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THE

# ONTARIO EVANGELIST.

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No. 3

## POETRY.

### LOST NAMES.

THEY lived, and they were useful, this we know,  
And naught beside;  
No record of their name is left to show  
How soon they died;  
They did their work, and then they passed away,  
An unknown hand,  
And took their places with the greater host  
In the higher land.  
And were they young, or were they growing old?  
Or ill, or well,  
Or lived in poverty, or had much gold,  
No one can tell;  
The only thing is known of them, they were  
Faithful and true  
Disciples of the Lord, and strong through prayer  
To save and do.  
But what avails the gift of empty fame?  
They lived to God,  
They loved the sweetness of another name,  
And gladly trod  
The rugged ways of earth, that they might be  
Helper or friend,  
And in the joy of this their ministry  
Be spent and spend.  
No glory clusters round their names on earth;  
But in God's Heaven  
Is kept a book with names of greatest worth,  
And there is given  
A place for all who did the Master please,  
Although unknown.  
And these lost names shine forth in brightest rays,  
Before the throne.  
Oh, take who will the boon of fading fame!  
But give to me  
A place among the workers, though my name  
Forgotten be  
And if within the book of life is found  
My lowly place,  
Honor and glory unto God redound  
For all His grace!

—Christian World.

## ORIGINAL.

### OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

Human nature is much the same in all ages; the sin of forgetting God, is not confined to any people or age. We read of God's wonderful care over, and goodness to the Jews. When he brought them out of Egypt, guarded them from the treachery of Pharaoh, guided them safely through a strange land, supplied all their wants; we read with surprise that this people could forget the hand that guarded and fed them day by day.

But what of us in this day of exalted privileges; do we ever realize that no people of any age enjoyed such inestimable blessings as we? Think of our peaceful land, our individual quiet and security, the scientific, mechanical, and social advantages we possess.

Should not our hearts go out in humble gratitude to God for such incomparable blessings as we enjoy. And what of our higher privileges in this day of grace? We certainly ought to love, praise, and honour God, above any other people that ever lived; for his word of truth, and every means of grace his mercy has bestowed upon us.

Why is it, dear brother, that we appear to take so little interest in the glorious work of spreading abroad the claims of the gospel upon men? Has the sin of selfishness and pride, led us to forget what we are, and what we owe to God? When I think how much God has blessed many of us with abundance of this world's goods, and know with what a guarded hand we dole out of our substance to keep on this work I wonder if our salvation is any nearer "than when we believed." God our Father, who is rich and constant in mercies, keep us humble, ever feeling our responsibility to him, and dependance upon him.

HUGH BLACK.

### ON MODERATION.

We would like to catch the attention of the reader for a few moments, and secure his interest while we make a few suggestions for his personal advantage and for the public good, especially if he is (which is very likely) a violent extremist, for this class of men, and we are too abundant and flourish like Canada thistles in the counties of the north; in prejudices, in hobbies, in likes and dislikes, in language and in deeds the superlative and uttermost prevail. After imperfect and im-

mature decisions we love or hate with all our soul and strength; the favored ones have no faults; the disfavored ones have no virtues. We view the one through a medium of roscate hues, and the other through an atmosphere of noisome fogs. One man is an angel, and another is a devil. One political party can effectually save the country, the other is a band of hypocrites and robbers who will surely bring the State to irrevocable ruin. The religious sect that have not seen as we have seen are willingly ignorant, and deliberately deceitful; even in the most ardent discharge of self-denying services they are false and designing; if they nurse the sick through infectious plagues until death relieves them of further labors, they do it only to propagate their abominable religious errors, and sacrifice their lives on the altar of hypocritical zeal and hellish bigotry. Truth is to them dirt; superstition gold. They have not believed the simple truth of the gospel; but remember it is not because their attention was never called to it; O no! it is because their head and heart, mind, soul and body are full of dishonesty, fraud, malice, and a strong desire to follow Satan and go down to hell. They have not one redeeming quality unless it be the one the old lady ascribed to the Devil, that he was "aye active and zealous."

But here we have a "positivist,"—a hobbyist, who will stake his own soul and the peace of everyone he meets with on the extreme dogmas he persistently asseverates. Moderation! Such a word, or the idea it conveys, is not in his vocabulary. No one can be saved who believes in a "sky kingdom." Poor ignorant wretch is he who takes comfort from the scriptures which he believes gives assurance that his beloved, departed ones who fell asleep in Jesus are now with Christ in Paradise.

Without doubt, he must perish everlastingly who is not baptized in the faith of Abraham. You may save yourself the trouble of urging that there is hope for him who, trusting in Jesus and loving Him, was baptized "into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit," for all your words will be as streaks of Aurora Borealis to the devotee of one of the strongest and most unlovely heresies that ever captivated and bound in the iron chains of religious slavery those who once knew and loved the truth. But enough for the present. "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

E. S.

### Messrs Editors:—

The first and second numbers of the ONTARIO EVANGELIST are received and have afforded me much pleasure in the perusal. I like the mechanical appearance of the paper as well as the spirit and style that pervades its columns.

I trust you will continue to teach the whole counsel of God, as you have time and opportunity; avoiding unbecoming and unedifying fault finding with those from whom you may differ. There is an old saying, "that it is a difficult matter to club darkness out of a room, rather remove the shutters and let the light in, so the darkness will vanish." Use strong scriptural arguments in the spirit of love, in all the subjects you may feel disposed to discuss, in connection with the gospel.

You will bear with the above suggestions for I earnestly desire that the ONTARIO EVANGELIST may have a successful career, be an honor to the Disciples of Christ, and one that we will not be ashamed to show to our friends and recommend the reading of it to our neighbors.

Notwithstanding the above remarks, do not understand me as asking you to make your paper a tame spiritless affair; this I know you will not do; but will "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the Saints."

I notice on the third page of the second number the following statement: "Is it not true, after all, dear brethren, that what we are accustomed to call our creed or confession of faith is only our opinion and our confession of opinion? is this not true?" The above quotation is either not understood by me, or it is incorrect in itself. The sentence is addressed to brethren, that is Disciples of Christ. Now what is the confession of faith, that a penitent believer is asked to make by any of us? Is it not that he believes with all his heart, that "Jesus is the Christ the Son of God." Surely when this confession is made intelligently and sincerely, it is not the person's opinion but his faith in Christ—in a divine per-

sonal. I will grant that it is possible that I may have misunderstood the writer, if so he will make it known. With regard to the other phrase in the sentence, "our creed" I have nothing to say, only in many of us use the word in contrast, with creeds made by uninspired men; we say in contrast to such that the word of God is our creed. We do not say nor do we mean by this that all scripture given by inspiration is our confession of faith. This last term is confined to our faith in the Messiah. Mat. 16: 16; Rom. 10: 9.

JAS. KILGOUR.

## SELECTIONS.

### LUTHER'S FIRST STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

ONE day, in 1503, when he had been two years at Erfurt, and was twenty years of age, he was in the library of the University, opening the books in a desultory way, to read the title-pages and the names of their authors. He opened one which attracted his attention—he had never seen any book like it till that hour. He reads the title. It is the Holy Bible; a book found in those days only in libraries of universities, or places of learning, or in the houses of the rich—and not always found there. It is true that editions of the Latin Bible were numerous, and there had been translations into German, though only from the Vulgate; but there is nothing surprising in the fact that a youth from the remote forest region should never have had his hands a complete Bible till he saw this one in the library of the University of Erfurt.

Luther's interest was strongly excited; he was filled with astonishment to find far more in this volume than the portions of Scripture and fragments of Gospels and Epistles, selected for the services of the Church.

"Fill then he had never thought about other parts of the Scriptures, assuming these to be the whole of the Word of God. He happened first to read the story of Hannah and Samuel, which deeply interested him. He read long and earnestly, and daily returned to the precious volume which he had discovered, this store house of heavenly wisdom.

The first gleam of a new light arose in his mind, although as yet it was only his intellect and imagination that were reached. Yet the Reformation lay hid in that volume. "Dr. Usinger, an Augustinian brother," said Luther, "Dr. Usinger, who was my tutor at Erfurt, used to say to me, when he saw me reading the Bible with such intentness and devotion: 'Ah! brother Martin, what is there in the Bible? It is better to read the books of the ancient doctors. They have sucked the honey of the truth. The Bible is the cause of all troubles in the Church!'"—*Luther Anecdotes.*

### THE NEED OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

As one looks round upon the community today, how clear the problem of hundreds of unhappy lives appears. Do we not all know men for whom it is just as clear as daylight that that is what they need, the sacrifice of themselves for other people? Rich men who with all their wealth are weary and wretched; learned men whose learning only makes them querulous and jealous; believing men whose faith is always souring into bigotry and envy,—every man knows what these men need; just something which shall make them let themselves go out into the open ocean of a complete self-sacrifice. They are rubbing and fretting and chafing themselves against the wooden wharves of their own interests to which they are tied. Sometime or other a great, slow, quiet tide, or a great, strong, furious storm, must come and break every rope that binds them, and carry them clear out to sea; and then they will for the first time know the true, manly joy for which a man was made, as a ship for the first time knows the full joy for which a ship was made, when she trusts herself to the open sea and, with the wharf left far behind, feels the winds over her and the waters under her, and recognizes her true life. Only, the trust to the great ocean must be complete. No trial trip will do. No ship can tempt the sea and learn its glory, so long as she goes moored by any rope, however long, by which she means to be drawn back again if the sea grows too rough. The soul that trifles and toys with self-sacrifice never

can get its true joy and power. Only the soul that with an overwhelming impulse and a perfect trust gives itself up forever to the life of other men, finds the delight and peace which such complete self-surrender has to give.—*Phillips Brooks.*

### WHAT IS YOUR CHRISTIANITY?

I infer from Christ's treatment of the Scribes and Pharisees that it is possible for men to *drive themselves* on religious methods to suppose that they are in the kingdom of God when they are thousands of miles away from it. Is it possible that any of us can have fallen under the power of that delusion? I fear it may be so. What is your Christianity? A letter, a written creed, a small placard that can be published, containing a few so-called fundamental points and lines? It is an affair of words and phrases and sentences following one another in regulated and approved succession? If so, and only so, there is not one drop of Christ's blood in it: it is not Christianity, it is a little intellectual conceit, a small moral prejudice. Christianity is life, love, charity, nobleness—it is *sympathy with God.*

This question arises, and I would put it with the sharpest emphasis of which the human voice is capable, were it in my power to do so—*What is our religion?* I dare not ask what mine is. It is church-going, it is ceremony, it is going to a particular church, it is singing out of a particular hymn-book, it is being set within a certain regular surrounding of circumstances. I am so afraid of my religion—I speak of mine that I may not reproach others—becoming a question of routine and regulation. I now ask a man to put down on paper what he believes, then I take it up and I examine it, and I say, "You are orthodox." To another man I say, "Put down on paper what you believe." The man writes it. I examine it, and say, "Heterodox." The orthodox man has gone out of the church. I ask him to bring in his week's report of work done, and he says, "I bound your certificate upon my forehead, I went amongst men as orthodox, and I have sent at least two hundred people to hell for not believing what I believe. I got them to put down on paper what they believed, and I found they did not know what they did believe, and so I sent them all to perdition, and I have waked up to the church; and I will do the same next week." Heterodox man, bring in your report. How does it read? "Visited ten poor families, gave each of them five shillings and a word of encouragement, and told them to send for me if I could be of any help to them at any time. Saw a poor woman sitting on a doorstep, without a friend or a home in the world—

"O it was pitiful,  
Near a whole city fall,  
Home she had none."

Made an appointment with her, gave her something to be going on with, and I intend to see this woman as often as possible, until I get her established in life." Who is the Christian?

What, then, is Christianity? A broken heart on account of sin—going to Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, the Son of God, the wounded One, the Priest, and saying—

"Forever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side,  
This all my hope and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died."

Then, out of that coming all the beautifulness of life, which grows, and grows only, in the garden of God.—*Joseph Parker.*

A GREAT SUCCESS.—Dr. Plummer told this story of an old Kentucky Minister, which some discouraged minister may read with profit and comfort. The minister was rudely told by some one, "You have been preaching hereabouts for twenty years, and I have never heard of your converting but one man." "And who was that?" asked the humble preacher. A man of fine Christian character was named to him. He modestly said, "I had not heard of that before. Blessed be God for so great a mercy. And now, by Divine help, here is at it for twenty years more, and if God shall save another soul, that will be two, and either one of them will be worth more than all this world."

The ordained Presbyterian ministers, European and American, labouring as missionaries in India at this hour number 200, and there are over 500 native ruling elders.