

What the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians Did.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

With anger and indignation stamped upon her face, a woman sat alone. She felt she had been cruelly wounded, and the blow, coming from one trusted as a friend, was hard to endure, still harder to forgive. Say what we will of love causing us to overlook an injury, no foe nor casual acquaintance can strike a blow that will hurt so keenly nor bleed so freely as can one whose hand we have clasped in friendship. And as this woman recalled the years of unbroken friendship, her heart grew harder and colder, for she felt she had a right to something better than she had received. She was preparing to frame a reply to the letter just received, and her heart was full of bitter words which she would write, words which she knew could cut and sting as cruelly as did those she had just been reading. She smiled a cold hard smile, never pleasant to see on a woman's face, as she whispered sentence after sentence of politely goading taunts, every one of which was dipped in poison.

Polite? Yes, very. For this woman of whom I write carried only polished weapons, and wounded friendship taught her how to use them.

Just as her pen touched the paper, something—I know not what, perhaps it was her good angel—forced her to pause. Still holding the pen she sank wearily back in her chair. "No one cares how much they wound me," she said, with the suspicion of a sob in her voice, "why should I hesitate to retort?"

She was all alone in her locked room, yet the tones seemed to be arguing with some one who was pleading with her to forget her injuries. "Shall I always give the best I have and receive only unkindness in return?" Still no reply, unless, perhaps, her attending angel was whispering to her soul. "What have I done to merit this?" she demanded; but this time the tears which she had been holding in check refused to be longer controlled, and dropping her head upon the table she sobbed convulsively.

As the first paroxysm of grief passed, she turned again to her desk, but this time it was to lay down her pen and reach for her Bible. The rebellious look had only partially left her face. The angry voice was only partially subdued. She opened the book, yet it was from no will of her own that her eye first fell upon the 13th chap. of 1st Corinthians: "Though I speak with the tongue of men and angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

She read on indifferently. In the beautiful language there was no message to her. "Though I have the gift of prophesy," etc., etc. As coldly unmoved as before. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and have not love," etc. And still the woman thought her bitter thoughts and murmured to her spirit the cruel words which she would pen her one time friend when she was through her morning reading.

"Love suffereth long." She paused, for the words seemed to rebuke her, and she almost wished she had read some other chapter. "Love suffereth long and is kind," and her spirit voice placed special stress upon the last small word, then sternly questioned, "Have you the love that suffers long? Have you the love that is always kind?"

"He deserves no kindness from me," she replied, as though a visible presence was beside her. "I have merited better things than I have received," and then the angry woman read, "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

What did it mean? What mocking fate was forcing her to condemn herself by reading this, of all chapters, and giving it a meaning it had never had before? She would close the book; she would read no more to-day. As she turned to obey the impulse of her self-rebuked spirit, her eye caught the words, "Doth not behave itself unseemly." Ashamed and humiliated, she had now no power to carry out her angry, childish thought, and trying to fasten her mind upon the pages, she wondered what would be her next rebuke.

"Love seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil." All anger vanished now as the woman, humbled and chastened, saw herself as she was. How painful the contrast between this perfect love of which Paul was writing and her own unlovely heart. She had been eager to seek and hold what she felt to be her due; she had been "provoked," she had thought much "evil." She read the verse again. After all, these words could not utterly condemn her. Paul said this better love was not "easily" provoked. This could not apply to her. She had struggled against the anger in her spirit; she had only yielded when fully justified. With something of restored self-complacency and returning anger, she resumed her reading, and the next words were, "Beareth all things." And now she knew full well that she had failed when the crucial test was applied. And then she read again of the love that "endureth all things," and that, in the purified heart where the world's Redeemer was reigning, whatever else might be wanting, the love, the real, Christly love, could never fail.

How long the woman pondered over this rebuking chapter I do not know, but this I know, the tears of anger gave place to tears of penitence, and when next she took her pen it was all impossible for her to trace the cruel words of indignation which first had been in her heart. No; she could not write them now. They would have blistered the paper if she had forced her hand to shape them. Instead she wrote that which she would not shrink from acknowledging when the words should confront her again in eternity.

I wish I could tell you that her victory over her evil spirit was rewarded by her learning that she had been looking at her friend through a glass darkly, and that there had been no need for doubt. But no; my simple story can have no beautiful ending such as this. But thank God I can tell you of a chastened spirit where only peace was dwelling. I can tell you of a heart in which anger had given place to forgiving love. I can tell of a soul drawn so much nearer to her Saviour, and happy in his approving smile. And I can tell you of how, when at night she sought her pillow, there was neither regret nor remorse to sting her conscience, but that all through the hours there seemed to be an angel presence lulling her to sweetest rest and peace, and the burden of the angel's lullaby song was, "And now abideth faith, hope and love, but the greatest of these is love."

"Disciple Church," "Disciple Doctrine," "Disciple People," etc.

It has been to me a surprise and a humiliation to see in certain quarters among my brethren the word "Disciple" used as indicated in the heading above. We must regard it as a sign of a tendency we can not but deeply regret. For I can not imagine any other reason for this misuse of the name "Disciple" than the desire to invent a convenient denominational appellation that shall range parallel to "the usage

of the religious world around us." "Let us have a name like other denominations."

In this light, this habit—fortunately, as yet very limited—is wholly unjustifiable, a grave offense—altogether unintentional, I am sure.

It has been a noble part of our great plea to reject all denominationalism, including, prominently, mere denominational names. Nothing has been more profoundly and firmly fixed in our habits of thought and speech than this most commendable principle; for these distinctive party titles are an essential and very evil element of religious party life itself.

Nothing is more deeply embedded in human nature than the tendency to party feeling and all that belongs to its manifestation and life. This fact, we may be sure, will reveal itself everywhere, among us as among others; for Adam's human tendencies are limited to no race, to no people, to no creed. I have seen sectarian proclivities secretly lurking and openly showing themselves, if not to the same degree as elsewhere, among the sturdy advocates of primitive Christianity, while "No Sectarianism" was conspicuously displayed on their banners. Archbishop Whately's admirable book, "The Errors of Romanism Founded in Human Nature," teaches a most salutary lesson which should be seriously pondered by us all.

To drift into party, denominational habits is "a sin that so easily besets" men; for as mortals we are very weak in intelligence and judgment, in purpose, and in "diligent watchfulness." "Watch—keep awake—and pray, lest you enter into temptation. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak;" for the gravity of the earthly is ever upon us bearing us down to the dust.

The use of "Disciple" as a denominational adjective, when it is not the result of simple ignorance or thoughtlessness, is nothing but a bit of policy—without any evil intentions—to add just ourselves to the habits of the religious life of men. As such we can not submit to it; we should most earnestly repudiate it. It breaks up the integrity of our grand argument for religious reform. It is a humiliation to us before the world. "Ah! you have become altogether like one of us!" men will say.

It is no justification to say that "Disciple" is a New Testament word. So is the word Baptist. The denominational use of either is a misuse of it. Observe, I am not speaking of the word "Disciples" as a designation of Christians, in the singular or the plural. I refer to "Disciple" as a denominational adjective. The New Testament never so used the term; its usage of it makes this impossible.

"Disciple" in the singular as an adjective, is a most unmeaning abuse of this word, looking at it as it is used in the New Testament. "The Church of the Disciples," "The Doctrine of the Disciples," "The School of the Disciples," are expressions which have a meaning, in so far as merely the law of language is concerned; but what are we to understand by "Disciple Church," "Disciple Doctrine," "Disciple School?" It is a most unmeaning, illiterate, awkward expression and not worthy of an enlightened people. It is both a misuse and an abuse of a most important New Testament appellation. Let us not make such a humiliating exhibition of ourselves before an intelligent world.

But, it may be said, Baptist and Methodist are also pure nouns and have drifted by usage into very convenient denominational adjectives. That is true; and it is a pity that it is true. I have no notion of either assailing or defending this use of these words. If

it suits the excellent people who own these names, that is their business. But certainly we are not obliged to follow their example in the case of the name "Disciple." Furthermore, it must be clear to every thinking man that the use of "Disciple" in this manner is much worse indefensible than Baptist and Methodist; especially with us and our well-determined habits as a religious people.

But cannot "Disciple" thus in the singular, be brought into service as a distinctive adjective appellation? Alas! yes; it can. Words are very servile, and will submit slavishly to almost anything at the hands of tyrannical, persistent usage. Students have often asked me in class, relative to some grossly unscriptural doctrine, "But, Professor, can men prove such a doctrine from the Scriptures?" "Oh, yes," I answered. "But how?" "By obstinately determining to do so, and keeping persistently at it with might and main. They can prove it in that way to the entire satisfaction of themselves and many others." In the same manner "Disciple" can be brought, in time, into humble and humiliating bondage as a denominational adjective for meeting-houses, doctrines, newspapers, schools, people, and—picnics. All this has already been heard!

The most remarkable instance of an attempt to use "Disciple" as a denominational prefix, was in the case of the "Disciple Bible House." How that came to pass I could never clearly comprehend; I could only conjecture. It was a real relief, however, when it—the prefix, I mean—was, on sober, second thought, abandoned. Had it remained, what an exhibition it would have been, at our cost, in the constant presence of a great University.

There is no purpose in this stricture to be hypercritical; that business is a ~~field in which my inclinations and habits never lead me.~~ The matter is of sufficient moment, however, to demand attention.

Let us honor the noble, brave, un-denominational, healthy purity of speech of the fathers of this reformation. We have as yet learned no reason to abandon that. One of the high duties resting upon us, and which we should accept with joy and deepest conviction of right, is to maintain heroically the very precious legacy they have left us of the emancipation from the false ideas and evil habits in religion of the past and the present. For myself, I have never yet learned to depreciate the immense value of this noble inheritance; every year's experience but increases its worth with me.—CHAS. LOUIS LOOS in *Christian Guide*.

Lasting Influence.

WHY WE SHOULD BE CAREFUL THAT IT IS EXERTED FOR GOOD.

It was a striking remark of a dying man, whose life had been, alas! but poorly spent: "O that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!" It could not be. That man's influence survives him; it still lives, is still working on, and will live and work for centuries to come. He could not, when he came to die and saw how sad and deleterious his influence had been, he could not put forth his dying hand and arrest that influence. It was too late. He had put in motion an agency which he was altogether powerless to arrest. His body could be shrouded, and confined, and buried out of sight, but not his influence, for that, alas, corrupt and deadly as it is, there is no shroud, no burial. It walks the earth like a pestilence, like the angel of death, and will walk till the hand of God arrests and chains it.

Let us be careful what influence we leave behind us. For good or for evil

we shall and must live and act on the earth after our bodies have returned to dust. The grave, even so far as this world is concerned, is not the end of us. In the nature of things it cannot be. We are, every one of us, doing that every day, every hour, which will survive us, and which will affect, for good or for evil, those who come after us. There is nothing we are more prone to forget and disregard than our influence upon others; yet there is nothing we should more dread—there is nothing for which we must hereafter give a more solemn account.—*Christian Work*.

A Great Battle

Is continually going on in the human system. The demon of impure blood strives to gain victory over the constitution, to ruin health, to drag victims to the grave. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon with which to defend one's self, drive the desperate enemy from the field, and restore bodily health for many years.

HOOD'S PILLS cure nausea, sickness, indigestion and biliousness. 25c.

MENEELY BELL COMPANY,

CLYTON H. MENEELY, General Manager.
TROY, N. Y., and NEW YORK CITY,
MANUFACTURERS SUPERIOR CHURCH BELLS.

ANDERSON'S

Double Acting.
FORCE PUMPS
For Wells and Cisterns, Spraying Trees.
HAND POWER OR WIND MILL
Never Fuses!

Always Primed!

Guaranteed to do the best work, most durable and best pump made, or no sale. Live men, pushers, wanted in every Township in Canada to sell these Pumps. For particulars address,

J. W. ANDERSON,
PATENTEE, Aylmer West, Ont.

NORTHERN Business College

OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO,
IS THE VERY BEST
PLACE IN CANADA TO GET A
Thorough Business Education.

TAKE A ROUND TRIP and call all other Business Colleges and Commercial Departments in Canada, then visit the Northern Business College; examine everything thoroughly. If we fail to produce the most thorough, complete, practical and extensive course of study; the best college premises and the best and most complete and most suitable furniture and appliances, we will give you a full course, FREE. For Annual Announcement, giving full particulars, free, address

C. A. FLEMING,
Principal.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

\$2.50 per annum.
This Magazine should be read by every Patriotic Canadian, and should find a place in homes where pure literature is appreciated. What the press says:

"Worthy the hearty support of all sections of the Dominion."—*The Globe, Toronto*.
"Bright and interesting, the articles are remarkable for their taste and literary finish."—*Catholic Record, London*.
"Attractive in appearance, excellent in typography and, above all, worthy and interesting in matter."—*The Mail, Toronto*.

PUBLISHED BY THE
ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
Toronto.

THE BURNING QUESTION

The negative Criticism and the Old Testament
By THOMAS E. SCHMAUK, Professor of Biblical Theology in Chicago Seminary. (One of the best books of the year, if not of the decade.)
says *The Lutheran Church Review*: "Greatly needed," says Dr. W. H. Green: "It is the best book on the orthodox side; an all-around survey, scientific and fascinating to read." "It is accurate, candid, and few books give so much for so small a sum." *The Overland* says: "It ought to be in the hands of our pastors and elders throughout the church."
Price, \$1, postpaid. Address,
ALDUS CO., Publishers, Lebanon, Pa.