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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.

We Build the Ladder.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build a ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round
by round.
I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.
We rise by things that are under feet,
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.
We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.
We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray,
And we think we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.
Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope and aspire and resolve and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.
Only in dreams is the ladder thrown
From the wearied earth to the sap-
phire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow
of stone.
Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted
skies,
And we mount to the summit round
by round.
—J. G. Holland.

A Modern Evangelist vs. Primitive Evangelists.

J. D. BRINEY.

Sam Jones has been to Knoxville, and I have had an opportunity to hear him, study his methods, and know something of the results of his work. His meetings were held in a tabernacle erected for that purpose, at a cost of about \$1800, and would seat about 5000 people. On several occasions it was filled to its utmost capacity, and hundreds were turned away. The meeting continued about twelve days, and I am told that Mr. Jones received for himself and his two associates a check for \$2500. Add this to the cost of the tabernacle and the money which the people paid the street car companies for transportation, and we have about \$5000 as the cost of the meeting.

How about results? I suppose that a thousand people did something that was taken as the expression of a purpose to repent and turn to God, and as the popular evangelist usually counts—and if there is anything that such an evangelist understands, it is the art of counting—there were hundreds of "conversions." But from the best information I can get the number of those who have been added to the churches of the city as a result of that meeting falls below one hundred! Estimated by cost and visible results the meeting must be pronounced a conspicuous failure, and so I regard it. Indeed, from some points of view it was worse than a failure—it was positively injurious.

If observation is any criterion in such matters, the 900 or more people who stood up or did something else in token of a purpose to lead a Christian life, and stopped there without any sort of obedience to the commandments of the Lord Jesus Christ, taking no steps to identify themselves with the people of God, are in a worse condition than they were before. Some of them will probably land in skepticism, and all of them are in danger of drifting into indifferentism from which it will be very difficult to arouse them, and their "last state will be worse than the first." On this account the meeting was harmful.

Furthermore, Mr. Jones' style of preaching tends to lower the dignity and destroy the influence of the pulpit. He is coarse, vulgar and profane to an extent that is absolutely sickening. The feelings of refined and cultured people must revolt at such language as streams from his lips. For instance, talking about men who work hard and accumulate a considerable amount of property which, when they die, they leave to be enjoyed by second husbands who sit on front porches of houses built by first husbands, and tell their neighbors how comfortable they are in nests feathered by their predecessors, he said, "I say to my wife, if I die first, and you want to marry again, just go it, old gal; but I want you to keep the old devil off of the front porch." About hotels, bar-

rooms, etc., such language is regarded as vulgar and profane, and what it is that sanctifies it and makes it refined and elevating in the pulpit, is a thing that no ordinary person can find out. If the people of the nineteenth century have a right to demand anything of the pulpit, it is that it shall move upon a pure and lofty plane, and he who drags it down into the mire of vulgarity and profanity, inflicts an incalculable injury upon it and the cause it represents.

There is no sort of demand or apology for such conduct, and if a man does it by choice to gain notoriety, he is very culpable; and if his instincts hold him to such a plane, the pulpit is not his proper place. The contrast between Mr. Jones and Mr. Mills, in this regard, is most manifest. The latter is always on a high plane, and not a word escapes his lips that is not chastely and elegantly uttered, and no one can listen to his pure speech and come under the influence of his clean words and sanctified sentiments, without being benefited and elevated. He is just as unsparing in his denunciations of sin as Mr. Jones is, and makes it look as odious and ugly as Mr. Jones possibly can. The differences in their methods of attack which Mr. Mills draws make sinners fear and tremble, while those drawn by Mr. Jones cause merriment and laughter. Speaking of profane swearing he said: "Everybody must cuss—the colonel must cuss, the majah must cuss, the boy must cuss, the young man must cuss, the old man must cuss; you old cuss, you" (tremendous laughter). Mr. Mills makes people feel that sin is an awful and fearful reality; Mr. Jones makes them laugh at it and turn it off as a sort of joke.

Christ and Paul were most scathing in their rebukes of sin, but it is presumable that those to whom the former said, "Woe unto you Scribes, and Pharisees, hypocrites," did not feel much like laughing, and when the latter "reasoned of temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come," the probability is that his distinguished hearer did not feel very merry. The merry-making over sin is not calculated to reform and save sinners, nor is the preaching that makes people laugh at sin calculated to advance the cause of truth and righteousness. It is one thing to get people together in great crowds by various devices to amuse and entertain them, but it is altogether a different thing to lead them to Christ, and anchor them to Him with hooks of truth, love and conviction. These two different things account, in my judgment, (1) for Mr. Jones' phenomenal success in getting people together, and (2) his signal failure to attach them to Christ in a life-long and faithful service. There is a grievous wrong here, and for one I raise my voice against it.—*Christian Evangelist.*

All government is the outward form of an inward grace or disgrace.—*Frances E. Willard.*

Wheelbarrow Christians.

During an experience of twenty years I have found Christians not a few who resemble a wheelbarrow in their characteristics. I will name a few points of similarity:

1. A wheelbarrow is so constructed that it has to be pushed if it renders any service whatever. If pulled, it goes backward, and that does not seem to be in accord with the fitness of things. So some church people go only when they are pushed. The moment the hands are off, they stop, and there they stand until the process is again applied. This is rather a clumsy, unnatural way of handling them; but I suppose it is better to push them along than not have them go at all.

2. A wheelbarrow always empties itself when it turns over. Likewise, some people can not stumble and fall without losing all their religion. One step out of the way means for them to give up everything. The next winter the work must all be done over again. They have to be refilled.

3. When a wheelbarrow upsets, it lies perfectly helpless until somebody sets it up in position to be filled again. It is powerless in itself. So with some men. They are not only easily upset, but they make no effort to get up when once down. They are too helpless to give a respectable kick. The church must get under them and lift them to their feet, or they will never get there.

4. A wheelbarrow to be useful must have a clear track, otherwise it is ugly to manage. Yet if there are no obstructions in the way, and it is carefully balanced and vigorously pushed, it is rather a useful article after all. A good deal of valuable service may be gotten out of it.

So it is with the class of Christians of which I speak. If the track is kept clear, and they are constantly pushed, they do first-rate. They can be used quite advantageously. Like the wheelbarrow, they have both capacity and strength with right side up. The main trouble is experienced in holding them level and keeping them going.

Have other preachers found such people?—*Religious Telescope.*

"In a Quiet, Christian-like Manner."

T. B. Larimore, of Mars Hill, Ala., the great evangelist of the Christian church, preached three sermons here—Saturday night, Sunday morning, and Sunday afternoon—to large congregations. The rain prevented many from attending who otherwise would and who were anxious to hear this eminent divine.

It will be remembered that during the revival of two weeks last fall, conducted by Mr. Larimore, over eighty additions to the church here and about sixty baptisms was the result. This is a most flattering experience.

The work done by Mr. Larimore was accomplished in a quiet, Christian-like manner. The force of scriptural eloquence uttered by a

Christian gentleman who has devoted his life to serving his God from his youth, in helping his fellowmen by preaching the word, did the great work we have mentioned, and this is only one instance of the many that are continually crowning the labors of this evangelist. Unlike the sensational Sam Jones, and many other preachers of the day, no word of abuse or slang falls from the lips of Mr. Larimore. He doesn't attempt to bring the sinner to repentance by abuse. The erring human receives naught but words of comfort, consolation and direction in the right path in the true Christian spirit from this follower of Christ.

The brutish mannerisms, abusive language and vulgar slang which some people choose to term preaching or pulpit oratory are foreign to the methods employed by this man, and he is a success. His work since resigning the pastorate of his church in Louisville has been principally in the West and South-west, embracing the cities of St. Louis, Kansas City and different portions of Kansas and Texas.

The best wishes of this community will follow him in his broad field of evangelical labor, with the hope that he may come to us again.—*Iron City (Tenn.) Enterprise.*

Drifting Apart.

How many persons there are who are drifting apart. Families part asunder, husbands and wives separate, brothers and sisters drift away. The same roof may cover them, they may eat at the same table, they may come and go, ostensibly members of the same family, but in reality drifting asunder day by day. They have less in common, less union, less friendship, less love; and then sometimes love turns to hatred and disgust, and persons who begin by drifting away, end in open warfare and unbrotherly strife. Families which begin to drift apart on trifling matters, are finally utterly wrecked and broken up.

Watch against the tendency to drift asunder. Keep the bonds of affection bright, pray against the tendencies to evil. Let hearts and hands be united in sincere affection. Let love be without dissimulation, abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good. Stay the harsh words, be patient under trials and afflictions, watch against sin, resist evil, and pray that God may keep you peaceful and united in a world of strife, dissension and desolation, and bring you to the land of rest and peace, the home of everlasting gladness in the presence of the Prince of Peace.—*The Christian.*

PERHAPS the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned, and however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly.—*T. H. Husley.*