

The Canadian Evangelist.

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

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The Canadian Evangelist

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 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.

Whose Fault?

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

"Johnnie, don't do that!"

Johnnie immediately stops, and commences whistling a merry sound, partly lacking in time and tune. "Johnnie, don't do that!" And Johnnie stops and begins to whittle.

"Johnnie, don't do that!" And Johnnie closes his knife, goes to the window, twists back the curtains in a way that fills the tidy mother's soul with anguish, and looks longingly into the street. But again he hears, only in a voice more emphatic than before, "Johnnie, don't do that!"

Johnnie is a well (?) raised child; his parents are religious; he is early taken to church and Sunday-school; he is taught to "say his prayers," and to drop his nickels—which he longs to exchange for marbles, only his parents say "don't"—into the contribution box. Yet, despite all these advantages, Johnnie, at an early age, finds the street more congenial than his home. He goes rapidly through all the different grades in the school of vice as taught upon the public highways; and after graduating with laurels as a loafer, drunkard and debauchee, he finishes his course behind the prison bars.

People look on in wonder at Johnnie's downward course. And when he donned his prison dress, a host of sympathizing friends—who turn with horror from the wretch who had so wrecked his own and other lives—to sorrow with the broken-hearted parents, and to whisper of the strange dealings of a mysterious Providence who saw best to afflict so heavily His faithful children.

The pastor knelt in the stricken home to pray that the chastening hand might fall as lightly as was consistent with the divine will, and that the severely chastened ones might find grace to look up and see that the falling rod was held by a Father's hand, and to realize that in some way he meant love and only love.

Next Sunday was a fine opportunity for him to preach a tenderly beautiful sermon from—"Thy will be done," and the closing hymn was:

"Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me."

The sorrowing ones try to find some comfort in their religion, and to be-

lieve that behind this dense, black cloud the sun still shines for them.

Now, I believe that our Father always sends grace to bear each trial that comes from Him, but I also believe that we carry many a burden which He has never sent. He never designed that Johnnie's parents should sorrow over their boy's profligate life and dishonored end. It was not His "mysterious dealings" that led Johnnie from his home to the streets; then to the gambling and drinking hells, and at last to the prison cell. It was the father's imperative, and the mother's querulous "don't," that drove the boy from his rightful place, and made him an easy prey to the tempter.

The cry "don't! don't!" was dinned to continually in his ears that he early concluded that he was out of place and in the way in the home circle; and with the natural instinct that some where in the world a place was waiting him, he early went forth to seek it. The watching eye of the enemy of souls—more watchful than e'en the loving eye of mother—meets this defrauded little spirit, whispers that just beyond the line which marked the prison cell that bore the sad misnomer "Home," there waited unforbidden pleasures, and that there he would find "room for life and gladness."

Is it any wonder that the boy yields? Would the wonder not be if he should resist? I believe that the child who wanders from virtue is more sinned against than sinnin., and when at the bar of justice the verdict of "guilty" is pronounced, that it will also be pitted against those who had the training of the child. No child instinctively loves sin, while the love of home and its inmates are born in every heart.

When our children nestle as babes in our bosoms—ah, how tender we are with them! And we are rewarded by their turning instinctively to us to shield them from every threatened danger. All the baby graces are admired and encouraged. It is never "baby, don't," no matter how much noise he may choose to make. Baby sees that all admire him, and he rewards us by wild screams of joy and all manner of noisy sports, and nothing is ever wrong, for it is "baby."

But baby does not remain a baby. He expands, and so do his animal spirits. This becomes monotonous, and the restless, inquisitive boy of ten years is not nearly so entertaining as was the baby of three.

The father comes home perplexed with cares, and Johnnie's noise angers him. The mother is tired and nervous, and Johnnie "tries" her so. Then the "don'ts" fly, like hail stones, thick and fast about poor Johnnie's head, and the very things so applauded in the baby of yesterday, are rebuked in the boy of to-day.

The child, all full to overflowing with life and energy, with a consciousness of a something within him to which he can give no name, gives expression in jumps and shouts, and wild throwing of limbs. He tries his best to walk in orderly manner across the room. He means well, but he forgets. He takes three steps with as much decorum as if he were fifty, then—a/

for good resolutions—Johnnie is racing across on his hands, while his feet wave aloft in the air.

I well remember when my own dear boy was just at this troublesome age. He had been sitting in a very quiet, gentlemanly manner for a long, long while—I expect for nearly two minutes—when all at once he gave a wild war whoop, sprang to the middle of the room, and began shouting and dancing like a veritable young savage.

I had a new carpet on my floor, and for the moment considered it before I did my ch.d.

"Oh, Kenneth! Kenneth! don't!" I pleaded.

"Can't help it," he shouted, "just must." And out flew the chubby little legs, and down came the sturdy little heels in a way to test to the utmost the strength of my pretty new carpet.

Of course I should have exhibited my authority and made him stop, but I was never famous for my wise, controlling power; and then—well, I could not have made myself heard even if I had been a very determined woman. Any way he was, and has always been, my only boy.

The tumult lasted full five minutes, and ceased as suddenly as it began. When the flushed, panting child dropped full length upon the floor, I said:

"Oh, Kenneth! how could you jump and shout so in the house? and on mama's new carpet too! It is so rude."

"Don't know," laughed my young irrepressible, "but I just must let off steam."

I believe this exuberance of spirit is natural to children, especially to boys, and they are forced to find some expression. In after years, if it be not effectually subdued, it will find vent in eager pursuit of knowledge and close attention to business. But these important avenues have not yet opened their inviting gates to the child, and "he just must let off steam."

God never intended that the children should be silent, undemonstrative little machines. To every one there is given a fresh, eager, enquiring young soul. Every thing, even existence itself, is so wonderfully new and strange. They question about this great mystery or that which so suddenly confronts them. And because it is so unknown to us, and because we are so selfishly unjust, we answer, "Oh, hush! You do ask such foolish questions."

Then the rebuked child tries to discover for himself; and he gets in the way, and is noisy and troublesome. And to every word and act he hears—as tho' it were a refrain—"Oh, don't!"

Naturally the child becomes reckless and rebellious, he seeks other haunts; he learns to practice deception, and is soon lost from home forever.

Parents wonder why the chastening hand rests so heavily upon them. Why their homes are cursed, while other—perhaps even, ungodly—homes are blessed with children whom the world delights to honor. Unable to find solution, they become either piously resigned or openly defiant of their Maker; but never once do they appear to remember that the future of their child rested, in a great degree, in their own hands. Parents, don't!

Woman's Work.

O. C. W. B. M.

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Auxiliary Programme For Oct., 1894

Topic—India.

Song—"I Gave My Life for Thee."

Bible Lesson—72nd Psalm.

Prayer, Leader.

Business—Reading of minutes, committee reports, etc.

Payment of dues, accompanied by quotation of scripture or missionary item.

Sentence prayers by each sister for the work and workers in India.

Reading Leaflet—"Woman's Rights in India."

Discussion on subject.

Song—"Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest."

Benediction.

For information—What our sisters are doing in India, see annual reports in *Tidings*, May and December, 1893.

India is an extensive region of Southern Asia of about 1,383,500 sq. miles, two-thirds of which is governed by Great Britain, while the rest is more or less under the same control. It was celebrated during many ages for its rich and valuable natural productions, its beautiful manufactures and costly merchandise, the magnificence of its sovereigns and the early civilization of its people. "It has been called an epitome of the whole earth," with its mountains, far above the level, of perpetual snow, broad and fertile plains, bathed in intensest sunshine, arid wastes and impenetrable forests. On the whole it is the hottest country in the world. It is inhabited by three races—in the north-east, Mongols; in the south, Dravidians, and in the north-west, Aryans.

The population is over 260,000,000. In religion, 188,000,000 are Hindus, 50,000,000, Mahometans; 500,000 Native Christians; some Parsees (fire worshippers), with many others. The communicants of the Christians number 138,000; have 4000 churches and congregations; 216,000 scholars in day-schools, 90,000 in Sunday-schools, and a working staff of more than fifty societies, with over 700 foreign missionaries, 500 native ordained ministers and nearly 3000 native helpers.

Education is backward, but schools are wide-spread and supported by government. They are naturally an intellectual people, and possess a very rich literature.

From the larger field let us now turn and examine what part our sisters of the C. W. B. M. have taken in that wonderful mission field. The first missionaries were Misses Royd, Kingsbury, Kinsey and Graybiel, who went out in Sept., 1882. The full staff at present is Mary Kingsbury, Olivia A. Baldwin, M. D., Arabella Merrill, M. D., Ada Boyd, Mrs. Chas. Lohr, who are stationed at Bilaspur, in central provinces; Ben. Mitchell, Miss Laura V.

* For leaflet, address Lois A. White, 160 North Delaware street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Mitchell, Matty W. Burgis and Ida Kinsey, stationed at Jamalpur. Their buildings comprise a house for lady missionaries, servants' quarters, school-room, hospitals and orphanage—the cost amounting to \$11,000, being contributed by the young people of the Church of Christ in the U. S. The orphanage is more than full, and the mission bands are raising funds to build another.

The success that has attended the efforts to plant the gospel in India has been most encouraging, and the present outlook hopeful. But oh, dear sisters, let us look at the condition of the great mass of India's teeming population. There are 21,000,000 widows, 90,000 of whom are under nine years of age, and 600,000 under twenty. 40,000,000 Zenana prisoners, who can only be reached by woman, and yet there has been sent only one woman to every 1,000,000 souls to point them to the Lamb of God; and 40,000,000 children are waiting to be taught. Not half of the shame and suffering of widowhood can be told. Ramibia thus describes her: "The widow's hair is shaven; her only garment, a coarse cotton cloth, white or brown; she must eat only one meal a day; must never take part in a family feast; is known by the name of harlot; if she escapes from her house, no respectable person will take her in; suicide or a life of infamy is inevitable."

As we read of the great need of our sisters in India, we feel like crying out, What can we do for them? Allow me to throw out a few suggestions: Have you a Junior and Senior Christian Endeavor Society in your church? If so, take an active interest in them. The president of our Auxiliary is always on the Missionary Committee of the E. S., and with the help of other members of the Auxiliary arranges for Endeavor Missionary meetings. The Auxiliary is also interested in the junior work. Another sister is a committee of one on Junior work, and thus the Endeavorers are kept in touch with missions. Sisters, it will only be a few years before the great army of Endeavorers are the church, and if thoroughly trained while the mind is plastic along the line of missions, the dark corners of the earth will soon be lit up with the light of the gospel of Christ. And in conclusion let me say to every sister, keep in touch with our sisters across the line in this work by praying that the Lord may bless their efforts. Jesus is the same loving, sympathetic Jesus that He was when He looked over this world, darkened with sin and crime, and said to His disciples, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest;" and he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." E. C.

REV. W. A. NEWCOMB, Thomaston, Maine, writes: "Suffering from indigestion when in Nova Scotia a year ago, a package of K. D. C. was given me. I cheerfully acknowledge that the effect of the remedy in curing the trouble was very marked and prompt, as well as lasting."