

Messenger and Visitor.

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For several weeks we have had one of the best mailing clerks in the city at work on our lists. We hope they are now well analyzed and arranged. But there may still be some who are receiving two copies. If so, will they kindly inform us. If any other irregularity occurs, we desire to know it immediately. We thank our patrons for their patience.

In another column, Bro. Stewart appeals to the Baptists of N. B., to send in donations to him, without being visited, and thus save the expense of a paid agent. Will not the brethren respond to this appeal? Why not also the brethren in N. S. and P. E. I. do the same? They could send direct to John Marsh, Esq., St. John, or hand to their pastors who would be happy to remit for them. Why should churches be deprived of the labors of their pastors, and money be spent to pay for its own collection? We will publish all donations sent, or promises to pay within three months. To head the list for N. S., A Friend, \$50.

The Messenger and Visitor is trying to do "a great work." Why should the work cease while it "comes down" to things which "edify not," but really sander. We shall try and do as nearly right as we can, and leave the rest with God, satisfied if we have "a conscience void of offense" before him.

What a noble example is that of ex-Gov. Colburn, of whom we read in our last issue. He gave largely in his life. He bequeathed much at his death to the Lord's work. He has left fountains of blessing behind, opened by his benefactions, which may flow as long as the world stands. Who will do likewise, in their measure?

A thanksgiving should go up from all hearts because the little band of British soldiers, oppressed with thirst and heat, were not swept away in the wild rush of the Arab warriors. Gen. Stewart's dash across the head of the Nile was a bold one. It is hoped that the worst danger is now over.

About 200 students are at our institutions at Wolfville, and a fair number at the Seminary in St. John. The times are hard; the competition at our colleges, etc., keen. Such an attendance—the largest at any educational institution in the Maritime Provinces, we believe—under these circumstances, speaks well, both for the character of our places of learning, and for the intelligence of our people. What a power they are! What a power they may be made! We have noble work on our hands.

It will be seen by the news from the churches we publish to-day, that many are engaged in special services, and the mercy drops are beginning to fall on some fields. Years of financial depression have been noted as years of grace. Men are checked in the headlong pursuit of temporal things, and led to feel the need of something secure. May this be a year of the right hand of the Most High!

The Catholic Examiner is responsible for the statement that the combined circulation of all the Roman Catholic papers of the U. S. is less than that of four leading Protestant journals, published in New York, and that four issues of a single New York daily surpass the whole circulation of the Catholic papers for a year. This fact speaks volumes in reference to the intelligence of the Catholics on this continent, neither does it speak well for the future of Romanism.

Mr. Moody never goes into the papers to defend himself. If that is a good rule for Mr. Moody, why wouldn't it be equally good for others? Most people concern themselves too much as to what others think of them. It really is not a matter of much consequence, and the less one is concerned about it the more he is thought of. And yet, now and then, it may be our duty to tell a man that he has misrepresented us, and, in doing so, to do very plain words. So says the Religion Herald, and so say we.

For the Messenger and Visitor.
The Wycliffe Memorial Celebration in Toronto.
BY SHEEM.

The five-hundredth anniversary of the great Reformer was celebrated last Tuesday evening in St. James school-house. It was inter-collegiate in its character. Daniel Wilson, LL. D., President of University College, occupied the chair. The proceedings were opened by the singing of the hymn "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne." Rev. Dr. Castle, Principal of McMaster Hall, read a portion of Scripture, and prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Caven, Principal of Knox College.

The chairman, in his address, said they had met to recall the name of one of England's greatest men. He was the greatest man of an age that was indeed a brilliant one. It was an age of brilliant men of letters. And yet among all the names that made the fourteenth century so great, there was none so great as that of him whose memory they had met to recall with reverence. Wycliffe had stood one against a thousand foes and triumphed over them all. He did more than Chaucer to create the English of our times. To him they owed the greatest of all gifts—the English Bible. The right of private government and constitutional liberty in Christendom were due largely to the earnest devotion of Wycliffe. He taught them that they owed obedience to God alone. Though centuries had passed and great names had been lost in oblivion, they had met to commemorate the name of one who was laid away 500 years ago, but whose memory was still fresher than it had ever been.

THE FIRST PAPER
was read by Rev. J. B. Stone, B. D., of Montreal, and Lecturer in Wycliffe College, on "The social and religious aspects of the fourteenth century." He spoke of the "dark ages," the wonderful period of the middle ages, remarkable for the extent and intensity of its religious, political and social excitement, and for the great and able men whom it produced. To pass from such an age into the 14th century, in which Wycliffe lived and worked, and died, was like passing from meridian splendor into midnight gloom, from glory into shame, from all that was noble and exalted, and heroic, into that which was debased, heartless and selfish.

The state of England, politically, socially, and religiously, was melancholy in the extreme. The rich trampled upon the poor, and the poor turned like the dying worm upon the rich. All the superficial refinement of that age could not cover up the pride, selfishness, and cruelty that lived in its heart, and worked out into its life. As if to deepen the sad effects of this state of society, came greater difficulties in the form of famine and pestilence. The black plague swept off nearly one half of the inhabitants of the country. The living could scarcely bury the dead. There were many riots; the roads swarmed with robbers. Religion was at its lowest ebb. The Church of England lay prostrate at the feet of a foreign potentate. The parish clergy were too poor to be either learned, respectable, or efficient. But greater than all these evils were the friars. For half a century they did good, and then came corruption; which speedily wrought the ruin of the system. They became the very pests of the land, lying miracle-mongers, sturdy beggars, lewd, idle, drunken impostors, interferers in other men's work. Such was the England in which John Wycliffe lifted up his mighty voice. Such was the darkness in which arose the morning star of the Reformation.

THE SECOND PAPER
was read by Rev. Dr. McLaren, Professor of Dogmatic Theology in Knox College, on "The Theology of Wycliffe." He gave some impressions gotten from a cursory study of Wycliffe's career and theology. No one

he observed, could familiarize himself with Wycliffe without being impressed with the fact that he was a man of great power. He had not the strong emotional nature of Luther, but in cleverness and penetration, and in the ability to grasp the truths of Scripture, he deserved to rank as in every way the peer of the great German Reformer. An eminent writer had said that the great truths of Scripture received their first treatment in England at Wycliffe's hands, and it was no small praise to render to his work to say it was even as he laid them, line upon line, stone upon stone, that they were relayed by the master workmen of the church. It was given to Wycliffe to sow the seed, and to Luther to reap the harvest. A life such as his could only have been sustained by a deep conviction of the truth, an earnest love to Christ, and a burning desire for the salvation of men. Wycliffe was eminently prepared for his work by his training. The scholastic philosophy was a power in his hands. As a dialectician he was unsurpassed. His careful study of the foundations of all government, civil and ecclesiastical, gave him special aptitude for dealing with the questions of that age and first called him forth to resist the claims of the papacy. Another impression derived from the study of his career was that the world was prepared for his work. The crusades had done a grand work in awakening the western nations for the reception of new ideas. Wycliffe, too, was a thorough-going Reformer. The Scriptures were to him the only rule of faith and practice. The right of all men to interpret the Scriptures for themselves was distinctly recognized. The teachings of the fathers, and the traditions of the church had to be tried by the infallible authority of God's Word. He was purely Augustinian in his views. He maintained the doctrine of the predestination of a chosen number to salvation. The true church was defined as a communion of the predestinated, or the society of believers. He violently opposed the prevailing thought of the time on the Lord's Supper. The doctrine of transubstantiation was assailed by him, and in 1381 he published twelve theses, in which he declared war against this medieval heresy. He rejected the theory of mortal and venial sins, of pardons and indulgences, of excommunication, absolution and pilgrimages. While it could not be claimed for him that he embraced the doctrine of justification by faith alone, this much could be said, that he did not reject it, and his advances were in that line.

THE THIRD PAPER
was read by Rev. Dr. Newman, of McMaster Hall, on "Wycliffe and the Mendicant Friars." He said nothing was more characteristic of the later middle ages than the multiplication of religious orders, and the prominence they acquired in the body ecclesiastical. The monastic orders, especially the four orders of mendicant friars, the Augustinians, the Carmelites, the Franciscans, and the Dominicans, came forward to put into execution the hierarchical scheme of the Popes. Though these orders were founded on the principle of poverty, their institutions became enormously wealthy, and their greed of wealth and power was insatiable. It was in the age of Wycliffe that the friars attained to the summit of their power and tyranny. His exasperation at their iniquitous conduct led him little by little into a position of the fiercest antagonism to the whole body of mendicants, and to the whole principle of monastic orders. His tracts against them bristle with such epithets as "disciples of antichrist," "ordinate hypocrites," "evil benets," "carcasses that have gone forth from the grave, wrapped in grave cloths, driven hither and thither among men by the devil."

Newman's closing words had a grand ring. He said, "There are but two ways in which Christian union can be attained. A powerful hierarchy, with complete control of all

the civil governments of Christendom, and using the civil arm for forcible suppression, might be thought a practical way. It was tried in the middle ages under the most favorable circumstances. It will never be tried again with success. The only other method that has the slightest chance of success—the method that Wycliffe advocated, but which the time of Wycliffe was not ripe for—is for all true believers to accept the Scriptures as the only rule of faith and practice. Christians will never unite on the Canons of the Council of Trent, the Augsburg Confession, the Heidelberg Catechism, the Thirty-nine Articles and the Prayer Book, the Confession of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, the Methodist Book of Discipline, or any other human statement of doctrine or practice. Union in the truth is what we want; and for as the Word of God is the very embodiment of the truth.

THE FOURTH PAPER
was read by Rev. Dr. Sheraton, Principal of Wycliffe College, on "Wycliffe and the Bible." Under this head the speaker considered the great precursor of our reformers, as a Bible student, a Bible teacher, and a Bible translator.

A hymn was sung and the benediction pronounced by Rev. Dr. Reid.

The Happiness of God's People.

In having God I have all things, "For whom can I have in heaven but Thee, and what is there upon earth that I can desire in comparison of Thee?" Oh, sweet and comfortable words! But this is a sweetness which none can taste but they who love the Word of God, and not the world, neither the things that be in the world. My God to me is all, I need not care more; the man of purified understanding and this enough, and they of purified and heavenly affections cannot repeat it too often. When Thou art present, affliction and death are pleasant; for in Thy favour is life and joy. When Thou art absent, life itself is a burden; for Thy displeasure is worse than death.

Thou makest a merry heart, a cheerful countenance; in Thee is abundance of peace, and a continual feast. Thou givest me right notions of all events, and renderest every accident a matter of joy and praise to me. Without Thee prosperity itself is nauseous, and I loathe my very mercies; for nothing here below can please our palate unless Thy favour and wisdom give it a grateful relish. To him that feeds delightfully on Thee, every bitter morsel is sweet; but they who want or slight that heavenly dainties, find the most delicious dainties harsh and bitter.

They who are wise for the world and the flesh, are most defective in the true and heavenly wisdom. The carnal wisdom ends in guilt and death, and the worldly wisdom pursues vanity and empty pomp. But they who are wise indeed conform themselves to Thy example, a contempt of all earthly greatness, and a rigorous mortification of their sensual appetites and passions. They disdain the shadow and lay hold on the substance, and they pass from falsehood to truth, and from body to spirit.

These are the men who love and delight in God, and find no satisfaction in the creature, farther than as they promote the honor and serve the purposes of the great Creator. The joys they minister are subordinate and limited; not inherent and natural, but by reflection only, and everything is esteemed in proportion as it tends to its Maker's use and praise. So very unlike, so infinitely different, is the pleasure we feel from the Creator and creature; from the boundless ocean of eternity; from the narrow tract of time; from the original self-existent light, and those faint beams shot down on things here below.

Since, then, O Light everlasting! in comparison whereof all created lights are but a less degree of darkness; convey Thyself into my benighted

soul, purge and dispel the clouds of error; there, purify my polluted affections, cheer my sadness, enliven my stupid mind and all its faculties, that I may rejoice and triumph and bask in Thy bright beams. Oh, when will that happy, that long wished-for hour approach, when I shall be filled with Thy lustre, and satisfied with Thy presence, and my God be my All in all! For sure I am, till that blessed time my joys must be imperfect.

I feel, alas! I feel and lament in myself some remains of the old man still. Scourged he is, but not entirely crucified; wounded and bruised, but not quite dead. My flesh, in despite of all my painful labours, continues to lust against the spirit; and a domestic war distracts and breaks the peace and good government of my mind. This cannot exercise its just dominion without perpetual broils and tumultuous insurrections. But, O Thou who rulest the raging of the sea, and stillest the waves thereof when they arise, come speedily to my assistance, and quell this storm. Scatter my enemies that delight in blood, and beat them down, O Lord, my defence; exert Thy mighty power, and get Thee honour by this conquest, for Thou, O Lord my God, art my only hope and Helper; oh, save, or I perish!—Thomas A. Kempis.

No Fear, No Hope.

Mr. Robert Owen once visited a gentleman who was a believer. In walking out they came to the gentleman's family grave-yard. Owen addressing him, said: "There is one advantage I have over Christians—I am not afraid to die; but if some of my business was settled, I should be perfectly willing to die at any moment."

"Well," said his companion, "you say you have no fear of death—have you any hope in death?"

After a solemn pause he replied, "No."

"Then," replied the gentleman, pointing to an ox standing near, "you are on a level with that brute. He has fed till he is satisfied, and stands in the shade whistling off the flies, and has neither hope nor fear."—Sword and Trowel.

"Girls Help Father."

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilbur as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Can I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet work. "I shall be glad to do so if you will explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you can, Lucy," he said reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"I would be ashamed if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier since I have put on spectacles."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy chair enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times!" took away all the sense of weariness that Lucy might have felt.

"It's rather looking up when a man can have a clerk," said the father. "It is not every farmer that can afford it."

last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways who never think of lightening a care or labor. If asked to perform some little service it is done at best with a reluctant step and unwilling air that robs it of all sunshine or claim of gratitude.

Girls, help your father. Give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.—Young Reaper.

How to Save Boys.

Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influence of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is disturbed by vague ambitions; is thwarted for action, by longings for excitement, by irrefragable desire to touch life in manifold ways.

If you, mother, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repressions of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them into society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts.

They will not go to the public house at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor; they go for the animated and nervous companionship they discover does so much to repress the distracting restlessness in their breasts.

See to it, then, that their home compete with public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light your fires by night. Invite your roommates. Hang pictures on the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demureness of dulness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invite occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in every direction.

Let them find their own pleasures, their delight, all their wither, for purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood into enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends upon you.

Believe it possible that, with attention and right means, a mother have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—Appleton's Journal.

—Mr. Spurgeon recently said of his congregation: "Do try to love each other. There are some churches which bear so much stiffness. I have a packet of starch the other day which I had put upon it. I thought of all the people in the world, and I wonder how many of them are very poor."

—The Rev. Archibald G. B. Macdonald, pastor of the East End Tabernacle in London, has just celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his pastorate. During this time he has baptized and welcomed into the fellowship of the church 3,300 new members. It is understood that the overture of the Tremont Temple church Boston, is being urged upon him, but with prospect of success.

—Some clouds rise from starry bog-land fens; others from the clean, large ocean. But either way, thank God, will serve the angels to come down by. In the old stories of celestial visitants the clouds do not, and it is oftentimes all down the slope of grief and pain, and then the most powerful joy comes into the hearts of men, and women and children. Beautiful are the faces of the men of science on the hills of the world, but the pure heart will yield a myriad times more thanks for the clouds that are foothold to the shining angels.

—Nor every one that would be willing if able," said Mr. Wilbur; which

George McDonald.