

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

### The Buried City.

On the eastern bank of the river Tigris, nearly opposite the town of Mosul, there once stood a great and important city, the capital of Assyria, one of the oldest and grandest empires of antiquity. This "exceeding great city of three days' journey" was probably founded by Nimrod (Gen. x, 11), and contained a vast population. Diodorus Siculus asserts (ii. 3) that it was sixty miles in circumference, surrounded by walls one hundred feet high, and broad enough for three chariots to drive abreast them; and was defended by fifteen hundred towers of two hundred feet in height. We cannot verify all these statements, but, according to Strabo (xvi. 7-37), Nineveh was larger than Babylon in circuit, and it must have been a "great city."

But for centuries the very site of this city was unknown. When four hundred years before Christ, Xenophon, leading the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, encamped his army on the site of ancient Nineveh no one could tell him that any such city had existed there; though they spoke of a city called Larisa. Indeed skeptics have claimed that there was no such city as the Nineveh described by the Hebrew prophets; and yet the account of both profane and sacred historians is clear that there was such a city as Nineveh, that it was great, wealthy and powerful, and that it was long ago overthrown and destroyed.

In 1843, M. Botto, the French consul at Mosul, made certain discoveries in the great heaps opposite that city, and about 1845 Austen Henry Layard entered upon a systematic investigation of these ruins. Excavating the great mounds and heaps scattered over a wide territory, he found palaces, tombs, inscriptions, images, idols and statues buried beneath the soil, yet so preserved that the plans of the buildings could be traced, the foundations determined, the sculptures examined, and in some cases the structures themselves substantially restored upon paper, in the style of the original architecture. There were halls, palaces, columns, tessellated pavements, gods of stone, and on every hand were sculptured on the marble slabs used in the construction of these ancient palaces the memorials of war, strife, hunting, amusements, records of victory, cruelty, fury and destruction. In some instances events were depicted which

were described by the Hebrew prophets as occurring in the days of Assyria's glory, such as the sieges of Lachish and Samaria, and the names of kings and peoples mentioned in the Bible were found among these ancient ruins. Among other things were discovered tablets of clay containing inscriptions in arrow-headed letters, which have since been deciphered, and so the lost literature of past ages has been brought back to our gaze.

The prophecies of Nahum and others concerning Nineveh are fulfilled. The city is desolate, it is "empty, void and waste." The streets where Jonah uttered his warning cry are buried in the ruins of the fallen city, but a mound is still standing which bears the name *Naby Yunas*, or the tomb of the prophet Jonah, which is regarded as so sacred that no one has been allowed to explore it.

The Assyrian architecture was exceedingly beautiful, but its inscriptions tell the story of cruelty, brutality and sin; and the prophet said, "Woe to the bloody city." Beneath that woe Nineveh has gone down to dust, but God's Israel lives and His people yet rejoice in that word which abideth faithful, even though heaven and earth shall pass away.—*Common People.*

### "Proof of Purgatory."

EDITORIAL ARTICLE FROM THE CURRENT ISSUE OF A BUFFALO CATHOLIC PAPER.

In this month of the Holy Souls, says a Roman Catholic paper published in Buffalo, the multiplied evidences of the existence of purgatory are timely and thronging to the fore.

Among these proofs is the charred shape of a hand in the panel of a door in a convent of the Franciscan tertiary in Foligno, Italy. It was made on Nov. 16, 1859, about 10 o'clock in the morning, by an apparition of Sister Teresa Marguerita, who had died suddenly a fortnight before. She appeared to Sister Anna, and, making a cry of lamentation that nearly froze the blood in the veins of the living religieuse, she announced that on account of her laxity towards some of the nuns who did not observe rigidly their vow of poverty she was condemned to the terrible flames of purgatory for 40 years. Then wailing, "O my God, how I do suffer!" she moved towards the door as if to depart, but before vanishing she laid one hand open on a panel and it burnt into the wood.

When the vision vanished Sister Anna screamed in terror. The whole community rushed to the clothes room, where she was busy when the soul showed itself to her. In broken accents, trembling and sobbing, she told the other nuns what had happened, and they saw a sort of mist still lingering in the apartment and the imprint of the burning hand on the door. They saw and believed, and, hastening to the chapel, made supplication for their suffering sister in purgatory.

Twice more did the dead appear to Sister Anna. The last time she declared that God had accepted the prayers, sacrifices, mortifications and alms that had been offered up for her,

and that she was about to be taken up to the glory and bliss of heaven.

An investigation of the apparition was held by the bishop of the diocese. In presence of the magistrates, the clergy and a large crowd of the people of Foligno the body of Sister Teresa was taken up from its grave, and its hand, notably delicate, placed on the imprint on the door, was found to fit it exactly. The testimony of the nuns was taken, and the supernatural character of the affair was recognized.

The mark is still there, black and ineffaceable. Some of the sisters who were present at the occurrence still survive, and they show the imprint to favored visitors. The Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., who saw it lately, tells about it in the *Ave Maria*, which contains a picture of it, and in conclusion he says: "Indescribable sensation of reverential awe stole over me as I looked—a sensation that endured long after I had thanked the courteous Franciscan for her kindness and returned to my hotel; and purgatory has never seemed to me so real and close as since that sunny August afternoon when I beheld one record of its vengeful flames in the Dead Hand of Foligno."—*Hamilton Spectator.*

[That's proof sure. Let no one disbelieve in Purgatory any more.—ED. EVANGELIST.]

### The Brier Bush.

Like some bare life set thick with thorn,  
Hedged hard by duty, desolate,  
It grew apart, alone, forlorn,  
Unthought by beauty, left by fate.

But something passed along that way;  
A thought? A smile? A touch? A word?

A bit of sunshine through the gray?  
A throbbing, lilted, lighting bird?

God know. But on the morrow morn  
That brier was a burst of bloom.  
Somewhere, mayhap, a soul was born,  
There was such incense of perfume.

Not one who passed with interest rife  
Had dreamed its wonder unconfessed,  
That such a bare and lonely life  
Held all of beauty unexpressed.

—VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD, in  
*Youth's Companion.*

### Too Many Hypocrites

A Christian worker was recently walking with a man, who, in response to something said regarding his soul's salvation, made this answer: "I don't care to be a Christian. I don't want to have anything to do with Christians. They are a set of liars and thieves. Don't take any stock in them. Don't believe in them a minute. I always watch a church member if I am dealing with him."

The conversation went on for some little time, and he was asked among other things if his father and mother were Christians. "Yes," he said, "I tell you they were. They were Christians." Said the other, "I suppose, though, they were just like all the rest,—thieves and liars, and you couldn't trust them. They were church members, I suppose."

Immediately the man's fists doubled up, his face was flushed, and he said he never allowed his father and mother to be talked about in that way; but in a few minutes he was led to see the

error of his accusation, and the falsity of his position, and before they parted he said:

"I shall never make that assertion again. I am heartily ashamed of myself. I see very clearly the whole matter. If the hypocrites are not Christians, my father and mother were Christians. I want to be the kind of Christian they were if I am a Christian at all."

This is a very common statement made by the world's people, and oftentimes remains a challenge without any rebuke. It is well to remind such a one, in talking with him, that, whether professing Christians or men of the world, the following verse makes God the Judge and everything clear: "But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Rev. xxi. 8.—*Selected.*

### Lost Lives.

Lost lives? which are they? Lives spent on self, wasted in pleasure, frittered on vanities, *lived for time?* Ambition may be gratified, aims achieved, honors won; but when earth is left behind what remains for such? Their grace and triumph will have vanished, self-consumed. Lost lives! As the words re-echo I see the saints of God, who from of old, declaring plainly that they seek a country, have cheerfully gone forth on pilgrimage "not knowing whither they went." Abraham is among them, Paul is among them, and the heroes of our century of Missions—Livingstone is there, Krapf is there, and William Carey; Allen Gardiner, starved to death on the desolate Fuegian shore; James Gilmore, tramping with bleeding feet frozen Mongolian uplands; Graham Brooke, dying alone on the Upper Niger; John McKittrick, sleeping in the first white man's grave in distant Lololand—they are all there, all part of the Eternal. And Jesus' life is there.

LUCY E. GUINNESS.

### Union With Rome Impossible.

There is something preposterous in the importance which some people ascribe to proposals for union with the Church of Rome. We are not specially interested in the talk about union between the Roman and Greek Churches. It is not likely to be accomplished; and there is no reason to believe such a union would be of any benefit to the world. But it seems strange that any Protestant, who knows the history and dogmas of Rome, should suppose that there is any special significance in the Pope's invitation to all outside of his church to unite with it. This is nothing new. The Church of Rome will certainly receive all who submit to her authority—but none others. Cardinal Vaughan, of England, recently said that the only kind of union the Catholic Church could agree to is submission—that is, individual or corporate absorption. Cardinal Gibbons, who is deemed liberal, is equally explicit in a recent article on Christian unity, in the *Catholic Quarterly Review*. He

says: "One cannot be with Christ unless he be with his true church; and in his church he set up in Peter and his successors an authority which should be at once the rule of faith and the bond of union. All in opposition to that divine ordinance, all who separate themselves from it, cannot expect to have part with Christ; they will be against Christ." There is not much charity or liberality in pronouncing all Protestants "against Christ."—*Christian Guardian.*

### The Leading Revivalists Immersed?

Yes. Let us read the list, and learn why. Moody was immersed by Geo. H. Pentecost while at Northfield; B. F. Mills was immersed by a Baptist preacher at Northfield; N. H. Harriman, a wonderful revivalist around Boston, was immersed by S. Hartwell Pratt; Yatman, once editor of *The Christian City* in New York city, and the greatest Y. M. C. A. evangelist now living, was immersed; Munhall, a union worker with Moody, was immersed; Major Whittle and Mr. and Mrs. Clark Wilson were immersed; Sam Jones was immersed; Henry Varley, the great English evangelist, was immersed. Why were these distinguished evangelists baptized by immersion? Their answer is that when they gave Bible readings during their revivals, and studied the Word of God topically, they found immersion to be the form of baptism practiced by the apostles. Is it not our duty to establish our plea in every city and town in this country when the people are wanting it?—*St. John Christian.*

### Who Helps the Fallen?

Do you often hear of a man trying to lift an unfortunate woman when she falls from her high pedestal of honor and virtue? I think not. When once she trips and falls from her high and honorable position she lands in a depth from which few human hands will stoop to lift her out. Husband and father, brother and son, are too often dead to her from that hour. But on the other hand, men fall as low as possible for men to fall, and yet the wife will lift the husband from the gutter and press him to her heart. We have seen the wife follow the husband through this life in one constant whirl of misery, and when they separated at the gate of death she would weep that she could go no further. We have seen mother follow son, and sister follow brother through paths where man is rarely known to follow woman. Who is to blame for the downfall of woman? Should he not be more ready than any other to assist her to rise?—*Safeguard.*

The *Interior* suggests that the old Brush Run church building, the first church erected by the movement of Thomas and Alexander Campbell, dating back to 1811, which still stands at West Middleton, Pennsylvania, and which, since it ceased to be used as a place of worship, has done duty at different times as a country store, a blacksmith shop and a stable, be purchased by some enterprising disciple and worked up into canes and bric-a-brac for sale among the 800,000 "members of that communion." Not a bad idea. But it would be better still to preserve the old building intact, and transport it to some spot where it would stand through all the coming years as a relic of the olden time.—*Guide.*