

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 faithfully representing the people known as Disciples of Christ in this country.

In Mother's Place.

"In mother's place"—so father said,
His kind hand resting on my head,
While all the burdens of the day,
The care and trouble, fell away!
New purpose seemed to grow in me
To struggle for the victory,
And by the fireside's happy light
I breathed a silent prayer to-night!

I never guessed in times gone by
How much there was to fret and try
The sweetest temper all day long!
Was it to-day when things went wrong,
I checked the hasty, angry word,
Hearing the tones my childhood heard,
Seeing in memory the while
The vision of a vanished smile?

The children, crowding at my side,
Need me, and will not be denied!
The home her presence made so bright
Needs me, and I must be its light!
The boys and girls too soon will go
From sheltering arms of love, I know—
May the sweet influence of home
Be theirs wherever they may roam!

Yes! it is little I can do;
Yet faith in God will bear me through,
And give me wisdom to fulfill
My duty, since it is His will
That these, who need a mother's care,
Should find in me—bereft of her,
And longing for her loving face—
A guide and friend in mother's place.

—The Quiver.

The Tenderness of Jesus.

"Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies."

As we study the character of Jesus we are most forcibly struck by His tenderness, His kindness of heart. Not only was He everywhere merciful and kind to sinners, but He is shown to us as tender to everyone's feelings, never in the busiest part of His life forgetting others. He never willingly wounded anyone who came to Him. Those about Him who knew His character, we read, came to Him with the greatest freedom for everything.

We can imagine what He must have been in His home at Nazareth, upon which we love to dwell. We know He was continually tender in that circle; we know as well as if it were written down for us to read, that He never hurt the feelings of one of His brothers or sisters, that He was constantly mindful of their comforts, and sorry for any little hurt or disappointment they might have to suffer. They were just as sure then of the tender sympathy of their elder brother as we are now sure of His tender sympathy. It never failed them; it will never fail us. They

knew His great heart was easily touched, and so do we know it; we can have no doubt of it.

The tenderness of His spirit is shown in His parable of the good Samaritan. We see His sorrow for a man so troubled in his condemnation of those who passed over on the other side, and in His praise of the Samaritan who showed such tender mercies to the stranger. It was a tender, kindly heart which watched the widow as she gave her two mites. She thought she was unperceived, and that her gift was between herself and God. So it was, but her God was nearer to her than she imagined, gazing tenderly upon her. "And He called His disciples unto Him, and said unto them, Verily I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which cast into the treasury." We can almost imagine, knowing it had touched His heart, the tremor of His voice as He spoke, "But she of her want hath cast in all that she had, even all her living." How little she knew as she left that temple without a farthing that she was richer than any of those who cast in money—rich in the blessing of her Lord!

The ready "I will," when the leper asked to be made clean, was a tender "I will." The "daughter" of the woman who touched His garments that she might be made whole, was tenderly spoken to. "Be of good comfort," He said to her. You can hear the mercy and love in the tone.

"Now in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus went out to them walking on the sea. When the disciples in the boat saw Him they cried out for fear; and straightway Jesus spoke unto them: Be of good cheer; it is I. Be not afraid." "Straightway!" He did not keep them one moment in suspense. "Straightway" they heard His "Be of good cheer," and at the sound of His voice every fear departed. When St. Peter would have sunk into the water, "immediately He stretched out His hand to him." Never any delay. In His consideration for the feelings of others, He always hastened to relieve. He wept when Lazarus died. He wept over Jerusalem which had cast Him out. Compare that tender yearning with the hardness of our hearts. When would we weep over a city which had repelled us as that city had Him? It is very far from us to weep even over the perishing multitudes who have not done us an act of unkindness. It is rare for us to weep with our friends; we do so lack tenderness that we are not always grieved by their griefs; or if we are a little sorry for them, we are not moved to tears.

Let us try to imitate this tenderness and thoughtfulness for others. Let us study the mind of our Master as we know it by His actions, till we are more like Him; till our hearts lose their hardness and become more like His. We may not forget, either, that that tender heart still beats—that is, the joy of it. He who called little children to Him, still loves children—our children; and the more we become like them in believing on Him, the more we will please Him, and the nearer we will be to Him. The kind eyes which noted the widow's offering

are watching as we do our little best. Others may never know one thing we do for Him, but He knows, and He may be saying of us just as tenderly as he spoke to her, "See what a gift that is!" And while we know He is tender to us, let us pray for a tender spirit towards all with whom we come in contact. "His tender mercy is over all His works."—*The Oak Leaf*.

Fault-Finding Christians.

The *British Weekly* recently published an outline of a sermon preached by Dr. Joseph Parker, at Peterborough, England, in which he dealt some keen thrusts to the fault-finders. The preacher took for his text the words, "Men abhorred the offering of the Lord" (1 Samuel ii. 17), by stating that one of the prevalent causes of infidelity was said to be the inconsistency of religious teachers. Men will form some kind of estimate of the work you are engaged in (said Dr. Parker), by the kind of worker you are. You say, "Look at the work, and not at the worker." So far you are right. We ought to look at the Master, and not at the servant. Yet men will look in all directions, and they may have some justification for reasoning like this—"If the work, holy you call it, heavenly, divine, has made you what you are, we don't want to do anything to do with the work." It is hard to answer such an accusation. We can answer it best by repentance. On the other hand, do we excuse the accuser? We do not. The probability is that the accuser is a bad man. Good men are loth to say an unkind word, and an unjust word they would never consciously utter. Some persons are cursed with a genius for fault-finding, and they ought to be put out of the sanctuary until they have learned the first elements of decency. If you practice the devil's trick of fault-finding, the devil will have you at the last, as he has you at the first. Believe me, you are not a great Christian because you are a great fault-finder. Do you ever speak well of anybody but yourself? The one man I can do without for the remainder of my days is the little, self-appointed, bitter-tongued fault-finder. Speaking of missed opportunities, Dr. Parker said: As a young man, I was asked to go to church one Sunday afternoon. Said my friend who invited me, "There is a very fine young man in this town, and I go to hear him preach whenever I can. He's preaching this afternoon." I said, "No, I shall not go." It was the last sermon ever preached by Robertson, of Brighton! Can I ever repair the omission? I say to you, be in the church every service, because the time you are not there may be the time of special revelation. God will not disappoint you. The prepared hearer is essential to the prepared speaker. Enforcing the point that men must go to church for the right thing, the preacher said: There are no bad sermons, but there are thousands of bad hearers, men who would spoil anything, whose look upon a garden would wither the flowers—men whom I would not trust with a little child for five minutes, for they would chill the little angel. And these men go to

judge souls, and, forsooth, they have an opinion about preaching! After stating that he always liked to give a perfect man plenty of room and therefore he never encroached upon the space occupied by perfect men, the preacher observed that it was only the hearer that could be really perfect. He (continued the doctor) is a living miracle, because he knows where the preacher should have begun, how he should have proceeded and amplified and poetised, and how brilliantly he should have concluded. And he knows exactly the Gospel when he hears it. But unfortunately he never hears it. He cannot hear it. To him it is not given. Criticism never hears the Gospel. Mere genius never hears it. Broken-heartedness always hears it. Touching upon discussions with regard to a paid ministry, Dr. Parker said: There are no paid ministers. There is no equivalent for prayer or for thought. There is no monetary balance to blood. No men in this country do so much for so little pecuniary return as do the clergymen and ministers of all the churches.

Sincerity in Error.

An excellent opportunity for testing and exposing the ancient fallacy, "It makes no difference what you believe so long as you are sincere," is afforded this year in the World's Congress of Religions, just held at Chicago. There were gathered the representatives of nearly all the religions under heaven—Buddhism, Confucianism, Shintoism, Hinduism, Parseeism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, and the great historic Churches of Christendom were all represented there, and by the very flower of their adherents. Then men who came from China, from India, from Persia, and other distant lands, to take part in this Congress, were, for the most part, men of deep earnestness, of entire sincerity; yet can it be said that the beliefs of all these are of the value to themselves that a belief in Christ would be?

These adherents of strange religions are, very probably, men of blameless life and of strong desire for the good of humanity—otherwise they would not have come. They may be men of deep spiritual yearnings and high religious capacity, for only such men are likely to take an interest in a parliament like this. Yet would any one who even nominally believes in Christ and enjoys the privileges of a Christian national and social life, exchange his belief for theirs?

Sincerity, then, is not the only essential thing in religion. If it is not on these broad lines which separate the Christian from the Buddhist or the Confucian, neither is it in the smaller spheres which separate Christian from Christian. If one feels instinctively, on seeing a noble, upright, earnest disciple of one of those faiths, "How much nobler, grander, more useful to your generation you would be were you a Christian!" so one must recognize the truth that, being a Christian, his life must be grander, nobler, more useful in proportion as he is nearer to the mind of Christ, in clearer apprehension of the truth which he has taught and exemplified.

It is worth while, then, to seek to know, and to apprehend clearly, what indeed God the Lord has taught. Sincerity alone will not bring us into harmony with the mind and will of God. It is our duty to seek diligently to understand his teachings, to put ourselves in the line of his discipline, and to learn his method of dealing with men.—*American Messenger*.

Priests and Bakers.

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

It is claimed by some that religion is a device of priests to gull the people and get a living out of them. We might just as well claim that eating bread is a device of bakers, because bakers get their living by making bread; and so might say that bakers have fooled the people into the idea that they like bread, and must have bread—bread every morning, bread every night—simply that bakers may make a very good thing out of it. But the fact is, men ate bread before there were any bakers, and if all the bakers were dead, there would still be bread baked and eaten.

There is a great deal of very poor bread, but still people will have it. I never blamed Pharaoh for hanging his chief baker, if he did not bake any better bread than some of the bakers do nowadays; but still men are bound to have bread, even if it be inferior in quality; and if the quantity be scant, they still say, "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

So there is also a large amount of very poor religion and poor preaching, but still men will have it. Why? Because the appetite for religion is just as natural as the appetite for bread; and if, to-day, you should demolish every church and every chapel, kill every minister, and burn every Bible and hymn book, to-morrow men would gather among the ruins of their temples and would be preaching, and praying, and singing again all over the land; just as, if you should tear down all the bake shops, there would still be bread baked and eaten.

When the French infidels proclaimed that there was no God, what was the next thing? They made themselves a god of their own, and carried about and worshipped, as the Goddess of Reason, a dissolute woman, who afterwards lost her own reason and died in a mad-house. Even French infidels would have something to worship, and Voltaire himself said, "If there were no God it would be necessary to invent one."

So then the question I would put to the sceptic is: How do you account for this universal appetite for preaching and praying, for offering sacrifice and praise, and doing homage to please some higher Power, if there is no higher Power to please? The eye is made for light, the ear for sound, the wing for the air, the fin for the water, and the soul of man is made for God and cannot rest without Him.

It is just as natural for a man to pray, and turn his eyes upwards to God for help when in trouble and distress, as it is for a man to eat and drink when he is hungry. Whence comes this universal instinct for worship if there is no God to be worshipped?—"World without the Bible," by H. L. Hastings.