

ONTARIO EVANGELIST.

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"Go speak to the people ALL the words of this Life."

Vol. 3.

ERIN AND EVERTON, ONTARIO, SEPTEMBER, 1888.

No. 1.

POETRY.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

The sweetest song, the softest strains,
That broke the silence of the plains
At midnight hour,
Still linger on the gentle breeze
And float among the balmy trees
Of Eden's bowers.

"Fear not."

The echo of that song sublime
Is rolling o'er the hills of time
Through valleys deep;
On, on across the distant seas,
And down the slopes of the Pyrenees,
O'er mountains steep.

"A child is born."

A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
The "Wonderful," the Living Word,
Hail! all hail!
A multitude—the Heavenly Choir—
In harmony now touch the lyre
To tell the tale.

"Good will to men."

On it rolls and onward still,
While ten thousand echoes fill
The world around;
Peace, peace on earth—the air, the sea,
The whispering winds in harmony
Roll back the sound.

"Peace on earth."

Be still, O earth, and lend an ear,
And gaze upon that star so clear,
In yonder sky;
Ten thousand voices raise the song,
Ye saints on earth the strain prolong,
Nor let it die.

"Tis Christ the Lord."

Roll on, O star, mysterious star,
Point forward to the gates ajar,
On Zion's hill;
And let the angelic song still roll,
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
'Tis precious still.

The Saviour's name.

Hark! did I catch a sweet reply
From that lone star or saint on high,
Be still—Adore;
We'll point the sinner to the Lamb,
And sing the song of Bethlehem
For evermore.

Jesus reigns.

H. BROWN.

Winger, July 30th, 1888.

ORIGINAL.

ZEAL.

It is rather difficult, on account of our peculiarities of temperament, teaching and habits, to acquire and retain a proper equilibrium in our religious convictions, our worship and manner of working. A perfect standard is given in the Word of God, and a faultless example in the life of Christ; and could every Christian succeed in living according to them he would be both happy and useful. He would have his intellect illuminated by the light of life; his affections warmed by the love of Christ, and all his actions regulated and impelled by the harmonious blending of knowledge and zeal. It is justly claimed for Christianity that it develops and ennobles all our intellectual faculties and moral sentiments; and this is accomplished not only by enhancing their power and susceptibility, but also by modulating their action and subduing our animal propensities.

On account of the differences of intellect and disposition, it is comparatively easy for one man to be an intelligent Christian without much zeal, and for another to be very zealous without much knowledge—the one constantly seeking for more light, and the other for more heat. It is thus that we find one Christian as clear in his mind as the atmosphere in the arctic regions, and just about as cool in his emotions as it is there; while we meet with another whose emotions and zeal are as the mid-day within the tropics, and his intellect as dull and hazy as the surroundings of a southern swamp.

The apostle warns the Galatians against those who "zealously affect" them, "but not well"; but to avoid being misunderstood, immediately adds "But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." He also bears record that his Jewish brethren had a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. On the other hand, James says of him that knoweth to do good and

doeth it not, to him it is sin.

And thus it is now-a-days; burning fervency and ignorance in one combination, and knowledge with cold indifference and neglect in another.

It becomes us to be mindful that while we view with pity or even with disgust the wild fanaticism of the ignorant zealot, we often err in the other extreme of knowing what is our duty and lacking the zeal to do it.

The Salvation Army in this small town of ours lately announced by bills that on a certain evening they would have a jubilee to "Tantalize the Devil." Such a scene. White men and Indians, to the sound of the drum and tambourine, singing, jumping, shouting, dancing, waving of flags, throwing up a hat high in the air, down on their knees on the dirty road praying and exhorting in fervent boldness and strong determination; and yet so far away from the pure gospel of truth that we are ready to say,—poor, deluded creatures.

The church of Jesus Christ meeting, according to his command, to celebrate his great love in dying for our sins; where he has promised to be present, where all who assemble are exhorted to love one another with a pure heart fervently and thus prepare for the bliss of Paradise, where the true believer has the antepast of the heavenly feast, sees a glimmer of the dawn of eternal day and receives strength for the conflicts of life; the members of which church profess to know their duty and to appreciate their privileges, and yet when the Lord's Day morning comes, if present, will manifest but little interest and no fervor in their worship; or, perhaps, allow the most trifling obstacles to keep them at home or go elsewhere visiting, and thus gradually lose all interest in their Saviour's service and in the salvation of their souls, and give opportunity for the sceptic or the infidel to say: "These people are hypocrites; they never believed what they professed."

O, dear brethren, let us have it written upon our hearts that Christ "gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto himself a peculiar people, ZEALOUS of good works."

E. SHEPPARD.

Ridgetown.

SELECTIONS.

MADE PERFECT.

GEO. P. SLADE.

The love of our Father in heaven is perfect. The sunlight he gives to the evil as well as the good, and the showers of rain visit the fields of the idle, thoughtless and unthankful as well as those of the careful, thrifty and generous. In order that we may be made perfect as the children of God, we must become like him in the manner of manifesting our love. We must not withhold that which belongs to man, as man, from any human being, simply because he is our personal enemy. He may even curse us, hate us, despitely use us, and persecute us; but we must love him, make him happy, do good to him, and pray for him.

Our love, blessing, good deeds and prayers belong to the race. In order that we imitate God, we must see that no personal feeling causes us to withhold them from the needy. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." When we learn this lesson as we should, "as opportunity offers we will do good unto all men." Every open door will be entered for the spread of the gospel, and no discussion will be necessary as to the method by which we go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. The gospel is everlasting; it is unchangeable; but the languages through which it is proclaimed may vary; the methods by which it is taught may differ; yet, if the word preached is pure, it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes it, whether sent through the instrumentality of the missionary society, a congregation, or a single person. All we need is to be made perfect in love, and every opportunity to invest our means in heavenly riches will be embraced. Our storehouses will be full, our distributions unbounded and our joy everlasting.—*Apostolic Guide.*

SOUND TEACHING.

There is hardly a more common or a greater mistake, in connection with religious preaching and teaching than to suppose that there is a positive gain in merely moving the feelings of a hearer. The truth is, that there is ordinarily a loss to the hearer, rather than a gain, when his feelings are deeply moved without the improved opportunity of action in the line of the right feeling which moves him. This it is that gives perniciousness to any "moral drama" which brings tears to the eyes of the theatre-goers without directing the weeping ones to specific right personal conduct. This it is, again, that makes it undesirable for a pulpit preacher, for a Sunday-school superintendent, or for a Sunday-school teacher, to bring his hearers into a weeping frame, and then to leave them there, without seeking to secure immediate action, on their part, in the direction of the good impulses and purposes to which they may have been moved by the appeal to their feelings. If it be truth itself that moves the hearer to tears, he is a loser by dissipating his emotion in tears, without seeking to dry the tears of another. If, on the other hand, it be a show of simulated feeling that brings the tears to his eyes, he is doubly a loser by crying his heart away with the consciousness that he is crying over a sham. And in this thought there is an answer to a lady correspondent from Canada, who writes:

"I was very much struck with your reply to the Michigan correspondent with regard to 'amateur theatricals.' I would like to carry the question a little further. What about readings, or recitations, which now form so large a part of church entertainments? Take, for instance, one in which occurs a prayer of a mother that a child's life may be spared. Is it in good taste to imitate calling upon God with all the agonizing intensity and fervor of a soul supposed to be passing through that experience? Is it not a favor of caricaturing some of the most sacred feelings of any human soul similarly situated? Please turn the electric light on this subject for a little while longer, and oblige a faithful student of The Sunday School Times.

Such a recitation as is above described has nothing in its favor. The better the performance the less its influence. Its injurious effect upon the performer is likely to be serious and permanent. And its tendency as a whole must be in the direction of deadening the reverent feelings of its hearers. A person of refined sensibility ought to be ashamed to simulate such emotions and experiences in public; and persons of refined sensibilities ought to be unwilling to countenance such simulation by their presence.—*Sunday School Times.*

ROBBED HIM OF HIS CRUTCHES.

Colonel Ingersoll was thrown incidentally into the society of Henry Ward Beecher. There were four or five gentlemen present, all of whom were prominent in the world of brains. A variety of topics were discussed with decided brilliancy, but no allusion to religion. The distinguished infidel was, of course, too polite to introduce the subject himself, but one of the party desiring to see a tilt between Bob and Beecher, made a playful remark about Colonel Ingersoll's idiosyncrasy, as he termed it. The Colonel at once defended his views in his usual apt rhetoric; in fact he waxed eloquent. He was replied to by several gentlemen in very effective repartee. Contrary to the expectations of all, Mr. Beecher remained an abstracted listener and said not a word. The gentleman who introduced the topic with the hope that Mr. Beecher would answer Colonel Ingersoll, at last remarked:

"Mr. Beecher, have you nothing to say on this question?"

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude, and replied:

"Nothing; in fact, if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking my mind was bent on a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed to-day."

"What was it?" at once inquired Colonel Ingersoll, who, notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter, is noted for his kindness of heart.

"Why," said Mr. Beecher, "as I was walking down town to day, I saw a poor man, with crutches, slowly and carefully picking his way

through a cesspool of mud, in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth when a big, burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man, and left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of dirt, which almost engulfed him."

"What a brute he was!" said the Colonel.

"What a brute he was!" they all echoed.

"Yes," said the old man, rising from his chair and brushing back his long, white hair, while his eyes glittered with their old-time fire as he bent them on Ingersoll, "Yes, Colonel Ingersoll, and you are the man! The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives it crutches to enable it to pass the highway of life. It is your teaching that knocks these crutches from under it and leaves it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the slough of despond. If robbing the human soul of its only support on this earth—religion—be your profession, why, ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building; an incendiary can reduce it to ashes."

The old man sat down, and silence brooded over the scene. Colonel Ingersoll found that he had a master in his own power of illustration, and said nothing. The company took their hats and departed.—*Religious Intelligence.*

OSTRICH FEATHERS OR SOULS—WHICH?

In this Christian land of ours, more money by *over a million dollars*, was last year paid out for ostrich feathers alone, than for the entire work, by all the churches, of winning heathen souls to Christ. Could we know that only women of the world will be held accountable for this fearful fact, the figures would be to us less appalling. But it is a shameful fact, that Christian women of America indulge their taste for expensive and needless ornaments, at least, almost as freely, as those who have no hope beyond this life—no claim to the imperishable beauties in store for the faithful.

Many who really think they love the Lord Jesus devotedly, and would rather die than relinquish their faith in Him, will, nevertheless, array themselves in costly apparel, regardless of His expressed desire, without a thought of the hundreds of millions that have never even heard the name of Jesus, or the *hundred thousand* souls that *every day* go down to endless night. How some of us will be overwhelmed with consternation when the great Book-keeper reads out in trumpet tones the exact amount we have spent during earth-life, for laces, embroideries, passementeries, ribbons, artificial flowers, feathers, *whole birds* for hats, perfumery, cosmetics, false hair and other false and worse than needless things, and then sums up in one grand total (?) all we have ever expended on immortal souls! What if, in speechless horror, *something within* us should force us to take our stand in the ranks of the self-condemned?

Sisters, let us every one ask herself these questions: "Am I paying more for needless ornaments than for the conversion of priceless souls?" "Will God hold me responsible for the manner in which I spend whatever of money, time or talent He has committed to my care?" "Is there not *some* needless thing I am willing to relinquish for the joy of being a shareholder in the great scheme of human redemption—some fancied pleasure I am willing to forego that another jewel may be won for Emmanuel's crown?"

Remember, sisters, that one hundred thousand fellow-beings every day go down to the grave without God and without hope; and remember that nearly one billion of those for whom Christ died have never heard His precious name.

EVERGREEN.

It is well known that it is very discouraging to a preacher to see the front seats in a church unoccupied. On this subject the *Western Reformer* well says:

"Why will members come to church and take back seats when there are so many vacant seats in front? It chills a preacher to speak to empty benches, and his words are chilled in crossing these benches before they get to you. There is inspiration in persons crowded before you with looks intent on hearing and learning something, but none in empty benches. When you wish to get warmed you get near the fire. When you sit afar off in church you say to the preacher, 'I don't want to get much warmth from God's altar, hence I take a back seat.'"