

The Canadian Evangelist.

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"GO . . . SPEAK . . . TO THE PEOPLE ALL THE WORDS OF THIS LIFE."

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The Canadian Evangelist

It is devoted to the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ, and pleads for the union of all believers in the Lord Jesus in harmony with His own prayer recorded in the seventeenth chapter of John, and on the basis set forth by the Apostle Paul in the following terms: "I therefore, the prisoner in the Lord, beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love; giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body and one Spirit, even as also ye were called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all."—Eph. iv. 1-6.

This paper, while not claiming to be what is styled an "organ," may be taken as fairly representing the people known as Disciples of Christ in this country.

Dr. Harper on Genesis.

We gave last week a brief note concerning the stir that Dr. Harper's recent lectures on Genesis, and especially the one on the story of Cain and Abel, had created in the religious world. We think the importance of the matter justifies us in giving in full Dr. Harper's letter of defense and explanation in regard to the lecture:

"The *Chicago Herald* of Jan. 29th, attributed to me the following language:

"The story of the murder of Abel by his brother is a myth. It is no more the truth, so far as we know, than the story of the capture of Troy by means of a wooden horse, or the founding of Rome by Romulus and Remus."

"This statement has been telegraphed far and wide and has served as the basis for articles and editorials in many of the secular and religious papers. I have always adopted the policy of saying nothing when misrepresented intentionally or unintentionally by statements published in the papers. It has seemed to me that little or nothing was gained by contradicting such statements. In this case however, acting upon the suggestion of friends, I took the opportunity to publish in the *Herald* of the following Friday, Feb. 2nd, a statement, in which, among other things, was the following extract from the lecture, which had been reported:

"When we compare the biblical material with that which resembles it on the outside, we find that it is free in its form from impurity of every kind; the myth is gone; the exuberant polytheism is gone; all that degrades and lowers is gone.

"The form is here (just as the form of the rite of circumcision was retained). It is only in the form that there is much if any resemblance, and this has been thoroughly cleansed and purified. You ask, Why did not God choose a different form, that there might be no possible joining of the sacred and the profane? I answer, God does not work in that way. Why did he allow slavery and polygamy to continue? Why did he allow Abraham to adopt the language of the very Canaanites from whom he wished to keep him separated? Why did he give to Israel practically the same table of clean and unclean animals as that adopted by other nations? He built upon the material that was at hand.

"The meaning given is altogether new.

It is the first crime; it is a crime; it is called a crime and punished as a crime. The real meaning of a thousand such stories as that of Romulus and Remus, the Cabiri, and the Corybantes, will not equal in force and in influence upon human life the story of Cain and Abel as we have it from the prophetic writer. The spirit of the story is entirely unique, being didactic and religious throughout. And what now was the purpose in it all? Why did our writer change so greatly the material he had at hand? Why and whence this purified form, this new idea, this unique spirit? Because he was moved by a desire to help his fellow-men, to show them by a story of the past the enormity of sin, the inevitable consequences which follow. Because, in brief, the writer was a prophet, a religious teacher, a man whose heart burned with zeal for a better life, and who, therefore, writes this, the prophecy of the past. Whence this purpose and the skill to give it execution? If it was merely natural genius, how shall we explain the total absence of such genius in nations of older civilization, of loftier intellectual acquirements? We may not deny that there is beneath and above all this the plan and the purpose of a mighty and beneficent God.

"As always happens, this statement, though published, was not telegraphed as the former alleged statement had been, and so the first stands practically without contradiction. It seems, therefore, proper to say,

"1. That no such statement as the first, quoted above, occurred in the lecture referred to.

"2. That a statement (see above) practically the opposite was made.

"3. That the lectures are published in full in successive numbers of the *Biblical World*, a monthly published by the University of Chicago Press.

"4. That criticism based upon newspaper reports is unfair and unjust.

"The writer is willing to be held responsible for the utterances which he made, but not for utterances the very opposite of those made. He is willing to be made responsible for the statements made in the articles published in the *Biblical World*, but not for brief newspaper reports made by men without any adequate knowledge of the subject they are treating. It seems only just to the interests with which the writer is connected to make these statements"—*Christian Evangelist*.

Who is Responsible?

ANNIE D. BRADLEY.

Frances E. Willard says—and she always investigates before she speaks—that there are many sewing women in Chicago who make one dozen shirts for 75 cents, who put the "finishing touches" upon coats at 4 cents each, and children who toil twelve hours a day for \$1 per week.

And as I read, I wondered if these facts did not throw some light upon the question as to why there is so much degradation in our larger cities? Is there no connecting link between hunger and sin?

May God in His tender mercy both pity and forgive. Forgive us who, in

our selfishness, spend so much where it is not needed, and so little where it is needed most. And may he pity—oh, so divinely pity—the weak, the tempted, hungry ones who sell their souls for bread.

What right have you or I to condemn our fallen sisters? Sheltered, protected, loved, with never the breath of heaven allowed to blow too rudely upon our cheek, what right have you or I to point the finger of scorn to yonder hungry, tempest-tossed one, even though she may have become deeply stained with the filthy mire of sin?

Instead of drawing our spotless robes the closer around us lest they should be brushed by some erring sister as she goes by, let us, on bended knee, thank God for the fate that allowed us to be nurtured under kinder skies. Let us remember that if they—the sin-stained outcast ones—had known the constant blessings vouchsafed to us they might now be nobler, grander women than you or I can ever make. And let us also remember—with a shudder if we will, yet with thanksgiving, too,—that if you or I had been "driven through the hell of their untold temptations, we might be less upright in our daily walk than they."

"Then, as we remember, let us inject into our whiter souls some of that divine compassion that called the Christ to bow in sorrow, write in the sand the woman's sin, and then with a forgiving love that only the Son of God could know, say to the fallen but penitent one, "Neither do I condemn thee, only sin no more."

I have sufficient faith in human nature to believe that almost every one would prefer a life of virtue and truth to one of sin and shame; but hunger and cold are giant powers that paralyze the nobler and develop the lower instincts of humanity.

Surely in a world so full of all good gifts as is ours, the Great Father and Giver never intended that his weaker children should be driven to sin that they might be enabled to appease their hunger!

I shrink from what I am writing, as does every other woman who has not mounted to far higher rounds upon the Christian ladder, and yet a power that I dare not disobey seems to be forcing me to plead that the "sinned against" shall receive from those who have known the Crucified a helping hand and a gentler pity.

An erring woman is no more beyond the hope of redemption than is the erring man; yet at the very first sign of repentance a thousand helping hands are eagerly held forth to uplift the fallen man. Aye, more, godly men and women go out into the haunts of sin, hold up Christ before the sin-smirched eyes and plead with the man, however depraved, to return to the paths of virtue. And then when he does return, as, thank God, he often does, no one remembers the sin except to love and respect him more because of the effort he made to conquer.

But the fallen woman—the woman, perhaps, driven to sin by want, or tempted and betrayed where perhaps she loved and trusted the most—no

helping hand is held out to her. If she remembers the days when she knelt at her mother's knee to pray, and longs to return to the forsaken paths of virtue—then may God pity and aid her, for in the fierce, unequal battle which she will have to fight she can look for help and pity from no other source. Whenever she goes she meets with distrust. If she dares to enter a church there is no pure woman sufficiently strong to brave public opinion by bidding her welcome. If she strives to secure honest work we all remember "what she has been" and, in our virtuous horror, turn coldly from her. In very truth, when she asks for bread as the return for faithful labor we give her a stone; and when she asks for meat we give her a scorpion that stings her back to sin and death.

Why should this be so? Why should we, like the father in the sacred story, "run to meet" the returning prodigal; put shoes, indicative of high social standing, upon his feet; the ring, symbol of returned authority, upon his hand; the robes of respectability upon his person; kill for him the fatted calf, and join in glad rejoicing, because the one who was dead is alive again, the lost is found.

We do all this, and I am so glad that this is so, because—simply because the prodigal son has come home again. But alas, alas, for the prodigal daughter that has wandered away from her home! Though she longs to return yet can she find no place of repentance, though she seeks it carefully with tears.

Do not mistake me. I do not argue that sin should go uncondemned. God speed the day when every form of sin will be openly and bitterly condemned and the higher the place where sin is discovered, the deeper and blacker let the condemnation be. But I do so earnestly plead that the avenues to sin be not so numerous, and that the avenues from sin be more easily found.

And these gates that lead from sin into a purer life must be unbarred by women. Woman with her face full of pity because her heart is full of love, with one hand clasping Christ's for safety and with the other extending honest, remunerative work, must prove her kinship with the skies by making it possible for the erring ones to believe that a Saviour, born of woman, came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.—*Christian Evangelist*.

"A Very Poor Sermon."

"What do you think of my sermon?" said a young preacher to a venerable minister in whose presence he had been delivering a discourse.

"A very poor sermon, indeed," said he.

"A poor sermon?" said the young man; "it took me a long time to study it."

"Ay, no doubt of it."

"Why did you not think my explanation of the text a very good one?"

"Oh, yes," said the old preacher, "very good, indeed."

"Well, then, why did you say it is a poor sermon? Didn't you think the metaphors were appropriate, and the arguments conclusive?"

"Yes, they were very good, as far as that goes; but still it was a very poor sermon."

"Will you tell me why you think it a poor sermon?"

"Because," said he, "there was no Christ in it."

"Well," said the young man, "Christ was not in the text; we are not to be preaching Christ always; we must preach what is in the text."

So the old man said:

"Don't you know, young man," said the minister, "that from every town, and every village, and every little hamlet in England, wherever it may be, there is a road to London!"

"Yes," said the young man.

"Ah!" said the old divine, "and so from every text in Scripture there is a road to the metropolis of the Scripture, that is Christ. And, my dear brother, your business is, when you get a text, to say, 'Now, what is the road to Christ?' and then preach a sermon, running along the road to the great metropolis—Christ. And," said he, "if I have found a text that has not a road to Christ in it, I will make one; I will go over hedge and ditch, but I would get at my Master; for the sermon cannot do any good unless there is a savor of Christ in it."—*Selected*.

Huxley's Tribute to the Bible.

We have Prof. Huxley's own testimony not only that he is agnostic, but that he is the author of the term. It is therefore especially interesting to hear what he has to say about the Bible.

"I have always been in favor," says the professor, "of secular education in the sense of education without theology; but I must confess that I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters, without the use of the Bible. The pagan moralists lack life and color; and even the noble stoic, Marcus Antoninus, is too high and refined for the ordinary child. Take the Bible as a whole, make the severest deductions which fair criticism can dictate, and there still remains in this old literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. By the study of what other book would children be so much humanized? If Bible reading is not accompanied by constraint and solemnity, I do not believe there is anything in which children take more pleasure."—*London Public Opinion*.

Every man can help on the world's work more than he knows of. What we want is the single eye, that we may see what our work is; the humility to accept it, however lowly; the faith to do it for God, the perseverance to go on till death.—*NORMAN McLEOD*.

A soul that lives under the assurance of divine favor cannot but bear up patiently and quietly under the greatest sufferings that possibly can befall in the world.—*THOMAS BROOKS*.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.