

# Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,  
VOLUME XLIX.

Published Weekly by The Maritime Baptist Publishing Company.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
VOLUME XXXVII.

VOL. I.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1885.

NO. 19.

The "Messenger and Visitor" from this time to the end of 1885, for One Dollar. Do not forget. Get your friends to send in their dollars at once, so as to make the most out of our special offer.

The North West. The Committee appointed last year by the Baptist Union of Ontario and Quebec to secure financial aid for the North West, report \$1,341 in hand, and \$1,030 in pledges. Grants have been made—Brandon, \$500; Winnipeg, \$400; Monrovia, \$300.

The "Vigilant Baptist" speaks as follows of our representatives at the Union in Toronto:

"Western Baptists were very glad of the opportunity of meeting with the distinguished visitors from the Maritime Provinces. Dr. Sawyer, Sand and Saunders and Hon. Dr. Parker brought with them besides words of wisdom, so much of the spirit of the gospel united with fervent zeal in all Christian work, that their presence did much to encourage us in our special provincial work and a great deal, we are assured, towards the speedy consummation of inter-provincial union. We can assure these brethren of a hearty welcome to all our future gatherings."

SAYS THE "RELIGIOUS HERALD" OF Southern Baptists—

"Not one in a dozen of the Baptists of the whole country reads a Baptist paper, and not one in two does a Baptist pastor give himself any concern about it, and yet none in charge of our educational and missionary work fail to that number of tens of thousands of the money they raise in from those who do take and read Baptist newspapers."

There is a greater proportion of our people than this who take the Messenger and Visitor, and a greater percentage of papers who take a kindly interest in its circulation. It is true here as there however, that we get almost all our mission and other money from readers of the denominational press. Such being so, there can be no question but that all our pastors and all those who wish well to our work should do their utmost to put our paper into all our families. If interest were taken by all we have mentioned, it would not be long before this could be accomplished.

A PROMINENT "WOMAN'S RIGHTS" advocate has written as follows to show that Christianity is not favorable to women. Were it not for the elevating influence of Christianity upon her sex, she would never have had power to pen a communication which so maligns her best friend. To attempt to prejudice women against Christianity is to advocate "Woman's Wrongs." But while our Lord and his teachings appeal as they do to all that is most true and tender in the heart of woman, such writing will be about as effective as in the flesh of the foam against the rock bound shore.

Dr. Hibbs quoted with approval a remark of Dr. Pritchard that thirty-three per cent of the members of our churches are utterly worthless and ought to be excluded. This fact that such able and judicious men can make such a statement should arouse thought and examination. But if what those brethren say has given a large percentage of truth in it, the statement is not strong enough in our respect. Church members cannot be merely useless. Depend upon it, if they are not working for their Lord, they are doing effectual work for Satan; if they are not helping men up, they are pressing them down with all the weight of inactionist sin. Let each one whose eye falls upon these lines ask, Lord, is it I?

J. S. BROCKMEYER says "the highest exercise of charity is charity to the uncharitable." But is there not a general truth embodied in these words? The highest exercise of any virtue is in its exercise toward its opposite. The highest exercise of forgiveness is in the forgiveness of the unforgiving of gentleness, is being gentle toward the cruel; of truthfulness, is being truthful toward the lying, etc., etc. We have the highest example of all this in God. He is love, and yet he loves the unloving; he is holy, and yet he purifies the vile. Let us adore him that is so.

Dr. Gifford, of Warren Avenue Baptist church Boston, a few Sabbaths ago handled the question of theatre without gloves. He said, the certain newspapers have been handling him in the same way. Had you the so-called liberal preachers of Boston and vicinity, have, fell down upon to take the side of the theatre in their pulpits. We suppose they have drawn many fine distinctions between different classes of theatrical performances, and advised their hearers not to be intemperate in their indulgence in theatre going, etc., etc. But still the same drama, etc., etc. are shown, and all the rest of it. It is very much as with the advocate of drink. You must not partake of certain kinds of liquor, or too much of any; but if you keep within certain limits, it will do you no harm. But the trouble with such indulgence is that when once permitted, the craving for the excitement they afford soon breaks through all restraints, and especially in the case of those who have the most zeal of them. It is all very well to

tell people that a jump over a precipice will not harm them, if they do not allow themselves to go too far. The truth is, the most do go too far, and therefore it had better be shooed far.

In the case of Dr. Gifford and the liberal preachers, the masses will applaud the latter, but they will respect Dr. Gifford, and were they in trouble or facing death, would like him near rather than the others.

S. N. B. BAPTIST ASSOCIATION. Will all interested please read the notice of the next session of the Association in the news from the churches, and comply with the request therein contained, as soon as possible.

Don't forget our special offer at the head of the first column. We have a supply of back numbers for May. They will be sent to all new subscribers till exhausted. Help make it possible to have a cheaper paper by sending in the names of new subscribers.

A PRESBYTERY in Indiana has decided by a ringing vote, that children of Presbyterian parents are members of the Presbyterian Church from birth.

And further, to use the words of one of the speakers, "to give this theory of the church a practical bearing." It was decided that, in giving letters of dismission to parents, it should be obligatory upon the churches of this Presbytery to also give the names of the children in the letter with the parents.

This is consistent, and the more of this consistency the better. If baptized believers, together with their children, are members of the church, then let the children be treated as members. Let the stern logic of this belief force those who hold it to the action which alone is consistent with it. In this way, perhaps, the idea which necessarily leads to such conclusions will be seen in its true character, and be the sooner abandoned.

We rejoice to learn that despite "hard times" and other hindrances, and notwithstanding the largely increased expenditure, mainly on account of the Congo, the financial year of our Foreign Missions has closed in a most encouraging manner. The current income for the twelve months has been sufficient to meet the current expenditure and leave a small balance in hand, we believe, of some £50. Against this, however, must be placed the outstanding deficit of £200 carried over from the previous year.—London Baptist.

## THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN THE SIXTH AND SEVENTH CENTURIES.

Address delivered by E. J. Grant at Commencement Exercises of Toronto Baptist College.

In nature, it is not the greatest forces that generally draw to themselves the most attention. The lesser forces which operate only upon the surface of the earth and ocean will not fail to impress all with their presence and the grandeur of their movements. But the incomparably grander force which, taking the sun in one hand and all the planets in the other, holding each in its appointed place, impresses only the few thoughtful who see things beneath the surface.

So is it with the forces which operate in the moral sphere. As we come down along the ages of history we see a few names and events standing out prominently from the masses attracting to themselves universal attention, and we are prone to think that these are the men and the events to which we owe all the rich heritage of civilized life and Christian privileges we now enjoy.

And far be it from us to ignore the Luthers, the Zwinglis, the Calvins, and the Knoxes, who by their consecrated powers of mind and heart enriched and blessed the age in which they lived, and by their writings still continue to enrich and bless the age in which we live. We would not dare to utter a word in disparagement of such worthies, nor would we desire for a moment to withhold from them the high praise so justly due. But yet we must in all fairness contend that these are not the men to whom the world is most indebted for that which we esteem our most precious heritage, viz. the privilege of worshipping God according to the convictions of the individual soul. For the annihilation of Christian doctrine, and the formation of theological systems, we are largely indebted to such men as those I have named, but for deliverance from religious bondage and ecclesiastical tyranny, we are more largely indebted to a noble band of whom the world was not worthy, but most of whose names are not to be found on the pages of history.

If the sixteenth century had not produced a man of keener spiritual perceptions, clearer vision of Christian truth, and a deeper apprehension of the genius of the gospel than were possessed by the great leaders of the Reformation, then clearly it must have remained some later time to produce them; else the cruel chains of religious despotism could never have been broken.

But the fact is that the Reformation period did produce such men, men and women too, who were far in advance of the great leaders, not only in the understanding of truth, but also in strength of conviction, in loyalty to truth, and in moral courage without which convictions would have been useless in such a conflict. Strange, as it may seem, it was nevertheless true that many of the most noted men connected with the grand movement of the 16th century, were ever ready to change their opinion when such change promised advantage to their respective parties. Though uniting in their labours, and boundless in their zeal to advance their own cause, it is doubtful whether many of them were prepared to lay down their life in defence of their principles. It is true at any rate that when life was in danger they fled to other parts, nor is it meant to question, that in this they were justified, indeed, it is not easy to see how the world could have spared them until they had finished their great work.

And yet, there was the stern fact that a fierce and terrible conflict was inevitable. Fire and sword must be boldly faced and conquered, if ever righteousness, truth, and liberty were again to triumph in the world. If all had adopted the policy of fleeing when life was in danger, the world might still be groaning under the crushing weight of civil and ecclesiastical despotism.

One thing is clear, the powers that were opposed to liberty of conscience must be overcome, and it is equally clear, I think, that they could not have been overcome unless there had been found those who were prepared not only to advocate the doctrine, but also to lay their lives as sacrifices upon its sacred altar.

We have no reason to be ashamed of the fact that the fore-fathers of our own denomination were the first, and that their successors have ever continued foremost to contend for this fundamental principle: not that we should make a vain boast of this, for it were a small business to be occupied in boasting of ancestral virtues if we ourselves are destitute of like virtues, but if in remembering their self-sacrificing lives, their sublime loyalty to God's truth, we are moved to emulate their holy living, we shall do well.

We must endeavour so far as possible to go back in thought to the sixteenth century and see things as they were. If we think for a moment of the cruelty and heartlessness of the powers against which the advocates of liberty had to contend, we shall the better appreciate their heroic faith and courage. We see on the one hand the Roman hierarchy which for centuries had held in her iron grip the conscience of the world. But having no more so thoroughly corrupt in every part that she could no longer hide her hideous deformity, many were disposed to submit no longer to her authority. To escape however from her deadly grasp was by no means an easy matter, for it was clear that the existence of her tyrannical system depended on her success in holding the world in bondage, and hence every manifestation of discontent, resulted only in arousing the unclean beast to trample with greater and yet greater fury upon the neck of her victims.

If Rome did not succeed in annihilating every thought and sentiment looking toward liberty of conscience, it was because fire and sword, and every conceivable mode of torture failed to do it. It was at the hand of this diabolical power—a description of whose cruelty and corruptions sets language at defiance—that the early Baptists endured such unspeakable sufferings.

On the other hand we have the different Protestant parties little or no less opposed to absolute liberty of conscience than was the Roman hierarchy itself.

Henry the Eighth, one of the most despot and unprincipled men of his age, accused by the most unworthy and selfish motives, had got the better of the Pope in the contest for ecclesiastical supremacy, and had proclaimed himself absolute head on earth of the Church of England. This meant of course that every subject in the Kingdom should subscribe to the national creed. Dissent was made treasonable and punishable with death, and with such a death as even murderers were not subjected to.

Many who at the first had hailed with joy the new order of things, very soon learned that they were now but entering upon the darkest and most troublous day of the nation's history. All dissenting persons were made to feel more or less the weight of the tyrant's hand, but as usual, and as might have been expected, the most crushing blows were reserved for the Baptists. Of all heretics they were the worst, the most wicked and dangerous in the eyes of the King, and in the eyes of those who were always glad to see a line in the work of converting heretics to the true Catholic religion by means of fire and sword.

Whatever forces might be expected to do dissenters such as the Puritans and Independents, all were agreed that neither favour nor mercy should be shown the

Baptists. Nor was this at all surprising, it was only what, in the nature of things, might be expected. When error would destroy truth it was but natural that she should concentrate her strength at the point where truth was most clear; when despotism would crush liberty, it was but material that her heaviest blows should fall at the point where liberty was most forward in asserting her rights.

It was clearly on this principle that the most consistent advocates of liberty suffered the most cruel punishments. But what were the crimes for which they suffered so greatly? Why simply these.

They held and taught that liberty of conscience in the worship of God was a birth-right of all men, and hence, that the civil authorities should not dictate as to what men should believe or what should be the form of their worship. And I need not say that in this view the Christian world has now come to agree with the once despised sect. They contended moreover that the Church should be composed only of the pure in heart, of such as gave evidence of spiritual life.

This heresy also, is now more or less fully endorsed by all evangelical parties. But secret of all these people would persist in denying the Scripturalness of infant baptism, insisting that faith is prerequisite to baptism, and that infants being incapable of faith were therefore not proper subjects for the ordinance, and to this view they still hold with unyielding persistency, and are in duty bound to hold to it until the Christian world shall come to agree with them in their other two fundamental heresies.

These views, though perfectly sound and Scriptural, were nevertheless incompatible with the theory of a state church, and hence the inevitable, but unequal conflict. On the one side, prince, pope, prelate, and priest, armed with *might, sword, fire and stake* on the other side a defenceless band with no weapon save the word of truth, with no friends in power to espouse their cause, and so, like the faithful of former ages, had to lead of cruel mockings, and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonments. They were stoned, they were sawn, they were smothered, they were slain with the sword, they wandered in deserts, in mountains, in dense and caves of the earth, being denied, afflicted, tormented, but never swerving for a moment from their allegiance to conviction and duty.

Being at origin, and ages after age witnessed the continuation of this struggle between truth and error, light and darkness, right and might. As persecution grew more hot, more and more cruel and heartless, as fagots and fires multiplied in the land, these lovers of truth and liberty became more bold, more loyal, more persistent and courageous in the good fight of faith.

Looking at the struggle from this distance of time we are too apt to regard these soldiers of the Cross as possessed with a sort of stoical indifference to pain and death; but a very slight acquaintance with their writings will show that they had much in common with ourselves, possessed of the same weaknesses, affections, and fears of which we are conscious. Their love of life, their dread of pain and death were no less intense than our own. But what could they do? Yield to the tyrant, admit the right of the civil power to dictate what they should believe, and how they should worship God, subscribe to the national creed?

That of course would have ended the struggle with the persecuting power, but that would have been to signify their madness, to trample upon their convictions, to prove disloyal to Christ and His truth, to set themselves at war with their own consciences, to leave the world no better off than they had found it, and they were not the kind of men to do that.

Their love for the Master and loyalty to His truth were stronger than their love of life, stronger than their dread of death, and hence with the fire of Smithfield in full view they went steadily forward with unflinching step, with unyielding purpose, with unmovable determination, until from amid the scorching flames that last martyr had ascended on high to "be in the world, to receive the crown of life, the more eternal inheritance standing against the night of his own atrocious and bloody deeds, the chains were burst asunder, the world was free, and we have entered into that heritage of freedom purchased by the life-blood of the true, noblest sons and daughters of earth."

BY REV. MARK S. PRINCE, D. D.  
Away on the western coast of England there stands a steep rock, that is known to every body as the Lady's Rock. At high water it is surrounded by the sea, the waves break about it, but during the low tide, though never covering it entirely, but at low water it stands upon a sandy beach, and is easily reached.

It gets its name from an accident that happened years ago. One summer's day a lady had walked along the beach as far as the rock, and there sat down and began to read a book that interested her. She read on, in the pleasant quietness, forgetful of all about her, and never thinking of any danger, when she was startled by a loud shout from the cliffs. The coast-guard had seen her, and shouted across the bay. She looked up, and in a moment saw her peril. Between herself and the shore there was the curling waves and the white foam spreading over the sands. Her first look showed her nothing but certain death, for the waves were rising every moment, and as she stood hesitating, a huge breaker dashed its spray over her. Above her frowned the steep black rock, up which the fisher lads could scarcely climb to get the sea-birds, eggs; there seemed to be no way of escape there. She looked across at the crowd that were gathering on the shore, but no boat could live in that tumbling sea. Then, as she stood with the waves creeping up after her like wild beasts that chased their prey, she wrung her hands in bitter agony, and burst into tears, crying, "Can I be saved? Can I be saved?"

A moment before it was nothing to her; now it was everything. Wealth, luxury, comfort, pleasure, all thought of these were swept away. Her only anxiety was this—Oh, to be saved! Then across from the shore came the cry of the coast-guard again:

"You must climb the rock. Your only chance is to climb the rock at once."

She looked at the rock, hanging over with jagged sides and steep, slippery front. How could she climb it? But, as she delayed, a wave swept up and flung itself over the place where she stood, and close below her the waters surged and hissed. Then she grasped the rock desperately, and dragged herself up, and hung to the face of it, tremblingly, feeling for a higher foothold, and rising, little by little, until she reached a ledge from which she looked shudderingly on the waves below. The tide crept upward until again the spray flew about her.

"Climb higher!" rang from the shore, the voice of a hundred voices, for the tidings of her dangerous position had spread to the adjoining village.

Again she gathered her strength, and, hardly knowing how, she crept, little by little, hanging on with bleeding fingers, dragging herself through narrow openings, pressing up steep, slippery places, until now within her, reach lay a tuft of grass; seizing it she fell fainting on the top, beyond the reach of the waves, while excited people cried with a shout:

"She's saved! Thank heaven, she's saved!"

A story wild and strange like the coast, and yet it is true of every life—true of you, reader. Slowly the sea is chasing you from point to point. The sea is rising above you. You can look back and see how it has driven you from day to day, from year to year; and yet you are unthinking of it. Taken up with a hundred things, you do not see it. It is the last thing you think of. You have time for everything else. You can think of pleasure, of pleasure, of politics, of the market, of friendship, of everything else but this. And yet the time is coming when you will see the peril, when your own eyes will look out upon the threatening danger, and all these things of to-day shall be nothing. Suddenly, all in a moment, you will start up with a cry, "What must I do to be saved?"—Word of Life.

"Keep straight on."

When Gen. Grant last visited Boston, I happened to be stopping at the same hotel where he and his wife and his son's wife put up. It chanced that business called me to leave the hotel for a certain point down town at the same hour when he was announced to show himself to, and address the multitude from, the hotel balcony. No sooner did my feet strike the broad flagstones of Berkeley Street than it seemed to me as if the whole of Boston was pressing toward the Brunswick. As I proceeded down street I felt sure that not only all Boston, but all Massachusetts, were pressing towards the "palace hotel" of the Hub in their haste to see and hear the great soldier.

Now and then a pedestrian like myself was zigzagging his way slowly in the same direction with me, but on reaching Tremont Street, I appeared to be entirely alone in my opposite course, and then my walk became difficult and laborious enough. I was jostled, and crowded and pushed and elbowed, and some of the time it appeared to me that I was going in the opposite direction from the crowd, and I was unpleasantly conspicuous. Indeed, I felt there was a headstrong, almost indignant glance would be shot at me for my hardihood in turning my back upon the great event of the hour, viz.—Boston's apotheosis of Gen. Grant.

Although I tried my best to keep straight on in spite of all obstacles, I was obliged to dodge this way and that; to step into friendly doorways to take breath; to shoot under the arms of two tall men who were shaking hands; to glide between two muscular and obese women, who declared they would have a good look at the general if they had to stay in town all night until at last, utterly discomfited, sick, sore and lame, I was about to give up the struggle, turn square around, if I could, there was Winter Street, and allow myself to be carried with the current back to the Brunswick. But I made one more effort, and was bravely wriggling along, when nearly in front of Park Street Church, I was jostled pretty hard against a white-haired gentleman who had just emerged from the Coffman, and who exclaimed—

"Bless my soul, sir! Excuse me, I mean. I really beg your pardon. But may I say that this fearful struggle to make one's way in the face of the seething crowd is a good deal like the conflict the Christian has in getting through the world. He is in the opposition with the multitudes, but he must press on without deviation towards the mark for the price of the high calling of God in Jesus. I got on easily enough down there while I went with the crowd; but when I reached the corner here, and attempted to stem the tide, I found quite a different work upon my hands."

A few minutes later I found myself hustled out of the crowd into Beacon Street, deeply thankful that I had at last found a safe haven near the objective point of my walk. Presently the white-haired old gentleman and I met again face to face, and as we both dodged into the Baptist Publication Society's Bookstore, he continued his timely application:

"Speaking of the untiring, wearying glances you encountered on your laborious way down here, sets me to think of the time when I was converted at—college. It appeared to me then as if every one I met gazed at me with questioning surprise, as much as to say, 'What are you thinking of to be going that way? I don't believe you know what you are about.' But I knew then, and I know this morning," said the pleasant old gentleman benignly smiling, as he began to examine a pile of books, "and the best way, sir, to work against the counter currents of the world, to resist the flesh and the devil, is to curb your temper and keep straight on until you reach the goal."

"I guess you are a minister," thought I, "and I don't believe you ever preached a sermon with a better point in your life."

## Family Love.

If there is anything which makes life worth the living it is to be one of an affectionate family. Strange to say, however, most people could count upon the really nice families they know—the families that, in which there is not only a tender care for each other, but an unselfish department and a kindly interest always manifested by every member of the home circle toward every other fellow-member. The daughter will always fetch their mother anything she wants, and brush their brother's top-coats and hats for them ere the male members of the house start off for work in the morning. The lads, too, will often take their sisters for a walk, or pay them little attentions which cost nothing and mean a great deal. This is the household into which a young man who wants a good wife will do well and wisely to marry. There may not be much show about the girls, but he will find that they are affectionate, and their dispositions stand the test of wear. It is easy enough to fall in love with a girl when she is arrayed for a party, and feels the flush and pleasure of the fun. When life deepens and darkens, however, and little family worries come in, a man wants something more than a pretty drawing-room grammar for a wife; he needs a real, good-hearted, honest, womanly soul and helpmate.—Baltimore Independent.

How many sadly sing:  
"To a point I long to know,  
On it ceases anxious thought,  
Do I love the Lord, or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?"

We need not look up to the heavens for a miraculous vision or voice in answer to our question. A test is given that we can easily apply. All around us are Christian brethren—some of them poor and ignorant, many of them able and cultured as we would choose with our carnal eye and taste. But they are God's people. If we are new creatures in Christ we must love them. They are our spiritual kindred, they are of the household of faith. How patient all the children in a loving family are with one who is feeble or infirmed. How gently they treat it, though to others it seems repulsive. We know by their fraternal affection that they belong to the family. And he who can know by our feelings toward the brethren, and our treatment of them, whether we are Christians or not. The members of Christ are members one of another.