

# 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 Lord, 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.

### When I Have Time.

When I have time so many things I'll do  
To make life happier and more fair  
For those whose lives are crowded now  
With care;  
I'll help to lift them from their low despair—  
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love  
So well  
Shall know no more those weary, toiling days;  
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths  
Always,  
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise—  
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear  
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent,  
May never know that you so kindly meant  
To fill her life with sweet content—  
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait  
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer  
To those around whose lives are now so dear,  
They may not need you in the coming year;  
Now is the time.

### The Face of Christ.

AN OLD LEGEND RETOLD.

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

All of us have heard the story of the artist who sold his soul to the devil for the power of painting to the life whatever subject he chose; but not all of us know the whole story of the bargain, how it was broken and what happened thereafter, as it is told herein.

His name was Camillo, and there were scenes in his life which he did not care to remember, and which, consequently, he painted over with others even less comforting. At the age of fifty his memory was a charnel-house of dead recollections; his wife had left, his children quarreled with him; most of his friends he had wronged or been wronged by, and he had made a large fortune and a great name for himself. It was not strange, therefore, that at this very period he should be notified by the devil of the termination of their contract, and the consequent immediate foreclosure of the mortgage upon his soul.

The mere idea of such a thing

brought out the sweat upon Camillo's forehead; but, having a month allowed him to settle his worldly affairs, he spent one night in tossing sleeplessly between his silken sheets, or restlessly pacing the floor of his luxurious chamber, and another in still wilder wanderings over the hills around his villa; the third morning he sent for Padre Antonio, the cure of his native village.

The father had now grown to be an old, old man; but he came at once at the summons of Camillo. The counsel which he gave is a part of the old, well-known legend: that the artist should use the skill his contract still insured to him, in painting the Face of Christ.

It was, perhaps, in virtue of his trained æsthetic sense, perhaps his ambition, that Camillo decided to paint, not the dying or sorrowful Saviour, which so many artists have attempted and failed, but something still more difficult—the Christ of every-day life. By his contract with the devil he was able to reproduce his subject to the very life. It was a wonderful picture. Just what form the features were, or the color of the hair and beard, I am not able to describe, for, in fact, no one who saw it could ever remember any of these particulars. What they did see, and could never forget, was the face of a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; cast off by those whom he loved; despised, poor, and rejected; meanness in every line, as of one who had come to do the perfect will of God. The lips were parted in a half smile; the eyes were wonderful—full of light, too pure to behold iniquity, searching to the very ground of the heart, tender with infinite tenderness.

Camillo could not stand before those eyes; he cast himself on his face upon the floor, weeping bitterly, and there he lay when the devil came to claim him. But the painter knew not even that the fated hour had struck; he heard nothing of the clamor raised by the fiend, who saw that his prey had escaped him.

When at last, too blind with weeping even to read the hour upon his horologe, the artist rose to his feet, there on the floor lay the hellish contract, signed with his own blood, and he knew himself delivered.

For an hour he was in an ecstasy; then he bethought him of his custom, upon the completion of each picture, of giving a supper to his artist friends, reading their envy on their faces, and receiving their congratulations. On this occasion there could be no wild orgies, such as had been known to occur at other times; but a sober and decorous banquet! Camillo could see no reason against it. The picture was surely the best he had ever painted.

The guests were curious and amused at their host's altered mood, but followed his lead with well-bred readiness until the cloth had been removed and wine set on the table. Then Camillo arose and took away the veil from the Face of Christ.

There was, for a moment, a wondrous silence.

Then, with a great cry, a woman, painted and decked with jewels, the gifts of many lovers, a woman who had sat beside the host and been sorely

vexed—or professed to be—by the decorum of the feast—this woman sprang to her feet, and with blanched face and wild white arms beating the air, fought her way blindly towards the door. "Let me go," she cried, "ere it slay me! Let me away before his eyes burn me to ashes!"

Another guest, a young man with the wine-cup at his very lips, flung aside the ruby poison, fell on his knees, and sobbed; others fainted; one even drew his sword upon the artist, calling him a devil who could so torment them. One by one all departed from the banquet hall, and Camillo was left alone.

He was very pale, and his hand trembled as he again let fall the veil over the Face of Christ.

With the earliest dawn of the next day, Camillo was on horse-back and away to visit Padre Antonio, for he did not on this occasion send for the father to come to him.

Arrived at the priest's house, he made a general confession of all his sins that he could remember.

"You cannot doubt, my father, that I am sincerely penitent," said the artist: "is there any compulsion upon me to make this confession?"

"None," said Padre Antonio; "none, unless it be the Face of Christ."

"Aye!" returned Camillo, "I am a free agent, and as such, in gratitude to the Lord, I vow henceforth to forsake my ill ways and evil companions, and live righteously from this day forward."

"The Lord give thee grace so to do!" said Padre Antonio.

"But, at the same time, my father," pursued the painter, "you must admit that there are some excuses for me. I inherited evil tendencies; I was badly brought up; my friends have betrayed me; my own wife was false to me, and my children are rebellious and undutiful."

"That is most true," said Padre Antonio.

"But I forgive them all freely," said Camillo. "I cannot, of course, take them back to my heart and home, for they are undeserving; but I have no hard thoughts of them, father."

"I trust not, my son Camillo," replied the father.

"And, in truth, though I am a grievous sinner, other men have done worse," continued the artist. "See what I have made of myself. You remember me when I was a ragged little artist's model; look at me now! And I have never—though under a compact with Satan—committed aught that men call crime. I have lived a life of pleasure, but have I harmed any man?"

"Thou shouldst know," said the holy man.

"I do know," returned Camillo. "Well, give me my penance, absolution, and thy blessing, father, and let me return home with a clean heart and a quiet conscience."

"There is a veil upon the face of thy picture?" asked the father.

The artist assented, with a troubled glance.

"Then, be thy penance this," said Padre Antonio: "to place the picture in the room of thine house thou dost most frequent, and to remove the veil.

And when those eyes have read so deeply in thine heart that thou seest thyself as they see thee, then come hither—if thou wilt—for absolution and the blessing of peace. Now, God be with thee; farewell."

Camillo went his way homeward, with a heavy heart.

"And but now I was so happy and so blest," quoth he to himself. "Was it well done of the father to disturb my peace?" he asked. Yet he did not neglect to perform his penance.

A week later he sought the priest once more. "My father," said he, "I am a far worse man than I dreamed. How dared I ask for absolution? For when I had hung in my studio the picture you wot of, lo! I looked around the walls, and—ask me not, I cannot tell thee. Alas, that I should have wrought evil to so many souls! Think you that I can atone?"

"Thou shouldst know," said the priest. "Return, and look once more on the Face of Christ."

(Concluded in next issue.)

### The Grace of Silence.

In this world the great purpose of our divine Teacher is the development of character. This is the school life. You and I are little scholars. If we had our own way we would not work out any problems except in addition and subtraction. But our all-wise and loving Teacher sets us at awfully hard sums in division and subtraction, and they cut deep into our incomes, into our families, or into our cherished plans. When such a teacher as our Lord and Saviour is speaking his child should keep still. When he appoints us hard lessons we should learn them. When he uses the rod of chastisement we should submit. The hardest lesson to be learned is to let him have his way. Our brains are not big enough to comprehend the mysteries of Providence; but our hearts may trust God enough to say; "I am dumb, I will not open my mouth because thou didst it."

The grace of silence under trial is one of the most rare and difficult graces, but is one of the most pleasing to God, and most conducive to strength and beauty of Christian character. None of us loves to suffer and we all shudder at the sight of the probe or the amputating knife. But when the infinite Love is engaged in cutting out a selfish lust or cutting off a diseased limb, our duty is to submit. "Keep still, my friend," says the surgeon to the patient in the hospital, "for restlessness may produce false cuts and aggravate the process." If the brave fellow is wise, he will say "Doctor, go as deep as you choose, only be sure to fetch out the bullet." Ah the battlefield often requires less courage than the hospital. The onset of service, with drums beating and bugles sounding, does not so test the mettle of our graces as to be thrown down wounded, or be commanded to lie still and suffer. To shout a battle cry at the mouth of a cannon is easier than to put our hands to our mouths and be silent because "God did it." If he is silent as to explanations of trying providences, let us be silent in our filial submission. God

knows what is best for us, that is enough.

"He knows the bitter, weary way,  
The endless strivings day by day—  
The souls that weep, the souls that pray;  
He knows.

"He knows! Oh thought so full of bliss,  
For though on earth our joys we miss,  
We still can bear it, feeling this;  
He knows.

"God knows. Oh heart, take up thy cross  
And learn earth's pleasures are but dross,  
And he will turn to gain our loss;  
He knows! He knows!"  
—THEO. L. CUYLER.

### A Curious Sect.

The "Old Two-seed-in-the-Spirit-Predestinarian Baptists," says the *New York Evening Post*, form a cardinal curiosity of the census. It will surprise our readers to learn that this sect has churches in more than half our States, scattered in 219 counties. Three of them are not a hundred miles from the city of New York. Had Priestly lived a century later they would have been prominent in his "Corruptions of Christianity." The Baptist tenet that immersion is an essential of baptism runs to seed in their requiring their members to wash the feet of the saints. Their "two seeds" are of death sown in regeneration, but of life sown in themselves "Regular Predestinarians." Their vital point is the Calvinistic doctrine of decrees in a fatalistic caricature—"corruptio optimi pessima." Conversions are effected, as they maintain, by divine power unaided by preaching, and so ministers ought not to be paid. It is enough to say to them, Thank you for nothing. These Baptists are opposed to temperance, Bible, and missionary societies, as well as to theological seminaries, for they find them unmentioned in the Word of God. Yet, like every other sect, they "forsake not the assembling of themselves together," and their ministers "feed the flock, comfort Zion, and contend for the faith." Though their communicants are scarcely 10,000, their 333 churches have a seating capacity for more than ten times as many. Half their strength lies in Arkansas, Tennessee, and Texas, and there are seven of the twenty-three States in each of which they number less than one hundred. In Iowa there are ten such witnesses, and in New York 96. In Maine they number 170, but would have been much fewer there had their colony in Palestine endured, or, when that bubble burst, had not the maniacs whom the writer saw in Jaffa in 1868 been helped back to Maine by the charity of our Government.

Looking steadfastly into the silent continents of death and eternity, a brave man's judgments about his own sorry work in the field of time are not apt to be too lenient.—CARLYLE.

Affliction is a divine diet, which, though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet almighty God has often very often imposed it as good, though bitter, physic to those children whose souls are dearest unto Him.—WALTON.