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# 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.

### Trip to Hiram.

When the Church in this place decided that I should have a holiday, extending over three Lord's days, the question how to spend it was first in order; having settled that, the other question where was soon disposed of. Accordingly on the morning of the 5th of August I took the Chicago-Flyer, think its wings must have been impaired for it was two hours late, for Chatham. Here I dropped off to visit relatives and friends for a few days. While in that vicinity I had a most enjoyable time driving about, etc. It is safe to say that Kent county still retains its right to be called the garden of Ontario. While there has been a general falling off in the values of farm lands, Kent farms have suffered no depreciation. After having spent four days thus I again took the Chicago-Flyer for Detroit, where I spent a few hours in company with Bro. W. B. Thomson, of Washington Avenue Church. Said Church is now busily engaged in the erection of a beautiful edifice, estimated to cost about \$25,000. The location of the new building is all that could be desired.

At 12 p.m. on Sunday night I took passage on the City of Detroit for Cleveland. The city, illumined by myriads of varied lights, appeared in all its midnight splendor as we steamed away from it, and glided down the then peaceful river. While on the river all was delightful, but when we reached the lake we found it very rough, the waves were rolling, not exactly "mountain high," but high enough to suit all on board. About 6 o'clock a.m. we picked up the crew of the Two Fannies, a schooner which had gone down about 1 a.m. The crew, thoroughly drenched and almost exhausted, had been tossed about in an open yawl during all those weary hours. The captain said: "The sea was as high as I ever saw it. . . We had hardly got aboard the yawl before the Two Fannies careened and went down in about 10 feet of water. None of us saved anything but the clothes we had on. After putting off in the yawl we didn't know what minute we'd all be drowned. The sea was so heavy that it dashed right over us, and two or three times Mrs. Stowell, the cook, was almost strangled by the water."

We arrived in port at Cleveland at

7 a.m. The chief place of interest, for visitors, in that city is the Garfield Memorial, which is situated in Lakeview Cemetery. To this place in company with several others I directed my steps.

The beautiful and elaborate structure was designed by Mr. Geo. Keller, of Hartford, Conn. The erection began in October, 1885. The view from the building is very extensive, including the City of Cleveland, the far-reaching fields and forests, and the waters of Lake Erie. The terrace upon which the memorial is built is 200 feet above the waters of the lake; then the memorial itself rises to the height of 180 feet above the terrace. The following is the briefest description of the place I have at hand: "Aside from the architectural perfection of the memorial, the execution of the memorial windows, the marble and glass mosaics, the Egyptian marble dado and the heroic-sized marble statue of President Garfield are universally admired. The people of this country may well be proud of this noble tribute to the memory of its illustrious dead. Special attention is called to the allegorical funeral procession in marble mosaic. The entire work, the beauty of whose colors cannot be reproduced in photography, is composed of myriads of pieces of marble of various colors and shapes. The entire dome above the statue is inlaid with richly colored Venetian glass mosaic, and represents the flag of the union; the stars forming a band around the centre of the dome, the stripes extending around the base.

The memorial windows, ten of cathedral glass and four of Venetian glass mosaic, represent the thirteen original States of the union and Ohio, the native State of Garfield. Two figures in Venetian glass mosaic occupy the niches over the entrance door, representing War in full armour, and Peace extending the olive branch. Beneath these figures is carved the inscription:

Erected by a grateful country  
In memory of  
James Abram Garfield,  
Twentieth President of the United States of America.  
Scholar, Soldier, Statesman, Patriot.  
Born 19th November, 1831.  
Died 19th September, 1881.

After having feasted my eyes upon the beauties of the place I returned to the city, from which place I took train for my destination, Hiram, Garfield's old home, where I found the Assembly in full blast.

In the next issue I shall endeavor to give a short account of the work and workers at the Assembly.

W. S. J., Sept. 11. J. M.

Some passions cannot be regulated, but must be entirely cut off.—Seneca.

Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished.—Bacon.

They understand but little who understand only what can be explained.—Marie Elmer Eichenbach.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

### Mistake Our Faults For Virtue.

All of us are ready to confess that we do not do as well as we ought to do. Most of us are willing to admit that we do not always do our full duty as we see that duty. Many of us will even concede that we are at any time liable to be in error as to some one of our specific duties, and so to fall of right doing through our ignorance or misapprehension. But few, if any, of us realize our constant proneness to mistake our positive faults for special virtues, and to cultivate and exercise conscientiously the very tendencies of mind and character that we ought to be striving to repress or to hold rigorously in check. Yet, as a matter of fact, this is a peril to which all of us are ever exposed, and which it is our duty to face determinedly as a peril.

Virtues and faults are not so differentiated in this world that every person can see at a glance that the virtue is a virtue, and that the fault is a fault. Many a fault is, indeed, only the wrong exercise of a virtue; as, again, a virtue exaggerated is obviously a fault. The same act may be a virtue in one instance, and a fault in another. Hence the very tendency of conduct in a certain direction, which would be a virtue in one person, becomes a fault in another person, who, however, cherishes it as a virtue because he lacks of it to be a fault in another. And herein is a cause of our practical peril in mistaking our faults for virtues; in supposing that we ought to cultivate a certain quality of mind that is the bane of our lives, merely because we know that there are persons so constituted that they would do well to cultivate that quality.

One man is by nature inclined to excessive outspokenness. He is ready to say what he thinks on any subject, and to say what he thinks about anybody. He is of the opinion that frankness is a virtue, and that a lack of frankness is a fault. He has seen the evil of undue concealment of the truth on the part of others and he is determined never to err on that side. So he goes through the world as a social nuisance. He makes trouble between others. He raises barriers across his own path of usefulness. He disregards the rights of his fellows, and he oversteps the bounds of propriety in speech and action. Yet all the while he consoles himself with the thought that frankness on his part is a virtue; whereas in fact it is, in his case, a predominant fault. His special need is to learn that that quality which he cultivates as a virtue is a fault that he ought to set himself to repress, and that what he prides himself on as a commendable element of character is a personal trait that he ought to be ashamed of. It might be a virtue in another man, but in him it is an unmitigated fault. Another man is by nature disinclined to express, in a face-to-face conference; his praise of another's well-doing, or to tell another explicitly that he likes his work and his ways—in any line that might fairly be open for mutual consideration, or for comment. As he sees it, free speaking in such a direction is often prompted by a desire to flatter, or it is liable to be so understood, and therefore it ought to be avoided. Hence

this man goes on in life persistently refraining from giving praise where praise is due, and withholding kind comment when silence is a discourtesy, or a cause of pain to the well-deserving. He knows that he is different from many others in this respect, and that he is censured by not a few because of it; but he feels sure that his habit, so far, is a virtue, and he cultivates it assiduously accordingly, when in fact it is one of his chief faults, and he ought to battle it with all the energy of which he is capable. There are those in whom caution in this direction would be commendable; but in his case excessive caution just here has become blameworthy.

One man counts it a virtue to disregard the opinion of others, and to accept unpopularity as a proof of personal independence; and this supposed virtue is used by him as to become his principal fault, and a means of shutting him out from the hope of helping others through a wise adaptation of all his powers to their carefully considered preferences and prejudices. One man cherishes as a virtue the fault, to which his nature inclines him, of so repressing all show of emotion, in his ordinary intercourse with personal friends, that he gives them no true understanding of his real warmth of affection for them. Because of undue demonstrativeness of manner and excess of effusive speech, he is, in fact, uplifted into the place of a virtue the fault of concealing his possession of a loving regard for those who are entitled to know it. One man is sure that his disregard of money is a virtue, when in his case it is a sad fault; while another counts as prominent among his virtues his fault of refusing to use the money which he loves to hoard. One man is sure that his constitutional reluctance to act quickly is a virtue, when in fact a willingness to act promptly, in spite of the risks of his action, would be a virtue in his case; whereas in another man's case the fault and the virtue would change places. And so all along the scale of human action, one's cherished virtue is liable to be one's chiefest fault.

This, be it remembered, is apart from the truth that we cannot know ourselves, and that we are peculiarly liable to think ourselves strong where we are weak, or weak where we are strong. We may, indeed, think that we are generous, when we are mean; that we are charitable, when we are bigoted; that we are cautious, when we are rash; that we are unassuming, when we are pretentious; that we have independence of character, when we are wholly subject to the influence of others, and so on. But in addition to all this, even when we know precisely what purpose it is that actuates us, and what quality it is that we are exercising, in a given instance, we are liable to count as a virtue that which in our case is a fault. Not only are we often in error as to the characteristics which we possess, but we are constantly liable to think that it is our duty to pursue a course that we ought religiously to shun. We incline to look at certain natural tendencies of ours as virtues, when in fact they are faults. Because of this mistake we tolerate them, whereas if we saw them in their true light we should

be ashamed of and strive to uproot them. But, this being so, what are we going to do about it? This difficulty existing, how can it be helped? To begin with, we ought to distrust our judgments of ourselves. It is more than possible, it is probable, it is well nigh certain that we are mistaken in our estimates of our prevailing characteristics, and of their practical value in our lives. Every virtue, on which we are tempted to pride ourselves, might well be challenged by us as a possible fault. And in deciding whether our virtues are virtues or faults, we shall obviously be the gainers by the frank and loving counsel of real friends, when this is obtainable. In this sense it is that the inspired counsel comes home to us each and all with peculiar fitness: "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed." And it might also be safe for us to render this: "Confess therefore your virtues one to another in order to find out whether the supposed virtues are not faults."

A young man, who had never apprehended this important practical truth, was startled into its consideration by a peculiar experience. He was told bluntly on one occasion that he was constantly at fault at a very point where he knew he was always conscientiously careful in the doing of his duty. He was, in fact, discussing the question just then, he went to a friend, of whose love he was sure, and whose judgment he was willing to trust, and laid the case candidly before him. Telling of what had startled him, he said: "I can't understand this; but it may be there is something in it. Now, I want you to lay the whole truth bare to me. I come to you as to a surgeon in whose hands I am willing to risk my case. Stretch me out on your operating-table, and put the knife in mercilessly. Don't stop till everything that needs cutting is cut. I want you to do it, and I can stand it—from you."

Then the wise young man listened patiently with open mind and heart, and the loving friend gave him all the help to an understanding of his case that it was possible for one to give another. When that interview was over, that young man had a better knowledge of his case than would have been possible to him through any process of unaided self-examination, and he was so far better fitted for a course of right action than he could have been through any stern determination to act conscientiously, regardless of the consequences. If there were more of such wise distrust of self in this realm, and of such fearless seeking of the truth at every personal cost, there would be more of true virtue-fostering and of important fault-uprooting in the world.

It is by a frank recognition of our liability to mistake our faults for virtues, and by a trustful readiness on our part to avail ourselves of all the help that God proffers to us in our Christian friendships, that we may do something toward the answering of the Psalmist's prayer, that we should make our own continually:

Search me, O God, and know my heart: Try me, and know my thoughts: And see if there be any way of wickedness in me, And lead me in the way everlasting. We may mistake our faults for virtues, but God will not; and he can help us to discriminate between them.—S. S. Times