

# The Canadian Evangelist.

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"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.

If you have catarrh, we call your attention to the "honest offer" of the Medical Inhalation Company found on another page.

### The Face of Christ.

AN OLD LEGEND RETOLD.

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

(Concluded from last issue.)

So Camillo returned. And the next day he rose early and went his way to the house of that woman who had risen up and fled from the face of his picture.

"Thee and I," said the artist, "have done much evil together: shall we now do much good?"

And the woman agreed. So she sold her jewels and her fine raiment and what precious things she had, and Camillo did the like; and they found other women, known to them both, and gathered them into one house and persuaded them to live a godly and virtuous life. Then Camillo went his way unto his own house, expecting to look without fear into the Face of Christ. For, indeed, there was nothing frightful there, but looks of tender love and eyes of searching purity.

But the next morning he went to the picture dealer in the city, and ordered him to go here and there and buy up again every inch of canvas which bore the name of Camillo. Now, Camillo was, as has been said, a great painter, and the surface of his pictures might have been covered with gold coins without reaching their price; so when this had been done there was left of all his fortune only a tiny cottage, into which he moved with his sole treasure, the only relic of his great fame—the Face of Christ. For all those evil and lewd pictures had been burned with fire.

"Now do I indeed repent; now may I be absolved," quoth Camillo; and with a happy and peaceful heart he went his way to the home of Padre Antonio.

"God give you peace, my son; you have done well," said the priest. "Thou hast a poor home but a wealthy heart; where is she who should be partner of both?"

"My wife?" cried Camillo, springing to his feet. "Why, Padre, thou knowest she was false to me!"

"And thou?" said Padre Antonio. Camillo went his way back to the city. "It was ill done of the Padre to

disturb my peace," he said; "Alas! I was just now so happy!" But he did not forget his penance, and the next day he sought the father again. "Father Antonio," he said, "thou has been faithful to my poor soul. Help me to find my wife."

So the priest aided him gladly, and they found the wife of Camillo, sunk in such misery and degradation that for many days she escaped their search.

"But should I not forgive her, who have been myself forgiven?" said the artist tenderly; and he took her home and pleaded with her to live a better life, and dealt kindly with her.

And the Face of Christ hung on the wall unveiled. Then, after a day or two, came Camillo again, to the priest, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Father Antonio," he said, "the Lord has shown me myself. I have been a bad son to old Marietta, my grandmother, a bad husband to my wife, a bad father to my children. My sins caused their error; the poison of my life corrupted them. Help me to atone."

So Padre Antonio helped him, and they sought out old Marietta, whom he had neglected many years, and Camillo's sons and daughters; and before them all the artist humbled himself, and they fell upon his neck with tears, and forgave and were forgiven. Only Marietta, who had forgotten by this time the sins of his boyhood, and remembered only his glory and great name, maintained that she had nothing to forgive. So Camillo took her home, and his children dwelt near by in houses of their own, and all were happy and at peace among themselves. And the Face of Christ shone down upon them from the wall. But they had few friends in the city who cared to enter their humble dwelling; for it was a fearful thing carelessly to meet those pictured eyes.

Now, when they had so dwelt for many days, Camillo came again to Padre Antonio, and said, "Father, may I yet be absolved?" But Padre Antonio did not answer.

"What!" cried the painter, "is there yet more to do?"

"Thou shouldst know," said Padre Antonio.

"I know not," said Camillo sorrowfully. "I have done all that can be done; even the slightest tie of friendship that hath bound my soul in former days, have I sought to re-unite; and if the friend had been wronged, I have besought forgiveness."

"Hath it been always granted?" asked the priest.

"Nay," said Camillo, "for to some the wrong hath been that my poison hath so tainted their souls that they have wronged me; and that wrong is hard to pardon. But the others have forgiven."

"It is well," said Padre Antonio.

"Yet you tell me there is more," said the artist.

"I tell thee? Nay," said the priest. "Thou shouldst know. What does the Face of Christ tell thee? My son, when thou hast won his absolution; thou wilt not ask mine."

"Then Camillo went home very sorrowful, and yet happy, for he felt that he could now look calmly and

fearlessly into the eyes of the Christ; yet also he would have liked well the Priest's absolution. So when night had fallen and he was left alone with his masterpiece, he knelt down before the canvas, and, folding his hands like the hands of a little child at prayers, he looked upward into the pictured eyes. And the Face of Christ shone down upon his soul. The eyes were very searching, yet oh! so loving and tender. The parted lips seemed to smile like the lips of a mother over her naughty child, as she says, "But darling, you grieve mother." Then Camillo fell upon his face with a great cry. And in the morning he went back to Padre Antonio.

"Ah, my father! how dared I ask for absolution? I who knew not the smallest fraction of my sin! What are all offenses against my fellow-man to my sin against Him?"

"Ah! what indeed," said Padre Antonio.

"I filled myself with His foes, I rejected His love, I cast Him out of my heart, I caused those to sin for whom He died."

"And I also," said Padre Antonio.

"And yet He forgives; He has always forgiven; that crushes me," said Camillo. "There is no effort in it with Him—he forgives freely. There is no little by, little in it; I have come back to Him step by step. He has carried me always in His heart. Padre Antonio, what shall I do to be saved?"

"Go back," said the priest, "and look once more on the Face of Christ."

So Camillo went back and knelt all night long before his masterpiece, and the eyes of the Christ shone down into his soul. And a great sorrow came upon him, and also a great joy; a great anguish and a great peace; because the love without him was greater than the love within, and for the first moment in his half century of years he felt all its weight.

"Therefore, between the joy and the anguish, his heart brake, and his soul was drawn up into the ocean of love, eternal and illimitable. And in the morning they found him lying dead beneath the eyes of Christ, with the peace of heaven upon his pallid features.

"The Lord Christ hath absolved him," said Padre Antonio.—*Christian Union.*

THE world judges a man by his success in life, but though the rule seems harsh, still there is much justice in it. The young man of pluck and determination who starts out in life with a purpose, who has some goal he means to gain, and who keeps that goal constantly before him, pressing on toward it through thick and thin, through sunshine and shadow, that man has success already assured, for perseverance wins where brilliancy fails. Let a man aim high and he will reach the higher. Let him aim at heaven and he will not fall short.

THE most successful man is not the man who acquires the most money, power, place, honor or fame, but the man who gains the most manhood, and performs the greatest amount of useful work in the discharge of human duty, whose life is most replete with useful purpose and well-directed effort.

## In the Old Country.

DR. PIERSON AND THE TABERNACLE.

Since the death of C. H. Spurgeon, what the future of the great church over which he presided would be has been a question of much interest to the whole Christian world. It was everywhere admitted that to find a successor who could fill the place of the late pastor was, humanly speaking, a seemingly impossible thing. There was no immediate thought of Dr. Pierson becoming the regular pastor or preacher. He had proved himself to be a preacher of much culture and power; but it was generally known that he was a Presbyterian, and as such it would have been contrary to all the traditions of the Tabernacle that he should become the leader of a church which required immersion as a condition of membership. Baptists generally are quite lax in this country about this ordinance. But never could this be said of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Hence all thoughts turned at once to the Spurgeon family and to the students of the Pastor's College. There was Rev. James A. Spurgeon, brother, and Charles and Thomas Spurgeon, sons of the late pastor. But none of these, it was thought, could meet the requirements of the work at the Tabernacle and its institutions. Rev. Archibald Brown's name was freely mentioned, but I believe that, officially, he was not approached with a view to the pastorate. Soon after the announcement was made that Rev. J. A. Spurgeon—now Dr. Spurgeon—had been chosen pastor, and that Dr. Pierson, who had been preaching for C. H. Spurgeon during his illness, had been invited to be the preacher for the present. That he responded to the wish of the church, that he accomplished a good work, returned to America, and was followed in the Tabernacle by Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, is known to the readers of the *Standard*.

Then came trouble. It might have been foreseen that such would be the case, for, from an interview accorded to a representative of the *Christian Commonwealth*, it was apparent that Dr. James Spurgeon, who was at the head of affairs, was bent on keeping Dr. Pierson as preacher. Asked as to who was to succeed his brother in the pulpit, Dr. Spurgeon said, "My object is to retain Dr. Pierson as long as ever I possibly can, and I shall move heaven and earth to keep him here altogether;" and when asked whether Dr. Pierson was likely to settle down at the Tabernacle permanently, Dr. Spurgeon replied: "He must do so. 'Impossible' is a word not to be found in my dictionary." Apparently the whole church coincided with these sentiments, for they gave Dr. Pierson an invitation—"unanimous," to quote Dr. Spurgeon—to return and become the "preacher of the Word" for a period of twelve months. Differences of opinion followed, and feeling ran so high that more than once there seemed a probability of a real "split" occurring. There was little personal feeling against Dr. Pierson. But it was felt that an out-and-out Baptist must be Charles H. Spurgeon's successor, and before his son Thomas had preached many Sundays

at the Tabernacle, it became clear that many of the worshippers had decided that the son was the fitting successor of the father. Nothing could be more natural than such a feeling, for in the line of his thinking, in tone of voice and pulpit action, Thomas reminds you continually of Charles Haddon. Finally, after much plain speaking, a church meeting was held, and it was decided that Dr. Pierson should complete the term of service for which he had been invited, and that Thomas Spurgeon should be invited to succeed him on a twelve months' probation. Dr. James Spurgeon, noting the way the wind was blowing, tendered his resignation as pastor, which was accepted. On the last Lord's day in June Dr. Pierson preached farewell sermons to immense congregations. In the evening people began to assemble at the gates soon after half-past five. On the following evening, testimonials were presented to the departing ministers.

Just a month afterwards "Son Tom" appeared in the pulpit of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and preached his first sermon as recognized temporary—though many people think as the permanent—pastor of the famous church at Newington. With peculiar appropriateness, he chose his text: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." His sermon was full of striking illustrations and enriched by occasional bursts of genuine eloquence. He only once incidentally alluded to the threatened "split," and that was when he spoke of active Christian work as a panacea for "healing all wounds" and restoring unity.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon has not yet reached the prime of life, and looks younger than he is. He is averse to all clericalism, preferring "Mr." to "Rev.," while like his father he wears a black tie. He is certainly modest, and not desirous of the publicity which interviewers could give him, as I happen to know. My only objection to his style is that he is such an imitator of his father. But this is true of nearly all of Mr. Spurgeon's students.

On the following evening the church gave him a formal welcome, and the dark clouds of division have been blown away, not, let us trust, to return.—"PHILOS," in *Christian Standard*.

To choose a wife and secure her, measure first your own talents, discern well your own inclinations, and mark with care the frailties and amiabilities of your own disposition. Then look for a woman who has traits and habits best suited to correct and ennoble yours. Form your opinion of her cautiously, and when once you are in love, adore her to the exclusion of all else. Become more like her each day—let every passing hour imprint similar thoughts upon your souls; lead during courtship the life of a model husband, and she will become your life-long sweetheart.

A man may transgress as truly by holding his tongue as by speaking unadvisedly with his lips.—C. H. Spurgeon.

The angel struck the chains from off the apostle Peter in the prison, but Peter had to gird on his garment and walk out.