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## Poetry.

### WAITING.

In the lone watches of the lonely night,  
Eyes wet with tears,  
I wait for Thee to quiet all my fears,  
Ev'n as the first faint gleam of morning light  
Chases the shadows from each mountain  
height.

I wait for Thee when sunshine glads the day,  
And far and near  
The hum of labor falls upon my ear,  
And like a flowing river on its way,  
In crowds will pass the sorrowful and gay.

The night is dark, but far above I see  
Heaven's lamps hang out,  
As if to smile away the inward doubt  
That will not leave my heart, but clings to me,  
Like my own shadow, whereso'er I be.

I wait to hear Thy voice, so soft and sweet,  
To see Thy smile  
Comfort and soothe my doubting heart the  
while.

I grope my way through alley, lane, and  
street  
Alone; no friend in all I pass or meet.

I wait for Thee. Oh! wert Thou very near,  
Grief then were joy,  
And doubts and fears would then no more  
annoy  
My soul. Arise! the still, small voice I hear;  
Like music sweet it falls upon my ear.  
—Christian Treasury.

## Religious.

### THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY REV. DR. ADAMS ON BEHALF OF  
THE CHRISTIANS OF THE UNITED  
STATES TO THE DELEGATES AT-  
TENDING THE CONFERENCE OF THE  
EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

I deem it a special pleasure and honor that I have been requested, in the name of the Christian people of this country, to address a few words of welcome to those who have gathered to this Conference, and especially those from the other side of the sea. Some of you have long been known to many of us as personal friends and correspondents. Others have been gratefully known by their works of scholarship and philanthropy. The author of a good book is a true cosmopolite. He is at home in every part of the world. The author of a Christian hymn sung in all the churches of Christendom, the originator of a new and successful scheme of Christian philanthropy, is welcome, as a friend, wherever there are Christians to worship and to work. Pleasant, indeed, is it to grasp by the hand and look upon the faces of men with whom we have long had unspoken sympathy through the books which lie upon our tables. Coming to us on such an occasion as this, and on such an errand, none of you can be "strangers and foreigners;" all are "fellow-citizens of the Saints and of the household of God." As such we greet you with cordial affection. We bless you in the name of the Lord, and welcome you most heartily to our country, our churches, our pulpits, and our homes. This welcoming on the part of Christians in the New World to visitors coming from the Old World marks an advanced epoch in the great drama of human history. The two hemispheres are separated in space by the long and lumbering billows of the Western Ocean, but as time advances we see more and more how they are unified in the great plan and purpose of the Almighty. Neither is complete in itself. The Old abides not alone. It prolongs and perpetuates itself in the New. The New is not a sudden and independent creation, like fabled De-Jos made to stand still as the theater of an extemporaneous civilization.

It is the growth, expansion, and continuance of the old. You cannot travel on this Western Continent without noticing that European history has notched itself into our very soil and chronicled its several stages of development in the names of our States, and cities, and towns, and uni-

versities. Those who come to us from France will recall and read the history of their native land in names scattered all over this country, from the St. Lawrence on the north, with that Mount of Vision known to us in our English pronunciation as Montreal, away through lake and river to St. Louis and New Orleans and Carolina, where the Huguenots left the name of their weak and bigoted King Charles IX. Those who come to us from Holland, if they miss dyke and fog, surely cannot feel themselves far from home in this City of New Amsterdam, and on the banks of that river discovered by Dutch enterprise. Germany, she did not begin her migration so soon as others, is making up for delay in the volume of population, like that which centuries ago overran the south of Europe, spreading her language and her industry over this vast domain, and we welcome, to-day, her representatives to this City of New York, as the fourth largest German city in the world. As for Great Britain, those household names of States, counties, cities, and colleges—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Essex, Middlesex, Suffolk, Berkshire, Boston, Cambridge, Plymouth, Dorchester, Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, William and Mary—afford easy proof that this Western World, with its free governments, its institutions of learning and religion, is but the outgrowth and result of the successive throes, struggles, and revolutions of the old ancestral isle. As the names of parents are given to their children and their children's children, so the names of the martyrs, the patriots, the scholars, the statesmen, the good and the great men of former ages, worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance, are reproduced and perpetuated through the length and the breadth of this New World.

There was a time (we trust it has passed forever) when certain writers in a spirit of jealousy, distrust, and hate, were accustomed to refer to us as a "raw and recent people," without history or ancestry, as if we were "disgraceful foundlings, blushing at the bend of illegitimacy in our coat of armorial," can children lose their lineage by migration? Do we part with birth-right or pedigree when we cross the sea? If there be virtue in any patronymic claim, have not we as idle-feasible a right in the fame of every patriot, scholar, and philanthropist, of the Old World as any who still tread the ancestral acres?

It was the conceit of classic mythology that the Muse of History was the daughter of Jove. The thought thus suggested we put into a better Christian phrase, believing in the unity of God's purpose in Providence. That which we receive from our Bibles has been wrought out in philo-opic form by Schlegel and Müller. Look at detached parts of the drama—at the Huguenots of France, exiled, massacred, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes—at the Hollanders, harried by Philip of Spain—at the Nonconformists of England during the Five-Mile Act of the Stuarts, and you would be bewildered and depressed, as if there were no equitable power to protect and reward virtue. But these are only "parts of God's ways." To judge them as if they were independent and insulated events is as if one gazing on some eddy or back-water in the Mississippi should infer that the mighty river were running upward and backward. Sweep a wider vision, make a more copious induction, wait and look again, cross the ocean whither the brave exiles betook themselves, and observe the institutions of religions and civil liberty, the churches, the schools, the happy homes which have sprung up in this New World, and behold the vindication of Divine equity, progress and development in the magnificent plan of Divine Providence. Coligny and Calvin did not join in person the several expeditions to the American coast which they so zealously patronized; but Coligny and Calvin and Knox and Craemer and

Ridley, Hooper and Latimer are living and working upon our soil to-day. John Hampden, whose society Richard Baxter said would give a charm to the Everlasting Rest of the Saints, ceased not to live when he fell in battle, for the patriot statesmen walks abroad in our own land. The "good old cause" for which Algernon Sidney prayed with his last breath on Tower Hill in London did not perish when that noble martyr was beheaded. We ask you, coming from the old world, to see and judge for yourselves the result and fruitage of great events, which carry us all back to the cell of Argyll, the scaffold of Russell, the grave of Wickliffe, and the ashes of Huss. It has verily seemed to us that it was not so much we as they that were welcoming you to these shores; that the very air was full of the martyr-spirits of the mighty dead, our common ancestry, bidding us, in our blessed brotherhood, to enjoy together the rich results of their faith, prayers, and agonies, in a free religion, a free Bible, a free church, free schools, a free press—a glorious legacy of the past to the present—the seed-corn and the roots beyond the sea in the Old—the harvest and the compensation in the New.

The object of our conference is neither political nor ecclesiastical. We come not to discuss forms of church organization or government, or anything which is extrinsic and casual. We meet to manifest and express our Christian unity. Divers are the names which we bear both as to countries and churches—German, French, Swiss, Dutch, English, Scotch, Irish, Lutheran, Reformed, Anglican, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, Independent—but we desire and intend to show that, amid all this variety of form and circumstances, there is a real unity of faith and life; believing, according to the familiar expression of our common Christian creed, in the "Holy Catholic Church and the communion of Saints."

We are living in times when, all over the world, there is a manifest longing for more of visible unity. France and Germany have both given us new words expressive of this desire for cosmopolitan unity. Conventions and expositions are held in which representatives from all countries meet to compare and interchange ideas and commodities. These are signs which, like the tufts of grass and sprigs of red berries which caught the eye of Columbus from the mast-head of the Pinta, betoken the vicinity of land. We may be mistaken in our reckoning; fog banks may be taken for land; but we know in what direction the land lies, and we must sail onward till we reach it. We pretend not to create unity—certainly not by artificial ligatures, but to testify to that which exists already. God is one. The Redemption by Jesus Christ is one. The body of Christ is one. The kingdom of God on earth, for the coming of which all hearts and voices are taught to pray, is presented as an object in the singular number, one and not many. What is of essential benefit to one church and one nation, in course of time becomes the property of all. You cannot fence off the great ocean into private pastures; you cannot partition off the firmament into household lots; you cannot divide sun, moon, and stars into bits of personal property; you cannot by any process monopolize great Christian ideas; you cannot play Robinson Crusoeism in the church of God. No man can appropriate to himself, in an insular spirit, any exclusive right in those great matters to the discussion of which we now welcome you, Christian Faith, Christian Life, Christian Work, Christian Hope, and Christian Destiny. Bigots may misunderstand this and lend themselves to what is private, local, and exclusive. But there is no such thing as private property in good thoughts, good deeds, and good men. Paul is ours, and Cephas is ours, and Apollos is ours. All the great historic names associated with scholarship, philanthropy, and re-

ligion, no matter in what land they were born or in what church they were baptised, are the common property of all Christian believers. All truths, all discoveries, all inventions, all things good and worthy, in due time are as sure to diffuse themselves abroad in every direction, as water to find its level, or the free air of heaven to flow into every open space. By no method can we prevent this, if we would. Believing in this great ordinance of God, we welcome you most heartily to the expression and enjoyment of this high Christian unity. It has been said, whether by poetry or science it matters not, that there is a certain point in the upper air in which all the discordant sounds of the earth, the rattle of wheels, the chime of bells, the roll of the drum, the laugh of the child, and the moan of the beggar meet and blend in perfect harmony. Surely it is something more than a poetic conceit, even the word of inspiration, that when once we are lifted up to a fellowship in Christ Jesus, we meet in a high and heavenly place where "all things are gathered together in one, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in him;" an elevation so high that there is a complete oblivion to all those manifold distinctions of country, race and name, which belong entirely to a lower and heavier atmosphere.

The pleasure of our Conference is subject to abatement. Some whose presence would have graced this occasion are not, for God has taken them. If, as we believe, departed spirits are conscious of what occurs on earth, those beloved friends and brethren are not indifferent to a scene like this—Merle d'Aubigne, Count Gasparin, Hoffman, Norman McLeod, Henry Alford, Dr. Guthrie, and our own Mellvane and Schmuecker. If it be good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity upon the earth, how much better more fragrant than precious ointment and sweeter than the dew of Hermon, will it be when all who are united to one another through Christ shall be welcomed to his presence by the Lord of Glory. Ancient philosophy dreamed of a symposium which all the wise and good should enjoy in a fabled elysium, but inspiration has specified this as one of the elements of Christian blessedness, that we are come to "the spirits of the just made perfect"—"to the general assembly of the Church of the first born written in Heaven." Welcoming one another to these Christian assemblies upon the earth; greeting every occasion like this for the expression of Christian confidence and love; beseeching you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that we strive together in our prayers to God; that, coming together with joy by the will of God, we may with you be refreshed, our thoughts run forward with gladness to the time when all the true servants of Christ, coming from the East, the West, the North, and the South, with their bosoms full of sheaves, shall meet together at the harvest-home, in the end of the world. In the very words of Dean Alford, whose personal presence we miss among us, words which were chanted at his funeral service in Canterbury Cathedral,

Ten thousand times ten thousand  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steep of light.  
'Tis finished—all is finished,  
Their fight with Death and Sin;  
Fling open wide the golden gates  
And let the victors in.

O then what raptures greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore,  
What knitting severed friendships up  
Where partings are no more.

So it is that our hopes of Heaven enter into the welcome we once more give you in the name of the Lord Jesus and of Christian brotherhood.

### "WHY I BECAME A BAPTIST."

A brief announcement appeared in the Times and most of the London dailies last Saturday, the 13th ult., that on

Thursday evening the Rev. James Marryat made a public statement in the Downs Chapel, Clapton, of his reasons for seceding from the Church of England, and for joining the Baptist denomination, and that he was afterwards baptised by the Rev. T. Vincent Tymms. To this announcement we are now enabled to add a report of the service, and Mr. Marryat's address. Dr. Brewer, of Shackwell, having offered prayer and read appropriate sections of Scripture, Mr. Tymms prayed, and then, in a few sentences, introduced Mr. Marryat, who spoke as follows:—

"From having maintained a public position in the Church of England as one of her ministers, I would take this opportunity of laying before you a brief statement of reasons firstly for withdrawing from that communion; and, secondly, for joining the Baptist denomination; and I shall be truly thankful should any remarks that I am about to make be of service to any who may as yet be undecided with regard to that position which they should take up in the present period of the Church's eventful history. I would preface what I am about to advance respecting the Church of England by one general remark, viz., that there are many in that section of Christ's church who are valiant for the truth, who would always erect the standard of the cross as the great panacea for every moral and spiritual evil to which fallen humanity is exposed, and who would be willing, if need be, to count even to the death for the pure faith maintained by our Protestant forefathers, and for the truth of which many of them sealed their testimony with their lives. The names of Bickersteth, Haldane, Steward, Marsh, and Stowell, are known among all denominations, and it may be truly said that their praise is in all the churches, and there are many, very many, now equally men of God, who in large and populous parishes are labouring for the salvation of souls, and whom, I am sure, we would wish to have God's speed in their work of faith and labour of love. But, while admitting this, and rejoicing in it, we cannot, we dare not, shut our eyes to the fact that a deadly heresy, more fatal than even Romanism itself, because more subtle and more dishonest, has sprung up in the Church of England. In fact, in very many parishes in professedly Protestant England there is Romanism in its rankest form existing in everything but the name, and if it had the name it would be better, because the young and the unwary would not then be so likely to be drawn into its meshes. But it may be asked, Why not continue in connection with the Church of England, and use your influence in endeavouring to stem this overwhelming torrent of heterodoxy? In reply to this suggestion a monster difficulty arises. The Ritualistic movement, as you are all aware, is an aggressive one—the avowed object is to unprotestantise our land and bring us back into the dark days of the middle ages; and because of the Church's unscriptural alliance with the State, the efforts of any individual clergyman, yea, the efforts of the evangelical bishops themselves, are paralysed in this matter; the deadly upas tree was not crushed in the bud, and now it has struck its roots so deep, and spread its branches so wide and so strong that no power short of an Almighty one can remove it from its soil. Am I addressing any who are members of the Church of England, but who sigh and cry on account of the abominations within her? I would urge you as honest men, as lovers of the Bible, as valuers of Protestant freedom and blessing, to withdraw from her, and while you love those who love the Lord within her pale, to listen to and obey Heaven's mandate addressed to you on this subject—"Come out of her, my people, that ye partake not of her sins and receive not of her plagues"; for we may rest assured that when the judgment of the great whore takes place the condemnation of ritualism will be even stronger