

to betray him into an act of gross injustice. In charging Mr. Campbell with denying the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit, and with fraternizing with Arians, Universalists &c., he has disregarded all the facts in the case. It is well known that we have battled the peculiarities of Mr. Campbell for years. Ever since we became a member of the church, with whatever of talent and influence we possessed, we have opposed what we have esteemed to be his encroachment upon the truth. Mr. Campbell has written much, often in great haste, and under the influence of an excitement produced by a conflict with the entire religious world. He has published many things in by-gone years, under these circumstances, which, to say the least, seem to justify the statements of Dr. Rice. But Dr. Rice had a protracted debate with Mr. Campbell some eight years ago. That discussion furnishes no authority for the above sweeping charges. Mr. Campbell then most emphatically maintained the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit. All candid men have decided, that upon that subject he was, at that time, as sound and as orthodox as Dr. Rice, or any other man in the evangelical world. And it is notorious, too, that during the last decade of years, at the shortest, no man in our country has waged more earnest, if more successful warfare against all forms of Unitarianism! or has asserted and sustained the divinity of Messiah with more cogency and distinctness, than Mr. Campbell. And his opposition to Universalism, it is equally notorious, has been firm, constant, uncompromising and exterminating. In short, excepting his "metaphysical nonsense" on the design of Baptism, which we ascribe solely to his Presbyterian education—on all other great and fundamental truths of our holy religion, we unhesitatingly declare that we esteem Mr. Campbell as orthodox as any man of his day and generation. We do not say that this has been always, but that it is now the case. This is no hasty opinion of ours. It has been deliberately formed, after a careful and critical investigation. We published it more than six years ago, and hundreds can bear witness, that since then, publicly and privately, everywhere and upon all suitable occasions, we have expressed the same sentiment. Our maxim is—'Let justice be done, if the heavens fall.' We scorn the meanness, adopted by too many, of trying to put Mr. Campbell down by the 'mad dog' cry. Respect to the truth, to say nothing of the services of Christianity, forbids such a course. But enough on this point."

CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON,

AUTHOR OF THE ANNALS OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

This eminent writer, so well known as the author of several works of great talent, learning and research, is one of that class of ministers, who were raised to a high and commanding sphere of influence for good, in the church, and in the world, from the ranks of the educated shop-men, counting-house-men, mechanics, farmers, &c. Abram Booth was a stocking weaver, when he wrote, "the reign of grace," and preached the gospel to a little Baptist community in Nottingham. Everybody knows that John Bunyan was a *Tinker*. Andrew Fuller was a farmer's son, and wrought for his father, when he began to preach. He often milked nineteen cows in the morning, and went afterwards to preach. We all know that Wm. Carey, the missionary and translator, was a shoe-maker both before and after he had begun to preach, and had learned several languages. Dr. Baldwin was a blacksmith. Oncken was a bookagent. A thousand of the most eminent of our divines, scholars, preachers, pastors, authors, might be named, who had not "the advantages" of a college education. Men take their ways to make "great men." God often takes a very different way to make great men, by choosing for his instruments, to effect the most important events, while they were still engaged in secular operations.

So it was in the case of Mr. Anderson. His

father, Mr. William Anderson, was a highly respectable iron-monger, in Edinburgh, and a most exemplary christian, a member of a small church in connection with the benevolent and opulent David Dale of Glasgow. That connection was called Scotch Independents. Christopher was the only child of a second marriage. He obtained a fine education to fit him for mercantile labors. Few could excel him in penmanship. After he left school, he was sent to learn the iron-monger business and all its branches, with one of the most respectable firms in the city. In a few years he was taken into the Sun Fire office, under his uncle, Christopher Moulbury, Esq., who was the manager of that company. In that position, Mr. Anderson had the tempting prospect of a fortune for life, not only as his rich uncle's heir, but his successor as manager. But God had designed him for other work. About this time, his mind was illuminated, to see his state as a condemned sinner, through means of the awakening preaching of Rowland Hill. Having found "peace in believing," and Christ having become precious to his soul, he was baptized by Mr. Page, who was at that time studying at the University, and joined a little group of baptized believers.

In that little body he exercised his gifts in exhortation. The Baptist mission in India, was then rising in its attractive glory, "as a light to lighten the gentiles." Mr. A. thirsted to preach the glorious gospel to the benighted heathen. He conferred not with flesh and blood, but at once relinquished the honours and wealth which his situation promised, and determined to give himself to the work of the ministry.

Leaving Edinburgh, he proceeded to Glasgow, and preached his first sermon to a little church, of which the late excellent Mr. James Duncan was pastor. Having made this his *essay*, he continued his journey to see Fuller, Sutcliffe, Ryland, &c., to offer himself a missionary to India. But it was considered that his constitution was not adapted for the eastern climate. Those leaders of the missionary enterprise, however, discovered in Mr. Anderson, such gifts and graces as induced them to embrace him as a co-worker at home, in the great missionary work. He attended the theological lectures of Dr. Ryland, of Bristol, for some six or nine months. He was much engaged in preaching during eighteen months, in which he was absent from Scotland, and had a number of calls from several of the best churches to settle as their pastor. The church over which Abram Booth so long presided in London, was one of the number. But Mr. A. having been disappointed in his wishes to go to the heathen, determined to return to Scotland, and commence preaching in his native city, in the hope of raising a *Missionary Baptist Church* there. His own personal property, which was ample for his own wants, enabled him to undertake this work without pecuniary assistance from any one.

On his return to Edinburgh, he purchased a meeting house in Richmond Court, formerly occupied by the Glassites, and afterwards by the Baptist church, of which the excellent Arch'd Maclain was one of the Elders. This was in 1807. There he commenced preaching without a single man to stand by him, or help him. Three Christian ladies were all the adherents to his enterprise. Their memories are embalmed in the heart of the writer, who can now remember well, how few attended the public services for a long time after Mr. A. began to labor in that place. The prejudices of the other Baptists run strong against him; but he went forward trusting in the Lord, having determined to preach as earnestly to sixteen or any number, as he would to six hundred. God soon gave testimony to the word of his grace; several young men were hopefully converted and baptized. On the 21st of January, 1808, twelve disciples were formed into a Christian church; and he was ordained to the pastoral office by that devoted man of God, George Barclay of Killwinning, assisted by Thomas Waters, late a Baptist minister in England, then a student of the University.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER AND THE OPERA HOUSE.

It was toward the close of the London season of 1817. The days were growing longer and longer, and the sun at six o'clock was yet shining bright and warm, as I wended my way towards St. James's Park. At the bottom of the Haymarket, my attention was fixed by a densely-packed crowd wedged in beneath the piazzas, and stretching half-way across the broad street. It was a Jenny Lind night, and that crowd was gathered round the Italian Opera House. The outer doors had just been opened, and within I could see a forest of hats, showing that the entire area was filled to suffocation. Every one of the crowd was prepared to pay for the expected entertainment of the evening his 5s. or 10s. 6d., according to the part of the house which he proposed sitting in. Very many had been patiently waiting before the doors two hours; others, one hour; those upon the outside of the crowd, less. It was only six o'clock: the performance did not begin till seven. Still another hour's waiting!—another hour's crushing, pushing, quarrelling, in that dusty, rank throng! What energetic perseverance! And why? To secure a moderately "good place," at no small price, and hear Jenny Lind sing!

At length the inner door rattles. The bolt is heard withdrawn. The door flies back; the crowd rushes in—up the stair case. Fighting, struggling, shouting, entreating. Coats are rent; hats, knocked off, disappear in the *melee*; the shrieks of women are heard, the remonstrances of men, and the clink of silver rapidly pouring in. Some seven minutes, and as many hundreds of men, and some few women, have battled their way up the stairs, and are seated in the Opera House.

What energetic perseverance? And why? To what end? To secure a moderately "good place," at no small price, and hear Jenny Lind sing!

Another half hour elapses. The crowd have arranged their dress—have fanned themselves cool—have seated themselves on the closely-packed benches—and, lo, the curtain rises—the opera commences!

What breathless attention! What fixed and starting gazes! What enthusiastic plaudits! With what contentment and warm expressions of gratification does the multitude separate at the close of the protracted engagement! *This is the Opera House.*

Behold the contrast. In a quiet street, and a little retired, stands the Baptist chapel. The lights through the windows show you that it is a service night—the weekly prayer-meeting or the lecture. There is no one at the door; you may look in. It wants ten minutes to the hour of service, so there is no one there. You are a stranger, but never mind; take any seat you please. It is a week-night service, and there will be room to spare, you know, in every seat. Five minutes pass, and two or three females enter. Presently another drop in. The minister enters the desk. There are now five-and-twenty or thirty present, chiefly females, either old or young women. The hymn is given out; and as it is sung, some few stragglers enter. While the words of the "sweet singer of Israel," perhaps, are being uttered, one or two others may come in. The service occupies an hour. Some few, indeed, hear to profit; but some are locked fast in the embraces of sleep; and the wandering eye or the thoughtful brow shows that the minds of others are with the fool's eyes at the ends of the earth. At length the benediction is spoken. The scattered handful exchange some casual greetings or worldly inquiries. Each wends homeward his own way; the lamps are put out, and the chapel is left in solitude and darkness. *This is the House of Prayer.*

Brethren, are we not herein verily guilty? This is the worship Satan gets from his servants; that the worship Jehovah gets from his. The one go for mere amusement—the other for the highest