

The Canadian Evangelist.

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

Thus Far and No Farther.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

Dear boys and girls, for a long time I have had a feeling that I had a message to you, and I have all this while been neglecting to deliver it. But today a something which I am powerless to resist seems to impel me to write and say to you what so long has been in my heart, and what your anxious, loving mothers have said a thousand times. I hesitated quite a while as to how I would commence this letter. If I said—"My dear young ladies and gentlemen," it would have been so stiff and formal that it would not have reached the ones for whom I am writing; and if I wrote "Dear Children," I would still have failed. But the boys and girls—God bless them!—are everywhere. They are in our schools, our homes, our churches, our hearts, and some of them do not leave us until after they have passed their three score years and ten.

And what I want to say to you is about each other. Ah, that is a pleasant theme, is it not?—and I know you will listen to me. The boys like the girls. Of course they do, and I am glad of it. It is just as natural for a brave, manly boy to like a pure and dainty girl as it is for—well, for a pure and dainty girl to like a brave and manly boy.

But, boys, listen—and it is the mother of a boy who is saying this, a boy whom I love more dearly than life itself, and to him I have said the same things a thousand times: Never allow yourself to fancy a girl unless you first respect her. No love in the world can endure unless founded on respect. I am not asking you to love your grandmothers. A girl can be jolly and pretty and gay and still hold you at such a distance that you will not dare to harbor a coarse thought in her presence, nor presume to take the slightest liberty with her that you would not like to see another boy take with your own dear sister. The girl who lets you toy with her hand or kiss her or who allows you to tell her a doubtful jest is not—listen, boys!—she is *not* the girl you can afford to marry. She is not the one to whom you can safely trust your honor when she is your wife. The girl who is free with her kisses to-day may be as little careful of her womanhood ten years from now.

And girls, you cannot afford to trust

the boy who dares to so presume on your regard for him as to treat you in any way that he would not dare to do if your fathers were near.

Young hearts meet and love each other. This is as natural as it is in the early spring time for birds to select their mates. I am glad that this is so; it is as God designed it. But girls, the lips that your lover touches should be pure lips. They should be able to say that none save those bound to you by the nearest ties had ever touched them before. I believe that the kiss of betrothal is as pure as heaven: but you have no right to be free with your caresses, even to your promised husband. "Thus far and no farther shalt thou go," was not spoken alone to the surging billows. It is a great law in nature, and it speaks to us at every turn in life. Girls, if you would retain either your own or your lover's respect, you must not dare to hold yourself too cheaply.

Another great law in nature is that we value most that which is most difficult to obtain. And she who allows her lover the liberties which belong only to the father and brother will surely find that what she had fondly dreamed would last forever is, already, on the wane.

Another thing, dear boys and girls, I want to say. There is an air in every pure girl's heart that tells when there is danger near, or, in other words, when her lover is saying to her what he would shrink from having her mother hear. And boys, that girl cannot be trusted who will listen to a word that would shame her if her mother knew.

The girl who boasts of many lovers or who will accept costly gifts from any, is not the girl for a true-hearted boy to make his wife.

The boy who can jest among his own sex of his influence over a girl; who can be witty at the expense of her love for him; who can show her trusting, written words, is not the one, girls, to whom you can trust your happiness or honor.

There are some themes which will not submit to a jest. We do not jest in the presence of death; no Christian will permit a jest about the religion of Jesus Christ; a pure girl will never jest at what could, in any way, reflect upon her maidenly honor. Some writer says—"A girl who dreams an unmaidenly dream is lost." And I feel that if God had given me a sweet young daughter, I would rather kiss her in her coffin than hear her speak one jesting word which, if true, would tarnish her purity. The girl or boy who begins with jests about their honor is very likely, if they live, to turn those jests into reality.

We live in a painfully fast age—an age in which a certain class think it an evidence of superior wisdom to sneer at all things holy, and to insinuate that virtue is but a name. But this is not the class to whom we turn in hour of need. The men and women whose places you will want to fill are the men and women whose bright, pure, earnest youth gave the promise which their maturity is now so nobly fulfilling. God bless and shield our boys and girls. Amen and amen.

O Little Town of Bethlehem.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent hours go by.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all about,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wandering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him,
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children, pure and happy,
Pray to the blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to see,
Son of the Mother mild.

Where Charity stands waiting,
And Faith holds wide the door—
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray,
Cast out our sins and ever
Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels:
The great, glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

—Phillips Brooks.

A Touching Incident.

We heard a story told the other day that made our eyes moisten. We have determined to tell it, just as we heard it, to our little ones:

A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time of starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him, and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched linings. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost.

"Come, John, come," said the superintendent, "what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it to take with me. My dead mother put the lining in this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I have to remember her by."

And as the poor boy thought of that dead mother's love, and the sad death-scene in the garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break. But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom to remember his mother by, hurried into the car, and was soon far away from the place where he had known so much sorrow. We know many an eye will moisten as the story is told and re-told throughout the

country, and many a prayer will go up to God for the fatherless and motherless in all the great cities and in all places. Little readers, are your mothers still spared to you? Will you not show your love by obedience? That little boy who loved so well, we are sure, obeyed. Bear this in mind, that if you should one day have to look upon the face of a dead mother, no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your wilfulness or disobedience.—*Old School Presbyterian.*

Some Common Causes of Non-Attendance.

1. The Sunday morning newspaper destroys the taste and capacity for worship.

2. The Sunday morning nap, too often made "necessary" by the dissipation of the week. There is a sleep which is unto *spiritual death*.

3. "Rest" after the week's work. Rest is not idleness. True rest is found in change of occupation. It is restful to go to God's house and praise Him. If there must be inactivity, let it be in the afternoon.

4. "Don't enjoy the preacher." Go to church to praise and commune with God, not to hear a man, and you will find joy.—*Christian Observer.*

Handsome Men.

Speaking of handsome men one evening, a certain person said, "I was wondering why R— had lost the beauty for which he had been so famous." "Don't you know?" was the reply. "It's because he never did anything; he never worked, thought or suffered. You must have the mind chiselling away at the features, if you want handsome middle-aged men." "Since hearing this," says the writer, "I have been on the watch to see whether it is generally true; and it is. A handsome man, who does nothing but eat and drink, grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his fine features in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve the original design."—*Commonwealth.*

Roman Catholic Methods.

Last month a Roman Catholic young woman was converted at the revival meetings held in the Church of the Disciples, Buffalo, N. Y., and desired to unite with the church. When her family learned of this the father went to the church Sabbath evening, Oct. 7, and forcibly dragged her out. The congregation was surprised and stunned by this sudden attack on one of the worshippers, and when some of the men interfered, the girl's father drew a revolver and pointing it at them said, "If any of you interfere, I'll shoot." No one interfered, and he led the girl away to imprison her if she ever again attended a Protestant church. The girl knew that he could send her to the convent of the Good Shepherd, where she could be deprived of her liberty for an indefinite period, and compelled to associate with dissolute characters who are committed by the courts to such institutions. But she was saved from such a fate by

the good providence of God that inspired her to run away from home and claim the protection of Christian friends.—*The Sentinel.*

The Closing Year.

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

Now falters to its end a wondrous year,
Crowned with strange lights of glory
and of woe,
Splendors of memory and prophetic glow,
And all that makes life terrible and dear.

The flight of mighty spirits from our sphere
Has quickened all the air. With what stern bliss
They to whom death could never come amiss
Went forth, and left their rich remembrance here!

Theirs is the history now of star and sun;
Creation's music with their song makes rhyme;
While we, who feel great movements scarce begun,
Hear the deep hours struck out, with fateful chime;

Nor rest until the breathless age has won
The hard-wrought guerdons of tumultuous time.

The Religious Paper.

We recently read the following:

Christian more intelligent.

2. As knowledge is power, it makes him more useful.

3. It leads to a better understanding of the Scriptures.

4. It increases interest in the spread of the gospel.

5. It places weapons in the hands of all to defend the truth.

6. It affords a channel of communication between brethren.

7. It throws light upon obscure questions of practical interest.

8. It cultivates a taste for reading among parents and children.

9. It awakens interest for the salvation of souls.

10. It gives the more important current news of general interest.

11. All this is furnished at a very small price compared with its value.

A FRIEND of ours says he has often been visited with covetous desires, hankering after wealth and the things that wealth secures—grounds, buildings, books, foreign travel and the like—but that he had no difficulty in checking these desires when he thought of the responsibilities of wealth. If he had it he would have to take care of it, to see that it was not dissipated or lost, and still more, that it was rightfully used. It would be entrusted to him as a steward, and he would have to give an account if he simply allowed riches to accumulate or spent them upon personal gratifications? Upon the whole, then, he was content with the supply of daily wants and a very moderate provision for the future. He could give an account for these, but was afraid that he could not for more; his heart might grow hard and his soul perish.—*Intelligencer.*

Aim above morality,
Be not simply good,
Be good for something.

—H. D. THOREAU.