

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

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.

Sorrow and Joy.

Sorrow so long had laid his hand
Upon her tender heart,
At last scarce could she understand
Joy made of life a part.

And when, with sudden strength and
night,
Across life's chords it swept,
Echoing along the starless night
Sweet tones where she had wept,

Her soul from out its depth of bliss,
Tremulous with its new birth,
Could only murmur faintly this:
"O, easier were life's death!"

And when at last in calmer hour,
She felt the new life thrill,
As toward the sun came tender flowers,
Her heart opened upward still.

And richer for the past of pain,
The anguish of the years,
Her life, like one long sweet refrain,
Soothed other's griefs and tears.
—Lisa A. Fletcher.

Creeds Contrasted.

GEN. LEW WALLACE COMPARES CHRISTIANITY WITH THE OTHER EXISTING RELIGIONS.

I had the pleasure of several talks with Gen. Lew. Wallace during his recent visit to New York. There is a calm dignity about this man which insensibly subjugates all who come within his charm. His mere presence arrests instant attention. One recognizes the scholar and the poet in his pale face, in the slight hollow in his cheeks, and the sensitive lips nervously responding to each change of feeling. And yet there is in the author of "Ben Hur," an air of military decision, imparted by the aquiline nose, the carefully trimmed white moustache drooping on either side of the mouth, and the aristocratic imperial. Altogether it would be difficult to imagine a more attractive personality than that of Gen. Wallace as he stands looking at you through his gold rimmed glasses, courteous and kindly, straight as a reed, and dressed with exquisite care.

A chat with Gen. Wallace upon any subject at once discloses the earnest student of humanity, and the lover of the beautiful in all its forms. We spoke about books, a little about his own, much about those of other people. Here is a man who has read and assimilated everything.

"The influence of literature for good," he said, "is only equalled by its possible influence for ill. The saddest thought, I think, that can torture

man in his dying moments is that he has left in his books a legacy of evil that may go on piling up a compound interest of iniquity far into coming ages. It is grievous to note the tendency of unbelief of the present age. In nothing is this tendency more plainly set forth than in modern literature. And yet why should this be so? Why should the study of literature or of science result in the unsettlement of our belief? Can you look around upon the world and fail to acknowledge that it must have had a maker? Is it possible to be brought face to face with the crime, the degradation of the sons of men, and not be convinced of the necessity of a Saviour? Are we blind that we see, day after day, the repeated miracle of our own existence and yet deny the boundless love of God? And think you God will allow those whom he loves so tenderly to perish, even though it cost the life-blood of His only Son to save them? I tell you the religion of the future will be the religion of Christ. The further I travel along life's sad highway, the more firmly convinced I become of the divine origin of Christianity. With the music of the waves of eternity's shoreless seas sounding more loudly in my ears, I humbly bow my head, and, with reverent love, whisper: "I believe in God!"

"We are told that in the future our religion will die in its turn, as other religions have died, and be replaced by the religion of humanity. We are told that man will finally, of his own accord, do justice to man, and that oppression and violence will be no more when superstition shall have been swept into oblivion with the relics of antiquity. I often wonder whether those who preach such doctrines really believe them. Look back upon the nations whose ashes powder the path of Time, and see if there is anything to warrant the belief that in the future man will do justice, unless urged on by a conscience animated by the love of God?"

Compare the Christian creed to others of the past, and you must admit the divine origin of its founder. Examine the theology of Zoroaster, whose sacred fires lighted the gloom of ancient Persia, and see if there is aught contained therein to equal in noble purity the Sermon on the Mount. Not in the religion of Isis and Osiris in mysterious Egypt, nor among the mighty ghosts of Olympus, nor among the heroic figures of the Roman theocracy is a parallel to be found to the love of God for His children as set forth by Christ, a love so full of grandeur, of dignity, of pathos. What human mind could have conceived such a list of beauties as to feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, freedom to captives, hospitality to strangers, relief to the sick?

"I feel very deeply upon the subject, for I know the extent of harm done by literature of a certain class. Zola and his fellows with their writings have worked incalculable mischief. Such writings are not to be classed as literature. True literature ennobles mankind; those works degrade him. Literature lifts up mankind into the pure and lofty regions where reason reigns supreme. Such works as these we are speaking of debase him to the level of

the animals. Literature should inculcate belief in all that is pure, that is noble, that is lovable. This 'realistic school' only deals with what is vile, degraded, loathsome; just as though obscenity were the only characteristic of art. It ceases to be art when, with all the filth of wickedness, is painted a picture of the pollution of human nature.—From an interview in the Washington News.

A Tribute to a Good Wife.

The following comprehensive inscription recording the virtues of an ancient Countess of Westmoreland, and written by her husband, was formerly to be seen in a large room in Budstone place, in the county of Kent, once a seat belonging to that noble family. It is a portrait more beautiful than any of the elegant productions of Kneller or Reynolds, and would ornament with a peculiar grace a lady's dressing-room; thus inspiring the owner to emulate so exquisite a model:

Says the memorial in the quaint style of another century:

"Shee feared God and knewe how to serve him: Shee assyned tymes for her devotions and kept them: Shee was a perfect Wife and a trewe Frende. Shee joyed moste to oblidge those nearest and dearest to her; Shee was still the same ever kynde and never troublesome. Shee prevented my desires: Disputing none: Proventillie monaging all that was myne: Lyinge in Appearance above myne estate while shee advanced it: Shee was a grette spirit; sweetie tempered; of a sharp wit without offence; of excellent speeche blest with silence; of a brave Fashion to winne respect and to daunt Boldness: pleesyng to alle of her sex, entyre with Fewe, delytynge in the best: ever avoyding all persons and places if their honor blemysed, and was as free from doing ille as giving the occasion: Shee dyed as shee lyved—well."

Re-Marriage Hall.

An interesting book printed in Bombay two years ago is called "The Story of a Widow Re-marriage." The author had married a lady who was already a widow, and as this act was committed in defiance of all the proprieties of high caste Hinduism, he had, of course, to suffer for it. The poor girl whom he married had lost her husband years before, when he was a boy and she a mere child. Now she was an "unlucky woman," destined to spend all her life in mourning, to wear black and keep away from any festivity lest she should mar it by her presence.

"What happiness in the world have I?" said she, when the author of the book, at their first meeting, condoled with her on her fate. "Nothing but death can relieve me of my woes."

Moved by the sufferings of the unhappy girl, as well as by her youth and beauty, Madhowdas fell genuinely in love with her and she with him, and they decided to brave persecution and be married. Her chief thought was that her mother would be broken-hearted at her taking such a step, and would of course never see her again. With the utmost secrecy they made their preparations, knowing well that if their

purpose were rumored abroad the bride might be kidnapped, as another daring widow had previously been. Only a few sympathizers were invited to the ceremony. The next morning the Bombay papers contained an account of the "widow re-marriage," and the city was convulsed with excitement. The mother's alarm at the disappearance of her daughter was only partially allayed when she found a little note stating the reason, and concluding with the words:

"My dear mother, it is not at all likely that we shall meet again hereafter. You may therefore take me for dead. But I shall be very happy if I ever hear from the lips of any that you are doing well."

A meeting of wealthy relations and influential members of the caste was at once called. Everything was done to damage the credit and ruin the business of Madhowdas, and finally he and his wife were solemnly excommunicated. Gradually Madhowdas established himself and his business, drew about him a circle of the more advanced spirits, and snapped his fingers at his enemies. Indeed, his house became an asylum for other couples situated as he and his wife had been. Meetings of English and native speakers were held there, and a number of marriages were celebrated beneath its roof. The house, as if to confirm its mission, goes by the name of "Widow Re-marriage Hall."

No Time to Read the Bible.

A New York newspaper once reported a clergyman as saying that the number of words in a Sunday newspaper is very nearly equal to the number of words in the New Testament. There are many, however, who feel that they have abundant time to read the paper, but plead the lack of time as their one great excuse for not reading the Bible. The paragraph suggested to me the question: How much time is actually necessary in order to read the Bible through? I then formed the plan of noting down the amount of time required to read the different books through at an average rate, pausing now and then to make brief memoranda. The intention was not at all to see how much could be read in a given time. I do not believe in hurrying through the Bible as one would hurry through a story book, but it is my belief that in order to get the full force of a book, in the Bible or out of it, one should read it straight through, and as much of it at a sitting as possible. Reading the whole of Matthew is the best preparation for understanding the last two lines; of Job, for the realization of the triumph of faith; of Ruth or Esther, to get those marvelous stories in all their matchless beauty. Spend two hours some Sunday afternoon in reading the entire glorious prophecy of Isaiah; follow that with an hour and a half with Matthew, and see how the prophecy was fulfilled.

This consecutive reading need not preclude careful and prayerful study of special passages, nor does it militate against reading the same books more slowly with note and comment. One of the greatest foes to an appreciation of the Bible as literature is scrappy,

inconsecutive reading. Once, at least, and as often as possible thereafter, read every book in the Bible through from beginning to end with the fewest possible delays and hindrances. Such reading, especially if begun with the prayer, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law," will enable you to appreciate more thoroughly the word of God as literature, to gain new revelations of its inexpressible tenderness, its deep pathos, and its unequalled beauty, manifesting the love of God and teaching us His will. You will find some things in the Bible which you didn't know were there.

In my experiment I found that the reading of the first five books of the Bible required an average of one hour, thirty-four minutes each; the books of Samuel, Kings and Chronicles, an average of one hour, twenty-nine minutes each; the Psalms, two hours, forty-three minutes; Mark, one hour; Luke, one hour, forty-two minutes; John, one hour; Acts, one hour thirty-seven minutes; while such books as Second and Third John, Jude, Philemon, Titus, and some of the prophetic books required only from one to six minutes each. The amount of time required for the entire Old Testament was thirty-eight hours, twenty-seven minutes; and for the New Testament, eleven hours, thirty-four minutes. The total amount of time, therefore, was almost exactly fifty hours.

Into such an experiment the personal equation must, of course, enter to a considerable degree. Some would read much more readily than this, others more slowly. But that this is a reasonable estimate seems to be borne out by several illustrations which have come to my notice. I have been told that a certain man makes it his practice to read the Bible through during the first week of each year. Another with whom I have been long acquainted is a mechanic who is obliged to remain at the shop during the noon hour. He told me that by using such time as he could save out of this noon hour he had read the Bible through five times in fifteen years. In the "Life of Catherine Booth" it is stated that Mrs. Booth read the Bible through from cover to cover eight times before she was twelve years old.

No Christian can love the Word unless he knows it. These facts should be an inspiration to daily searching of the scriptures and meditation upon them day and night.—Prof. F. S. GOODRICH, in *Epworth Herald*, Albion College, Mich.

Handbook on Geography.

We heard a minister say from the pulpit the other Sunday, "I would not go to the Bible to study geography." If he had said "modern geography," it would be true. But, as a matter of fact, the Bible is the best book on ancient geography known. There is no better handbook for modern Palestine now than the old Bible. If you are going to visit either Egypt or Palestine you will find your Bible your best guide-book. You cannot convict Moses and Joshua and the authors of the historical books of making even geographical mistakes. The Bible is the very best text book on even geography for all those lands, in the centuries during which it was composed.—*The Occident*.