

ONTARIO EVANGELIST.

T H E

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

Vol. 2.

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No. 4

POETRY.

"THIS ONLY."

"Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I bid?"
O feeble lips! that lapse from fervent prayer
To smile at sin, and lightly laugh at shame!
That in the chamber loud your love declare,
And in the world scarce dare to breathe His name,
Whence would ye call Him Lord?
O changeful soul! now mounting like thin fire
Skyward and Godward; now like thing of night,
Dark, smirch'd, low-groveling, and 'mid mud and mire,
Trailing white pinions meant for starry flight,
Darest thou call Him Lord?
O morning hope! O evening's dull despair!
O lofty purpose! puny, paltry deed!
O high resolve! heart big with longings fair!
O loveless life! that bears no flower, nor seed!
Dare ye to call Him Lord!
Yes, would I call Him Lord, and all the more
For this my sin, else were I sore undone
Say who should seek Him, if not I; He wore
This earthly garb, yet in Him sin was none,
So may I call Him Lord.
No heaven I ask, no crystal shining shore,
Nor land of flowers; this only would I pray:
That 'mid all sinnings, stumbings, sad and sore,
I still may cling to Thee, dear Lord, always,
And still may call 'Thee' Lord.

—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

ORIGINAL.

HONESTY.

Popular proverbs are not always sound. "Honesty is the best policy" is certainly among the unsound ones. Honesty is not a policy at all. Honesty is a principle,—a right rule of conduct which every conscientious man always observes,—irrespective of the most sagacious politic skill or intrigue by which apparently a desirable result might be obtained.

When a scheming and wily tactician foresees that honesty will ensure success, then he is overtly honest because honesty is the best policy, but may we not safely infer that the same man will not scruple to use dishonest and hypocritical methods if they are likely to further his ends? The successful politician of our day appears to be governed by no higher motive than policy and, in the most degraded and dishonest sense of the term, becomes all things to all men for the purpose of carrying his election, serving his party, and of obtaining or retaining office.

Pope wrote "An honest man is the noblest work of God"; the expression can be truthfully reversed by saying that a dishonest man is the ignoble work of the Devil—to be shunned and condemned by every upright man as he is, most assuredly, reprobated by God.

The Christian is exhorted to pray for all men that he "may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all Godliness and honesty, for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour."
"Provide things honest in the sight of all men."

"Providing for honest things not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men." This last quotation, showing that even if our heart is honest in the sight of God we should be careful to avoid in our actions every thing that has the appearance of the evil of dishonesty in the sight of man, and we would here observe that as this quotation is more especially in regard to beneficence, how careful we should be to give our means honestly, both for the relief of the poor and for the support of those who are devoting their time to the ministry of the word. Are you honest, brother, if you have your thousands or tens of thousands and let your poor fellow-Christians suffer want? Or allow the man to suffer need or discomfort who is laboring for Christ and His Church? Or are you honest in the sight of God if you will give nothing but the merest trifles unless it is to be published and blazoned abroad how liberal you are, and give as policy and not as principle dictates?

The Great Teacher inculcates in the parable of the sower, that it is the man that receives the word into an honest and good heart that brings forth a hundred fold to the glory of God. But, alas! how many in professing Christianity act out the politician's rule and join the church that is most popular or that will advance their worldly

interests, or even forsake their brethren altogether in order to get popular and rich.

We knew a man who united with a body not very numerous nor very highly honored by men, but sincere, scriptural and devoted in the service of Christ. He was a young man of talent and soon after a field of financial success opened before him. He told an aged brother that his religious connection would be an obstruction in his career. He deserted the church. He made a large fortune. He died and left it all behind. "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Be honest, dear reader, in every department of life; it may not be always easy in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation,—but it is always right,—it is manly, and, better still, it is Christian.

If you make a mistake honestly confess it, he that sees to hide a wrong doubles the evil and is degraded even in his own sight. Finally, may we all from the heart be enabled to say with the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews "Pray for us: for we trust we have a good conscience, in all things willing to live honestly."

E. SHEPPARD.

Ridgetown.

SELECTIONS.

GETHSEMANE.

Then we rose to the crest of Olivet, and caught that view of Jerusalem which we would rather have had at first. The whole city lay before us, and we could readily trace its main divisions and leading objects. We may almost certainly fix upon the spot from which Jesus beheld the city and wept over it. From the minaret at the village of—, on the summit, a splendid view is obtained of Jerusalem and its environs.

Descending the mount—which, indeed, is nothing more than a ridge—we come to the Garden of Gethsemane at its base. This, if not the actual site of Gethsemane must be very near it. There are still some very old olive trees—three of them with three trunks or main branches each. These are called the Tree of the Agony, the Tree where Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss, and the tree under which the three disciples slept. All this is, of course, fanciful. Olive trees live to be a thousand years old. Indeed, however often the branches and trunks may die down, the roots still live, and a new and vigorous life may again shoot forth. It is not impossible, therefore, that these trees are, at the roots, the same as those in the shade of which our Lord prostrated Himself in His agony; but it is not probable. But under some such trees as these, and somewhere near here, that remarkable agony took place. We promised that our narrative should be as strictly and severely accurate as possible. We therefore say that while we had no peculiar emotions on entering Jerusalem, nor even in looking on it from Mt. Olivet; while we visited the Church of the Holy Sepulcher without one tender emotion, and were filled with so deep a disgust at the manifold frauds practiced on the people—a disgust which checked all our emotion even when we visited Golgotha; while even Bethlehem and Bethany excited only a lively interest, in Gethsemane the tears flowed unbidden, and it was difficult to suppress an overwhelming gush of emotion. The venerable olive trees, the moonlight and shadow deep down here under the lofty walls and frowning battlements of Jerusalem—the Man of Sorrows in His baptism of suffering—the sleeping disciples, the piercing cry, the bloody sweat, the approaching mob with Judas at their head: all this came before us, and the "strong cryings and tears" of the lone Sufferer, as billow after billow of despair rolled over Him and submerged Him, the strong angel that came down to fan Him with his wings and nerve Him with courage, appeared as if it were going on before our eyes, and we entered into "the fellowship of His sufferings" as never before. We were compelled to turn away to hide our emotion. Blessed Jesus! how thy pure heart was wrung with anguish for sins not thine own! How chill the shadow of death that here passed over Thee! How terrible the temptation which Satan made

to sweep with tempest-power over Thee! How fearful the battle that was fought with the powers of darkness, and how glorious the victory won! and all this that, though thy dread sacrifice, the world that scorned Thee might be redeemed! Mighty strife—glorious victory! The "Leader and Commander" who here faced the terror of death and hell that He might open the way through thickest darkness and mightiest opposition for the redemption of guilty man, and bear him out of darkness into light, out of death into life, and would not be driven back even by the terrors and shame of the cross as it cast its terrible shadow over His spirit—what do we not owe to Him? how can we even speak His praise as we ought? We plucked a few twigs of the olive trees by permission, and turned away from the garden with chastened heart.—Isaac Brett.

ST. PAUL AND MANNERS.

I saw not long ago a peculiar seal ring, one that a mother had had made as a birthday present for her son, who was away at school. It was a blood stone, carved with the device of two mailed hands, one reaching to the other a cup, and around this inscription, which was Greek to me.

"What does it mean?" I asked, after a little study. "Is it the 'cup of water in the name of a disciple?'"

The mother laughed. "Not exactly," she said. "But it is a cup of water—the cup that Sir Philip Sidney gave to the dying soldier on the battle-field. You remember the legend? The motto you will find in the twelfth chapter of Romans, tenth verse.—'In honor preferring one another.' I had it engraved in the original Greek, so that every one couldn't read it, for this is between my boy and me. St. Paul has always been my teacher of good manners, and I thought this ring would please Tom, and at the same time remind him of some of the things that I cannot say to him now."

"Will you tell me what you mean about St. Paul and good manners?" I asked.

She smiled a little and said, "Why, I wanted above all things, as I suppose every mother does, that my boys should be well-bred, courteous, polite—in a word, gentlemen. But I soon found out that the continual teaching them to do, or not to do, each particular act was never going to make them what I wanted. It must be deeper than that; and after a while I came back and rested on the Bible, and especially on St. Paul. Did you ever read the twelfth chapter of Romans, with reference to manners? No guide to etiquette, or rules for deportment could do as much for one as that. My boys and I finally took the one broad rule, be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another. That, in its broadest sense, includes everything. The talking to disagreeable people, the being cordial and hospitable, the trying to entertain others and give them pleasure with any talent we have, are all I think, being kindly affectioned. And in honor preferring one another may mean everything; from the offering one's chair to the giving up of one's life.

"I think I learned this," she went on, "once when it was my lot to live for a time in a little Western village, with what you would call very common people. Uncultivated they certainly all were, but I saw there what a perfect substitute true Christianity is for good manners, as society calls them. There were some people there who never offended. Quaint and amusing they might be in their ways and expressions, but never rude, never curious or prying, or conceited. They were always considerate and thoughtful, always full of some kind-hearted plan for other people's pleasure. They were 'kindly affectionate,' and 'preferred one another.' I remembered all this when I came to the training of my own boys, and so far St. Paul has been my authority on manners. I do not say, that through him, I can teach my boys to use the right fork for oysters, or to make a faultless bow, but I do say that I can teach them to be so manly, so gentle, so thoughtful of others and unassuming about themselves, that, even if they blundered in every small social matter, they would still be undeniably—gentlemen. The small matters of etiquette

are mostly mechanical; they can be easily learned out-side, even if they are not in one's own home; but it is with the great underlying principle, 'In honor preferring another,' that the true training must begin.—Bessie Chandler, in the Congregationalist.

TO MOTHERS.

If you say "No," mean "No." Unless you have a good reason for changing a given command, hold to it.

Take an interest in your children's amusements; mother's share in what pleases them is a great delight.

Remember that trifles to you are mountains to them; respect their feelings.

Keep up a standard of principles; your children are judges.

Be honest with them in small things, as well as in great. If you cannot tell them what they wish to know, say so, rather than deceive them.

As long as it is possible, kiss the children good-night after they are in bed; they like it, and it keeps them very close.

Bear in mind you are largely responsible for your children's inherited characters, and be patient with them.

If you have lost a child, remember that for the one who is gone there is no more to do, for those left, everything.

Make your boys and girls study physiology; when they are ill, try to make them comprehend why, how the complaint arose, and the remedy so far as you know it.

Impress upon them from early infancy that their actions have results, and that they cannot escape consequences, even by being sorry when they have done wrong.

Respect their little secrets; if they have concealments, fretting them will never make them tell, and time and patience will.

Allow them, as they grow older, to have opinions of their own; make them individuals, and not mere echoes.

Find out all their special tastes, and develop them, instead of spending time, money and patience in forcing them into studies that are entirely repugnant to them.

Mothers, whatever else you may teach your girls, do not neglect to instruct them in the mysteries of house-keeping. So shall you put them in the way of making home happy.

WHAT THE MISSIONARY DOES.

Siam owes the introduction of printing, European literature, vaccination, modern medical practice, surgery, and many useful mechanical appliances to our American missionaries. They have stimulated philosophical inquiry, paved the way for foreign intercourse with civilized nations, given a great shock to the grosser forms of idolatry among the more enlightened, leavened the social and intellectual ideas of the "Young Siam" party, and almost imperceptibly, steadily, undermined the old hopeless Buddhist theories with the generating force of gospel truth. The young king publicly testified on a late occasion: "The American missionaries have lived in Siam a long time; they have been noble men and women, and have put their hearts into teaching the people, old and young, that which is good, and also various arts beneficial to my kingdom and people. Long may they live, and never may they leave us!"—Canadian Baptist.

Here let me digress to teach a lesson of pitying love. It is well to recognize that our speeches often proceed from a sad heart. It is wise to view ungenerous language as one of the symptoms of disease, and rather pity the sufferer than become irritated with the offensive speech. It is a pity to take much notice of what some sufferers say, for they will be sorry for it soon. If we knew the real reason for many a harsh word, our sympathy would prevent even momentary anger. Our Lord did overlook the petulance of the apostles; for He did not say, "Why are ye so unkind?" but He inquired, "Why are ye so fearful?" In every case let us cure unkindness with double love.—Spurgeon.