

The Canadian Evangelist.

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

Vol. IX., No. 17.

HAMILTON, JANUARY 1, 1895.

\$1 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

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.

A New Year's Song.

Now dawn again the glad New Year,
The golden bells are ringing;
While high above, sound pure and clear,
Angelic voices singing:
The dying Year has bowed its head,
In Winter's midnight hoary;
But New Year's light shall overspread
The world with floods of glory.

Thanks be to God whose hand divine
Through all the desert leads us;
Who makes our path with light to shine,
In pastures green who feeds us;
Goodness and mercy follow on
Our footsteps kindly guiding,
Till we shall dwell with Christ
With Him in peace abiding.

Die with the old year, vice and sin,
Darkness and dire oppression;
And with the new year enter in
All good to take possession.
Come love and blessing, joy and peace,
Come righteousness eternal,
Come the glad hour when sin shall cease
In blessedness supernal.

Thanks be to God this blessed day,
For mercies new each morn'ning;
For comforts given, tears wiped away,
And hopes of glories dawning,
And so our New Year's song we sing,
And tell our thankful story,
Till God's great New Year shall begin
In everlasting glory.

—H. L. H. in *Boston Christian*.

Infant Dedication.

We have noticed in two or three directions lately a tendency on the part of Baptists to so far concede to the Pædobaptist position as to perform a public ceremony of Infant Dedication or Consecration—a sort of "infant baptism" without the "baptism." As far as we understand the matter it is not proposed to use any water, but, as the Pædobaptists apply only a few drops, the absence of this insignificant part of the performance should not displease them. Perhaps our Baptist brethren, on the principle of fair exchange, hope that in response to their acceptance of infant dedication, their friends will accept believers' baptism! The latest case before us is the newspaper report of the annual meeting of the Queensland Baptist Association. The *Courier* says: "The Rev. W. Whale moved, 'That it be an instruction to the incoming committee to prepare a form of service for the dedication of infants.' In support of this he spoke of the custom of German friends, and the practice of Dr. Glover, of Bristol, and finally referred to the passages of the Bible where Christ

blessed the children, and pointed out the good results of dedication in this manner. Bro. Whale is an able and eloquent man, but with all his influence he was not able to persuade his hearers that Christ ever instituted any such ordinance. He contended that it was an institution of the Saviour, but all in vain. The discussion, we are told, waxed very hot, and at length Mr Whale was obliged to withdraw his motion." To us it appears that if the mere fact of a thing having been done by Christ makes it an "institution" of the Church, Mr Whale will need to propose the addition of several other instructions to the incoming committee. They should certainly be "instructed to prepare a form of service" for the washing of disciples' feet, as this was not only practised by Jesus, but the apostles were actually told to do it. Again, Jesus rode upon an ass, and, if Mr. Whale's contention is right, the Salvationists near Adelaide, who, some time ago, in a procession followed his example in this "institution," were to be commended after all. That Christian parents should bring their infants before Christ in prayer is very right and natural, but the brother who can find in the incident of Christ blessing the children a scriptural authority for taking his infant to a minister to be "dedicated" by "a form of service"

imagination—*Australian Christian Pioneer*.

Mortality Swallowed up of Life.

Every earthly good that the love of Christ constrains any one to give up is for that one just so much mortality swallowed up of and transmuted into real life—even the life everlasting. This is no subtle philosophy, but can be demonstrated by appeal to personal experience. Paul knew how it was. He had given up the glory and all the self-righteous hopes of Judaism in order to accept shame and persecution with Christ, but, with the love of Christ constraining him, he was far happier as a devoted Christian than he ever could have been as a self-righteous Pharisee. So it is with all. There is no luxury that is to be compared with the luxury of doing good; no joy equal to the joy of loving our lives in the service of God and our fellow men. Self seeking is self destruction—loving self sacrifice is self saving. To live a life of loving self sacrifice for Jesus Christ is to triumph over death, and to have mortality swallowed up of life. He who so lives, not only as he looks backward to the resurrection of Christ, not only as he looks forward to his own resurrection, but in this present life, and even when dying, by the indwelling power and joy of an endless life, can exclaim, "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Death and resurrection are linked together when we die unto sin, in order to live unto righteousness. Death and resurrection are linked together when, by deeds of self-sacrifice, stepping on our own dead selves, we rise to higher things. Death and resurrection are linked together in our daily lives when we are actuated by the spirit of Christ

dwelling in us; for He who raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken our mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in us, and our mortality will be swallowed up of life.—*Presbyterian Messenger*.

The March of the Years.

One by one, one by one,
The years march past, till the march is done;
The old years die to the solemn knell,
And a merry peal from the changing bell
Ushers the others, one by one,
Till the march of the years shall at last be done.

Bright and glad, dark and sad,
Are the years that come in mystery clad;
Their faces are hidden, and none can see
If merry or sorrowful each will be,
Bright and sad, dark and glad,
Have been the years that we all have had.

Fair and subtle under the sun
Something from us each year has won.
Has it given us treasures? Day by day
It has stolen something we prized away;
We meet with fears, and count with tears
The buried hopes of the long-past years.

Is it so? And yet let us not forget
How fairly the sun has risen and set;
Each year has brought us some sunny hours,
With a wealth of song and a crown of flowers,
Its gifts have been ere it passed away.

We hail the new that has come in view;
Work comes with it, and pleasure too;
And even though it may bring some pain,
Each passing year is a thing of gain;
We greet with song the days that throng!
Do they bring us trouble? 'Twill make us strong.

With smiles of hope, and not with tears,
We meet our friends in the glad new years;
God is with them, and, as they come,
They bear us nearer our restful home,
And one by one with some treasure won
They come to our hearts till they are all gone.

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Two Songs.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

One summer evening, not long since, tens of thousands were gathered in the White City by the great lake and greater prairies, and from the wide heavens of the west the shining stars spoke to all hearts of immortality. Bands of music played the national airs of different lands, and were applauded according to the nationality of those who listened; but at last another and more tender strain melted upon the air. It was that song worthy to be called the national hymn of the immortals, and native to the intuitions of every heart, "Nearer, my God, to thee." Until now the people had only listened, but now, as by a heavenly impulse, that mighty throng broke forth into this anthem of man's holiest hope and aspiration. Till now they had been patriots of their respective earthly countries, but now they became citizens who sought a better country "that is, a heavenly."

"Nearer, my God, to thee" is the universal hymn, the chorus that rings out at this hour in every nation, while

"We hear with groans and travail cries
The world confess its sins."
The incense fires that belt the earth
are but the waving torches of the singers; man's deep tones, woman's aspiring note, and childhood's fresh young voice unite in every zone to sing, "Nearer, my God, to thee." Oh, may we each and all learn to breathe out these holy strains, not with our lips alone, but in our lives.

It is said that when darkness settles on the Adriatic Sea, and fishermen are far from land, their wives and daughters, just before putting out the lights in their humble cottages, go down by the shore, and in their clear, sweet voices sing the first lines of the "Ave Maria." They then listen eagerly, and across the sea are borne to them the deep tones of those they love, singing the strains that follow, "Ora pro nobis," and thus each knows that with the other all is well.

I often think that from the home life of the nation, from its mothers and sisters, daughters and sweethearts, there sound through the darkness of this transition age the tender notes of a dearer song, whose burden is being taken up and echoed back to us from those far out amid the billows of temptations, and its sacred words are, "Home, sweet home." God grant that deeper and stronger may grow that heavenly chorus from men's and women's lips and lives.—*Golden Rule*.

Sin of Extravagance.

There are more ways of being extravagant than by spending money. Extravagance in speech is a common fault among young girls. Something is seen, and when it is described later on it would scarcely be recognized by any other looker on. Extravagant words have been used, the situation has been made dramatic, and what was an ordinary, every-day occurrence is, by your extravagant language, made to seem something of great importance. After a while this habit grows upon you, and your friends laughingly say, "If you want to be amused, listen to Florence; if you want the absolute truth of the affair ask, somebody else."

Extravagance in dress very often means improper dressing—over dressing. Possibly you kept the greater part of your money and with it bought a fine silk frock, only fitted for evening or visiting wear, and yet, after it has seen a little service, you are forced to go to business in it. What you ought to have done was to get a smart looking woollen gown, and then it would, when the time came for it to be used for every-day wear, be quite proper. Think, if you are among the butterflies, whether you are not extravagant in urging those who love you best to give you pieces of jewelry which they really cannot afford, and which are utterly unsuited to the life you live. Many a business man can trace his downfall to the diamond earrings for which wife or daughter begged so hard. And then a woman is seldom satisfied with just one bit of prettiness. So, my dear girl, unless you know your father can afford it, do not even hint to him that you would like a bracelet, or a locket, or a brooch, but make yourself look as charming as possible in the simplest

way, and then if dark days should ever come you will have nothing to blame yourself for.—*RUTH ASHMORE*.

What It Has Done.

The best literature of thirty centuries is to be found in the Bible. Warriors have fought for it; martyrs have died for it. The sacred books of the Christian, the Mohammedan, and the works of the philosophers have stolen its brightest gems. It fired the eloquence of an Akiba and a Chrysostom, "upon whose lips the bees settled and left their honey there." It suggested the divine poems of Halevi, Racine and Milton. It awoke the intrepid genius of Maimonide, Spinoza and Mendelssohn. It inspired the picture of Raphael, the sculptures of Angelo, the music of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Handel. This Book has destroyed tyrannies. It was this Book that led the Pilgrim Fathers to found the American Republic, and it will yet inspire men to strike for the freedom and the recognition of personal rights. It has been the pioneer on the road of civilization. It has kindled a love for right, duty and pure conduct. It has cheered the masses toiling for bread. It has brought hope and light and comfort into the homes of the afflicted. It inspired Montefiore, Howard and Fry to devote their lives to suffering humanity, and Kebley and Cooper and Hirsch and Girard to provide for the wants of the poor. When Solon and Justinian will be forgotten, Moses and Ezekiel will be influential for good. When the oratory of Demosthenes and Cicero will fail to touch a sympathetic chord in the human breast, the eloquence of Isaiah and the pastoral poetry of Amos will move the heart and subdue it to goodness. When the philosophies of Aristotle and Plato will be no more read, the Psalms of David will still be joyously sung, and the rule of life will be Solomon's advice: "Reverence to God and keep his commands."—*Ex.*

The Church Paper.

The church paper has a value that is too little appreciated. What the members of a church need to make them intelligent and loyal in the support of their denominational enterprises and institutions is information as to the progress and needs of the work. One who is thoroughly acquainted with the conditions and requirements of the church's activities may not always be a liberal supporter of these activities. Because of a defective early training, or of peculiar social conditions, he may refrain from meeting just obligations. But certain it is that the one who lacks a fair knowledge of the church and the agencies which it employs to promote its work cannot have a broad-minded, generous interest in what is going on. He must know in order that he feel and do. The mission of the church paper is to give this helpful knowledge.—*The Religious Telescope*.

I HAVE been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.—*A. LINCOLN*