

Duncan Robertson

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The Canadian Evangelist.

"GO . . . SPEAK . . . TO THE PEOPLE ALL THE WORDS OF THIS LIFE."

Vol. IX., No. 1.

HAMILTON, NOVEMBER 1894.

\$1 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

The Canadian Evangelist

Is devoted to the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ, and praiseth 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 to 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 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.

A Good Course of Study.

Dean Burgon, gives an amusing account of an interview he had in 1846 with the learned divine, Martin Joseph Routh, then aged ninety one, the president of Magdalen College, Oxford. He had called on the president in order that he might be directed as to the best way of pursuing his theological studies.

"I think, sir," said Dr. Routh, "were I you, sir—that I would—first of all—read the Gospel according to St. Matthew." Here he paused. "And after I had read the Gospel according to St. Matthew—I would—were I you, sir—go on to read—the Gospel according to St. Mark."

"I looked at him," says Dean Burgon, "anxiously, to see whether he was serious. One glance was enough. He was giving me, but at a very slow rate, the outline of my future course."

"I think, sir, when I read the Gospel according to St. Mark, I would go on, sir—to the Gospel according to—St. Luke, sir. Well, sir, when I had read those three Gospels, sir, were I in your place, sir, I would go on—yes, I would certainly go on to read the Gospel according to St. John."

"For an instant," says Burgon, "I felt an inclination to laugh. But by this time a very different set of feelings came over me. Here was a theologian of ninety-one, who, after surveying the entire field of sacred science, had come back to the starting-point, and had nothing better to advise me to read than—the Gospels! I believe I was attempting to thank him, but he did not give me time. He recommended me, with much emphasis, to read a portion of the Gospel every day."

"And after the Gospel according to St. John," he proceeded ("Now for it," thought I; "we are coming to the point at last."), "I would, in the next place, sir—I think—yes, sir, I think I would certainly go on to read the—Acts of the Holy Apostle—a book, sir, which I have not the least doubt was the work of—St. Luke. "No more have I, sir," says Burgon. "But, what is quiet evident," continued Dr. Routh, "it must needs be a book of altogether apostolic antiquity, indeed of the the age it professes to be. For you may have observed that the sacred writer ends by saying that St. Paul dwelt at Rome 'two whole years in his own hired house.' Now, sir, no one but a contemporary would have ended his

narrative in that way. We should have had all about Paul's martyrdom—all about his martyrdom, sir, if the narrative had been subsequent in date to St. Paul's death." "After mentioning the seven Catholic Epistles, he advised me to read those of St. Paul. He spoke of the Book of Revelation, and remarked that Rome is certainly there, whether imperial or papal.—*Exchange.*

Little Kindnesses.

If you were toiling up a weary hill,
Bearing a load beyond your strength
to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly, and
still
Stumbling and losing foothold here
and there;
And each one passing by would do so
much
As give one upward lift, and go his
way,
Would not the slight reiterated touch
Of help and kindness lighten all
the day?

If you were breathing a keen wind,
which tossed
And huffed and chilled you as you
strove,
Till, baffled and bewildered, quite, you
lost
The power to see the way, and aim
and move;
And one, if only for a moment's space,
Gave you a shelter from the bitter
blast,
Would you not find it easier to face
The storm again when the brief rest
was past?

There is no little, and there is no
much;
We weigh and measure and define
in vain.
A look, a word, a light, responsive
touch,
Can be the ministers of joy to pain.
A man can die of hunger walled in
gold,
A crumb may quicken hope to
stronger breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing which tells for life
or death.

—*Sunday-School Times.*

A Gentle Princess.

A lady in waiting to the Princess of Wales told to a friend a touching little incident which took place soon after the death of her son, the Duke of Clarence.

The princess, with her usual gentle reticence, tried to hide her grief for her first-born. It was shown only in her failing health, and increased tender consideration for all around her.

One day while walking with one of her ladies in quiet lanes near Sandringham, she met an old woman weeping bitterly and tottering under a load of packages. On inquiry it appeared that she was a carrier, and made her living by shopping and doing errands in the market town for the country people.

"But the weight is too heavy at your age," said the princess.

"Yes. You're right, ma'am. I'll have to give it up, and if I give it up I'll starve. Jack carried them for me—my boy, ma'am."

"And where is he now?"

"Jack? He's dead! Oh, he's dead!" the old woman cried wildly.

The princess without a word, hurried on, drawing her veil over her face to hide her tears.

A few days later a neat little cart with a stout donkey were brought to

the old carrier's door. She now travels with them to and fro, making a comfortable living, and never has been told the rank of the friend who had tried to make her life easier for the sake of her dead boy.

The quiet, even life of this princess is filled with many kindly, thoughtful acts. "She is probably the most feminine woman in England," a well-known Englishman said, recently.

She has, with all her good sense, her little womanish whims, too, which only endear her more to the people. She always steadily refuses to follow fashion to extremes. "The princess," other women say with affectionate amusement, "is years behind the mode!"

Another peculiarity is her dislike of mannish articles of dress when worn by women. Her own costume is always soft and flowing. She never has worn the coats, vests, nor jaunty men's hats which women affect, and even has rejected the comfortable ulster as "a coachman's garment."

King Christian of Denmark, before a strange series of events brought him to the throne, lived obscurely on a narrow income. It may have been this early experience in her father's family which has given the princess her sincere, earnest character, and her disregard for pomp and ceremonies: She lives her own quiet, gentle life, keeping as far as possible in the shadows of that "fledge light, which beats upon" the high position she holds.

Other ladies standing where she does have sought to dazzle the world by the trappings of royalty. But she modestly and unconsciously has shown to it a finer sight—that of a good woman.—*Youth's Companion.*

Never.

If there was no life beyond the tomb, "never" would be the saddest, most despairing thought that could enter the human mind. That mother, on whose lap we reclined in our infant days, in whose smiles we basked, from whose eyes we drew our first inspiration of brightness and joy, who first taught our infant lips to lip her dear name, who guided our feet in childhood, youth and maturity, in the paths of honor, peace and righteousness—is taken from us by death. Shall we never see her again? Is death an eternal sleep? Is the grave our eternal home? Is that the end of all our hopes and joys? Where, we ask, shall we meet beyond the river? If the reply should be the blasting, hope-destroying, crushing word, "never," who, that has a mind above the aspirations of a brute, could bear it?—J. A. CLARK, in *Christian Register.*

An Appeal to Irishmen.

No people bury beneath the wreck which alcohol produces brighter and more valued virtues. Were we all sober, for our noble gifts of mind and heart we would challenge the admiration of the world. Our temporal and social prosperity would be at once assured. The pity, oh, the pity that the great Irish race amid the wondrous opportunities which America unfolds, should not rise to its full stature in the glory of earth and heaven! What are

its hopes? The best—if we remember the lessons of Ireland's great benefactor, Rev. Theobald Mathew. What are its hopes? I have none—if we continue to pay tribute to alcohol. Did I not read aught the signs of the times when I believe that the Irish people are determined to give battle to this inveterate foe and to honor themselves by their strict adherence to temperance I would, for my own part, abandon all efforts to raise them and fold my hands in despair. As we love our race, as we would gain for Irishmen honor from our fellow citizens of other nationalities, as we would brighten the sky over the old island home itself, I beg of Irishmen to labor with me to hasten the day when no Irishmen will keep and no Irishman will patronize a saloon.—*ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.*

A Great Man's Greatest Thought.

At a dinner in the Astor House, when Daniel Webster was secretary of state under President Fillmore, after a period of silence which fell upon the company of some twenty gentlemen who were present, one of the guests said:

"Mr. Webster, will you tell us what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind?"

Mr. Webster slowly passed his hand over his forehead, and in a low tone inquired of one near him:

"Is there any one here who does not know me?"

"No; all are your friends."

"The most important thought that ever occupied my mind," said Mr. Webster, "was that of my individual responsibility to God." And after speaking on this subject in the most solemn strain for about twenty minutes he silently rose from the table and retired to his room.

This incident, related by Harvey in his "Reminiscences," serves to illustrate the attitude of great minds toward eternal things. Great men are not eccentrics. The men of flippant jests and godless jests are men of small caliber and shallow intellect. It is not the wise man who has "said in his heart, there is no god."—*Selected.*

Troubles that come in the line of God's ordering for us are among our best blessings. God loves us more than we love ourselves. God knows what is for our good, as we cannot know. God would never permit us to be distressed, or disappointed, or misunderstood, or bereaved, if there were any better way of our getting just the training which we need. If we realize this truth as a truth, how much readier we shall be to endure bravely the trials to which we are called in the providence of God! They are what the Great Physician has prescribed for us. Without them we could never have such health of soul as they will bring us. They are lessons set for us by the Great Teacher; and the knowledge we ought to desire can never be attained without this course of instruction. Just that which tries us most in our daily life course is that for which we would be most grateful, if we could see it as God sees it.

Quarantine Your House.

You must quarantine against immoral literature. This is a deadly poison. It comes in various and attractive disguises. Exclude it as you would the germs of pestilence. To effectually protect your homes from its baleful influence, supply them with healthy literature. It is as easy to cultivate a good as a depraved literary taste in children. They will read something, and what they read will exert an important influence in their character. Let your most earnest effort be exerted to keep out of the house the sensational novel, the blood-curdling tales of vice, the obscene pictures, the whole flood of wicked, degraded, crime producing literature that threatens us. Put in reach of your families good papers, magazines, and books. Bait them with a chaste story and keep them supplied with wholesome knowledge. A bad book may prepare your son for the cell of a felon. A novel may vitiate the whole life of your daughter.—*Selected.*

There seems to be good reason for hope, if not for confidence, that a great change will soon be witnessed in the manner of conducting the education of the Indians. The agitation caused by the warfare made upon Commissioner Morgan by the Church of Rome is likely to result in the final, if not the speedy, withdrawal of all aid from denominational Indian schools, and the appropriation of Government money only to schools under the direct control of the Government. The recently enacted Indian bill provides that the Secretary of the Interior shall inquire into and investigate the propriety of discontinuing contract schools, and, at the next session of Congress, he is to report an estimate of the additional cost, if any, of substituting Government for contract schools. This gives the secretary large power, and if he reports unfavorably on contract schools, they will, no doubt, be abolished so far as their existence depends upon Government grants. It is probable that no more popular measure will come before the next Congress. There is a widespread and deep-seated antagonism to the system now in vogue. It is time that it ceased.—*Christian Leader.*

Some of the most contemptible hypocrites on earth are people who pretend that they are kept out of the church because of the number of unworthy characters in it. They are fond of seeking for and pointing out the imperfections and shortcomings of church members as a sort of indirect way of complimenting themselves, and of diverting attention from their own miserable hypocrisy. Preachers sometimes waste time explaining and apologizing to such fellows for the inconsistencies of church members, but preachers ought to hunt better and larger game.—*Christian Courier.*

The man who is ruled by his feelings will always travel in a zigzag course.

We are not to blame for the first mistake we make, but we are for the second.