

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.

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.

Attitudinizing.

BY J. L. PARSONS.

A gentleman delivered a lecture in our church last night. He told several ghost stories, in which he tried to impersonate the people who had seen the ghosts, and who had been very much frightened by them. He accompanied the stories with certain fits and starts and stares; he made his—

"two eyes like stars start from their spheres, His lips parted and combined locks in part."

And each particular trait to stand on an end, Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

He made "each petty artery in his body as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve." Thus he stood frightened at the ghost he did not see. I have since asked several persons who heard his lecture if they saw any ghost. Every one answered that he had seen nothing but the frightened man. Not a soul of them had seen a ghost. The young people all laughed at his exhibition of fright on his part, but they saw nothing to frighten anyone. Once he forgot to get frightened, and simply told a story of his father opening the door on a dark night, and seeing a ball of fire come from under the house and quickly pass up a tree near by. While gazing in astonishment at the mysterious ball of fire he heard a negro say to another black man, "Why, Sambo, what made you grease that cat and set it on fire?" I asked several persons what they saw in this case, and not one of them had seen the lecturer, but everyone had distinctly seen the ball of fire. Why did they see it? Because the lecturer distinctly saw it himself, and simply told what he saw, looking at it closely while he told the story.

This is the whole secret. A speaker never makes his audience see what he does not himself see while he is talking about it. Gesture is the language of emotion. If a speaker has no emotion in his soul, he ought not to make a gesture. If tears are in the heart they will come to the eye without any effort on our part. If there is fright in the heart it will manifest itself in an appropriate attitude and gesture, and it will do so instinctively without any thought or conscious effort on our part. Attitude and gesture are the physical expression of the thoughts and emo-

tions of the heart. If there be no thought or emotion in the heart, then none can be expressed, however loud the talk and wild the gestures. Talk without thought and gesture, without emotion in the soul struggling for expression, is simply sound and fury, nothing more. It only attracts the attention of the audience to the speaker himself, and they wonder what in the world the poor fellow can mean anyway.

When you preach Jesus, you must distinctly see Jesus and the things of His kingdom. They must take possession of your own soul and fill it with emotion and love and gratitude. Otherwise your hearers will see nothing but you, and they will have no feeling in their hearts save pity for your ignorance of your calling. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Love is the deepest and greatest emotion of the human heart. Without it no man can preach Jesus Christ with power. A preacher's prayer should ever be,

"How shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I His beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of His worth,
Or what His chief dignities are?"
—Christian Oracle.

St. Louis, Feb. 1, 1895.

In Remembrance.

We know thou desirest remembrance,
O Lord,
To show forth thy death, until thee
we shall see;

We've read thine own message, St. Luke did record,
"This do in remembrance of me."

Of friends that are gone, who ne'er loved us as thou,
We all gladly honor the dying request;

Though erring and weak, yet thy servants we're now,
Our Master-Friend, kindest and best.

This simple and sacred memorial we keep,
Of love unto death, that still free pardon cries;

In seasons of joy, and in times when we weep
New vigor and bliss it supplies.

—S. M. in *Congregationalist*.

Where Sin Dwells.

There are men who will take advantage of one another in trade without the slightest twinge of conscience, who would die before they would go into housebreaking as a business. But from where God sees where is the difference? How can it be any less murder to kill with a drop of poison than with a knife, when murder is intended? Is it any less a scarlet crime to kill a man in three seconds than to be ten years in doing it? What is the difference between throwing human beings to wild beasts, as used to be done in Rome, and letting the saloons come into our midst to destroy our boys and girls, under the shadow of our churches? Was it more of a sin to crucify Christ at Jerusalem, than to keep him from reigning in your heart?

Where does sin dwell? In the hand or in the heart? Is an angry man any less a murderer in the sight of God when the pistol missed fire than when it goes off and kills his brother?

Thousands of men are restrained from the commission of crime only because they are afraid of being found out. Are they not as unfit for heaven as those who are steeped in guilt? Isn't the rattlesnake, who never has a chance to bite, just as deadly as the one who does?—*Ram's Horn*.

Severity in the Pulpit.

Harshness of manner in the pulpit is always a fault when habitual, since in order to influence men, the first thing to do is to conciliate them—an aim that harshness precisely defeats. Severity itself, when it must be, will have more power from the lips of one who exercises ordinarily a "ministry of reconciliation." Not long since the writer heard a sermon on the Last Judgment—a sermon very faithful, very effective, evidently very conscientious, yet compelling one to ask, "Can the speaker believe that any of these into whose faces he is looking will be rejected in the great day, and not be moved with the profoundest pity?" We were reminded of a godly man, now gone to his reward, who said to his people: "Pray especially for me on the coming Sabbath, as I am to preach on Future Punishment, and I never wish to be more tender and full of love for the souls of men than when I treat such a theme"—a remark suggesting those words now tell you, by sweeping them as enemies of the cross of Christ."—*An ex-pastor in Homeletic Review*.

A Baby's Influence.

The following story illustrates the good that police matrons would do—how their ready tact and gentle influence will succeed when everything else has failed.

A beautiful story is told of a baby's influence over fallen women in a Russian jail: "The jailer was Colonel V., and he and his wife had just arrived to take charge of a large prison in one of the central provinces. The Colonel was a terrible disciplinarian, but a kind enough man in his way. His wife was a gentle little enthusiast, who had made up her mind to reform all the female prisoners. This particular jail had a very bad reputation, and the female prisoners especially were often in mutiny. Colonel V. got along famously with the males, but the females were too much for him, and he meditated flogging and all sorts of terrible measures. Once Madame V. took a walk through the prison yard when the female prisoners were exercising. Behind her walked a nurse—with her a baby. The prisoners, as soon as they got sight of the baby, flocked around, and Madame V., at first fearing violence, was relieved to see that only babyolatry was intended. First one and then another of the women begged to hold the child a moment, and some laughed with joy, and many shed tears. Madame V. had a happy thought, and she spoke it out. 'The best conducted woman of you all at the end of the week will be allowed to nurse the baby for half an hour. Never was a change so instantaneously wrought. The women became as little children, amenable to

every word of the warders, and at the week's end it was with the utmost difficulty that Madame V. could decide, among so many well conducted prisoners, which had the best claim to the promised reward. The baby's visits were afterwards frequent, and the female wards were completely reformed."—*Selected*.

The Wanderer.

If Jesus came on earth again,
And walked and talked in field and street,
Who would not lay His human pain
Low at those heavenly feet?

And leave the loom, and leave the lute,
And leave the volume on the shelf,
To follow Him unquestioning, mute,
If 'twere the Lord himself?

If I might crouch within the fold
Of that white robe (a wounded bird),
The face that Mary saw behold,
And hear the words she heard;

I would not ask one word of all
That now my nature yearns to know—
The legend of the ancient fall;
The source of human woe:

What hopes in other worlds may hide;
What griefs yet unexplored in this;
How fares the spirit within the wide
Waste tract of that abyss.

I would not ask one word of this,
If I might only hide my head
On that beloved breast and kiss,
The wounds where Jesus bled.

And I, where'er he went, would go,
Nor question where the path might lead;
Enough to know that here below
I walked with God, indeed.

—LORD LYTON.

An Anecdote of Gladstone.

An anecdote of Gladstone is going the rounds, which shows how carefully he makes use of every moment of his life. One day the great Englishman went to visit a friend, and after an interesting conversation of an hour or so, the host left the room for a few minutes. On returning he found Gladstone deeply immersed in a book, which was carried for just such spare moments as this. This was Gladstone's method of using every minute; but it is not fair to conclude that every man should do the same. It is often a wise use of time to spend one's odd moments in thought. If a man is apparently idle, there is no evidence that his brain is idle. Some men can think more in five minutes than they can read in an hour.—*Boston Transcript*.

We little appreciate the effect of a kind word upon those who are more used to blows. It seems that one evening a young lady abruptly turned a street corner and ran against a boy, who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said, "I beg your pardon. Indeed, I am very sorry." The small ragged and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant. Then taking off about three-fourths of a cap, all he had, he bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile, and answered: "You can have pardoning and welcome, Miss, and yer may run ag'in me and knock me clean down, an' I won't say a word." After the young lady passed on he turned to a comrade and said, half

apologetically: "I never had anyone ask my pardoning before, and it kind o' took me off my feet."—*Exchange*.

The Bible is the only true standard man has of right and truth. The man who reads it daily and hides it in his heart will be guided unerringly through this world to mansions beyond the skies. He may never hear of higher criticism, or orthodoxy, and heterodoxy, but he will be happy in this world, and enjoy the bliss of the one to come. What a misfortune that the fountain of life, as clear as crystal, has been obscured by the isms and doctrines of men, or rather our vision has been clouded by the theories of man. Methinks it would be a glorious thing to give a man perfectly free from the doctrines of men a copy of the Word of God. What a treasure it would be to him! and how easily he would find out his duty! What folly men have wrought with their own uninspired ideas!—*Selected*.

People do not appreciate what staunch Christians the majority of converts from heathenism make. Scores have been persecuted, exiled, cruelly beaten and partially starved. "I have seen men," says Mr. Taylor, of China, "who have lost their literary degree; men who have been beaten openly by the mandarins or put to shame for Christ's sake. Another man, who had abandoned his idols, had to endure great hardships. His relatives beat him unmercifully; they threatened to take from him his house and land, and said: 'If you do not give up this Jesus, we will kill you.' Said he: 'You can take my house, you can take my land, you can take my life, if you will, but I will never give up Christ! I will never give up Christ!'"—*The Student Volunteer*.

The best example of self-denying liberality in the Bible is recorded of woman. The best example of loving service in the Bible is recorded of woman. The best example of conquering prayer in the Bible is recorded of woman. The gift was a widow's mite; the service was the anointing of Jesus with a box of ointment; the prayer was a mother's prayer for a daughter possessed with a devil. Jesus never let fall such words of royal commendation as concerning these three women. Of the poor widow He said: "She has cast in more than they all." Of Mary He said: "She hath done what she could." And to the Canaanitish mother He said: "O woman, great is thy faith! Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."—*DR. HERRICK JOHNSON*.

Many mean things are done in the family for which moods are put forward as the excuse. A man or woman has no moral right to indulge in an unpleasant mood.—*J. G. HOLLAND*.

There are some flowers that give their sweetest perfumes after sunset, when the night dews are falling. The true religious life is like these. A heart really based upon God and at rest in Him never breathes forth such fragrant and strong perfumes as in the darkness of sorrow.—*SYDNEY WELTON*.