by the late Robert Haldane, about the year 1800, and originally seated 3200 persons. Here, Andrew Fuller and Rowland Hill often preached. For years the building was thronged. No preacher in Scotland was so popular. But at length he became a Baptist, and as a matter of course his popularity waned in some measure, and the place became too large; so a floor was laid on a level with the lower part of the gallery, and in the upper room thus formed—in shape like an amphitheatre—the church and congregation have since met. The room will contain about 1400. Mr. Haldane's life has been a romantic one. As many of the incidents communicated to me were interesting, perhaps they will be so to others. It may not, then, be amiss to give an outline of his life.

James A. Haldane was a private pupil of Dr. Adams, rector of the High School of Edin-

burgh. In the year 1784, at the age of sixteen, he entered as midshipman on board the East India Company's ship, Duke of Montrose. He met with the usual number of "hair-breadth escapes" while thus engaged. At one time a man next to him on the yard-arm, was knocked overboard and lost. At another time, he was himself thrown from a boat in a dark night, but clinging to his oar, was, after a long search, picked up. When he received his promotion, and was appointed 3d officer of the Foulis, he was detained in Scotland a day or two longer than he expected. On reaching London, much to his disappointment he found the ship had just sailed. It was a providential escape, for the vessel was never heard of again. At the age of 25, the earliest age at which he could be appointed, he was made commander of the ship Melville Castle. While in command of this ship, wind bound in the Channel, a mutiny broke out on board the Dutton, another Indiaman, at anchor not far off. Shots were fired, and one man killed. Captain Haldane immediately ordered out his boat to go to the assistance of the officers, who were at bay on the quarter deck. Coming alongside, the mutineers threatened him with instant death if he attempted to come on board. Amid the cheers of the officers, and in spite of the resistance of the crew, he boarded the ship. He was at once invited to take command, and drive the mutineers beneath the hatches. He declined, but disarming himself, he went forward alone, and addressed the men on the folly of their course, and the severe punishment that would result if they persisted in their revolt. He succeeded in restoring order without further bloodshed.

It was while commanding the Melville Castle, that he experienced his great change. In a letter written to one of his old messmates just afterwards, he said that his "eyes were opened by reading a book which I had with me, which, from prejudice of education, and not from any rational convictions, I called the Word of God." He determined at once to abandon the pursuit of superfluous wealth, and be content with what he had already acquired; to seek the true riches and live, "live well, live much."

At this time he had no thoughts of preaching publicly, but having been in a measure forced to speak before a small assembly at Gilmerton, near this city, he was so much encouraged, that, in conjunction with certain other gentlemen, he gave himself wholly to the work.

His brother Robert was awakened soon afterwards, Robert being the eldest son, inherited the family estate. This he determined to sell, and give all his income, and all his time, to aid in spreading the Gospel. His thoughts were turned to India. Carey's example was before him. He concluded to go himself at any rate, but also made arrangements with Mr. Innes, Dr. Bogue, of Gosport and Greville Ewing, then of Edinburgh, afterwards of Glasgow, so that these brethren agreed to accompany him. Mr. Haldane agreed to defray the expenses of the mission, and bound himself to pay each of his associates £3,000 and their passage home in case they were compelled to return. The Honorable East India Company refused to allow them to settle in their dominions; so both the Haldanes and the other brethren had to devote themselves to the work at home.

James Haldane at once engaged in out-door labors. The novelty of a sea captain, and a layman preaching the gospel, at first drew crowds. His earnestness and the blessings which followed him, increased his fame.—Night after night he has preached to audiences of 10,000 people on the Calton Hill.

He travelled from town to town throughout the whole north and west of Scotland, and like

success attended him. In one of these tours he fell in with Rowland Hill, who was engaged in the same labours. A warm and lasting friendship was the consequence. The following is Hill's dedication of a work to Mr. Haldane, which is quite characteristic:

"You was educated for a maritime life; and from a situation creditable and lucrative, commenced a peddling preacher, crying your wares from town to town, at a low rate indeed, 'without money and without price,' and scattering religious tracts as you travelled from place to place; while it was my lot to be bred to the trade, and to serve a regular apprenticeship for the purpose; but being spoiled in the making, I never received but forty shillings—a story too trivial to relate—by my occupation as churchman. Affluence is a snare, a decent competency a blessing,—a blessing, if thereby we can preach Jesus freely, and prove to the poor of the flock that we can sacrifice our own profit if we can be profitable to them."

In my last I mentioned the circumstances attending the formation of the church worshipping in the Tabernacle, and also the fact of both the Haldanes becoming Baptists. Of this church James Haldane has been pastor 54 years. Robert was less successful as a preacher, than his brother, but a far better writer. He died some nine years since, full of years and full of honours. He bequeathed little or nothing to objects of benevolence, but he did what was better—he was his own executor.—For the spread of the gospel, it is known that he expended more than £80,000—£20,000 of which was given to assist young men studying for the ministry. His labors in Geneva, which resulted in the conversion of D'Aubigne, Bost, and others, are well known. Dr. Alexander, of this city, in his work on Switzerland, and the Swiss churches, thus speaks of them:

The indefatigable zeal with which he labored to awaken in the minds of the pastors and students, to whom he obtained access, a feeling of personal interest in the gospel; his patient and well directed efforts to expound to those who were disposed to listen to his instructions, the way of the Lord; his enlightened and uncompromising advocacy of the great cardinal doctrines of the Evangelical system, in the hearing of those who had been taught to regard them as antiquated and exploded dogmas of scholastic polemics; and the delightful success with which it pleased God to crown his labours, must ever secure for him a foremost place in the records of the revival of Christianity in Geneva, in the beginning of the 19th century. I have heard him spoken of in Geneva, as the Calvin of the second Reformation; and certainly, both as regards the views of divine truth which he entertained, and as respects the courage with which he advocated them, he may be truly said to have come in the spirit and with the power of Calvin.

I have heard James Haldane preach several times during the past winter, and with much pleasure. Having been told by different persons that he was "an awful high Calvinist," in fact, an Antinomian, in preaching if not in practice, I was delighted to hear him so affectionately, so earnestly, and so powerfully insist that it is the duty of all men to believe in Christ. Mr. Haldane is a theologian of the old school, and in his numerous works; and whenever the occasion calls for it, maintains and defends his opinions most vigorously; what is more, he is a revival preacher, and has been from the start. The weaklings, who are ever saying that old school men can't preach a free gospel, the whole gospel, had better hear James A. Haldane, and learn to tell the truth.

A Sandwich Island Saint.

The Rev. Mr. Coan gives, in the last Missionary Herald an account of an aged native, that will be read with deep interest:

Joshua was once a member of the church at Kaamaloa. Some fourteen years ago he removed to Hilo, where he remained until his death, which took place in April last. For several years after his connection with this church, he exhibited no special marks of spirituality; but during the great revival, he became deeply and thoroughly aroused, and at the same time wonderfully transformed. The study of the Bible, secret and social prayer, attendance at the house of God, religious conversation, visiting from house to house, laboring for souls, &c., were his meat and his drink. With no extraordinary native powers of mind, he became one of the most active and efficient helpers, merely through the strength of his piety, or, in Scripture language, "through the power of the Holy Ghost" resting upon him.

He was already an old man, but his strength and his youth were renewed like the eagle's. He became my almost constant companion in travel, patiently toiling by my side over the burning lava fields of Puna, and through the rivers and ravines of Hilo. His love for Christ, his compassion for souls, seemed deep, fervent, and constant, not always, of course, equally intense, but never doubtful. His prayers were highly fervent, deeply humble, believing and importunate. I have never met with a mightier wrestler at the throne of grace. Good old Jacob, when gazing upon the celestial ladder, did not see more clearly into heaven than good old Joshua, when kneeling before God. I never tired in travelling with him; and his conversation and prayers never wearied.—When my spirits were sad, my resort, next to the throne of grace, was the hut of good old Joshua. He was truly spiritual, and there was an unction about him which readily attracted spiritual minds. The wicked venerated and feared him; the good loved him.

As age and infirmity crept over him, he began to feel it more and more difficult to go with me on my tours. Several times when invited to do so, he has excused himself, saying, "I am too old and too feeble. My heart goes with you; but this poor old body cannot drag itself over the hills and the rivers any more. It is done." Then, after a little reflection, all his old recollections would revive, and his desire to go again would become so strong, that he would say, "Well, I will try it once more. Perhaps God will give me strength to go through; if not, let him leave me by the way—all will be well." Gathering up his strength and taking his staff, the pilgrim and the patriarch would set off "faint yet pursuing." Usually, at the close of the first day, and when bowing before the family altar, the old man would express his joy and gratitude to God, that he had been persuaded to attempt the tour. Listening to the word, and seeing the works of God, would so fill his soul with joy that he would spontaneously exclaim, "I am glad that I came. I feel stronger than when I set out. The word does me good. O, how much I should have lost had I remained at home!" Such scenes were repeated several times before he finally yielded to the increasing infirmities of age.

At length the strong man bowed beneath the pressure of years, and his active labors were confined to the circle immediately around the station. His wife, younger and more vigorous, was smitten by a paralysis, and hastened to the grave. This left his house and his heart desolate; for his conjugal relations were happy. He had no children. The measles and whooping-cough, with their attendants, prostrated his little remaining strength, and he was never again able to leave his house. He lingered, however, on the banks of Jordan, but with many longings to pass over.

Often have I found him, while strength allowed it, lying prostrate with his old spectacles on, his Bible opened on the mat (his bed)