

The Canadian Evangelist.

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

Vol. VII., No. 14.

HAMILTON, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1892.

\$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.

Ill Temper.

"Love is not easily provoked." We are inclined to look upon bad temper as a very harmless weakness. We speak of it as a mere infirmity of nature, a family failing, a matter of temperament, not a thing to take into very serious account in estimating a man's character. The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men who are all but perfect, and women who would be entirely perfect but for an easily ruffled, quick-tempered, or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill temper with high moral character is one of the saddest problems of ethics. The truth is, there are two great classes of sins—sins of the *body* and sins of the *disposition*. The prodigal son may be taken as a type of the first, the elder brother of the second. Now society has no doubt whatever as to which of these is the worse. Its brand falls without a challenge upon the prodigal. But are we right? We have no balance to weigh one another's sins, and coarser and finer are but human words; but faults in the higher nature may be less venial than those in the lower, and to the eye of Him who is love a sin against love may seem a hundred times more base. No form of vice, not worldliness, not greed of gold, not drunkenness itself, does more to unchristianize society than evil temper. For embittering life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom off childhood; in short, for sheer gratuitous, misery-producing power, this influence stands alone. Look at the elder brother, moral, hard-working, patient, dutiful—let him get all credit for his virtues—look at the man sulking outside his own father's door. "He was angry," we read, "and would not go in." Look at the effect upon the father, upon the servants, upon the happiness of the guests.

Judge of the effect upon the prodigal, and how many prodigals are kept out of the kingdom of God by the unlovely character of those who profess to be inside! Analyze, as a study in temper, the thunder cloud itself as it

gathers upon the elder brother's brow. What is it made of? Jealousy, anger, pride, uncharity, cruelty, self-righteousness, touchiness, doggedness, sullenness—these are the ingredients of this dark and loveless soul. In varying proportions, also, these are the ingredients of all ill temper. Judge if such sins of the disposition are not worse to live in, and for others to live with, than sins of the body. There is really no place in heaven for a disposition like this. A man with such a mood could only make heaven miserable for all the people in it. Except, therefore, such a man be born again, he cannot—he simply *cannot*—enter the kingdom of heaven; for it is perfectly certain—and you will not misunderstand me—that to enter heaven a man must take it with him.

You will see, then, why temper is significant. It is not in what it is alone, but in what it reveals. This is why I take the liberty now of speaking of it with such an unusual plainness. It is a test for love, a symptom, a revelation of an unloving nature at bottom. It is the intermittent fever which bespeaks the unintermittent disease within; a sample of the most hidden products of the soul dropped involuntarily when off one's guard; in a word, the lightning form of a hundred hideous and unchristian sins.

Hence, it is not enough to deal with the temper. We must go on to the source and change the inmost nature, and angry humor will die away of themselves. Souls are made sweet, not by taking the acid fluids out, but by putting something in—a great love, a new spirit, the spirit of Christ. Christ, the spirit of Christ, interpenetrating ours, sweetens, purifies, transforms all.—*Professor Henry Drummond.*

The Impregnable Rock.

But have the criticisms, however honest, ingenious and acute, displaced one fact, one dogma, one duty, set before us in "the lively oracles of God"? Have they interfered with the success of Christianity? Have they shorn the Word of God of its strength as "the wisdom of God, and the power of God" unto salvation? I answer, No! No matter how scholarly this criticism may appear, no matter how flattering to intellectual research or disturbing to the faith of simple-minded Christians, it does not shake for one moment that impregnable Rock on which the truth stands firm. It is no fault of the original Scriptures that manuscript copies contain faults, or that translators have not uniformly brought out the full meaning, so that there should be apparent contradictions. The variations of the text have, by the foremost scholars of the age, been declared not to affect any article of faith or practice. It is specially reassuring to know that the Bible, printed and circulated by thousands, is being sent forth, and proving itself a fountain of life to all who receive its truths, a well-spring of joy to all who believe in Him of whom its earliest pages speak, and to whom its latest pages testify—Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, and the only Redeemer and Saviour of man.

Every day is narrowing the unsteady

ground on which the skeptic stands, and widening the stable platform of truth. Classical literature is lending its aid to the Bible in the use of language, while more familiarity with the habits and customs of ancient nations is casting light on scriptural allusions. From the tombs of Nineveh rise up witnesses for God, in long-buried marbles; from the mounds of Babylon are dug up figures which add their testimony to the Bible; on the temples of Egypt, in hieroglyphs on the monuments, and on divinities carved in stone, may be read inscriptions which are corroborations of Bible story, and which say to us, with a voice from God himself, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."—*Canon Bell.*

"One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

The following is Phoebe Cary's beautiful hymn with her corrections— "Just as I want it to stand forever, and never touch it again," as she said to her friend, Dr. Deems:

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day,
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Nearer the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly on the other side
Break on a shore of light.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet were firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

Love's first thought is a thought of service. Love's first question is, What can I do for the loved one? or What can I give? not, What can I get? Herein is the difference between friendship-love—love that is pure and true—and craving love. In any true friendship, he who is a friend is more desirous of giving than of getting, of being a friend than of having a friend, of loving than of being loved. It is the same with a lover, or with a husband. If he thinks more of the happiness he hopes to gain than of the happiness he will be able to give, his love is not of the sort it should be; it is not of the sort that is sure of success in its pursuit. Divine love, the love that the Friend of friends has for His loved ones, is a giving love, not a craving love. He is ever among his friends as one who serveth; and He thinks more of evidencing His love than of having proofs of its appreciation or return. Whoever would love aright his Friend, or his friends, must be more desirous of loving than of being loved, and his heart must be giving out continually, not craving a reward of love.—*Sunday School Times.*

A Beautiful Art.

Without disparagement of any of the other arts, to attain proficiency in which people make such long and valiant struggles, it may be truly said that the one art of smiling warms more hearts than all others together. Most children, in fact, all happy children, have an unconscious mastery of this beautiful art; but unfortunately they often lose it as they grow older. Children are the best judges of smiles in the world. "Her lips smile," said a child, speaking of a hard faced woman, "but she doesn't."

A widening of the mouth in a vain endeavor to look pleasant is not a smile. It deceives nobody. A smile, to be worthy of the name, must come from the heart. It is the result of an honest willingness and readiness to be pleased with little as well as great things.

"I can tell more about a man from his smile," said the chaplain of a prison, "than from his promises or his regrets."

A crooked smile shows that there is something wrong behind it, just as a sarcastic or a cynical smile shows a warp in the nature of the person who wears it. But when the heart is right the smile will be of the right kind, and should be cultivated.—*Youth's Companion.*

Politeness and Courtesy.

The distinction between the two is nicely drawn by the editor of the *Sunday-school Times*:

There are imitations made nowadays of almost every valuable fabric. Furniture is covered with imitation leather; carriages built of unseasoned and shaky wood are painted the same as those which are made of clear-stuff hickory; columns of wood are painted so as to look like marble; but in the wear and tear of use and weather the difference at last stands out clear enough. Politeness is too often but imitation courtesy. Many a man is polite to his customers, but discourteous to his family. There are many who are polite to their acquaintances, but not to strangers. There are men who are exquisite in a drawing room, but boorish in a railway car. Politeness is largely a matter of education and habit; courtesy goes beneath both; it is a matter of character.

This difference is far-reaching. A person cannot be truly courteous to all unless he cherishes a respect for men as men, and is willing to accord to them the rights and considerations to which as fellow men they are entitled. The spirit which leads men to limit their interests and sympathies to a few favorites, which makes the world for them no larger than their own circle of acquaintances, is not the spirit out of which true courtesy can spring.

Waiting to be Asked.

Some one inquired of a stranger who had come into a new place to live why she had not cast in her lot among the people of God. Her answer was, "Nobody ever asked me."

Modest people do not like to go where they are not invited, and where they fear they may not be wanted. It is very well to say people are free to come if they will; but there are timid,

hesitating souls, who fear to put themselves forward, and press in where they long to be; and it is the business of Christians to give them earnest and hearty invitations. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come," and let him that heareth say, "Come," and so invite others to accept the gracious call.

The nobleman when he determined to have his house filled with guests, did not set the door open and allow them to come and go as they pleased, but he sent his messengers into the highways, the lanes, and the streets, not only to invite but to urge, not only to urge, but to "compel them to come in."

There is a sweet compulsion which is allowable and is often most welcome. There are many bashful people who need to be urged; who hesitate about accepting the first invitation, but only need a little pressure to bring them in; and if we are to follow the plan of the heavenly Master we must not only invite people to Christ, but we must entreat and urge them to come in that the Lord's house may be filled with guests. He is calling "whosoever will," and is waiting to receive all who come, but it is for us to know him, and know how wide is the invitation which he extends, and how hearty the welcome that he gives to those that do come; to tell what we know, and invite the timid, the trembling, and the doubting, and emphasize the Master's call, and bid them welcome to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

"Whosoever heareth, shout, shout the sound,
'Till the joyful tidings all the world around,
Whosoever will may come."
—*The Common People.*

The Heavenly Mansion.

There is an Indian legend of a king who resolved to build the most beautiful palace ever erected on this earth. To this end he employed Jakooob, the builder, giving him a great sum of money and sending him away among the Himalayas, there to erect the wonderful palace. When Jakooob came to the place he found the people there suffering from a sore famine, and many of them dying. He took the king's money and all of his own and provided food for the starving multitude, thereby saving many lives. By-and-bye the king came to see his palace, but found nothing done towards it. He sent for Jakooob and learned why he had not obeyed his command. He was very angry and cast him into prison, saying that on the morrow he must die. That night the king had a dream. He was taken to heaven, and saw there a wonderful palace, more wonderful than any he had ever beheld on earth. He asked what palace it was, and was told that it was built for him by Jakooob, the builder. In spending the king's money for the relief of suffering ones on the earth, he had reared this palace inside of heaven's gates. The king awoke, and, sending for the builder, told him his dream and pardoned him.—*A Cluster of Pearls.*

Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibration as in twanging them to bring out their music.—*Autocrat.*