

# The Canadian Evangelist.

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

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## THE Canadian Evangelist

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.

### Service.

It is not mine to run with eager feet  
Along life's crowded way my Lord to meet;  
It is not mine to pour the oil and wine,  
Or bring the purple robe of linen fine;  
It is not mine to break at His dear feet  
The alabaster box of ointment sweet;  
It is not mine to bear His heavy cross,  
Or suffer for His sake all pain and loss;  
It is not mine to walk through valley dim  
Or climb far mountain heights alone  
with Him;  
He hath no need of me in grand affairs  
Where fields are lost or crowns won unawares.  
Yet, Master, if I may make one pale  
flower  
Bloom brighter for Thy sake through  
one short hour,  
If I in harvest fields where stray ones  
reap  
May bind one golden sheaf for love to  
keep,  
May speak one quiet word when all is  
still,  
Helping some fainting heart to do Thy  
will,  
Or sing one high clear song on which  
may soar  
Some glad soul heavenward, I ask no  
more.

—Selected.

### The Glamour of Gold.

ANNIE D. BRADLEY.

A newspaper item telling of the social triumphs of a wealthy man, notorious for his filthy, licentious character, is before me.

The wordy reporter describes the entertainment as "chaste and elegant." Everything was a marvel of exquisite taste; while the lavish hand of the brilliant and accomplished won most flattering encomiums from all of his guests.

In reading the description one could only find a single flaw in the whole; only one blank deformity amid all that graceful, beautiful scene; only one blemish amid so much that was perfect, and that was the vile, contaminating presence of the host.

Without the host, the scene would have been so perfect; but with his polluting presence there, I can but wonder that brave, honorable men, and pure, true women could breathe the poisonous, putrifying atmosphere.

But if any one present became unduly affected by it, the reporter failed to make any mention of it.

It may be that there is something in

the glamour of gold that blinds the eye to witness darker objects; something in the influence of the yellow dust which, if freely used, will entirely counteract the deadly effect of poisoned breath.

I do not know; I have no real right to pass judgment upon the power of this strange metal. It might be that if I were more within the reach of its benign influence that I, too, would be lulled to sleep by its seductive whispers. It might be that if I could handle this mysterious product of the earth a little more, my eyes would be enabled to discern that all that glitters,—if it only glitters profusely—is real gold; and that if it is gold, then it is the one thing needful.

But even then, it seems to me that I could not quite forget that there is such a thing possible as manly honor; it seems to me that I would try to remember my own womanly purity. I would want to remember—though under the influence of this all-powerful metal I might forget—that the man who, over his costly wines with his paramour by his side, could find rare sport in, and deride the thought of womanly virtue, was a monster to be shunned.

I do not think—but please remember that I have never been brought under the wonderful power which gold can exert—that if I had a sweet young daughter still lingering upon the beautiful border land which divides, yet unites, the child and woman, I insist that I do not believe that I would like to see her brought under the poisonous influence of a man like this. I would not like to think of her as indebted to him for costly gifts or for extravagant feasts given in her honor. It would break my heart—at least I think it would, but I may not know myself—to see this dear young daughter whose person was, to me so sacred, clasped in such arms as his, her pure breath mingling with such as his while they moved to the seductive music of the waltz.

I can but fancy—though still I may be mistaken in myself—that if this sweet, imaginary young daughter of mine had ever had a real personality, she would have been so precious and so sacred to me that I would have rejoiced to have seen her sleeping peacefully in the merciful arms of Death, rather than to have seen her live to win the friendship of such a man.

The narrow coffin might be lonely, the kiss of Death might be something frightful in its icy coldness, but there would be no taint in the touch, neither in the bridegroom Death, nor of the narrow pillow which he had made ready for her.

There is no safety for the woman who smiles into the face of the man who wantonly robs another woman—it matters not how many degrees she may be, socially, beneath (?) himself—of her virtue.

There is not the shadow of hope that the base libertine and foul betrayer will, himself, even feel that there is cause to blush for his filthy life so long as pure and cultured woman will, because society demands it, close her eyes to the knowledge that the richly jeweled hand clasping hers is still the hand of a leper.

The unhappy victim to this foul man's unholy love could have had no

place among the honorable men and cultured women who were, but yesterday, the smiling, flattered and flattering guests of the dastardly betrayer. The fallen women who were his frequent companions in his bacchanalian revelries would have found no welcome then. Oh, no. Then he was the elegantly polished host to an hundred elegantly polished guests. The loathsome sores of the hideous leper were skillfully hid by a profuse and elegant polish of gold. And nothing that was not elegantly polished could have had admittance into this elegantly polished assembly.

Of course the victim of his cruel, degrading love—oh, shameful mockery of the high and holy word!—was a thing too vile to be even remembered there. No one there could be so inelegant and so woefully lacking in refinement as to feel if he, the vile betrayer, was so worthy of all homage, that she, the cruelly betrayed, would have only been in her rightful place if standing by his side.

I feel that in expressing such demoralizing (?) opinions as these I am placing myself liable to the severest censure. People may even go so far as to sneer at me, dub me "old-fashioned," "puritan," "behind the times," and "very unlady-like" to hint at such things. They may even go so far as to accuse me of having "been reared in a different age and in a different atmosphere," and then remind me that this is a day not only of "greater liberality," but of higher and more æsthetic refinement.

All this may be true. As to living in a better day, I believe that those who are living to-day are living in the best days which the world has ever seen. I believe that if we see more sin to-day than our great grandmother saw, it is only because that the beams from the Sun of Righteousness are shining with a more persistent glow and bringing to light the hidden deeds of darkness.

And believing this as firmly as I do, I feel glad to believe that still a better day will dawn for our children. I believe that the day will surely dawn when sin in man will be held to be as black and inextinguishable a crime as sin in a woman. I believe the day will dawn—and that right speedily—when a villain who robs a woman of her virtue, whether he be a hod carrier or a millionaire trying to cover his infamous steps with gold, will be equally the mark of public as well as private scorn.

I believe the day is almost ready to burst upon us when the man who breaks the seventh commandment will feel the bar of all good people so keenly that he will be forced to realize that there is such a thing as manly honor and womanly virtue; though his guilty, dastardly soul knows nothing of the one and has done his utmost to destroy the other. I believe that the day will dawn—the bright and glorious day—when the glamor of gold will have lost its power to screen a putrifying villain from his just deserts. God speed the day. Amen.—*Christian Courier.*

The troubles that trouble us the most are the troubles that never happen.

The man who lives only for himself is engaged in very small business.

### A Neglected Letter.

The importance of present hours and present opportunities is often but little felt. "To-morrow shall be as this day, and more abundant," is the fond dream of the idle, the indifferent, and the pleasure seeking soul. But how often sad surprises break in upon our mirth and ease, and blast our cherished hopes.

Many years ago, a Greek nobleman made a feast for his friends. In the midst of the festivities, a messenger entered in great haste with a letter. It was from a distance, and was sent to inform him that a plot had been formed by his enemies to kill him that night.

"My lord," said the messenger, "my master desired me to say, that you must read the letter without delay; for it is about serious things."

"Serious things to-morrow," said the nobleman, as he threw the letter aside, and took up his cup of wine. The delay was fatal. Before the feast was at an end, his enemies rushed into the hall and slew him.

He neglected his last chance, and perished through his own folly. And are there not thousands who to-day are neglecting opportunities and disregarding warnings, who will mourn at last, when they are lost beyond remedy? To-day God sends his message to us. Oh, read the letter to-day, for "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

### The Inevitable.

I like the man who faces what he must  
With step triumphant, and the heart of  
cheer:

Who fights the daily battle without fear;  
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering  
trust

That God is God: that somehow, true  
and just

His plans work out for mortals; not a  
tear

Is shed when fortune, which the world  
holds dear,  
Falls from his grasp: better, with love,  
a crust

Than living in dishonor: envies not,  
Nor loses faith in man; but does his  
best,

Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,  
But with a smile and words of hope,  
gives zest

To every toiler: he alone is great,  
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

SARAH K. BELTON.

### The Disciples of Christ.

The question is often asked: "What proportion of the various sects and Christian bodies express an interest in the Brotherhood of Christian Unity?" Until recently the answer has been: "A proportion corresponding very nearly to the numerical strength of the various denominations." But within a few months a variation from this rule has become apparent. A larger number have been received from those who, in writing or signing pledges, designate themselves as "Disciples of Christ."

A little investigation reveals the surprising fact that this body numbers 800,000 communicants, and is thus the fifth in size in the United States. That this membership is largely in the west and south accounts for the state of mind of eastern Christians, who, if they are aware of the existence of such a denomination at all, owe their knowledge to

the dimly-remembered fact that President Garfield belonged to it.

The reason why members of this body are especially interested in Christian unity becomes apparent when its history is studied. It was started some seventy years ago with the special design of returning to apostolic methods and discarding all human creeds. Its test of membership is the question: "Do you believe in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of the living God?" That this is put as a practical question and not as an ecclesiastical test, is shown by the readiness of its members to accept the pledge of the Brotherhood. They believe and teach that following Christ is the way to arrive at correct doctrines.

The membership of the "Disciples" is now growing rapidly. The last census shows them to have increased 83 per cent. in ten years. They have two prosperous churches in New York and one in Brooklyn.—*Christian Unity.*

### The Growth of the Disciples.

"The population of the United States in the last ten years increased 24 per cent., and the church membership increased nearly 4 per cent. more than the population. During the same period the Methodists increased 30 per cent., Congregationalists 33 per cent., Lutherans 68 per cent. from large Scandinavian immigration; the Disciples, 83 per cent., and Jews 160 per cent., largely from Hungary, Poland and Russia. The Presbyterian church increased 40 per cent., 16 per cent. more than the population and 10 per cent. more than Methodism."

The foregoing statement, published in the Philadelphia Press last July 11, was made by Rev. Dr. Agnew, in Bethlehem Presbyterian church. He can not be charged with any favoritism for the Disciples, who are a very "feeble folk" in the East. Eighty-three per cent., a larger rate of increase than that of Methodists and Presbyterians combined, speaks volumes in favor of this "little (?) flock of Christians," numbering over 1,000,000 in America, which tries its level best to do things as they were done in the apostolic age, with the Holy Bible in one hand and the only two ordinances of baptism (not that which the Pope gives to irresponsible beings—to children), but baptism as established and received by Christ himself, and the weekly reception of Christ's sacred emblems on the other hand.—*The True Protestant (Chicago).*

### My Friend.

Not he, who loud to all the world  
My faults doth tell,  
My true friend is;  
Nor he, who silent sits,  
When failings many are and great;  
But he, who kindly to my ear doth say,  
And mine alone,  
"Thou doest wrong."

ONE of God's ways of training us for His service is by setting us at distasteful tasks for others. We may ourselves be gainers by honest effort in behalf of those who themselves receive no benefit from our endeavors. In considering the question whether our more toilsome work at the present time is a profitable work, we must know that its chiefest gain may be to us in its doing rather than to those on behalf of whom it is done.—*Ex.*