

had kindled a light in the world which could never be put. His next move was to strike a blow at the dogma of Transubstantiation, the most powerful lever in the hands of Romanism. In the spring of 1381 he posted up at Oxford twelve theses denying the dogma, and challenging any of the contrary opinion to argue the question. The cry of heresy was heard on every side. He was again summoned before a convocation at Oxford, but although he refused to retract any of his statements, the only sentence executed against him was his deposition from his professorship. He was cited to appear before Pope Urban II, at Rome, but he excused himself with the answer that he had neither the strength nor the inclination for so long a journey. But, though he could not go in person, he wrote a letter to his holiness containing some very salutary advice, in language so plain as to shew that the old reformer was in reality master of the situation. Wicliffe did not content himself with protesting against the errors of Romanism. He was a great home missionary. He organized a staff of trained assistants, whom he called his "poor priests," who went about the country instructing the poor in the truths of the Gospel, and it is probable these devoted disciples did more to diffuse his doctrines than he could do himself. A host of opponents did all they could to embitter his declining years. He was overtaken by severe sickness. He had several strokes of paralysis. On the last Sunday of 1384, while assisting in the dispensation of the Sacrament in his church at Lutterworth, another and a fatal stroke seized him. He lingered two days, and on the 31st of December his noble spirit took its flight. Wicliffe has been well styled "The Morning Star of the Reformation." Wylie, in his "History of Protestantism," says of him,—"He came out of the darkness of the Middle Ages—a sort of Melchisedek, without father or mother. He had no predecessor from whom he borrowed his plan of Church reform, and left no successor in his office when he died. . . . With his rise, the night of Christendom came to an end, and the day broke which has ever since continued to brighten." When Wicliffe had been buried forty years, the Council of Constance directed that his bones should be exhumed and burnt, "if they could be discerned from those of the faithful." The

order was obeyed. The reformer's remains were taken up, burnt, and the ashes cast into the river Swift, which flows into the Avon, which flows into the Severn, which empties into the sea, and "thus," says another, "the ashes of Wicliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

Editorial Jottings.

DUNOON, 21st June, 1886.

GOD Save the Queen, who this day enters on the fiftieth year of her glorious and happy reign! No doubt the day will be as duly honoured in Canada as here, for Canadians are as loyal as any of Her Majesty's subjects, and the impending general election has for the time being monopolized public attention in this country. Meetings are everywhere being held to discuss "the momentous question" which will be settled one way or other before this comes to be read. Sir William Thomson, of Glasgow University, was here the other evening on the "Liberal Union" platform—a new political designation that the present emergency has given rise to. Though professedly a Liberal in politics, Sir William, like many others, has felt constrained to disown the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, and to exert his influence against "the dismemberment of the Empire," as he puts it. It was a privilege to see and hear one who has so wide a reputation as a scientist and *litterateur*. He is a very pleasing, though by no means a powerful speaker.

At this time I have only a few minutes before the mail closes to say that we are here. After a very pleasant eleven days voyage from New York, in the good steamship *State of Nebraska*, we landed at Greenock on the 7th of June. We had a magnificent day to sail up the estuary of the Clyde, and all of us were charmed with the scenery. Old Ailsa Craig and the purple peaks of Arran surely never appeared to better advantage. After spending a few days at Helensburgh we took up our residence at Dunoon, one of the most beautiful, as it is also one of the most accessible of all the charming watering-places on the Clyde. It is immediately opposite the Cloch Light-house—about thirty miles from Glasgow—some thirty or forty steamers touch at the