

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.

A Doric Sermon.

A WATCH NIGHT DISCOURSE, BY MAISTER HORNE O' THE SPRINGBURN BAPTIST KIRK, GLASGOW.

"Fling a' yer care on the Lord.—Psalm lv. 22.—From *Hatley Waddell's* Version.

The thocht cam' ower me ae day lang syne that a discourse in our mither-tongue micht impress some fouk mair than ane in modern palaver. Sae I made up my min' that some time oot-on I wad try my ha' at it an' gie it a chance. May it mak' some greet saif for their wrangdoin', an' mak' ithers lilt wi' glee at the thocht o' the Lord's kindness to them!

"Fling a' yer care on the Lord." Aye, but that looks unco simple-like, an' as soon as we read it we're chidin' oorsels that we dinna aye min' it. Maybe it disna hing tae us better just because it's sae simple; but a' guid things in the warld are sae—the pansies an' the daisies an' the lilies an' the roses are a' simple an' sweet. What's mair simple than the mither's sang ower her wean's cradle, an' is there ony earthly thing sae touchin' an' sweet? Thae tunes that bide langest wi' us are a' simple an' gran'. What catches oor hairt mair than the simple gabble o' oor wee bairn that tries tae smoor us wi' clapps an' kisses? Gae a' ower the warld an' see if what I'm sayin' is no' true—that we are unco fond o' simple things. Noo, then, here's simple yet gran' advice; let's tak' it! "Fling a' yer care on the Lord."

I'm thinkin' the word in the text that maybe hits us sairest is that word "care." We ken sae muckle about it, alas! an' it's aye wi' us. "Fling it a' on the Lord," says the text—a text I hae just waled for sair hairts. It's as tho' the Lord said, "I ken ye maun hae some kind o' care—liltin' it on Me." Ah, me! wha hasna care o' ae kind or anither? "Ilka blade o' gress keeps its ain drap o' dew," an' ilka ane o' us has his ain pick o' care. Some o' us, maybe, are clean forfochen strugglin' wi' it—ithers are fair thro'ither wi' the thocht o't—while it may no sit sae heavily on a few, who, wi' a little patience, can manage tae thole it. But in ony case we'er better rid o't. Oh that we micht ding it a' doon the night, an' set aff on the New Year without it! Why should we fash oorsels wi' when the Lord disna want us tae doc onything o' the kind? If onybody offered tae pay oor grocer's

bill for the year that's just on us, wha among us wadna be gled tae gie him the trouble? An' noo that the Lord wants to stand fornet oor care, will we no lat Him? Fye on us if we haid Him staunin' and waitin' when He's on sic a mercifu' erran'!

Some fouk may feel that the worst care they hae is the sin o' their life. I min' myself when I was like that—my verra hairt was like tae crack an' burst. A' things about me seemed sad—the ae thing I could think o' wis the sin that raxed my hairt. I didna get ony peace until I swappit my sin for the Lord's pardon—an' then ilka thing wis altered. I gied my sin tae Him, an' He gied His pardon tae me, an' a' was richt! Bless Him, He'd dae the same for ony ither callan that mak's application for't. Noo, nane o' yer excuses an' palavers, my freen, for He'll tak' ye as ye are—rags an' banes an' sins an' sairs a' in a bundle! Ye'll ne'er be happy till this comes aboot. Ye canna but hing doon yer heid as lang as ye feel guilty in His sicht, but as sune as ye're forgein, an' yer sins dighted oot wi' His blood, ye'll lift yer heid fu' brawly. If a man focht wi' his wife afore gaun oot in the mornin', ae day he micht try tae mak' himsel' look unconcerned, but his mates wad see in his face that he was thrawn and that somethin' was wrang; an' he couldna be happy or richt in his min' till he gaed hame again' and said, "See here, Mary, I'm a' thro'ither wi' this business—let's mak' it up again!" Efter that, ilka things gangs richt wi' him—he's happy in his ain min', an' he's happy wi' his wife an' weans an' mates. Sae, freen, ye'll be unco unsettled till ye get richt wi' the Lord. Ye maun get that quarrel redd-up that's atween Him an' ye; an' then—but nae suer—will ye be happy an' contented. Fling a' yer sin on Him—naethin' will gie Him mair pleasure than tae tak' it frae ye. Be nae langer in a swither aboot it, but hie at ance tae Him an' hae the matter put richt.

I'm verra certain that there are mony o' us wha are sair fashed wi' trouble an' trial. Oor sins hae a' been drooned in the ocean o' mercy, an' hang heavily nae mair on oor hairts; but ither things mak' us greet an' lament. It may be a wayward loon that belongs tae us wha is oor main burden; perchance we're frichtit wi' the thocht o' the comin' year an' a' its anxieties; or maybe its somethin' o' anither kind that's tearin' oor min' and makin' us sleepless. In ony case, the advice is suited tae us—"Fling a' yer care on the Lord." The command that's here laid fornet us comes gey near a verra saft pairt o' oor natur', for we're unco ready tae han' oor cares ower tae anybody that comes aboot us. There's no' a few wha seem tae mak' it their verra business tae gie their troubles an' grumbles tae ilka body they forgether wi'. Noo, if we wad only dae the same wi' the Lord, a' wad be weel; but we gang girnin' an' greetin', an' gi'ein ither fouk oor bathers when it should be the Almighty that should hae them. Bless His name, He's willin' tae hae them! Ay, an' it mak's nae matter hoo sma' an' trouble-some they may be, the Maister is aye ready tae consider them an' gie us a lift. Yonner's a wee toddlin' wean that fa's an clures itsel' fifty times in a day,

but ilka time onything happens tae it it rins skirlin' tae its mammy, wha tak's it up on her knee an' kisses the sair bit an' dichts the tears awa', only pleased to hae anther chance o' cuddlin' the wee angel. 'Tae maist a' us it's a marvel hoo a mither can be bathered wi' sic trifles; but it's nae marvel tae the mither hersel', for she'd deid in love wi' the wean—an' love an' labor, ye ken, aye gang thegither. Noo, there's a place in the Bible whaur the Maister is made tae appear as a mither comfortin' her bairn (Isa. lxvi. 13); an' if oor warldly nurse looks sae cannily an' patiently efter her weans, will no' the Lord tak' as muckle—aye, even mair—interest in His bairns? Sae tell Him a' aboot yer doon comes, an' o' this I'm gey sure, that He'll listen tae ye wi' hairty guidwill. Come, then, ma freen, an' fling a' yer cares on Him for the incomin' year! Mak' ilim skipper o' yer boat, an' haun ower tae Him a' the responsibility o' steerin' ye richt—naethin' pleases Him better! Yer blunders an' yer bruises, yer sairs and yer cares, an' a' sic-like things that thrang yer hairt an' min', haun ower tae Him this verra day! This will keep yer hairt an' min' richt an' bricht for a' time comin'.

It'll no be lang till He comes for us a'thegither an' tak's us hame wi' Him tae His ain royal palace—a palace sae gran' that a' the fin' gings in this warld wadna mak' a doorstep tae it! Haud up yer heid, my brither—there's tae be a croon o' fair jewels on it some day! Sae bide a wee an' dinna weary! He'll be here Himsel' afore lang!—*St. Kollox and Springburn Express.*

Short and Long Sermons.

There are fifteen-minute sermons which are long; that is, tedious and long in proportion to their breadth, and thickness, and substance. There are also sermons which extend for an hour or more, and are then pronounced too short. He who speaks steadily from year to year to one congregation can begin a subject one Sunday and finish it the next; but he who is "ready to depart on the morrow," as was Paul, may find it needful to talk "a great while."

The tendencies of our times are to reduce the sermon; and many sermons ought to be reduced, unless the preachers have something to say; but we have seen a printed programme which had seventeen different items, including six or eight hymns, anthems, voluntaries, etc. Of course there was no time to expound the Word of God. The sermon must be limited to about half an hour, and the time must be occupied in singing old hymns which everybody knew, and had sung a hundred times, and in going through a musical performance which might have been a sacred concert, if it had only been a little more sacred.

There are many subjects which can be presented in thirty minutes; some which can be presented in three minutes, in five minutes, or in ten; and there are many men who can make a creditable speech of five, ten, or twenty minutes length: they can tell a pleasant story, utter a few compliments, throw off a few witty scintillations, and their talk will answer the little boy's

idea of a sermon, the object of which was "to give the singers a rest;" but you might as well expect an albatross to spread its wings in a hen coop, or an American eagle to fly in a canary's cage, as to expect a man, discoursing on a weighty subject, and dealing with themes of grandeur and importance, to reason out of the Scriptures, convince, reprove, rebuke, and exhort, and produce an impression which the hearers will carry to the latest hour of life, when hampered by twenty or thirty minute regulations, and jammed in between the quartettes, solos, interludes, preludes, postludes, and heaven knows what else, which find their place on the programme of a fashionable modern church. No wonder that a congregation hearing a man speak under such circumstances cannot understand nor appreciate what is said. One might as well undertake to teach English grammar in three five-minute lessons, as to undertake to present the great themes of divine revelation in a period of time so utterly inadequate.

But this style of sermon doubtless suits some who never read anything deeper or longer than a newspaper story or a magazine article; who do not love God; who do not search the Scriptures; who do not know the truth; but who cultivate a flabby, formal, mechanical sort of religion, which is hired and paid for, goes by machinery, starts and stops upon the minute, and has no grasp upon the heart, the intellect or the conscience. Doubtless there are men to whom all these methods are welcome. Short sermons, the shorter the better, please a certain class, who would be better pleased with no sermon at all, provided they could have the concert and other accessories thrown in. But the gospel must be preached in other ways, if it is to be the power of God unto salvation; and there must be time for the reverent reading and expounding of the Word of God, if that word is not to return void, but to accomplish that whereunto it is sent.—*The Armory.*

The Queen of All.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, and plowed deep furrows on her cheek, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with all the soft radiance of a holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other on earth. You cannot walk into midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you; when it leaves you by the wayside unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home, and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

Are there Hypocrites in the Church?

Why, of course there are. It would be one of the strangest things in the world if there were none. Who was ever surprised at the announcement that the bills of a bank were counterfeited? Did you ever hear anyone say that the existence of counterfeit bank notes was a strange thing? No, never. People of all classes expect such a thing, and look out for the shrewd counterfeits. Why, then, should ungodly people raise their hands in "holy horror" when referring to the existence of hypocrites in the churches? Because they wish to score a big point against Christianity. But do they thereby prove the falsity of Christianity? No; they only point to one of the best proofs of the reality and value of Christianity. The moment that one says there is a counterfeit bank note, he virtually says that there is a *real* bank and a *good* one, too; and he also tacitly declares that its notes are valuable. Does a man who gets "taken in" by a counterfeit bank note get angry at the bank and refuse to patronize it? No. Then let him not get angry at the Church of Christ, and refuse it his support, because there are hypocrites in it.—*Gospel Trumpet.*

When away from Home.

I recollect that when I was in London and Paris, I observed a very great difference between the thermal line of duty there and what I had seen in New York and Brooklyn. I was asked to do a great many things which I had never seen it best to do at home; and I remember saying within myself: "If I am going to take any liberties, I am going to take them at home. I am not going to slink off here to London and Paris, and do things I would not do there. It is a matter of sentiment and pride with me largely, that if I propose to take any liberties in regard to going to places that I have never been accustomed to visit, I will not do it away from home.

I dined with some English gentlemen—some lords—and after dinner they were going to the theatre, and they proposed that I should go with them. I said: "No; I think not; I have never attended a theatre in my life. I never saw a play, and I think I won't begin theatre-going just now." They all said: "We do not expect you to go where theatre-goers generally go; we will go right to our box, and no one will know that you are there." "But," I said, "I think I should feel mean to go in that way. If I made up my mind to go to the theatre, I should go as I would go to church, or anywhere else."

So I think in going away from home one should take less liberty than he would at home, rather than more. One should have a sense of honor in such things. Children well brought up are guided by principle in matters of this kind. Even though they may act with some freedom at home, the moment they are away from home they feel that the influence of their father's and mother's name surrounds them, and that they must be more particular about their behavior than they are at home."—HENRY WARD BEECHER, in *Ladies' Home Journal.*