

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

REVIEW.

Hugh Latimer: a Biography. By the Rev. R. Demans, M. A. Religious Tract Society. pp. 532.

Almost all Protestants are acquainted with the general history of the life of Bishop Latimer, and few can read the account of his martyrdom without deep emotion. But a more complete biography than had yet appeared was much to be desired. Mr. Demans has furnished it in the handsome volume before us, for which we predict a very large circulation. The author has diligently searched the State Paper Office and other receptacles of public documents, and his search has been rewarded by the discovery of new and interesting materials, of which he has made excellent use.

Although Latimer's account of his own origin has been so often quoted that it is familiar to all students of English history, our readers will probably be pleased to see it once more.

"My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by year at the uttermost; and hereupon he filled so much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness [military equipment] with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went unto Blackthorn Field [where the Cornish rebels were defeated June 22, 1497.] He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to preach before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pound or twenty nobles apiece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours; and some alms he gave to the poor."

The difference in the value of money must be borne in mind. Latimer's father was a tenant farmer, paying a rent of "three or four pounds by year." This was equal to fifty or sixty pounds of our money; and as rents were then low (the next tenant had to pay "sixteen pound by year, or more") the farm must have been of considerable size, or it would not have furnished employment for six men, or a "walk for a hundred sheep," or grass for thirty cows. Latimer the elder was no doubt a well-to-do yeoman, so that he was able to send his son to the University of Cambridge, where he "profited above many."

His career was honourable and successful. Converted by divine grace, through the ministry of Thomas Bilney, afterwards martyr, he became one of the most powerful and popular preachers that England had ever seen. He was emphatically the people's man. He understood them—their wants—their weaknesses—their dangers; and he suited his discourses to their condition, with admirable tact. And they understood him—for he did not puzzle them with scholastic subtleties, but preached the gospel in good Saxon speech, and used such illustrations as tended to fix his sayings in their memories. He was never so much at home as when he exposed the follies and abuses by which his fellow-countrymen had been beguiled to their ruin. We must give one specimen.

"And now, I would ask a strange question: who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I would name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you; it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will he is ever at home, the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough; no lordling or loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of popery. He is ready as can be wished for to set forth his plough, to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident and hath his plough going, then, away with books, and up with candles; away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the Gospel, and up with the light of the candles, yea, at noon-days. Where the devil is resident that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry, censoring, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing, as though men could invent a better way to honour God with than God himself hath appointed; down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pick-purse, up with him; the Popish purgatory, I mean; away with clothing the naked, the poor and impotent—up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's traditions and his laws; down with God's

traditions and his most hol' word. Down with the old honour, due to God, and up with the new god's honour." p. 396.

This good and great man "witnessed a good confession." "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," he said to his fellow-sufferer, as the executioner was kindling the fire—"and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." It has not yet been "put out," nor do we believe that it ever will be, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of the Ritualists to Romanise the English Church. When that Church is purified by the withdrawal of these men to Rome, and by a wholesome revision of her Articles and Liturgy, she will become an unmistakable power among Protestant communities, and one of the strong bulwarks of the Reformation.

The valuable Biography of Latimer may be obtained at the "British and American Book and Tract Depository," in this city. The number of purchasers ought to be great.

C.

For the Christian Messenger.

A STRIKING ANSWER TO PRAYER.
A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

"God is our Refuge and strength, A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE." Psalm xli. 1.

Dear Brother,—

The following story which I read some time ago in the British Herald, and which I am very fond of repeating, I related at the close of a Lecture in "Franklin Hall" Cornwallis, a few evenings ago. A friend obtained from me a promise that I would furnish him with a copy of it. As I am unable to lay my hand upon the paper that contained it, I must fulfil my engagement by writing it out, and so I may as well send it to the Messenger, and you can send him a copy. I shall give the details of the story as I repeated them at the meeting referred to.

S. T. RAND.

Hantsport, Dec. 1st.

P. S.—This article, which, as will be seen by the above date, was prepared some time ago, will fit in admirably as No. 4 in our discussion on Special Providences.

S. T. R.

THE HEAVEN SENT BREAKFAST.

On the 25th day of December, 1866, the pious Editor of a Religious Newspaper, published in Boston—called "The Christian," wrote the following story, which I shall repeat as nearly as I can in his own words:

"Half an hour ago a feeling of unrest came over us and we sallied out of our 'sanctum,' and wended our way towards a small place of worship, where we had been informed a religious meeting was being held. When we entered a Medical Doctor was speaking, and he seemed to be illustrating the way in which the Lord sometimes assists his children in cases of extremity. He said that he was speaking on this subject a few days before in one of the stores in the city, when the merchant related the following incident.

"Some years ago there was a rope-maker in Portland, Me. who was doing a large and profitable business. But the war of 1812 caused an embargo to be laid on all exports from that city, and this man's business was ruined; he could not sell his ropes. To such extremities was he reduced that on one cold and stormy day of winter the last mouthful of food in the house had been eaten, and the last penny expended. The man had a wife and three children. The children were put supperless to bed. The man was not a Christian, and was in great distress, not knowing what to do. The wife and mother was a child of God. She was a weakly woman, having been the subject of a pulmonary disease for twenty years. And she did not know what to do. The man retired to bed. The woman staid up to pray. It was a time of trouble, and she called upon God for help. There were for her many precious promises to plead, and it was not the first time she had called on the Lord for help and been heard. It was two o'clock in the morning when her burdened heart found relief, and then an impulse came over her to go and look out upon the darkness and the storm. She did so, and 'there arose light in the darkness.' The wind was still howling, and the snow was drifting before the furious blast. But there was a basket in the entry. Taking hold of the handles she attempted to lift it; but the weight was too much for her strength. But she succeeded in dragging it in, and when she removed the cover, lo! it was full of provisions! There were potatoes in it, and ham, and other eatables—in short, enough for all present and pressing necessities.

The first thing she did was to fall on her knees and earnestly thank the Lord for sending them this timely supply. Then she proceeded to cook breakfast. She boiled some potatoes and fried some ham, and when all was ready she went and awoke her husband and said, 'My dear, get up and see what a breakfast the Lord has provided for us.' He thought, poor man, that trouble and want of sleep had turned her brain. He tried to compose her. He assured her that when morning came, and the storm would be over, he would be able to obtain some supplies from some quarter. The wife however repeated her words with great composure, and the odours

of the steaming breakfast reaching his olfactory nerves, he began to conclude that it could not be all imagination. Rising from his bed and looking out upon the well-set table, he was filled with astonishment, as he might well be.

So they awoke the three children and sat down to the 'heaven sent breakfast.' And the wonderer much and long from what earthly source the supply had come. Nothing about the basket gave them any clue whereby to unravel the mystery, until one day in looking the basket carefully over they observed two letters nearly effaced, on the bottom, which they immediately recognized as the initials of a grocer who lived just round the next corner to their house. They concluded that the basket came from there, and the rope-maker's wife lost no time in calling upon her neighbor, and she soon informed her that she had come to tell her how wonderfully the Lord had supplied the necessities of her family, in a time of great distress. 'But stop,' said the grocer's wife, 'I want you to hear my story first. That stormy night I was lying with my babe, about a fortnight old, on my arm, when I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder and distinctly heard a voice saying 'Mr. H.'s family are starving. You have got plenty; send them some bread.' I awoke my husband—her husband was a Universalist, and had never been accused of being 'righteous over much,'—and told him what had occurred. He said I was not true; that Mr. H. was better off than we.' But it was not long before the same thing was repeated, and she again begged her husband to go and carry Mr. H.'s family some food. But he would not listen to her with any patience. He supposed she had the 'vapors,' and was dreaming and begged her to be quiet, and go to sleep and let him sleep. But it was repeated a third time—the hand was laid on her shoulder, and she heard the voice repeating the statement and the command. She now awoke her husband again and requested him just to take the baby, for go she must and would and carry food to the starving family. Finding that she was in sober earnest, he of course would not allow her to go in such a night as that, but dressed himself, took the basket, filled it according to her directions—walked through the snow drift and placed it in the entry.

Such was the story of the grocer's wife. Then came the others' turn, and the feelings of both can be better conceived than described, as she related the extremities to which they had been reduced—the hours of agonizing prayer relieved by the answer thus sent from heaven through the agency of the other, sent by an angel's hand and an angel's touch. 'And,' said the doctor, 'when the merchant had finished his recital he added: "I am one of the children who ate that heaven sent breakfast," and the merchant is Mr. H. a man well known in the city—who holds an office under government, and is a man of well-known intelligence and probity.'

The editor added that he had given at the meeting his testimony to the same blessed truth, of God's watchful care, and ability and readiness to hear his children's cries, and to send them help in times of trouble and want, and then he had come home and written the story down as nearly as possible as it had been related in the meeting, that it might teach and cheer and encourage others. Truly the Lord God of Elijah still lives, and his angels are as numerous and as ready and as willing to help the righteous as they ever were. 'Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High—and call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.' Ps. l. 14, 15.

For the Christian Messenger.

ONTARIO CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GREAT NORTH WEST AND THE LITTLE INSURRECTION. THE BUILDING INSTITUTE AND ITS WORK. DEATH OF PASTORS, IN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC. THE TELEGRAPH MISSION, &c.

One of the most prominent topics of thought and conversation just now in Ontario, as I dare say all over the Dominion, is the North West embroglio. That bloodless insurrection and revolution in miniature has a serious as well as a ludicrous aspect. Could we feel absolutely sure that no future complications, harmful to the growth and consolidation of the Dominion would result, we might well afford to smile at the spectacle of two French half-breeds and an Irishman playing at "government" in that region of almost illimitable extent and unrivalled fertility, with a standing army of two hundred half-breeds at their back, the hunting stores of the Hudson's Bay Company, the sole reliance of their commissariat, and a forced loan of the local notes of the same company the only means of replenishing an exchequer, empty to begin with.

But it cannot be denied that there is a more serious view of the affair—one which demands the attention, not merely of the movers in political circles, but of all who cherish the worthy and noble ambition of building up in this northern part of the New World, a free, enlightened and powerful Confederation, on a British basis. To touch the question naturally suggests itself whether there may not be some ground for fear that the same indiscretion and careless or haughty disregard of popular rights and feelings which has converted a few hundreds of ignorant but peaceably disposed French into temporary enemies

to the Dominion, or rather to its government at the risk of permanently obstructing the national development so auspiciously commenced. We hope not. The loyalty to British Institutions still expressed by the greater portion of the misguided insurgents leads to the hope that peaceful and just concessions may speedily restore the reign of law and order. The writer recollects a conversation with a member of the Baptist deputation of last summer to the Red River country, who had taken much pains to acquaint himself with the feelings and views of all classes of the people. That brother's statements of the result of his observations were distinctly prophetic of the very state of things now existing in case the unjust policy of ignoring the settlers in political arrangements, should be pursued.

The same brother now expresses himself as rather pleased than otherwise with the turn affairs have taken. He considers it an augury of good, inasmuch as there is reason to hope it may lead to a fair and definite understanding at the outset, and thus leave no smouldering embers of hostility to break out in the future into flames of massacre and rapine. Both French and Indians will, he doubts not, strictly and faithfully adhere to treaty agreements, so long as they perceive genuine good faith upon the other part. Let us still hope for the best, and anticipate a future for the Dominion, such a future as the filling up of the Great North West with industrious and enterprising Britons and the completion of the North Pacific Railway, alone can secure.

There seems nothing of especial interest to chronicle in more immediate connection with denominational affairs. The Baptist Institute at Woodstock has entered upon its Winter Session with encouraging prospects. The attendance will probably be considerably larger than ever before. It is especially gratifying to notice the increase in the number of those who either are, or intend, studying for the ministry. There are at present in connection with the Institute not less, probably, than from forty-five to fifty of this class. But inasmuch as the whole course, Preparatory and Theological, now extends over six years it will be sad that even the higher number mentioned enables the institution to send out but eight or nine per year, making no allowance for the many contingencies which are always tending to reduce the number. On the other hand a cursory inspection of the Baptist Register just published shows that of the 286 Baptist Churches in Ontario and Quebec, no less than 89 are now without settled pastors. Many of these are of course, feeble in point of numbers and means, but need nevertheless the labours of active and faithful ministers.

The reports from our Foreign mission field continue most encouraging. Bro. Timpany writes of numbers flocking to him for baptism, while another labourer in the same harvest recently baptized, if my memory serves me, no less than seventy in a single Sabbath. The seed time has been long, twenty years or more. But who can tell the limits either in time or in numbers of the fruit bearing? J. E. W.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. LYDIA ARNOLD,

the beloved wife of Deacon B. Arnold, died at Jeddore, Nov. 18th, 1869, in the 73rd year of her age. Our beloved sister united with the Baptist Church in this place about 30 years ago, of which she remained a consistent member until her death. It pleased the Lord, during the last two years of her existence here, to lead her through the deep waters of affliction but he was with her to the end, when able to speak she often said "I am ready waiting for the coming of the Lord to take me home. It may be truly said of her. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Com. by Rev. James Meadows.

CALIFORNIA.—The following is an extract of a letter received by a friend from a Nova Scotian in California:

Dear Doctor,—I have been a long time waiting for an opportunity to write to you, but having been moving around so much, I know not where to tell you to direct a letter for me. I wish to give you some history of this country, but finding that a sheet of paper would be no where in doing that, I will confine myself to what I see and hear from day to day.

This is a great country no doubt, for I think that there are in this State alone about twenty deaths a week by violence, either by shooting or stabbing. A large majority of the people live as though there was no God, indulging in all the wickedness and debauchery that the corrupt heart of man can devise. There is nothing like a Sabbath in the country, and not much in town, although I believe there are a few good people in some places. If you know any young men or others interding to come here, tell them if they have any comforts or enjoyments at home by all