

(*Excellency of the Bible continued from page 4*)

council after council has contradicted and anathematized its predecessors. Thanks be to Heaven we are not reduced to this dilemma, for God has given us his written Word. It is to this touch stone that we bring all creeds and opinions; and whatever is in harmony with it we receive, and whatever is opposed to it we reject, whether it come from Oxford, or from Rome—the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of the Baptists.

"This is the Judge that ends the strife
When wit and reason fail;
Our guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale."

The superior excellence of the Bible will be seen in that it furnishes us with a rule of life—"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." The Bible, though it contains doctrines the most profound, concerns itself with our every day subjects—masters and servants—husbands and wives—parents and children. Much stress is laid by it on he practical exhibition of truth in the life. Mere knowledge of the truth will avail nothing without it. If Divine truth has laid hold of the heart, it will also regulate the life; for it has a sanctifying influence according to the prayer of the Saviour—"Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." Oh! what a happy scene would our world soon afford were the doctrines of the Bible universally observed. All over-reaching in trade and commerce, all slander, back-biting, envy, malice, gambling, drunkenness, and sensuality in society, would cease; and all contentions and oppressions amongst the nations would speedily come to an end—"Nation would not lift up sword against nation, neither would they learn war any more." Right, and truth, and holiness, and peace, would everywhere prevail. "Holiness to the Lord," would be the universal motto, and earth would become a type of heaven.

The excellency of the Bible is crowned with the consideration that it conducts us to a future and a better world. We all know that ere long we must quit this mortal scene, and the place which now knows us will soon know us no more for ever. Without the teachings of inspiration, the future, to us, would be all gloom and uncertainty. It is in vain that we ask nature to give us any information respecting it; nature is silent as the grave. It is in vain we unroll the tomes of philosophy for light on this momentous subject; they only light us to the tomb, and, alas, there they leave us! And the teachings of infidelity are cold and comfortless in the extreme. But the Bible comes to our aid; we hear the Saviour breaking the silence in awful and inspiring words, "I am the resurrection and the life: him that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Oh! how valuable, then, is the Bible. It teaches us to live, and prepares us for death, and renders us triumphant

phant in the prospect of immortality and eternal life. Let us, then, show that we prize it by reading, studying, believing, and obeying it.

"May this blest volume ever lie,
Close to my heart and near my eye;
Till life's last hour my thoughts engage,
And be my chosen heritage." □

Editor's Note

In The Baptist Pillar we use articles taken from many different publications and written by many different authors. Please realize that this does not necessarily mean we agree with the doctrinal position of the publication or the author of the article, but that the particular article presents a scriptural truth we do agree with.

If you would like to receive The Baptist Pillar, please write and request one. Also, feel free to copy it and hand it out.

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throughout a long and honourable career!

The theology of Mr. S. is commonly reported to be of the Calvinistic school. But we observe that he is not high enough for some of his brethren of that class, for they publicly charge him with being a "duty-faith" preacher! Well: if by that they mean that Mr. S. is vile in their eyes, because he preaches that it is the duty of men to believe the gospel, we hope he will be yet more vile. For our part, though we have sometimes thought that a volume might be compiled of extracts from his printed sermons, with the title "The Arminianism of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon," we care little about what Mr. S. may be called, so long as he preaches Christ as the only Saviour, and beseeches sinners to be reconciled to God by him. Indeed, in our estimation, he would not be a minister of the gospel at all—with Peter and Paul for his patterns—if he did not.

We have had before us, in giving these brief details, a sixpenny pamphlet—"Sketch of the Life and Ministry of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon," in which we find a good deal of mere twaddle and fulsome adulation, which we trust the good sense and piety of Mr. S. will render innocuous as regards their tendency to puff him up with pride and self importance. There are, however, in the pamphlet, some pleasing little incidents of his childhood and boyhood, which will better suit the columns of our *Baptist Children's Magazine*, in which we intend to insert them.

Editor's Note: The hyper-Calvinists in 1858, did not like Spurgeon, but yet they claim him today.

THE BAPTIST PILLAR

"... The church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

I Timothy 3:15



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EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE

By R.M. Hunmanby, Yorkshire, 1850's

THE BIBLE is truly a wonderful and an incomparable book. It contains history the most ancient and authentic—precepts the most pure and elevating—promises the most cheering, and threatenings the most fearful and alarming—clothed in language the most simple and forcible, adorned at times with imagery sublime and fascinating. It was composed by different individuals, of varied powers and culture, living at great distances of time and place, and often speaking different languages and dialects—and yet there is in it a unity which marks no other composition whatever, which is perfectly unaccountable, except on the supposition that they who wrote it were all guided and influenced by the same Divine and unerring spirit. The greatest boon which the Parent of all good has conferred on our fallen world is the Bible, and the loss of it would be the greatest catastrophe which could befall us. If the sun were to be blotted from the firmament, and creation clad in the mantle of night, even that would not so deeply affect us as our being deprived of the Word of Life. Many attempts have, at different times, been made to destroy this book, but they have signally failed; yea, all such attempts must fail till the book has accomplished its great mission to the world.

The superior excellence of the Bible will be seen if we consider its Divine origin. It is

not a human but a Divine work. Wicked men would not, even supposing they were capable, write such a book as the Bible, for that would be to sign their own condemnation, which men are never disposed to do.

The Bible denounces sin, and exalts holiness in the clearest and strongest language possible—its teachings are these, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God,"—"Follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Now if wicked men had written it, instead of thus openly and unconditionally denouncing sin, it would have pandered to the evil propensities of our depraved nature, and made excuses for human folly and transgression. And it is morally certain, also, that good men could not so grossly deceive as to impute that to the Spirit which was merely their own production. The inference then is, that they "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." And to prove its Divinity miracles have been wrought—the Red sea was divided, and Jordan rolled back—manna descended in the wilderness, and from the rock at Horeb waters gushed out. The Saviour fed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes. See Him walking on the sea, and stilling the tempest by a word. At his command the blind receive, their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up. And these were not like the lying wonders of the papists, and

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Missionary

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Forget Not The Past

MEN WORTH NOTING OR, HEROS OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY

The Church in the Desert; or, Huguenot Heros and Martyrs.*

By W. H. Withrow, M.A., 1812

Editor's Note: Some believe the Huguenots were Anabaptist but whether matters not, they suffered like Anabaptists.

In the south-eastern part of France is a stern mountain region of volcanic origin. Its high bleak uplands are clothed with stunted junipers or scanty fields of rye, and in winter the snow lies long and deep. In sheltered valleys the olive, chestnut, and mulberry flourish, but on the sterile heights only a few flocks of mountain sheep crop the meager herbage. This is the "Desert" of the Cévennes, inhospitable and forbidding in aspect, but made memorable forever by one of the noblest struggles for religious liberty the world has ever seen. The sublime faith and patience and undaunted daring of the persecuted Church in the Desert are a legacy to every age, and the thrilling story of its heroes and martyrs still stirs the deepest pulses of our hearts.

By the Edict of Nantes the gallant Henri Quatre, in 1599, gave the Huguenots full toleration after nearly a century of persecution. In ten years he fell beneath the dagger of the fanatical monk, Ravaillac, and the Huguenots lost their powerful protector. Renewed oppressions led to revolt, which Cardinal Richelieu crushed with a ruthless hand. In the heroic defence of Rochelle against his troops, the Huguenot population was reduced in fifteen months from 27,000 to 5,000 persons. Cardinal Mazarin, the politic minister for twenty years of Louis XIV., anxious to retain the alliance of Cromwell, the champion of Protestant liberties throughout the world, tolerated the Huguenots.

On the death of Mazarin, the dissolute monarch, like another Herod, "stretched forth his hands to vex the Church." Instigated by the Jesuits and by his bigot mistress, De Maintenon, herself an apostate Protestant, he

*The leading authorities for this paper are Martyn's History of the Huguenots, Smiles' Huguenots in France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and Memoires d' un Protestant Condamne aux Galeres de France, the contemporary narrative of a galley slave, with several Cyclopeda articles.

sought to atone for the crimes of his youth by persecuting the saints of God. The Huguenots were excluded from public life, from the universities, from the liberal professions, from the more honorable arts and industries, and they were compelled to wear a distinctive dress. Many emigrated to England, Germany, and Holland, till emigration was prohibited. Edict followed edict with increasing severity, with penalties graded from a fine to imprisonment, to the galleys, and to death. Then followed the infamous "dragonades." A brutal soldiery were quartered on the "heretics," and, records a historian of the period, they inflicted "devastation, pillage, torture—there was nothing at which they recoiled. Indeed, they gave such loose rein to their passions that their frightful excesses would have shamed a horde of brigands." (Benoit, in his "Histoire del' Edit de Nantes," has filled five quarto volumes with accounts of these outrages.)

To complete the extirpation of his noblest subjects, Louis XIV., on the 17th of October, 1685, by his own despotic will, annulled forever all the solemn pledges of his royal ancestor, Henry IV., to which he himself had also sworn, and signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—an event of tragical significance in history. The Huguenots were absolutely forbidden the exercise of their religion—that dearest right of man—their churches were ordered to be levelled to the ground, and their ministers to quit the realm in fifteen days. The Huguenot flocks were forbidden to follow them under penalty of the galleys, and their children were required to be baptized forthwith by Catholic priests, and trained up in the Romish faith. The Jesuits were in ecstasy. "Heresy is no more," exclaimed Bossuet: "God alone could have worked this marvel." "Nuuc dimittis," chanted the Chancellor Le Tellier, in blasphemous triumph, as he affixed the seal of the realm to the infamous document. The dragoons found congenial employment in torture and pillage. The mob were delighted with the task of sacking and destroying the Protestant churches. "I have this morning condemned seventy-six of these wretches," records the Lieutenant of Languedoc. "It is not at all dull," writes the vivacious Madame Sévegué, "hanging is quite a refreshment to me. They have just taken twenty-six or thirty of these men, and are going to throw them off."

Everybody seemed pleased—except the Huguenots. Multitudes of these, in spite of cordons of soldiers stationed along the frontier to dragoon them back to the galleys or to prison, forsaking home and country and substance, escaped into exile; England, Switzerland, Holland, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, giving them welcome and succour. Thus it is estimated France lost half a million of her best artizans and most pious subjects. Thousands of emigrants perished of hunger, cold, fatigue, or were slain or wounded in attempting their es-

(Men Worth Noting continued on page 8)

THE ARMINIANISM OF SPURGEON

Taken from The Baptist Reporter, 1858

In 1789, Rabaut Saint-Etienne, son of Rabaut, the persecuted Pastor of the Desert, as a member of the Constituent Assembly of France, demanded for the Huguenots, not toleration, but liberty. "Toleration!" he exclaimed, "I demand that toleration be prescribed in its turn, and deemed an iniquitous word, dealing with us Protestants as criminals to whom pardon is to be granted." His bold demand was granted, and thenceforth all restraints were removed from French Protestantism. (*The names of Guizot, Michelet, and Waddington, distinguished Protestant statesmen, illustrate this fact.*) But Rabaut refused to vote for the death of Louis XIV., and, the Revolution devouring its own children, he was condemned to the guillotine.

To this day the Protestants of the Cévennes often hold memorial services in the glens and quarries where their ancestors were wont to worship God. Nowhere in France is the Reformed religion a more potent force. The Methodists, Moravians, and even the Quakers, have numerous congregations in that Desert, made, by the blood of the saints, to bloom like the garden of the Lord.

The persecution of the Huguenots brought upon France a heavy retribution. She lost by their exile 500,000 of her best subjects and skilled handicraftsmen. She lost, too, 60,000,000 francs in specie, and her most flourishing manufactures; while 400,000 lives paid the forfeit of the long dark reign of terror. "Trade," says St. Simon, "was ruined." "Whole villages," says Sismondi, "were deserted, hundreds of factories were closed, and vast districts became depopulated." "The Huguenots," says Lamartine, "repaid the generous hospitality of those peoples with whom they found a home, by contributing the riches of their cunning labor, by the example of their faith, by the integrity of their lives." "If they are bad Catholics they are good traders," said the Intendant of France; "the most skilled workmen and richest merchants belong to the Reformed." Switzerland, Holland, England, Germany—even the new colonies in America—were enriched by their labours, and many of the most illustrious names in science, art, and literature, are those of Huguenots. (*The venerable mother of the late General Garfield was of Huguenot descent, and doubtless transmitted much of the high and heroic character of her ancestry to her illustrious son.*) Their expulsion was to France almost a national suicide. Their strength and steadfastness of character would doubtless have largely counterpoised the fickleness and frequent political revolutions of her checkered career. Their sublime endurance, their lofty faith, their heroic courage, are forever the heritage, not of France, but of all mankind. □

"Mr. Spurgeon was baptized by Mr. Cantlow, at Isleham, in Cambridgeshire, on Friday, May 3, 1850, in his sixteenth year. He soon after removed to Cambridge, and joined the church in St. Andrews Street, formerly under the care of the learned Robert Robinson and the eloquent Robert Hall. He now began to preach in the villages, and crowds flocked to hear the "boy preacher." In 1852, he became the minister of the baptist church at Waterbeach, a village of 1300 inhabitants. In 1853, Mr. S., having made a speech at the Cambridge Sunday School Union meeting, was heard by one who mentioned his extraordinary power of utterance to one of the deacons of the baptist church in New Park Street, Southwark, then destitute of a minister. Soon after this Mr. S. was invited to preach at New Park Street in the autumn of 1853, when he was but in his nineteenth year, and in January, 1854, he engaged in the regular duties of the pastorate over the church.

His subsequent career is patent to all. The chapel was soon too small to contain the crowds who flocked to hear, and a considerable enlargement of it did not meet the requirements of the yet increasing congregation. The large room at Exeter Hall was then engaged, which was filled to overflowing; and after that the greater Music Hall of the Surrey Gardens was engaged, and yet there was not room for all who wished to attend. Among the crowds who have visited this place to hear our modern Whitefield we might mention ministers of state, nobles of every title with their ladies, ambassadors, and civic authorities, clergymen, and dissenting ministers. But the best of all is, that the "common people" hear him gladly, and they always form the great majority of attendants.

The spiritual state of the church meeting in New Park Street Chapel, Southwark, has, we rejoice to notice, kept pace with the outward prosperity of the congregation. Mr. S. has, we believe, from Nov. 1853, to Nov. 1857—four years—baptized and admitted to its fellowship upwards of 700 members. Altogether his ministerial career, when we consider his youth and other circumstances, has been unprecedented, we had almost said, in the history of Christian preachers, since the times when inspired apostles first announced salvation through the blood of the Holy Victim to his murderers in the streets of Jerusalem. May the grace of God, which has been so conspicuously seen in raising him up and qualifying him for his work, preserve him from all evil

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moment he was hurled, desperately wounded, the length of his chain, and his five fellow-slaves were mangled to death. He lay unconscious in the darkness—for night had fallen—while the soldiers threw the dead into the sea. Being roughly seized for the same purpose, the pain of his wound caused him to wince, and he was spared for further sufferings. For three days his wounds were undressed and became gangrened. Then the wounded were hauled up by pulleys and ropes like cattle, and sent to the hospital. "In three months," says Martielhe, "I was as sleek and fat as a monk," although three-fourths of the wounded had died, and he was sent back to the galleys. Unable to row, he was made a sort of steward in the store-room.

The Reformed in Holland and Switzerland tried to mitigate the sufferings of these galley-slaves by gifts of money secretly conveyed to them, and Martielhe records the generous fidelity of a Turkish slave, who for four years became the medium of conveying this money—a service of much danger—and resolutely refused any reward. The war between France and England was terminated by the peace of "Utrecht, and Queen Anne demanded the liberation of the Huguenots in the galleys. After much evasion and shuffling on the part of the Most Christian King, a considerable number, among whom was Martielhe, were released. Landing at Nice, they found their way through the Vaudois valleys and over the Alps to Geneva—which they reached "with a joy which can only be compared with that of the Israelites at the sight of the land of Canaan." The people, many of whom were exiles with friends on the galleys, came forth to meet them with joyous cries of recognition—"Oh, my husband! my son my brother!" Some proceeded to Holland and England—sanctuaries of the oppressed Huguenots—and had the honor of kissing Queen Anne's hand, and of interceding for their brethren still in captivity—an intercession which led at length to their release.

Under such cruel persecutions, continued for long years, Huguenotism seemed to languish. But beneath the ashes the fire burned. When the worn-out voluptuary, Louis XIV., lay upon his death-couch, Antoine Court, a young Huguenot preacher, began to reorganize the long-oppressed Church in the Desert. Clad in various disguises, and traversing by night the lonely mountain passes, he preached with zeal throughout the Cévennes. He held in the old quarry at Nismes, where almost every stone was stained with martyrs' blood, an assembly of the Desert pastors. A "school of the prophets" was formed for training candidates for the pastor's perilous office. The synods met in mountain caves. The students followed their teachers in their midnight wanderings, and studied, preached, and prayed with the sentence of the galleys or the scaffold hanging over their heads. For listening to their sermons a number of Huguenots were transported to the colony of New Orleans, on the Mississippi. Boys of twelve were sent to the galleys for life for

attending "the preaching."

Meanwhile "the chase," as it was called, continued. The hanging of the pastors was never suffered to flag. "What an honor for me, O my God!" exclaimed Pierre Dorteat upon the scaffold, "to suffer for the truth." Often the dead bodies of the martyrs were dragged through the streets. On the death of Court, Paul Rabout became his successor. "For more than thirty years," says his biographer, "caverns and huts, whence he was unearthed like a wild beast, were his only habitation." For a long time he hid beneath a pile of stones and thorn bushes. "Yet this hut of piled stones," says Smiles, "was the centre of Protestantism in France."

And all the weary while Louis *Le Dien Aimé* was rioting amid the orgies of the *Petit Trianon* and the *Parc aux Cerfs*. While millions were lavished in wantonness and vice, the people starved. When they clamored for bread, the King bade them "eat grass." But a terrible retribution was pending. The red spectre of the Revolution, which was soon to overturn both throne and altar in the dust, avenged the persecution of the saints. Strangely enough, the arch-skeptic of Europe was the instrument, more than any other, to procure the toleration of Huguenots. The last executions of the Reformed took place in 1762. Jean Galas, an old man smitten with paralysis, was broken on the wheel at Toulouse, on pretence of the murder of his son, but really on account of his religion. Voltaire was no friend to the Huguenots, but he hated injustice. He took up case of Galas, and made all Europe ring with his denunciations of this judicial murder. So intense was public indignation that the court which condemned Galas to death pronounced him innocent, and awarded 36,000 francs to his widow. Twenty years later Voltaire was received with enthusiasm in Paris. "Who is that man whom the crowd follow?" asked a passer-by. "Ne savez vous pas," was the answer, "que c'est le sauveur Galas!" No more Protestants were hanged in France for their religion.

The cynical skeptic had somewhere a spark of good in his soul. He interceded for the release of the Huguenots from the galleys. Among those released were old men who had been chained to the oar for twenty-five, twenty-eight, and thirty years! The doors of the prison, too, were thrown open. One of the most dreadful of these was the Tour de Constance, amid the malarious marshes of Aiguesmortes. This was a dismal dungeon with walls eighteen feet thick, in which Huguenot women of rank were confined. Sixteen prisoners immured here in 1688, died in five months. Over the gates were written the words which Dante says are written on the gates of hell:—

"Lasciate ogni speranza vol che n'trate."

When the doors were opened fourteen women were found, the youngest of whom was over fifty and had been buried in this living grave for two and forty years.

THE ANABAPTISTS

By Norman H. Wells

It is an established fact of history that as far back as the fourth century those refusing to go into the Hierarchy of the Catholic Church, and refusing to accept the baptism of those baptized in infancy, and refusing to accept the doctrine of "baptismal regeneration" and demanding rebaptism for all those who came to them from the Hierarchy were called "Anabaptists"—rebaptizers.

The Origin of the Anabaptist Churches

- A. For the first century or so, nearly all the churches remained comparatively pure in doctrine and practice.
 1. With the growth of error concerning church government, doctrine, ordinances, etc., there came a widening of the separation between those churches departing into error and those remaining loyal.
 2. Those churches who remained loyal were called "Anabaptists" from the very beginning.
 3. One of the first great errors to divide the churches was "baptismal regeneration" and "infant baptism."
- B. As all the groups who bore many different names held true to "believers baptism" they were all called Anabaptists. The Montanists, Novatians, Donatists, Paulicans, Henricans and Arnoldists were all Anabaptists.
- C. Near the beginning of the 16th century, the "Ana" was dropped, and the name shortened to simply "Baptist," and gradually all other names were dropped.
- D. No definite beginning can be ascribed to the Baptists of today this side of Christ Himself.
 1. First, all churches were true New Testament churches believing and practicing the doctrines held by Baptists today.
 2. For centuries the loyal, true, New Testament churches were called by many different names and were always classified "Anabaptist."
 3. The Baptists of today are a continuation of this line.

The Character of the Anabaptists

- A. Never in any age, did the Anabaptists form any hierarchy that bound their churches together.
 1. No one leader ever spoke for all of them.
 2. In every age they remained free, independent churches governed by the rules of democracy.

- B. Not all the churches that were called Anabaptist remained true to the New Testament. Each age and each locality had its deflections and errors but it is marvelous to see how the truth was preserved through these churches.
- C. With no connecting link of communication and with no history to go by, these churches scattered all over the world and in every age all fit into the same pattern of doctrine and practice.
 1. All this was accomplished without any centralization of authority, establishment of hierarchy, etc.
 2. This is the miracle of the fulfillment of God's promise, "the gates of hell shall not prevail."

The Persecution of the Anabaptists

- A. The Anabaptists were always hated and despised by those who sought to bring about the establishing of error.
- B. During the 1,200 years of the "dark ages" it is stated that fifty million died of the terrible persecution. The great majority of these were Anabaptists.
- C. During this period it is recorded that along one single European highway, thirty miles distance, stakes were set up every few feet along this highway, the tops of the stakes sharpened, and on the top of each was placed the gory head of a martyred Anabaptist! □

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the pretended miracles of the false prophet; for they were not done in a corner, but openly, and they have been handed down to us by testimony the most incontrovertible. Its Divinity is also attested by prophecy, which is a miracle of knowledge. Look at the prophecies respecting the Messiah—his lineage and the place of his birth—the circumstances of his life—his sayings and actions—his sufferings and death, resurrection, and exaltation, were accurately foretold by the prophets, and their predictions were delivered some hundreds of years before his appearance. Human sagacity certainly could not have foreseen all these; they must have been taught of the spirit. We further point to Babylon and Nineveh, to the fall of Jerusalem and the world-wide dispersion of the Jews, as lasting monuments of the Divinity of the Bible. Oh! then let us ever remember, whenever we read this book, that it is not the word of man but of God.

The excellence of the Bible will be seen if you consider that it is the instrument of conversion. It was not given to cultivate the intellect, refine the taste, and please the imagination, but to renew and sanctify the heart. It does

(*Excellency of the Bible continued on page 4*)

"NEARER MY GOD TO THEE!"

This language was the heart-utterance of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, who was born in Cambridge, England, in February, 1805, and whose history has been but very slightly known to the great public, who have cherished her hymns as one of the most sacred treasures for nearly half a century. Her father was the editor of a weekly Cambridge paper. Her mother was a woman of fine gifts and culture, and she herself was the youngest child. She was noted in early life for the taste she manifested in literature, and in maturer years for great zeal and earnestness in her religious life. She contributed prose and verse to the periodicals of the day, and her art criticisms were valued. Married at an early age, and of frail constitution, she still, amid many bodily sufferings, kept her pen busy, her thoughts and writings always tending upwards. At what time and amid what circumstances she caught the inspiration from which she evolved that wonderful hymn which has since echoed round and round the globe, is not known; but it was probably during some period of peculiar trial, when her spirit was uplifted through sorrow almost above its earthly body. She little dreamed that her hymn, like those of Toplady, Charlotte Elliot, and Bay Palmer, would be heard through the ages.

It was first published in 1841, in a volume of sacred lyrics, issued by Mr. Fox, of England, just eight years before the death of the gifted authoress, who only lived to the age of 44, and thus never knew the fame that was to attach to her hymn and her name. The hymn soon began to appear in various collections, and was everywhere received with delight. It was given the tune

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not content itself with lopping off the excrescent branches, but it lays the axe at once to the root of the tree—it does not attempt to purify streams merely, but it first purifies the fountain, and the streams become pure also—for by renewing the heart the life becomes reformed as a necessary and inevitable consequence. By the teachings of this blessed book the drunkard becomes sober, the blasphemer learns to pray, the thief steals no more, the idle becomes industrious, and the adulterer chaste. And remember that the Word is the sword of the Spirit. In conversion the Spirit does not reveal any truth that is not already contained in the scriptures, but its truths are applied by Him with Divine power to the heart: and thus are fulfilled the words of the Saviour, "He shall glorify me, for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you."

The Bible is the standard of religious belief. It is evident that the Inspired Writers claim this much for the sacred writings--To the law and to the testimony, says

"Bethany," which became very popular in this country. Everybody who has grown up in a Christian land knows it by heart, and in many countries which do not float the banner of Christ, it is almost equally familiar.

"Last year," says Dr. Cuyler, in his "Heart Life," "Professors Smith, Hitchcock, and Park, as they wound their way down the foot-hills of Mount Lebanon, came in sight of a group of fifty Syrian students, standing in a line, singing in chorus. They were the students of the new 'College of Beirut,' at Abieh, and they were singing in Arabic to the tune of 'Bethany.' As the procession drew near they caught the sublime words:—

" 'Nearer my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.'

"'I am not much given to the weeping mood,' said Professor Hitchcock, when describing the thrilling scene; 'but when we rode through the ranks of those Syrian youths, I confess that my eyes were a little damp.'

"If it be permitted to the departed people of God," continues Dr. Cuyler, "to witness the transactions of earth, we may imagine with what rapture the glorified spirit of Sarah Flower Adams heard her heart-song thus chanted in the land of sacred history."

Boston Musical Herald.

Isaiah, "if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them. The Bereans are commended because they "searched the scriptures daily to see if these things were so."—"And if any man says Paul, "obey not our word by this epistle, note that man and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed." And what an inestimable blessing it is that we have the Bible for our standard of truth; for if " tradition" had been the standard, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain what was truth; for that which is handed down by tradition becomes easily corrupted. And if the "Fathers" had been the standard there would have been greater difficulty, for their writings are voluminous and costly, written in the dead languages, and inaccessible to the masses. And besides this, the Fathers were not infallible.

Again, if the " Councils of Rome" had been the standard, the difficulty would have been greater still; for one Pope has contradicted and excommunicated another, and

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inhabitants, except a few who escaped. Three hundred Camisards, besieged in a tower, were burned to death, singing the psalms of Marot with their last breath.

Cavalier, a Camisard leader, retaliated, by harrying the Catholic villages. He encountered the Royalists, six to one, and utterly routed them. For three years of bloodshed and rapine the Camisard revolt lasted, when it was crushed by overwhelming force. Cavalier entered the English service and reached the rank of Major-General. The Huguenots were seemingly exterminated. The King had medals struck announcing the "extinction of heresy." But the Desert assemblies still met in wild and lonely gorges. Often surprised by the soldiery, many were slain, and the living sent to the dungeons or the galleys.

Of the latter dreadful punishment we have a vivid account in the autobiography of Jean Marteilhe, a galley slave, which, after lying for a hundred years in an old trunk, was published in Paris in 1868. (*Memoires d'un Protestant Condamne aux Galeres de France pour cause de Religion ecrits, par lui meme. A book of more tragic and thrilling nterest we have never read.*) Attempting to escape to the Netherlands, he was arrested and condemned to the galleys. He was thrown into a dungeon so dark that he could not see to drive away the rats, which stole his bread. Several of his fellow-prisoners were horribly bastinadoed that they died. He was made to march with a chain of prisoners, in the winter of 1712, across the whole breadth of France, from Havre to Marseilles. Over four hundred men were chained together in pairs, with a long thick chain running the entire length of the gang, each prisoner bearing a weight of a hundred and fifty pounds of fetters. Many of these were murderers and the vilest of felons, but the Huguenots were distinguished by red jackets, as deserving of special opprobrium.

At Paris they were confined in the dungeon of La Tournay chained to beams so that they could neither sit, lie, nor stand. At Charenton they were made to strip in an open courtyard during a hard frost, that their clothes might be searched, and all money, knives, or files taken away. They were so benumbed that during the night eighteen of them died. They slept in stables or on dung heaps, in mud, rain, or snow. Often parched with thirst, they stretched their wooden cups for a drop of water to the villagers as they passed. But even the women spurned their appeal with the jeer, "Away! You are going where you will have *water enough!*"

The punishment of the galleys was almost worse than the chain. The royal galley was 150 feet long and 40 broad. It had 50 benches for rowers, 25 on each side. The oars were 50 feet long, 37 feet outside of the ship and 13 inside. Six men tugged at each oar, all chained to the same bench. They had to row in unison, or they would be heavily struck by the oars before or behind them. Beside the 300 rowers, the galley carried 200 offi-

cers and soldiers. A slave-driver scourged the rowers to their task by a long whip. "To enable his strokes to *tell*, the men sat naked while they rowed." At night the galley-slave slept where he sat. He never quitted his bench except for the hospital or the grave. Yet some of the Huguenots lingered on in this living death for thirty or forty years.

"During all these years," says Smiles," they toiled in their chains in a hell of foul and disgusting utterance, for they were mixed up with thieves and the worst of criminals. They ate the bread and drank the waters of bitterness. Their keepers lashed them to make them row harder, lashed them to make them sit up, lashed them to make them lie down." "Go and refresh the backs of those Huguenots with a salad of strokes from the whip," the captain of Martielhe's galley used to say, for he hated them worse than the thieves and murderers. And yet at any moment a word spoken would have made these heroic confessors free. If they would only recant their heresy their chains would fall off, and they would be restored to life, to friends, to liberty. Yet very rarely did one give up his religion. They preferred to remain galley-slaves for life.

For nearly two years the illustrious Scottish Reformer, John Knox, was chained to the oar of the galley "*Nostre Dame*." The felon's fare, the heavy toil, exposure to the wintry elements, undermined his health, but could not break his intrepid spirit. One day an image of the Virgin was presented him to kiss. He refused, when the officer pressed it to his lips. Snatching the image he threw it into the sea, with the words:—

"Lat our ladie now save herself; sche is lycht enough, lat hir leirne to swime."

These galleys swarmed in the harbors of Dunkirk, Brest, Bordeaux, Toulon, and Marseilles. They scoured the Mediterranean to protect French commerce from Moorish pirates. In the British channel they lay in wait for Dutch or English merchant ships, or engaged in actual sea fight. The oarsmen often had to row all night, and loaded cannon commanded the benches so as to shoot them down in case of revolt. During action they were the special objects of attack—just as the boiler or screw of a war sloop is now—in order to disable the ship.

Martielhe records an adventure which well-nigh cost him his life. His galley—*La Palme*—attacked an English frigate convoying a merchant fleet. The English captain, by a dexterous maneuver, collided with the galley, broke off all its oars on one side, and held it firmly with grappling irons. His cannon, loaded with grape-shot and scrap-iron, were discharged into the writhing mass of galley-slaves, and great carnage ensued. A shower of hand-grenades was also rained down upon them. Martielhe's bench was just opposite a loaded gun, which he could touch with his hand. He saw the gunner approach with lighted match, and lifted up his heart to God. In a

(Men Worth Noting continued from page 2)

cape. Thousands were captured and thrust into noisome dungeons, and driven in gangs fettered with murderers and the vilest of felons across the kingdom, that the spectacle might strike with terror their coreligionists. Some of the pastors went into exile, among them most of these faithful shepherds of a persecuted flock refused to abandon their charge, and continued by stealth to minister to their scattered congregations, with a price upon their heads and exposed to the penalty of death.

No Protestant might engage in any trade or profession. Even Protestant washerwomen were excluded from the public washing-places on the river. All Protestant books that could be found were burned. And dead Protestant, denied Christian burial, were dragged through the streets and thrown into a ditch or on a dunghill. (Such was the fate of M. Chenevix, Councillor of Metz, an old man of eighty, an ancestor of the archbishop of Dublin.)

Brutal soldiers were despatched to the infected provinces to convert obstinate heretics by torture and outrage. They set about their congenial work with malignant ingenuity. The feet of their victims were placed in boiling oil. They were made to sit beneath water dropping on their heads, till many died of madness. They were tortured with burning coals, the boot, the rack, the thumbscrew, or were broken on the wheel. (Pastor Homel, after his bones were broken with an iron bar, lingered forty hours upon the wheel. "Farewell, beloved spouse," he said to his weeping wife, "though you see my bones broken to shivers, yet is my soul filled with inexpressible joy.") And other modes of conversion were employed, too horrible to record, those who would not be converted the prisons were kept full. Without fire, without light, without straw, and almost without food, they languished in horrible dungeons, and as rapidly as they died their places were filled by others.

Those who under such stern persuasion professed conversion, were driven in gangs to the churches, penned up like lepers, treated scarce less harshly than the obstinate heretics. Many of them escaped from France, and in exile abjured with bitter tears their apostasy. Some of the pastors who had escaped, of remorse at what they thought their cowardice, returned to share the perils and to cheer the hearts of their persecuted brethren, who still worshipped God in dens and caves of earth. One of these, Claude Brousson, said to his weeping wife, "I must go and strengthen my brethren, groaning under their oppressions. If God lets His soldiers die, they will preach louder from their graves than during their lives." With nine companions, he returned from the security of fair Lausanne, to the perils of the bleak mountains of the Cévennes. Though pursued like a wild beast, he stole by night to the Desert assemblies. With a price upon his head, he hid in hollow trees and rocky caves. He carried a small board on which, placed on his

knees, he wrote his sermons. Seventeen of these he sent to His Most Christian Majesty Louis XIV., as a proof that he preached only the pure Word of God. These sermons were afterwards published in Amsterdam, and breathe only words of charity and love.

After four years' ministry in the Desert, during which seldom slept beneath a roof, Brousson returned, a physical wreck to Lausanne. When restored to health he was appointed pastor, with a liberal stipend, at the Hague. But the cry of his brethren entered his soul, and leaving ease and comfort, wife and friends disguised as a wool-comber, with a pack upon his shoulders, he again crossed the frontier. The persecution was very bitter, and Brousson, to escape capture, had to take refuge in a well. A soldier descended to explore its depths, but in the darkness failed to find him. At last he was taken, but might have escaped had he not promised not to attempt it. He was condemned to be broken on the wheel. His last act was a benediction on the multitude who came to see him die.

An army of 40,000 men was sent into the Cévennes to convert these obstinate heretics. For fifteen years these unarmed peasants had endured with heroic patience their cruel persecution. They now burst out into open revolt. Pierre Seguier, stung by that "oppression which maketh a wise man mad," declared that he had a call from God to deliver the people. The peasants rallied at his summons, and with pikes and scythes attacked a chateau filled with arms. Seguier was soon captured and burned to death. But another hero, Laporte, took his place, and led the peasants against their foe. Chanting Marot's version of the sixty-eighth psalm, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered"—the "Marseillaise" of the Camisards (

*Que Dieu se montre seulement
Et l'on verra dans un moment
Abandonner la place ;
Le camp des ennemis epars,
Epouvante de toutes parts,
Fuira devant sa face.*

While chanting this sacred war-song, each man became a lion. It was the pas de charge in many a hard-fought fight. The name Camisards, given them by their enemies, was probably derived from the common blouse or camisole they wore—their only uniform. They called themselves no other name than "The Children of God"—*Enfants de Dieu*.)—they charged against the veteran warriors of France. Laporte was surprised at a field-meeting and slain. His nephew Roland, a neatherd, took up the fallen brand. The peasant warriors gathered. They converted the mountain caves into hospitals, arsenals, and powder-factories, and guarded the narrow passes. Again and again the royal troops were defeated by a few hundred cowherds and wool-carders. More troops, including an Irish brigade, were sent to the Cévennes. Sixty thousand godless ruffians ravaged the country, burned to ashes five hundred villages, and slew all the

WHY A BAPTIST?

BAPTISTS

- BIBLICAL AUTHORITY** ----- Mk. 1:2-8, Mt. 3:1-17, 2 Ti. 3:16-17, Ac. 20:27, Is. 8:20, 2 Jn. 5:9-11. Others only partially preach the Bible. Ac. 20:27 the Baptist Way!
- AUTONOMY OF LOCAL CHURCH** ----- 1 Co. 5:1-13, 6:1-7. Christ the Head, Holy Spirit our Administrator, the Bible our only Rule Book. Not subject to outside authority or influence. Independent of man. Dependent, upon Christ.
- PIETHOOD OF ALL BELIEVERS** ----- 1 Pet. 2:9-10, Heb. 4:16.
- NO ORDINANCES** ----- (Not Sacraments) Ac. 2:41-42, Rom. 6:4-5, 1 Co. 11:23-30. Baptism and Lord's Supper - Both for Saved.
- INDIVIDUAL SOUL LIBERTY** ----- Rom. 14:12, 2 Co. 5:1-10, Jn. 8:36, Acts 5:29, 1 Co. 8:9-13, Jn. 14:15.
- SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE** ---- Mat. 22:21, John 18:36. Only Business is Souls - 2 Ti. 4:2, Mk. 16:15-16, Mt. 28:18-20, Acts 1:8
- NO LOCAL CHURCH OFFICES** ----- 1 Tim. 3:1-13. Pastors and Deacons (*Not many churches use this office properly.*)
- SAVED MEMBERSHIP** ----- John 3:3-7, Eph. 1:1, 2 Co. 5:17, Gal. 6:15, Rom. 8:9.

FAITHFULNESS MEANS BEING "ON TIME"

1. Being on time is keeping one's word; it is being where you said you would be when you said you would be there.
2. Punctuality exhibits respect for the time of others; you do not waste their time while they wait for you.
3. Diligence in keeping appointments builds self-respect; you did something right that was difficult or unusual.
4. "On Time" evokes respect from others; they recognize in you the quality of being in control of that which is the realm of your responsibility.
5. Punctuality creates a business-like atmosphere; you set the best kind of example.
6. Being on time is simply a matter of knowing when one responsibility ends and another begins.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.

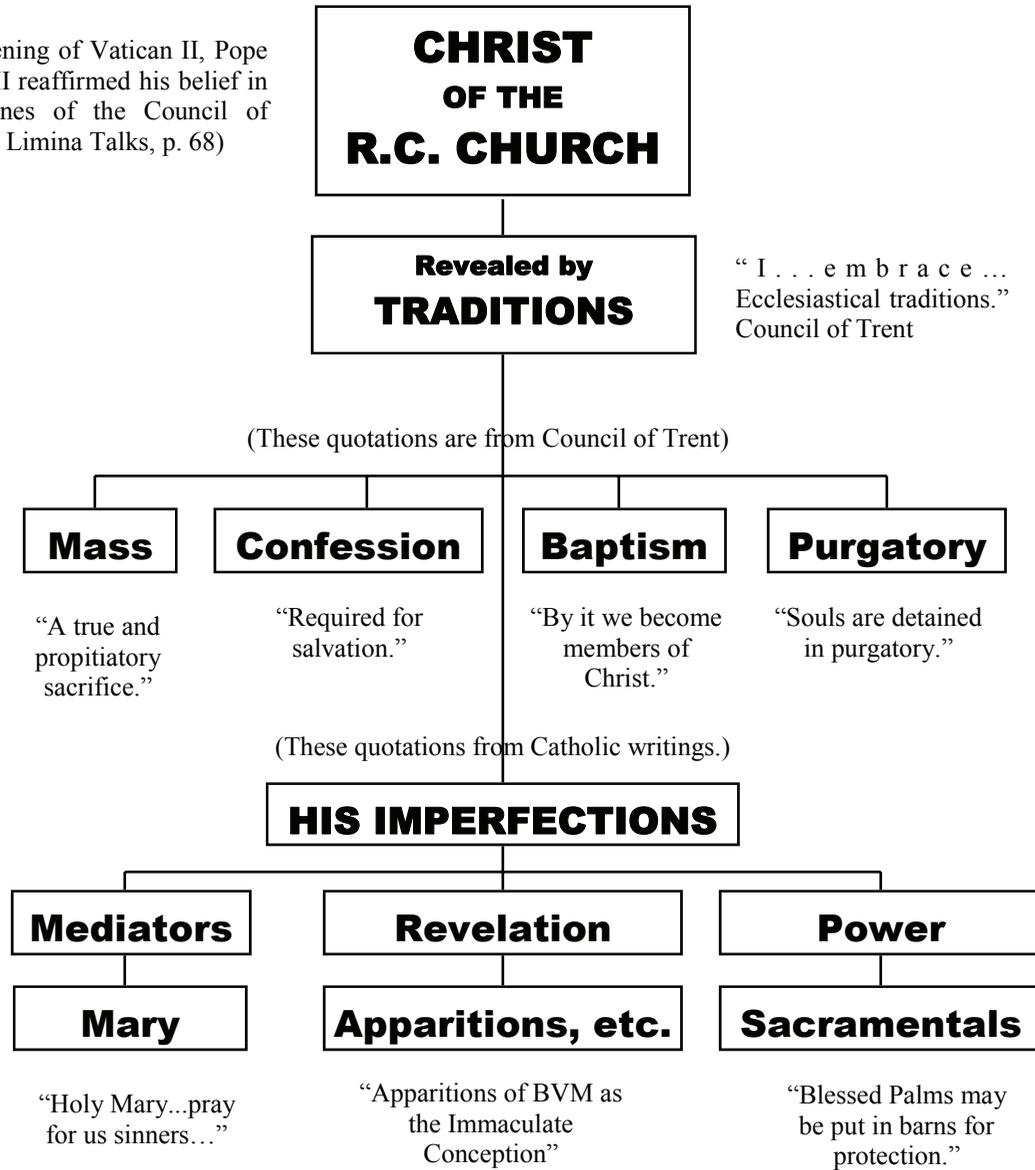
We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more: content with these,
Let present rapture, comforts, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go;
The secret thus, of rest below.

Only, Oh Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
Help us, this day, and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

At the opening of Vatican II, Pope John XXIII reaffirmed his belief in the doctrines of the Council of Trent. (Ad Limina Talks, p. 68)



“Many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many.” Mt. 24:5

