

Contributions.

Chiseling.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

It has always been with peculiar interest that I have watched the workers in marble, as with hammer and chisel and with power exclusively their own, they have transformed the hard, rough stone into images of surpassing beauty.

Often have I gazed upon the great, rough, uneven blocks, but to my dull eye there would be little to admire, except, perhaps, the spotless whiteness. But the artist, with an inward light, looked deeper than I could do, and in the hard, unpolished stone he saw a statue so perfect as would thrill a world with its wondrous beauty, and with patient care he would set to work to bring forth the beautiful form which he could see slumbering beneath the surface. But, oh, how hard and fast were the blows which fell upon the pure, white marble! I in my stupid blindness would tremble for the stone. I would feel so sure that the artist was marring what he but sought to improve, I would whisper to my secret soul: "The stone was better as it was at first. The cruel blows of that heavy hammer, the deep indentations of that sharp chisel will destroy what little form it had and leave the marble an unsightly wreck."

But the sculptor never paused to note my fears. He never lost a moment in explaining to me—so ignorant and so dull I would not have believed, nor could I have comprehended him if he had I—that the keen, sharp chiseling and the heavy blows were necessary to transform the stone into that for which it was designed.

No, no, he did not notice me at all; he was too deeply intent upon perfecting his wonderful form of grace. He also knew how terrible it was for me to comprehend him in his unfinished work, but that it would be all clear to me when I saw the statue, which was to delight and astonish the world.

Yes, when the work was perfected I could join my feeble voice with that of the countless throng in praise and admiration of the wondrous workman as seen through his works. When my heart swelled with rapture and my eyes filled with tears of joy—then I could understand. Then I knew that it was the hard, rough, seemingly cruel blows which had given to the world this surpassing loveliness.

And then I thought of how like to this stone is the soul as it awakes to a consciousness of its own being.

Pure? Yes, pure and so spotlessly white, but of no use, so God or humanity, for it is only a block. The divine Artist stands over it and sees there a sleeping form of beauty which needs to be aroused.

He takes His hammer and strikes. The slumbering soul partially awakes, cries out in pain, and begs to be allowed to continue its sleep.

Is the Artist cruel because he does not heed the cry? Alas, alas! Sometimes when the blows fall so heavily, or when the chiseling pierces keenly, the spirit does grow rebellious and forgets that God is love. But for all of this the hand is not stayed, still the blows fall thick and fast, and still the chisel does its work.

I have sometimes fancied that when the marble had begun to assume a form of beauty—though long before it was completed—it would awake to a consciousness of what its mission was, and could dimly perceive how beautiful it might become. Then can I fancy the stone even gazing with tenderness upon the hand that wielded the hammer, and whispering in language which the artist

could easily understand: "The blows from the hammer are heavy and hard to endure, the keen edge of the chisel cuts so deeply and makes such torturing wounds that I cannot repress my oft-repeated cry of pain. Yet still I have caught a glimpse of what may yet be mine, and my awakened spirit yearns and strives for the better life which I feel stirring within me, but to which I have not yet attained. Strike on, and spare me not, oh truest friend! There is mercy in each blow, there is love in every wound."

Dear brother, sister, with the crushed and bleeding heart, have you and I learned this lesson? Can you and I cry from the soul, "Thy will be done?" The sorrows which come sooner or later to every life that is of service to the Master is the great school in which, for time and eternity, we are being educated.

Grecian mythology tells us that the beautiful fountain Hippocrene was struck out by a single fall of the hoof of the winged horse Pegasus. And while this is only a mythological fable, yet it is an undisputed reality that the brightest and best fountains of Christian comfort have been forced into activity by the iron-shod hoofs of sorrow.

The courage of the three Hebrew youths is best seen by the fierce blazing light of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. Daniel's fidelity shows best by the glaring light of the lion's eye.

Paul is a hero, whose bravery is best seen by the forked lightning, while he stands calm and serene on the foundering ship.

There have been more crowns won in the tempest than in the calm.

It took the bitter persecutions of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. Without the Pope's bull and the cardinal's curse and the world's anathema we would never have had a Martin Luther. Without the hostilities of the Established church and the bitter fury of Lord Claverhouse, the Scotch Covenanters with their glorious history never could have been. The Pilgrim Fathers never could have been developed in sunny lands and beside still waters.

And still the hammer falls, and still the chisel probes! Dare we stay the workman's hand? Dare we cry "Enough" while yet the work is incomplete?

Already, with our half-awakened spirits, we can faintly detect the wondrous possibilities that lie beyond. And though we may shrink from the force of the blow, and though we may cry out in anguish at each fresh indentation of the chisel, still the blessed glimpse which we have caught of what may yet be ours, nerves us to endure.

The divine Workman bends down and whispers, even while the blows are falling, "My grace is sufficient for thee." And we, lovingly clasping the hand that smites, can even smile amid our tears and murmur low, "Thy will be done."

Aggressiveness in the Christian Ministry.

The agitators of foreign missions make excellent use of Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. Go and teach all nations should be the aim of every loyal Christian. That such an object is correct no one will gainsay. It is Scriptural, divine.

Let the mind now revert from the foreign to the home field. A question forces itself upon us. Do the supporters of home missions make enough of Mark's version, xvi. 16: "Go and preach the gospel to every creature?"

Gloriously successful have been the labors of the early pioneers. Rev. xiv. 13. Consecrated to the work are

the preachers in our day. But, brethren, let us forget those things which are behind, and in pressing forward ask the question, What good work can we accomplish during 1895?

There are three solutions to the above problem. I will enumerate them:

(a) We can leave our congregations and devote all our time to evangelizing.

(b) We can devote all our time to our respective congregations,

(c) Or we can devote part of our time to our respective congregations and part to preaching the gospel in other communities, villages, towns or cities.

I believe the last course as outlined to be the most practical and beneficial in its results. A true congregation rejoices when its pastor is opening new fields, and he is happy because his congregation is pleased.

But how is such work to be done? Weeks ago I was asked to enter a certain field and proclaim the "word of the Lord." We looked over the field. There was a house used for worship, but its doors were locked against us. The school-house could not be opened, as the trustees would not consent. It is needless to state the reasons. The Disciples of Christ know them too well. Séctarianism is not much weaker than Catholicism in its influence. Had we been able to secure that which we will soon advocate, we would have entered the promised land caring neither for sectarianism influence or the devil.

Last year, two ministers representing the Seventh-Day Adventists, unfolded a tent seven miles distant. What was the result? Great crowds gathered to hear them, people went for miles to listen, and today they possess a good, substantial structure and quite a following. One of the ministers said to me: "If you desire to do good, aggressive work, are a tent. People who never dreamed of going into a church." I have since thought that if people won't come and enter a building, it would be a good plan to follow the Saviour's will: "Go and preach the gospel to every creature," etc.

I am fully cognizant of the fact that the tent is no stranger to our brethren in the States. Why should it be to us?

How secure it?

(a) The Board of Managers could purchase one, and in loaning it to the brethren make arrangements for proper compensation.

(b) Or, this may meet the eyes of one or two brethren, who would be willing to donate it to the Board.

I believe a tent would be a mighty factor in the propagation of "our plea" in Ontario. Let us suppose a case. Bro. C., of St. Thomas, hears of a district where much good can be done. There is no hall that can be secured, and if there is one the rent is high, and meetings of other societies break in upon the interest. The result is, "We can do nothing at present." On the other hand, if he had the tent, he could call in Bro. F. from London, and hand in hand, heart with heart, soul with soul, the one helping where the other is weak, and vice versa, who can limit the possibilities for good?

Should the tent idea meet the approval of any of our brethren, and should they have any suggestions to give, I hope they will make it known in the EVANGELIST.

I am fully convinced that this is one way in which we can advance the cause of our Master in Ontario.

R. BULGIN.

Harwich.

When so many people are taking and deriving benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, why don't you try it yourself? It is highly recommended.

Religion and Art.

The genius of art is a divine endowment. Like all true genius, it possesses the soul of the artificer, with an irresistible passion for his particular work. He is filled with wisdom and ingenuity to work.

When Macready acted Romeo for the first time—being then only sixteen years of age—his success was so great that a host of friends crowded around him at the close and shook his hand with fervent congratulations. A lady asked him, "Well, sir, how do you feel now?" And he, with a boyish ingenuousness, answered: "I feel as if I should like to act it over again." How much more pure and lofty should be the enthusiasm of the Christian artist. Copernicus, whose system of the universe overthrew the delusion of many thousand years, was no enemy of religion. Kepler, Newton, and many others who were giants in the realm of science, were humble and zealous Christians. Genius gains its most resplendent victories, and scatters its choicest blessings, glitters with its brightest radiance when it devotes its best powers to expound and adorn religion.

The principle laid down and developed by Neander is the true one—that the design of the Christian religion, which is to promote holiness of life, should be kept constantly in view, and whatever is beautiful in art should ever be subordinate to this design. Where the beautiful becomes, or tends to become, supreme in worship and in Christian art, then it becomes unlawful. Whenever this principle is infringed, an intense desire to reform is apt to develop itself into a reckless, iconoclastic spirit. Religion admits of no rival; she must be supreme and all the graces of art must be subservient to her sway and minister to her high and beneficent purpose: Art is one of the noblest and best gifts which God has bestowed on man; therefore, above all, it should be applied to the glorification of God and not merely to the pleasure of the world. To scorn and reject Him who has given it. But the aesthetics of the Christian life must not be permitted to mar or displace its spiritual power. R. A. BURNISS.

Saved From Nicotine.

LITTLE CHARLEY FOGLEMAN USED TOBACCO SINCE BABYHOOD, AND HIS FATHER SMOKED AND CHEWED FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS—BOTH SET FREE AT ASHEVILLE, N. C.

"Is that true?" asked the News man at Pelham's Pharmacy, as he laid down a letter in the presence of a dozen interested customers.

"Yes, it is. It was written here on one of our letterheads, and signed by J. C. Fogleman," promptly answered the proprietor.

"You know him, don't you?" "Certainly; he lives at No. 5 Buxton street. We all know Fogleman is a man of his word."

"I am glad to hear it. There are so many misleading statements published now-a-days, that when this came in this morning's mail I came right over to ask you about it. I read the letter three times; but you read it, and you will agree with me that it is almost too good to be true." This is what the letter said:

OFFICE OF PELHAM'S PHARMACY, 24 Patton avenue: ASHEVILLE, N. C., Sept. 12, 1894.—GENTLEMEN,—My little boy, now eight years, began chewing tobacco when three years old by the advice of our family physician, in the place of stronger stimulants. Four or five weeks ago I began giving him No-To-Bac, which I bought at Pelham's Pharmacy, and to my great surprise, and, it is needless to say, my delight, No-To-

Bac completely cured him. He does not seem to care for tobacco, and is very much improved in health, eats heartily and has a much better color.

Finding such remarkable results from the use of No-To-Bac, I began myself, and it cured me after using tobacco in all its varied forms for a period of twenty years.

I take pleasure in making this plain statement of facts for the benefit of others.

(Signed) J. C. FOGLEMAN. "Yes, I know it's a fact, and it's one of the strongest, truthful testimonials I ever read—and it's true, for I sold him the No-To-Bac."

"What's that?" asked Chief of Police Hawkins, whose manly form attired in the new police uniform, like Solomon in all his glory, came in the door.

"Why, No-To-Bac cures!" "Cures? Why, I should say so. I have used it myself. It cured me."

"Would you object to making a statement of the fact for publication?" "Certainly not," and the Chief wrote as follows:

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Sept. 25, 1894.—PELHAM PHARMACY,—I bought one box of No-To-Bac from you some time since. After using No-To-Bac I found I had lost the desire for tobacco. I was cured.

I have used tobacco—chiefly chewing—for eight (8) or ten (10) years. H. S. HAWKINS.

Everybody looked astonished and wondered what would next turn up.

"Suppose it, don't cure," someone asked. "Then they do the right thing when No-To-Bac won't cure." "What's that?" asked the News man. "Every druggist in America is authorized to sell No-To-Bac under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. No-To-Bac is made by the Sterling Remedy Co., general offices in Chicago, Montreal and New York, and their laboratory is at Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana, a big health resort they own. It's the place where they give mud baths for rheumatism and skin diseases. You ought to know the president, Mr. A. L. Thomas, of Lord & Thomas, of Chicago." "Yes, of course, I do. We get business from them right along, and they are as good as gold. Well, give me their advertising books and I will make statement in the paper about what you have told me, for I know there are thousands of good North Carolina people who are tobacco-spitting and smoking their lives away, and No-To-Bac is an easy guaranteed cure, and they ought to know."

This is of interest to our readers, as No-To-Bac is just being introduced in Canada, and enjoys a big sale.

Let the Women Speak.

Mrs. A. Sampson, 208 Bennington St., East Boston, writes: "I had been afflicted with dyspepsia for the last four years, was so bad that I did not dare to eat, as it caused me terrible pain. Hearing of K. D. C., I procured a package. It gave me almost immediate relief. One package cured me. I have not been so well for a number of years. I cheerfully recommend it, and feel justified in saying that dyspeptics who can get this medicine have no excuse for suffering."

A Charming Canadian Classic.

PEARLS & PEBBLES

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By MRS. CATHARINE PARR TRAILL. Author of "Studies of Plant Life in Canada," "Lost in the Backwoods," etc. with Biographical Sketch of the Author By MARY ANNE FITZGERALD. (16th, 18, 20) with Gilt Edges, 60.00. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, 29-31 Richmond St. West, TORONTO