

The Canadian Evangelist.

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

Vol. VI, No 16.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 15TH, 1891.

\$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.

Selections.

The Ventilation of Churches.

Nowhere have the problems of ventilation been found to be more difficult of solution than in large public buildings. We might say in regard to many if not most of these that in this particular matter, had is the best result that has been attained. It must also be admitted that the state of churches, generally, proves the rule above stated, but not by way of exception. We may well ask, why is this? Surrounded with spacious windows, furnished with ventilating panes, with several doors, and with a high and arched roof, why is it that their atmosphere during times of worship is so often offensively close? In different cases we should probably find different structural deficiencies contributing to the result, with, however, the same consequence in all—defective aeration. One, if not the principal, fault in construction in many of the older buildings is the want of outlets, or of a sufficient number of them. Such openings as do exist are better fitted to act as inlets than as exits. In buildings thus constructed, a change for the better would be most fittingly inaugurated by the formation of two or more large roof outlets, with revolving cowls. The allotment of floor space is also an important consideration. This, however, is as a rule contrived with a reasonable regard for health considerations. It is only in the event of over-crowding that all individual rights are overwhelmed in the common crush, and wholesome breathing air becomes more scarce than standing room. The gallery system, also, if adopted on any considerable scale, is open to adverse criticism. By accommodating more sitters it necessarily increases what we may call the breathing surface, while at the same time it lessens the available air space. If constructed at all, the gallery ought to be of the lightest description compatible with due stability. The correction of the evils we have thus briefly touched upon, and especially the formation of roof outlets to promote the escape of heated and impure air, will go far to obviate such occurrences as that of ladies fainting in church, which under present considerations is not uncommon.—*Lancet*.

Recognizing the Light From Heaven.

Dr. Dale, in his recently published book, "The Living Christ and the Four Gospels," tells of a Japanese gentleman, of considerable intellectual culture and great mental activity and vigor, who gave him the following account of how he became a Christian. He had been a Confucianist, but could not find in Confucius any clear, satisfying teaching on the subject of God, though he sought for it eagerly. While thus unsatisfied and perplexed under the ambiguities of the great sage of China, a friend gave him a Chinese Bible, asking him to read it, and assuring him that the translation was an achievement of scholarship, and possessed of very great literary merit. "I found he was right; the translation is admirable. I read page after page until I came to the 18th chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, 'If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.' I read the whole chapter. I was arrested, fascinated. I had never seen, or heard, or dreamed of a morality like that. I felt that it was above the reach of the human race, that it must have come from heaven, that the man who wrote that chapter must have received light from God—from God, about whose existence I had been speculating. And then I read the Gospel of St. John, and the words of Christ filled me with wonder. They were not to be resisted. I could not refuse Him my faith." This Japanese gentleman did not enter upon any question of authorship of the Fourth Gospel, nor did he insist upon knowing what proofs were forthcoming as to St. Paul's having written the Epistles to the Corinthians. Whoever wrote these passages had "received light from God." That was enough. He saw the light, and recognized it to be Divine.—*Selected*.

They are Starved in Soul and Intellect.

Dr. J. G. Holland will not be charged with cherishing narrow, Puritanical ideas, and that gives the more force to his opinion of popular amusements. Of social card-playing he says:—"I have all my days had a card-playing community open to my observation, and I am yet to believe that that which is the universal resort of the starved in soul and intellect, which has never in any way linked itself to tender, elevating or beautiful association, can recommend itself to the favor of Christ's disciples. The presence of culture and genius may embellish but can never dignify it. "Even when cards are played solely for amusement, and with no thought of gambling in any way, still the amusement is of a low order, which 'the starved soul and intellect' relish as much as 'culture and genius.' The sort of excitement which comes from all games of chance is unwholesome. Persons who indulge much in such games are sure to show the effects of it in their temper and their tastes."—*Western Recorder*.

Thy Will Be Done.

Not in dumb resignation
We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist
Content to trust and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle
Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto Thee,
O Lord, Thy will be done!

When tyrant feet are trampling
Upon the common weal,
Thou dost not bid us bend and writh
Beneath the iron heel.
In Thy name we assert our right
By sword, or tongue, or pen,
And even the headsman's axe may
flash
Thy message unto men.

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong;
It bids the strong be just;
No lip to fawn, no hand to bog,
No brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath Thy liberal sun,
O Lord, be there Thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done!
—*John Hay, in Harper's Magazine*.

A Scotchman on Miracles.

"Well, you may say what you please," said Smith, "I, for my part, cannot believe that God would first impose laws on nature, and then go to violate His own laws. What would be the use making them if they are to be so readily set aside?"

"I think, sir," said uncle, very reverently, "what God may do, or what He wishes to do; but I don't regard a miracle to be a violation of the laws of nature. There's no violation of the laws of nature, or rather laws of God, that I ken o', save the wicked actions o' wicked men."

"And what then," asked Smith, "do you make a miracle to be?"

"I regard it," said uncle, "to be merely such an interference wi' the established course o' things, as infallibly shows us the presence and the action o' the supernatural power. What o'clock is it wi' you, sir, if you please?"

"It's half-past twelve exactly—Greenwich time," replied Smith.

"Well, sir," said uncle pulling a huge old time-piece from his pocket, "it's one o'clock with me; I generally keep my watch a bittie forrit (a little forward). But I may ha' a special reason the noo, for setting my watch by the railway; and so, ye see, I'm turning the hands o't around. Noo wad ye say that I had violated the laws o' a watch?"

"True, I have done what watchdom wi' a' its laws couldna have done for itself, but I have done violence to none o' its laws. My action is only the interference o' a superior intelligence for a suitable end, but I ha' suspended nae law. Well, then, instead o' the watch, say the universe; instead o' moving the hands, say God acting worthily o' Himself, and we ha' a' that I contend for in a miracle; that is, the unquestionable presence of an Almighty hand working the divine will. And if He sees fit to work miracles, what can hinder Him? He has done it oftener than once or twice already; and who daur say He'll not get leave to do't again?"

A little sinner only needs time and opportunity to become a big one.

A Languishing Saint.

To-day religion is not so much a battlefield as it is a hospital for sick and disabled folks; it is very often only a round of poultices and plaster and nourishing diet, where the talk is of troubles and trials and what we have to get through. I have met religion looking very unlike the warrior or the maiden martyr. A poor thing coughing a feeble apology for its existence, and timidly promising not to get into anybody's way if we will only let him alone; that shuts its eyes for fear of seeing what is wrong, and holds its tongue for fear of giving offence; a poor, sick, sighing thing that can do nothing in the world but sit by the fire nursing itself, creeping very occasionally into the sunshine when the wind is not in the east. There is much need that we add to our faith virtue—that we keep alive this spirit of daring—fearless, outspoken, determined. We need a religion that is a thorough nuisance to those who want to do wrong; with an eye like an eagle's for anything that is not straight, and making a hideous noise about it such as will set the Pharisees grumbling indignantly. A courage that can die, but cannot be put down; that can be laughed at and scorned if need be, but cannot do other than the right and speak other than the truth. There is much faith to-day, but we want this courage to go right out and live, and dare, and endure—in our word, we want a great enthusiasm for Jesus Christ.—*Mark Guy Pearse, in Ram's Horn*.

The Prodigal Daughter.

The minister had preached an excellent sermon on a text taken from the parable of "The Prodigal Son," and as a relation he permitted the prettiest girl in church to walk home with him. Everybody at the church door had praised the sermon, and the minister thought his fairest parishioner would certainly burn a little incense in his honor. He talked about the weather at first—for even clergymen are not above such polite subterfuges. Then he paused to allow his companion to turn the conversation in his direction. But she said nothing. So he broke the ice with: "And how did my sermon please you?"

"Oh! it was very good no doubt," she replied, "from a man's standpoint. The prodigal son is always returning, and the fatted calf is continually being killed. But I think it is time that something was said and done for the prodigal daughter. If a girl falls into evil company and squanders her substance in riotous living, there is no prospect of a welcome and forgiveness if she returns home. She is condemned without mercy by her own sex, and woe betide her if she leans for support upon the other. The next time you want a topic for a stirring sermon think of the hopeless fate of the prodigal daughter!"—*Woman's Chronicle*.

We have to comply with God's conditions to raise an ear of corn, and we have to do the same thing to obtain salvation.—*Ram's Horn*.

Horace Greely on the Misery of Being in Debt.

Among the many good things which Horace Greely wrote for the *New York Ledger* is the following vivid article on the misery of being in debt:—

To be hungry, ragged and penniless, is not pleasant; but this is nothing to the horror of bankruptcy. All the wealth of the Rothschilds would be a poor recompense for five years' struggle, with the consciousness that you had taken the money or property of trusting friends—promising to return or pay for it when required, and had betrayed their confidence through insolvency.

I dwell on this point, for I would deter others from entering that place of torment. Half the young men in the country, with many old enough to know better, would "go into business"—that is, into debt—to-morrow if they could. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or manufacturer whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, who is driven to constant "shining," and who, from month to month, barely evades that insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business; so that it has been computed that but one in twenty of them achieves a pecuniary success.

For my own part—and I speak from sad experience—I would rather be a slave in a rice-swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties and is substantially free from debt.

Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is: "Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligations as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar!"

Of course, I know that some men must do business that involves risks, and must give notes and other obligations; and I do not consider him really in debt who can lay his hands directly on the means of paying at some little sacrifice all he owes; I speak of real debt—that which involves risk or sacrifice on the one side, obligation and dependence on the other—and I say, from all such let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore!

There is still such a thing as living very near Christ and yet being a Judas. The only knowledge that has the power to keep us from sin in the midst of sin, is the knowledge of God. There are people who appear to be full of zeal for souls at camp meeting, who never strike a lick for God anywhere else; people who are always saying "amen!" in church, but who never "chirp" where it would cost them something to do it.