

# 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 faithfully representing the people known as Disciples of Christ in this country.

### My Faith.

I leave the burdens of my life  
And all the weariness and strife  
With him who orders all my ways  
And knows the limits of my days,  
And so I rest.

God sent me here with purpose true;  
My ignorance and weakness knew,  
And whether light or darkness fall,  
His tender love is over all,  
And it is best.

Full oft I stumble as I go,  
And tears of sorrow quickly flow;  
But he to whom my grief is known  
Leaves me not long to weep alone;  
He sendeth peace.

I cannot reach my life's ideal,  
It towers far above the real;  
But when I think of countless years  
Of future life in unknown years,  
My murmurings cease.

Sometimes I feel a helpless child,  
A poor weed, tossed on waters wild,  
And yet God's skies arch over me,  
And yet he rules the wide, wide sea—  
I need not fear.

The shadowy valley at the last,  
Where many loved of mine have passed,  
Seems but a step from light to day;  
For all the new and shrouded way  
God will be near.—*Selected.*

### Meditation Grows Obsolete.

The times are against the making of a man. We are too busy making everything else. In our ambition to outdo what has been done we no longer depend upon individual effort; we sink a hundred individuals to make a single colossus—muscular, brainy, but soulless. The man who ought to have become a great man has become the thumb, or the forefinger, or the right eye of a great corporation. In such positions we cultivate talent, not character. In fact, the development of the man is discouraged—business sets highest value on an impersonal head.

The same tendency is noticeable in our religious life. In our ambition to do, we are fast losing our ambition to be. "Meditation" grows obsolete; we talk of "activities" instead. The church resounds with the shouts of laborers and overseers who are calling for more laborers. There is an incessant running to and fro, and a noisy counting of sheaves. The ideal Christian of the day is the man who is so busy looking after other people's souls as to forget that he has a soul of his own. We praise the man who prays with his hands. It is a natural reaction from the selfish piety of a past age when men sat in the cloister and kept their

hearts inflamed by constant probing. Perhaps when we have learned that of two evils we are to choose neither, we may discover between these two extremes the happy mean of feeding our souls enough to strengthen us for our work, and working enough to make us hunger for stronger meat.—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

### Things Hard to be Understood.

There are some things that I cannot understand. One is this, that people can stand it to lose a large sum and cannot stand it to give the same large sum. I once asked a man for \$25,000 for a college. He said it was utterly impossible. Two weeks later he, by some accident, lost \$250,000, a round quarter of a million. When I met him and offered him my sympathy he said: "Our house is a very strong one and it will not affect us." I asked another one for \$60,000, and his wife said it would beggar them. He told a friend one year afterwards that he wished he had given it me, for as I talked he thought of the money it would take if he did do it, and that he had put it elsewhere and lost it all and more than an equal sum to get it out, but he would not feel it much. A farmer is shocked to be talked to about giving \$100, but his best horse will die and nobody sees the loss. Will not those people please give us their testimony whether it makes any difference in the bank whether money is checked out to pay gifts or to pay losses?—*G. P. Hugo in Christian Courier.*

### Let Us Take Time.

Let us take time for the good-bye kiss. We shall go to the day's work with a sweeter spirit for it.

Let us take time for the evening prayer. Our sleep will be more restful if we have claimed the guardianship of God.

Let us take time to speak sweet, foolish words to those we love. By and by, when they can no longer hear us, our foolishness will seem more wise than our best wisdom.

Let us take time to read our Bible. Its treasures will last when we shall have ceased to care for the war of political parties and rise and fall of stocks, or the petty happenings of the day.

Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies which we often omit because they are small will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we have coveted, or the fame for which we have struggled.

Let us take time to get acquainted with our families. The wealth you are accumulating, burdened father, may be a doubtful blessing to the son who is a stranger to you. Your beautifully kept house, busy mother, can never be a home to the daughter whom you have no time to caress.

Let us take time to get acquainted with Christ. The hour is coming swiftly for us all when one touch of His hand in the darkness will mean more than all that is written in the day-book and ledger, or in the records of our little social world.

Since we all must take time to die,

why should we not take time to live—to live in the large sense of a life begun here for eternity.—*Selected.*

### Ram's Horn Blasts.

To love an enemy is the most important service a Christian can render Christ.

People who make crooked paths never get in earnest about following Christ.

The closer the competition, the more God is needed for a business partner. When unselfish love is asking for a place in your heart, God is knocking at the door.

The only thing a Christian can do for an enemy that a wordling cannot do, is to love him.

Every time a bad man thrives mud at a good man he hits himself in the face.

It takes more courage to endure than it does to act.

A lie is often told without saying a word by putting the rotten apples in the bottom of the basket.

You can generally tell what a man thinks of God by the way he talks about his neighbors.

If you let the devil go home to dinner with you, you will have to take him for a regular boarder.

The man who has on the whole doubts as to the reality of the devil.

One trouble with the church is that there are too many babes in it from five to six feet high.

### A Year of the Lord.

The year 1895 is big with possibilities. Its twelve months may be crowded with events which shall carry forward the kingdom of God faster and further than in any of the countless years that are gone. We ought to watch the happenings in the business, the political, the social and the religious world, as though we believed that the morning cometh. Thus shall we discern Christ reclaiming the world to Himself. And for our individual lives what thought is so stirring as this, that for each one of us 1895 may prove a year of our Lord, indeed, a year in which His mastership over us shall be made more complete and blessed.

On the simplest soul that feels the wonder and the hidden glory of the universe, on the child to whom the stars are little windows into heaven, or the poet to whom

"The meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do too often lie too deep  
For tears."

God looks down with pleasure and approval, for in such a soul He sees the beginning of faith, which is able to pass behind the appearance to the reality, and make its possessor wise unto everlasting life.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

Loved ones gathered in the homeland  
Far beyond death's torrent wide  
Wait my coming: ere I join them  
I must cross the rushing tide.  
As I near the dark, lone river,  
'Mid the veiling mists there gleam  
Brightly through the gloomy shadows  
Heaven's fair lights across the stream.  
—META B. THORNE.

### "Will You Be Good?"

As I was walking on the outskirts of the town the other day, I heard, behind a high board fence, the piteous sound of a child's crying, and a rasping voice shrilly reiterating between blows, "Are you going to be good? Now are you going to be good?"

If I could have scaled the board fence, I think I must instantly have acted the part of a well-equipped Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. But the fence was invincible.

Now my helpless wrath against this mother was not because she was punishing her child, but because she had tied it up to that cruel stake of a promise to be good. What sort of a time was that for a poor, shivering, overwrought creature to want to be "good," much less to make the promise? Does not a sharp punishment naturally bring resentment? And when passion is working and seething in a little, unreasoning nature, is that any time to insist on the sweet and heavenly grace of repentance?

O mother, if the little one, inheriting your sinful nature, has done wrong, has lied to you, or disobeyed you, punish him by all means in whatever method God teaches you is best. Punish him gravely and sadly; let him know what it is to be a proper motor. Then, in some happier time, some bedtime hour, with the little head on your bosom and the best instincts of the young heart in play, then ask your question if you choose, "Will you be good?" Such an asking may help the little one to a blessed answer.

God punishes us when he must, severely enough, but O! blessed be his loving kindness, he does not hold us under the lash until we promise "to be good." No. He waits for an answer to that question through days and nights of patience and love, "knowing our frame, and remembering that we are dust." Happy will our little ones be when we learn to punish them "like as a father pitieth his children"—*E. P. A. in the Congregationalist.*

### Books in the Home.

Few things add so much to the cheerfulness of a room as books. Of all inanimate objects, not even excepting pictures, books most put one in mind of human beings. Life and thought throb within them, and there is no lack of society where they are found. You call upon a friend, and while waiting for him to appear, take up a volume that chances to lie on the table. It is Scott's "Rob Roy," and at once you are in conversation with Bailie Nicol Jarvie under his hospitable Glasgow roof, and are enjoying the good man's company almost as much as when, years ago, you first made his acquaintance. If you be not pressed for time, it hardly matters now whether your friend be detained for five minutes or half an hour. The whimsical Bailie will entertain you as long as is necessary. In furnishing a new house one should almost as soon think of omitting to supply it with chairs as of omitting to supply it with books. There is no need of being over particular about bindings, but parlor and sitting room,

dining room and bed chamber should be provided with at least a few well selected volumes, which should be placed where they can catch the eye and be gotten at easily. Books make most appropriate wedding presents. The happy pair will be all the happier for having the great writers domiciled beneath their roof. To neglect to provide the mind with plenty of inviting and wholesome food in the shape of reading matter is a mistake that, in these days of cheap literature, no one has an excuse for making.—*The Watchman.*

### Mistakes.

I know somebody who can never let a mistake pass uncorrected. He somehow seems to think our blood would be upon his head if we believed we started out for a walk at half-past three, when he could prove to us that it was only twenty-seven minutes past.

In view of it I made a New Year's resolution not to speak of any mistake that did not make a difference. Such a resolution would keep many a breach from being made, and give people much more ease with each other. It is a blessed thing to feel at home with a friend.

Did you ever have an argument about nothing at all, and then feel uncomfortable for half a day?—*Edmond Methodist.*

Greater ability and greater experience are requisite to put a thing compactly and comprehensively than to spin it out unduly, or to take twice or ten times as many words for its expression as are absolutely necessary. In a prayer-meeting talk, in an anniversary address, in a written article, there is always danger of saying too much; there is almost never a danger of being too brief. A hundred writers and speakers err by overdoing where one errs by cutting short. It is a great thing to keep always within due limits, and it is worth any man's while to strive to that end. An old minister, reviewing his pastoral labors before his people, said modestly: "My friends, I am sure I've done many foolish things in my lifetime, and I know I've done some very wrong things, but by the grace of God I've never done a long thing." It would be well if more of us were watchful as we go along in life, in order to make such a record as that good man's.—*Sunday School Times.*

In his best estate on earth man is doomed to carry a burden. The choice is not between a burden and no burden. The choice is between the Lord's burden and the devil's. The devil's is extremely heavy. Men are crushed and ruined under it. The duty imposed by the Lord is at once a burden and a help. There are such uplifts that the burden often bears us instead of our bearing the burden.—*Zion's Herald.*

Put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself. —*PROF. DRUMMOND.*