

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.

Driving the Truth Home.

When Peter preached, men were pricked in the heart; when some men preach, men are tickled about the ears, and go away forgetting what they have heard. Wm. Dawson, the Yorkshire preacher, used to preach a sermon in which he put men into one scale of a balance, and the law of God in the other, to show how they were weighed and found wanting. He would throw in the hypocrite, the swearer, the miser, the user of false measures and others, to show how the law of God would toss them up in air. Once a man who used a short yard measure heard him and was so conscience-stricken that he cried out and publicly snapped his fraudulent yardstick in two, and then said to the preacher, "Now you may go on, sir."

We have heard of an old woman who had cheating measures, and who once heard a sermon on false weights and measures being an abomination unto the Lord. Some one asked her afterwards if she remembered the text. "No," said she, "but I remembered to go home and burn my bushel." This is the kind of memory that is the most desirable and useful; a memory that only recollects things spoken, but leads to obedience.

Said a lawyer speaking of a sermon on the text, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap;" "there was nothing in the sermon to disturb anybody; and there are many people who attend religious worship who do not go to be disturbed; they pay their money to be amused and pleased, not to be harassed and disturbed." "The modern congregation enjoys its religion. The music is fine, and the sermon eloquent; but nobody's conscience is disturbed. The sinner in the middle aisle goes out bowing to his neighbors, and talking about the leading soprano. He went to church to be entertained, and has gained his purpose. Now he will enjoy the rest of the day in his own fashion."

Let some of these quiet, æsthetic listeners find a man walking up and down the broad aisle with a sharp two edged sword in his hand, and cutting right and left, and they would very soon lose their composure, and awake from their slumber and stupor; but if the Word of God is left out of sight, souls will not be aroused by listening

to solos that nobody can understand, or hearing quartettes or choirs singing sounds that are as unintelligible as Choctaw or Chinese. The word of God must be declared with great plainness of speech, and as the sharp two edged sword is driven home, it brings death to sin and life to righteousness through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Efficiency in the Pulpit.

This is one of the paramount demands of the day. It can not be overborne by any other demand which presses upon the pastor. He may give unremitting attention to pastoral visitation, to the varied calls made upon him by an exacting public, to prayer-meeting addresses, to Sabbath-school work, and to young people's societies of whatever name. He may ventilate his views on many topics in religious or other papers for the instruction and edification of many, and he may demonstrate in many ways that he is an "all-round man"—thoroughly furnished unto all good works. But all this will avail him but little, if as a pastor of a church he fail in his efficiency in the pulpit. He must have time for study, many themes of present interest must be thoroughly considered. Investigations in new lines of Biblical research will imperatively claim his attention. New phases of social life can not be overlooked. But, over and above all, the obligation rests upon him to prepare himself for presenting and proclaiming the old and precious gospel of Jesus Christ with a freshness, a plainness, and a simplicity that will arrest the attention of the thoughtless, awaken the sinner from his drowsiness, turn the backslider to the Saviour he has forsaken, and point all to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. No other qualification can make amends for lack of efficiency in the pulpit.—*Treasury.*

The Unemployed Difficulty

It indicates a serious weakness in the body politic, when out of a population of 4,000,000 in a land large enough and fertile enough to support 50,000,000, so many thousands of able bodied men are unable to obtain work. After making an allowance for a considerable percentage of loafers and visionary faddists, the fact remains that an immense number of men willing and able to work, are reduced to extremities. The writer at a conference of ministers and unemployed last Monday was impressed with the reality of the distress existing around Melbourne. The fact that over sixty per cent. of the population of the colony live in Melbourne and other towns, while less than forty per cent. are actual producers, is no doubt the principal cause of the difficulty. To get the people on to the land is therefore the only solution, but as they are mostly ignorant of the first principle of agriculture and unfitted by their previous life for tilling the soil, it seems essential that those who are willing should receive instruction from practical men, and material assistance in the form of loans to be repaid with perhaps a small interest. If from among the unalienated

lands of the colony portions could be thrown open for the purpose, small settlements formed, each under the control of a practical agriculturalist, and the settlers assisted temporarily, we believe the deserving unemployed might make for themselves comfortable homes, after a due amount of necessary hardships. The principal difficulty is that of ways and means, but why should not an appeal be made to the wealthy of the Colony to contribute to a fund for the purpose, the amount to be subsidised by Government? It appears to us that the Government of Victoria might spend money to better advantage in this direction than in some of the channels through which it is at present flowing.—*Australian Christian Pioneer.*

A Little Stream.

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Whence weary men might turn,
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again; and, lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching
Tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

She Should Marry a Minister.

"If I were a minister's wife," said a lady in the car, who was talking too loud not to be overheard, reports a writer in the *Tribune*, "you may rest assured I should take an interest—an active interest—in my husband's work. I should say to him: Richard, if you want to do well next Sunday—preach short! If you want your congregation to grow larger and larger—preach short! If you want to draw them to this church, that church, and the other—preach short! Always preach short. But, Richard, have something to say, always! Condense, condense, and condense! and then have an air about you as if time were something, and you could not afford to lose a minute of it. If, on a Sunday morning he seemed to be in extra amiable mood, I would venture to say: Richard, dear, do not be all day in giving out your notices! Do not blink over them and clear your throat, and go poking along through them as if you had never seen them before, and were pondering them in your mind as you call attention to them! Do not, I beg of you, Richard, read them straight forward, and then say them all backwards! There is nothing so tiresome! I am not sure, but some Sunday I should say: Richard, if you get the least bit tedious, I shall fuss with my bonnet strings as a warning! And when you say, 'In conclusion,' do not, for pity's sake, go on until you reach a 'Finally,' and after that, 'One

word more,' or 'Just another thought! I do think it is such a mistake to tell all one knows in one sermon.'"

Just then the auditor was obliged to leave the car, but he could not help exclaiming to himself: "What a sensible woman!" It is to be hoped that some day this sensible one will marry a minister.—*Christian Witness.*

The Laying On of Hands.

The origin and early meaning of the laying on of hands is lost in the mists of antiquity. One of the earliest illustrations of it is found in Genesis xlviii. 14. Here the blessing was conferred by a father upon his children. Another illustration is afforded by Numbers viii. 10. Here the children of Israel—that is, his laymen—put their hands upon the Levites as they were ordained to a sacred office. Like the shaking of hands, this ceremony was expressive of spiritual sympathy. The profound meaning which underlies it is that spiritual grace goes from one to another by spiritual contact symbolized by this form of physical contact. It is safe to say that there was nothing magical in the notion of laying on of hands in apostolic times, and no idea that the hands must be laid on by a particularly designated ecclesiastic. The Levites were ordained by laymen and Paul and Barnabas were ordained not by apostles.—*REV. LYMAN ABBOTT in Christian Union.*

A Noble Reply.

In the reign of Charles II. Margaret Wilson, a girl of 18, along with an aged widow of 63, was adjudged to die, because she refused to acknowledge the supremacy of any other than Christ in the Church. The sentence pronounced against them was, that they should be fastened to stakes driven deep into the oozy sand that covers the beach, and left to perish in the rising tide. The stake to which the aged female was fastened was further down the beach than that of the young woman, in order that, being soonest destroyed, her expiring sufferings might shake the firmness and faith of Margaret Wilson. The tide began to flow—the waters swelled; they mounted from the knee to the waist, and from the waist to the chin, and from the chin to the lips of the venerable matron, and when she was almost stifled by the rising tide, when the bubbling groan of her last agony was reaching her fellow-sufferer further up the beach, one heartless ruffian put to Margaret Wilson the question, "What think you of your friend now?" And what was the calm and noble reply? "What do I see but Christ in one of His members wrestling there? Think you that we are the sufferers? No, it is Christ in us—He who sendeth us not a warfare upon our own charges."

Food Convenient.

George Washington was not alone in his desire for simple food. The following story was told at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, by Paul Gores: "I was steward at the Palmer House," he said, "when the ex-president stopped there on his return from the tour of the world. One noon I was all but stupe-

fied at seeing General Grant creep in at the kitchen door, as though escaping from some one. 'I am sorry to trouble you,' he said, as though asking a great favor, 'but may I have a little corned beef and cabbage?' 'Why, certainly,' I replied. 'But shall I not send it to you out in the dining room?' 'No,' he answered, 'I'll eat it right here if you let me sit down at this table.' So I cleared away a place on the rough board table, where the cook had been fixing the meat, drew up a stool, and the way he got away with that corned beef and cabbage made my eyes bulge. When he finished he laid down his knife and fork with a funny sigh of satisfaction, put one hand on my shoulder and said,—'Young man, I suppose you don't care for that at all, but if you had to eat what I have for the past few months it would taste like a dinner for the gods.' The poor fellow had dined with everybody from the Queen down, and that cabbage in my kitchen did him more good than all the rest together."

There are some excellent women who take great delight in feeding ministers with all sorts of richly cooked and highly seasoned food; cakes, puddings, pies, pastry, and everything of that kind is spread before them, till they grow sickly and dyspeptic, and often would be glad to exchange the whole of it for a cold potato, or a dish of mush and milk. Dear friends who preside in the kitchen, give us something plain and healthful, that we may eat and give thanks. And remember men are likely to eat quite enough without being coaxed and tempted. Trouble came into the world at the first by a woman coaxing a man to eat, and it has been kept up pretty steadily to this day. Let our prayer be like that of Agur: "Feed me with food convenient for me," and such food as that will not be too rich, nor too costly, but plain, simple, and healthful.—*The Safeguard.*

Head to the North.

A man who has decided theories on hygienic subjects, is said to carry a compass in his pocket for the proper placing of his bed when traveling. He thinks this of the utmost importance in securing perfect repose, and urges his friends to form the habit of sleeping with the head towards the north, in order to get the benefit of the electric currents which are constantly passing from north to south. This is a very old theory, and it certainly would be worth for poor sleepers to test it.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A runaway darkey, before the war, was on his way to Canada and was met by a countryman, who questioned him as to the treatment he had received at the hands of the master. "Didn't you have enough to eat?" the countryman asked. "Yes." "And a warm place to sleep?" "Yes." "Then what did you run away for?" "Say, boss," the darkey replied, "if you think you'd like the place it's open to ye."

A man who is not at heart ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition in life.