

The Canadian Evangelist.

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

Vol. IX., No. 12.

HAMILTON, OCTOBER 15, 1894.

\$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.

Applied Christianity.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

The editor of a political paper for which I am a correspondent, in a very generous letter to me, said, "Readers of to-day are interested in applied Christianity, and I will be glad for you to furnish me a series of articles upon that theme." I did the best I could, and was fortunate in being able to give satisfaction to my publisher. But ever since I had his letter I have been puzzling my poor feminine brain in trying to define the expression—"Applied Christianity." The two words appear to me to be tautological. I do not understand how we can have a Christianity which is not applied. Beautiful theories about the Christ is never Christianity. Profound and often vexing theology is still only theology, and makes no higher claim. And we who hold our open Bibles in our hands will readily confess that long and constant vigils, nor earnest prayers, nor hymns, nor fastings, nor rapturous emotions in pew or cloistered cell, could ever receive the sacred stamp and be accorded the high and holy name.

I do not disparage theory nor theology, nor any holy exercise in which the spirit may alone engage; but that only is Christianity which becomes in our lives an active, moving principle, and makes us, in a measure, Christ-like. Thus it is impossible to conceive of a Christianity which is not applied.

We all are familiar with the beautiful eastern story of Abou Ben Adhem, who, waking from his glad and peaceful dreams, sees an angel writing in his room the names of those who love the Lord. "And is mine there?" he asked; "Nay," cried the angel. "Then did Ben Adhem cheerily reply, 'then write my name among those who love their fellow man.' Next night the vision came again, and showed the names of those whom love of God had blessed. And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

I love to read the tender little poem, for often as I read the sacred pages I cannot help but see that this quaint legend is carved right out of the very heart of the gospels. It lies deeply imbedded, not only in the epistles, but is the central thought of all the Master's teachings. He plainly teaches that love to God, existing only in hymns

and prayers, in fast days and feast days, is but a worthless, misty sentiment unless manifested in active love to man. The pictures we have of the last day may startle us if we are depending upon any other Christianity than that applied to the active, daily life. We read that the final test is not faith in Christ nor love to God, nor any hint of high and holy rapture; but everything in that solemn hour hinges upon the way that you and I have treated our brothers while dwelling among them. Those who have fed the hungry, relieved the distressed, visited the sick and in prison, used whatever gift may have been theirs in ministering to others—these are the ones who are welcomed with joy into the eternal heaven. But those who closed their ears, hands, hearts, to the cry of human distress; who refused to learn the great lesson which the Master taught of the universal brotherhood of man, these are the ones who—despite their theory and theology—can have no share in the heavenly joys.

"Ah!" cries one, "we are saved, after all, by our works!"

Nay, verily, it is Christ, and Christ alone, who saves. The meaning of the picture which the divine hand has painted lies deeper than the surface.

Love for Christ can never fail to make me love my brother or my sister; and when I have learned the wonderful lesson of love I cannot help but see my Savior standing wherever want or sorrow dwells. For—"In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

When Jesus bids me follow Him, He does not lead to cloistered cell, nor lonely mountain tops; nor, alone to richly upholstered pews. But He conducts me, perhaps, to the costly mansion, perhaps to the lowly cot, perhaps to the temple courts, perhaps to the haunts of sin: but always and always where human hearts have need of help.

It is seldom death, but life, that He asks of us to-day. It is a living sacrifice of self, of purse, of time, of talents, of everything that we have that Jesus asks, and "Applied Christianity" is simply following Jesus.

The rich man in the sacred narrative was not called to his account because he was rich. We all have a right to the wealth that God entrusts to us. But the man sealed his own death warrant when he made answer to his own very necessary question—"What shall I do with all of this rapidly increasing treasure? Where shall I bestow my goods?" The Giver had opened before him a thousand beautiful avenues through which he might pass, blessing and being blessed at every step. But because, when God spoke to him through the poor and sorrowing, he closed both ears and eyes; and, steeling his heart against the cry of his brother's distress, he went busily to work to building larger barns wherein to store his goods—for all of this we hear the Giver say—"Thou fool! This night is thy last."

"Applied Christianity" must surely mean the teachings of Jesus so applied to my own life that I cannot help but follow where He leads, and obey as He commands.

Applied Christianity means recognizing every gift that comes to my life as but another means whereby I may help some brother or sister to whom, perhaps, my own especial gift has been denied.

Wealth, knowledge, culture, social standing—all are but treasures entrusted, that those who receive them may the better hold out a helping hand "to him who hath need."

Dallas, Texas.

The True Cause of Stagnation in Business.

And all this stagnation in business can be traced directly to this atrociously destructive and insidious drink traffic. It can be seen in the fact that it robs the people by exhausting their financial resources to the enormous extent of one thousand millions of dollars annually, with another thousand million required to take care of its awful consequences, making altogether a drain on the resources of the labor of the country of two thousand millions annually—a tax of eight times the income from the tariff, and amounting to five times the cost of running the whole government, being an average yearly tax of over one hundred and sixty dollars, or three dollars per week for every family in the United States! The enormous tax on six of the largest governments of Europe, required to support their armies, amounts altogether to five hundred million dollars, and is truly a tremendous burden on the resources of the people; yet this stupendous tax on the industries of six governments of Europe is only one-fourth of the amount spent for the liquor traffic in the United States! This terrible waste can also be seen in the fact that the annual consumption of beer alone in this country has increased from two million barrels to thirty-five million barrels within a few years, while the population has only doubled. Public vice and criminal arrests have also increased nearly fivefold, and all this loss of hard earned capital, which is worse than wasted, amounts annually to more than the complete destruction of several large cities, overrun and entirely swept away by fire and pestilence.—*Demorest's*.

Professor Upham says: "There are two classes of Christians—those who live chiefly by emotion, and those who live chiefly by faith. The first class, those who live chiefly by emotion, remind one of ships that move by the outward impulse of winds operating upon sails. They are often in a dead calm, often out of their course, and sometimes driven back. And it is only when the winds are fair and powerful that they move outward with rapidity. The other class, those who live chiefly by faith, remind one of the magnificent steamers which cross the Atlantic, which are moved by an interior and permanent principle, and which, setting at defiance all ordinary obstacles, advance steadily and swift to their destination, through calm and storm, through cloud and sunshine."

Cold in the head—Nasal Balm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails.

Growth of the Catholic Church.

It is interesting to note the growth of the Roman Catholic Church to the state in which it now is. It claims to have been always the same, but history is against it. Once the Christian Church was pure, but the Romish branch drifted further away with each succeeding century from that original simplicity. Its successive steps in error and assumption were taken in the following order and at the following times: Invocation of the saints, 375 A.D.; the service in Latin, 600; papal supremacy, 606; images and relics, 787; baptism of bells, 965; canonization of saints, 993; the celibacy of the priesthood, 1000; transubstantiation, 1000; sale of indulgences, 1095; use of beads in worship, 1090; the sacrifice of the mass, 1100; the confessional box, 1215; restriction of the Bible, 1546; purgatory, 1439; worship of Mary, 1563; seven sacraments, 1547; creed of Pope Pius IV., 1564; Immaculate Conception, 1854; papal infallibility, 1870.—*The Christian Irishman*.

The really noble thing about any man or woman is not freedom from all stains from the lower life, but the deathless aspiration which forever drives us forward, and will not let us rest in any past, whether good or bad. That which makes us respect ourselves is not what men call a blameless career, but the hunger and thirst after God which makes all our doing unsatisfying and inadequate to us. Better a thousand times the eager and passionate fleeing to God from a past of faults and weaknesses, with an irresistible longing for rest in the everlasting verities, than the most respectable career which misses this profound impulse.—*Exchange*.

Make a Business of It.

"What church do you attend?" was asked of a bright attractive young fellow doing business in one of our large cities.

"Oh, I just run around," he answered gaily. "I don't understand the difference between the churches; in fact, there is a great deal in the Bible itself that I do not understand, and, until I do, of course I can't join any church."

"How many hours a day do you spend studying this matter?" asked the questioner.

"Hours?" he repeated in surprise.

"Well, then, minutes?"

The young man was dumb.

"Ah," said his companion, with patient sadness, "not one! If you thought a knowledge of geology necessary to your success in life—or astronomy or shorthand—you would not think of spending less than one hour a day in its study, perhaps two, perhaps three; and you would not expect to know or understand it without that exertion. But the knowledge of God, of Jesus Christ, of salvation—the highest and deepest of all knowledge—you sit around and wait for, as if it would come like a flash of lightning!"

Does any reader see a likeness to himself in this young man of business?—*Selected*.

Counting the Stars.

I was walking along one winter's night, hurrying towards home, with my little maiden at my side. She said: "Father, I am going to count the stars."

"Very well," I said, "go on."

By and by I heard her counting—

"Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-five. O dear," she said, "I had no idea there were so many."

Ah, dear friend, I sometimes say in my soul: "Now, Master, I am going to count the benefits."

Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness, and I say to myself: "I had no idea that there were so many."—MARK GUY PEARSE.

If our young men and young women knew the fate in store for them in great cities they would not leave the farm. The farmer alone is practically independent. He may have hard times, and may be compelled to sell his products at low figures, but he never has to go hungry, nor suffer from cold. Countless thousands in our great cities endure almost to the death, pangs of hunger, and many are seldom warm in midwinter. Civilization will be advanced; misery and want of every description will be lessened if more of the boys and girls will remain on the farm.—*Farm and Fireside*.

That Open Letter.

The particulars of a remarkable cure of consumption after the patient had reached the last stages, related in the article published in the EVANGELIST last issue under the heading "An open letter from a Prominent Physician," has caused much comment. It is well known that physicians, as a rule, are averse to speaking words of praise for an advertised medicine, however meritorious it may be, and when one of them casts this prejudice aside and gives in plain unvarnished language the particulars of a case that must rank among the most remarkable in the practice of medicine, it is not only a noteworthy triumph for the medicine in question, but also reflects credit on the physician who has cast aside his professional prejudice and gives the result of the use of the medicine for the benefit of suffering humanity. In the articles published from time to time, vouched for by reliable newspapers, the public have had the strongest evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a medicine of remarkable merit, and now to these is added, on the authority of a well known physician over his signature, the particulars of a cure of consumption through the timely use of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. It cannot be too widely known that a remedy has been found that will cure this hitherto deadly and unconquered disease, and if any of our readers have not read the article to which we refer we would advise them to look up the last issue and give it a careful perusal. The facts related may prove of valuable assistance in a time of need.

The severest cases of rheumatism are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. Now is the time to take it. Hood's cures.