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We have read the following paper with great pleasure. It reminds us of a verse written by LONGFELLOW:

The lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

[From the *New York Recorder*.]

ROBERT HALL.

The following is a lecture delivered at the Brooklyn Institute, by Rev. J. West, on The Comparative Power of the Baptist Ministry with other Denominations, illustrated by Living Examples.

It may seem presumptuous in me, to discuss the qualities of so great a man. But my object is not to make a cold analysis of brilliant properties of worth and genius, or to shine in eulogies on a hallowed spirit gone to its sphere of glory. It is simply to ask others to draw near to a beautiful picture while I hold up a dim taper light to it, that its color and life may be seen with more individuality. I regard it as a divine art that enables us at any hour to go into the company of the good and illustrious of any age, to summon them from their sepulchres, as it were, by a magic power, and hold communion with them. Their thoughts and images have the spell of resurrection upon them of themselves.

Men of secular spheres may have more renown; be identified with memorable events; their names welded into the history of revolutions; a nation may chain itself to their chariot, and principalties, like suns, shine effulgent on their course, and their life be more marked by omens, incident, and conflict, while their tragic vibrations may touch the extremes of the globe. But while good men are without this adventure and this tumultuous pageant, their actions and issues in the scale of real dignity and value rise infinitely beyond the former. All that is regal and lasting in this former draws its element of power, permanence, and grandeur from the latter, though sometimes so scorned by the genius of this world. Pilate and his dream are made immortal by the Being he crucified.

Robert Hall stood the first preacher in his day, and has no rival now, no compeer. This is no selfish sectary's encomium. The nobler the nature of the man, the freer would be his confession to this distinction, whoever heard him.

To understand the position of Mr. Hall, we must think a little of the times in which he came out. It was when the Church of England was all-dominant; when the bars of prisons for consciences' sake was scarcely rusty; when the priest of the State Church and altar looked through the stained windows of his ancient cathedral, where marble pomp, royal insignia, and piles of magnificent reminiscence held sovereignty; looked on the worshipper of the conventicle with strange contempt. Most of the higher class associated then with Dissenters and their preachers, tinkers, cobblers, and the like; a low and ignorant class of men, fanatical and disloyal. Many only wanted power to give them again the chains and dungeons of their castles. Through these tremendous thicknesses of prejudice and hate had Hall's genius to shine before it could reach their understanding and make an impression. But such was its power and plenitude, it did reach this class, in spite of obstacles so formidable. This is one great vantage-point from which his greatness is to be seen.

He was such a luminary, that minds must be dead as well as dark if the beams of his

power could not reach them. His reasoning force; his imperial fancy; his pure and brilliant diction; his affluence of thought in arguments, in fire or in frost of power and original combinations, with a majesty of manner, compelled tribute from a proud aristocracy and a reluctant literature. His sentences are like veins full of life and high blood from the fountain of feeling; while one thought sets fire to another thought and the next, till the illumination is perfect and beautiful. His very countenance is lighted with splendor. There is no artifice; it is natural. There is no design to hold out a grand conception to let its radiance fall on the speaker in Mr. Hall. If the image shines, it must be on the cross, while he always keeps in the background, in oblivion of self. In feeble health even, the power of his great mind over physical infirmity has been striking often. In the beginning of a discourse the features have looked worn and pale; the eye dead or dull; the cheek hollow; the voice low, and the whole frame sickly and feeble. He has glanced over the multitude in this state of body; but as he proceeded, the eye has lighted with some sublime thought; the wan and exhaustion of the features have gathered a glow and a life of meridian splendor; the veins of that sickly form have swelled to fullness, till the quiver and motion of life had seemed to come down like a presence upon every nerve and muscle; while thought after thought had kindled, chained, and enchanted the multitude, who had never before heard strains like those from mortal lips, poured upon a people who stood like the pillars of the building, fascinated to the spot. I do not know that this is further than I ought to say.

Like the harp of Orpheus, his strings and his strains made beautiful harmony; but, like a divine Apollo, the inspiration of Heaven endowed him with the power to construct the instrument too that made the music so irresistible and sacred.

Foster and Hall have sometimes been compared. They loomed up together upon the great sea of life. Each was freighted with a valuable charge. After keeping in sight of each other for a time, they diverged, if not lost sight of one another, but let go their anchors in the same serene harbor at last. They were like and they were unlike. Both were original, but dissimilar in points of similitude. Foster seemed to forge his thoughts and keep his anvil among subterranean fires, to make romantic adventure in desolate regions and the unknown. Hall surveyed the altitudes of the discovered world, with all its prodigies, charts, and mysteries. Foster, to shut his eyes and feel in the dark at times. Hall, to sport in the sunbeams. Foster loved to loosen the bands of an enigma in the economy of nature. Hall, to take the known as a thread of gold and a clue, and find his way to the hidden and secret laws of the great laboratory of the universe, and shelve the mighty problems human art cannot penetrate.

We can think of the mind of Foster as of an unfrequented country, where thoughts in the shape of an armed banditti are ready to spring upon you without a moment's warning; and not very distant from a burning mountain or volcano, fitfully at intervals shooting up its lurid glare on the objects around it, covering with a gloomy grandeur the extent of the vision. Of the mind of Hall, as of a beautiful landscape of trees where birds warble; of rivers like molten silver; colors of brilliancy, character, and scene; while in the distance a mountain is visible, while clouds, like painted circlets, settle on its summit, but sometimes crested with darker elements, that portend the power of tempest and lightning, that renew the atmosphere.

It is perhaps remarkable, their difference in their suggestive law or tendencies. Hall, if in Egypt, would be likely to ascend the summit of the hoary pyramid, and look from the cloudy pinnacle on the wild scene below—the Nile and the desert; Foster to search for the charnel-house of the dead—the fragments of the past—ruins and skulls; handle them, and muse over them with an absorbed curiosity, as before a noble picture of art. The gloom of night or the solemn wilderness met his economy; the sea in a state of tempest met his aptitudes, when he could imagine it a mighty minstrel playing its wild music to the spirit of the storm, or the wail and agony of Nature over the calamities of the fall. Hall would look on them as Adam from the bowers of Paradise beholding the majesty and power of God in creation; not from some jagged cliff, amidst the perils of precipices. Each had the elements of grandeur; but with the one, it was grandeur in a state of disturbance; with the other, grandeur at rest. Each mind was an orb of magnitude, but Foster's path kept no parallel.

But there were two momentous matters in which they were kindred spirits, which no mortal estimate can give the worth of: each had a massive character of Christian integrity. It was well consolidated and built. Their purity was a white robe without a rent or a soil; we mean only as far as outward disgrace was in question, not as men in the sight of God. They stood where many fell.

In death, they were not divided. There was something truly sublime in the dying moments of Robert Hall. When his afflicted wife asked him if he was dying, startled by his appearance, with a calm and divine firmness he answered, "Yes, it is death—death—death!" while his noble frame wavered to and fro in convulsive agony. While child after child was borne from the room of the dying father, unable to endure the sight, the look, that last look he gave them when utterance was almost gone—the thousand thoughts that gathered into that eye, and lighted it up with beams of unutterable love, just before it was about to close for ever—was a spectacle of sublimity not often witnessed on the brink of dissolution in the experiences of men. In some of the last throes of his mortal conflict, his arm rested on his physician's shoulder for support; but, in one of the pauses of his agonies, he turned to him with a benign look to ask if his weight was burdensome; mindful to the last of the comfort of others. But the chief charm of this solemn hour—the last hour of a great man on earth—was the position he took of a poor creature, a sinful worm, looking to the cross of Christ for merit and mercy, only through that divine Sacrifice willing to take the place and assuming it of the most defiled of men; if He would put a sapphire crown upon the head of other worthies, he was content to leave his own, the lowest, at the feet of the Crucified.

GREAT MEN—SELF-EDUCATED.

Benjamin Franklin was a self-educated man. So was Benjamin West. The one among the most distinguished philosophers, the other among the best painters the world ever saw. Each had a good teacher because he taught himself. Both had a better teacher daily, because both were advancing daily in knowledge and in the art of acquiring it.

Baron Cuvier was also a self-made man. He was at all times under a good teacher, because he was always taught by Baron Cuvier. He, more than any other man, perhaps than all other men before him, brought to light the hidden treasures of the earth. He not only examined and arranged the mineral productions of our globe, but ascertained that hun-

dreds, and even thousands of different species of animals, once living, moving in the waters and upon the land, now form rocks, ledges, and even, mountains. Cuvier thought, however, that he owed a constant debt of gratitude to his mother for his knowledge, because when a small child, she encouraged him in Linear Drawing, which was of the utmost service in his pursuits. To the same encouragement the world is, of course, indebted for the knowledge diffused by Cuvier among all nations.

Sir Humphry Davy, by "self-instruction," made more brilliant and more important discoveries in chemical science, than any one who preceded or followed him. Farmers, mechanics, house-keepers, and many others, are now enjoying the benefit of his labors.

Elihu Burritt, by self-instruction, had acquired, at the age of thirty years, fifty languages; and that too, while he was laboring vigorously over the forge and anvil, from six to twelve hours daily.

The late Dr Bowditch taught himself, until he succeeded all who had gone before him in mathematical science.

Roger Sherman, whose name will descend to posterity as one of the ablest statesmen and brightest ornaments of the American Congress, taught himself while working upon his shoe bench.

George Washington was a self-made man. His name will fill all future ages with reverence.

Hosts of others, who in former ages, moved the intellectual and moral world, also, those who now move and elevate themselves. Such must be the fact in all future ages.

Every child is his own teacher. He teaches himself things; and everything coming under his observation,—animals, vegetables, minerals, tools and operations of farmers, mechanics, and house-keepers—science and art. He teaches himself by seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling, talking, handling, using and comparing things, and their operations with each other; also cause with effect. Every child of common talents learns a language before he is three or four years of age. Many thousand children, now in our country, not over five years, speak fluently two languages—the English and German.

THE DIFFERENCE.

As a gentleman was walking in the street, he saw at some distance ahead, half a dozen men proceeding at a slow and measured step to their day's work. In a minute or two he overtook them, and soon looked back upon them far in the distance. "What makes the difference?" said he to himself: "I was the son of a poor laboring man. Why am I not like these men, now plodding on in the same condition of poverty and toil? Evidently for the same reason that I have left them far behind me. From my earliest childhood whenever I have had anything to do, I have done it with my might, whether working by the day or by the job. These men are working for others—I suppose by the day. They will take a 'slow and easy' motion. They will plod on so, through life, and never rise any higher. If we would win the prize, we must run for it."—*N. Y. Observer*.

Our way to the kingdom of heaven lies through tribulations. Shall we then accuse, shall we not rather bless the Providence which has made the passage short?—*Hervey*.

The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things which belong to adversity are to be admired.