

The Canadian Evangelist.

"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.

We Cannot Tell.

Perhaps before the dawn's dim hours commence
A swift and sudden Voice may call us hence,
Hence from this world in other worlds to dwell—
We cannot tell.

Perhaps before the quiet stars arise
An unexpected night may meet our eyes,
A night ten thousand suns cannot dispel—
We cannot tell.

Perhaps before an hour is sped away,
With awed, hushed tones our fellow men will say,
"The spirit has escaped the earthly shell"—
We cannot tell.

Oh, friends, behooves it not our souls to be
Ready at all times for eternity,
Since when for us may ring the passing bell—
We cannot tell?

SUBS. M BRST, in *Philadelphia Ledger*.

The Late James Kilgour.

The citizens of Guelph and surrounding country, and many friends and acquaintances, especially of the body of Disciples of Christ, will be grieved to learn of the sudden death, Monday evening, of Elder James Kilgour, in his 81st year. Mr. Kilgour has been failing this winter, but had not been confined to his bed. On Sunday, March 19, he seemed as bright as of yore, and Monday evening sat resting on the lounge down stairs while his daughter read the newspaper to him, and his comments showed that he was just as interested as ever in the news of the day. About a quarter to nine Miss Kilgour went upstairs to see that her father's room was all right, but was called down by a friend, who, on going into the sitting-room, saw that Mr. Kilgour's head had dropped on his breast. He never spoke and passed quietly away in about five minutes. An affection of the heart was the principal cause of his death.

In the death of Elder James Kilgour there has passed from our midst one of those familiar figures whose goings in and out were a benediction to the community in which he lived. Lame from his youth as the result of an accident, his distinctive walk, sturdy stick, vigor of body and mind, and



THE LATE JAMES KILGOUR.

patriarchal appearance in later years, made him widely known, and more intimate acquaintance only increased the esteem in which he was regarded. He always had a nod of sympathy for the stranger, a smile and kindly greeting for the children, a cheery word for an acquaintance, while neighbors and friends had pleasure in his deep interest in their welfare. In all that concerned the moral and spiritual well-being of the community, his presence and voice were to be seen and heard, and in all union evangelical gatherings his face and form will be greatly missed.

Mr. Kilgour was born on Aug. 27, 1812, in Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, Scotland. Before he had chosen his work in life he met with what seemed at first an insignificant accident—the spraining of his leg in running, but the surgical treatment in those days not being so far advanced as now, he had the misfortune to lose his leg. This turned his life towards literary pursuits, and, after securing a liberal education, he engaged in teaching a private seminary, in which such higher branches as navigation, etc., were taught. He determined, however, on emigrating to Canada, and in the spring of 1845, along with his wife and boys, J. W., of this city, and J. M., who died in Kansas City in 1878, and three other families, all relatives, came to this country, with no definite idea as to where to settle. From conversations with those he met, he was directed to Guelph, and the whole party finally located in Ermosa, Mr. Kilgour taking up lot 11, con. 5, between Everton and Rockwood, which was his home for twenty-eight years, and where he gave a general oversight to his farm, together with his school and church labors. He taught school in his district for one year, in 1848 and in 1857 he was appointed by the County Council, entirely unsolicited on his part, local superintendent of education, subsequently public school inspector for the southern half of Wellington, in which work he continued for twenty-one years, when he retired. He was also a member of the Board of Examiners for

teachers. In this long and faithful performance of his duties Mr. Kilgour had to visit every school in his district from Puslinch to Orangeville, twice every year, and great has been the influence of his counsel and healthful suggestion to the teacher, and his encouraging and inspiring words to the scholars. After he gave up the inspectorship he was for some years an active member of the Guelph School Board. His last duty in this line was the inspection of the Guelph schools during Rev. Dr. Torrance's trip round the world in 1891. He removed to Guelph with his family in 1873, and after giving up the inspectorship in 1877 lived here in quiet, his only public responsibility being the charge of the Disciples church in Guelph, which was formed after his removal here, and the pastorate of which he continued until 1888, when, at the request of his family, he laid down this work when he was 76 years old.

His closing years were full of peace and comfort, happy in the care of his family, especially his daughter Annie at home, with his sons around him, and enjoying the companionship of old and valued friends. His intellectual vigor and mental power showed no signs of abatement to the last, and so imperceptibly did his natural strength decline that it was not until last fall, at the reunion of the family to celebrate his eightieth birthday, and which was an occasion of exceeding pleasure to him, that his children realized that his stay might not be long among them. During the winter, however, he failed gradually, though he was not confined to bed, and always took the deepest interest in all that was going on, both in the home and outside, listened with close attention to the papers and books read to him, and commented on them with all his old judgment and common sense. On Monday evening, in the momentary absence of the daughter who had so faithfully attended him, while sitting on the lounge, the call came, and, without a word, he passed quietly away. It was verily a translation from earth to heaven, so suddenly and so quietly did his spirit take its flight.

Mr. Kilgour was always acquiring knowledge. It is within the recollection of his family when he set about the mastery of the Greek that he might study the New Testament in the original. He read widely, and was continually adding to a well cultivated and well-stored mind. So intimate was his knowledge of the Bible that his friends were wont to remark that there was no need for a concordance to locate a passage when Elder Kilgour was around. He delighted in intelligent conversation, and the hearer always gained instruction from the talk. Though not taking an active part in politics, his sympathies were with the Liberal party, and in earlier days he was not slow to express his views.

But the chief labor of his life was given to the religious communion of his choice—the Disciples of Christ. A Scotch Baptist in the old country, he found in the Disciples, among whom he settled, people of kindred views, and he threw himself and his gifts into their work. Every year of his life in this country he was preaching in the Disciples' pulpits. From 1848 to 1854 his time was largely occupied in evangelistic tours, going as far east as Picton, west to Lobo, and from the Niagara district to Manitoulin Island, and many were the outpourings of blessings on his labors. On one occasion he was away three months from his home. Logical and well posted, deliberate and yet forceful, his preaching was backed home by warm human sympathy and a sterling life and character. Owing to the scattered state of his people, and their numerical weakness as compared with the churches around them, his freely given services were highly appreciated and there was not a place where Disciples were to be found where his voice has not been heard. All this work was done, often riding on horseback on these tours, with but little financial remuneration. It is little wonder that his name will be a fragrant memory among the Disciples of Christ for years to come, and that the death of no brother among them will call forth more wide-spread regret. He had also the pleasure of seeing the principles for which he contended gain in power and acceptance of late years.

He passed through a good deal of bereavement, which mellowed his nature, but his own health, save for a couple of illnesses, was unusually good and he was able to do a good deal of work. By his second marriage he was related to the Thomsons, of Erin. He leaves seven children, viz.: John W., Guelph; D. F. druggist, Arthur; W. J., teacher, Arkell; E. S., Guelph; Dr. P. T., Cincinnati, and Misses Annie and Maria, of Guelph, to whom the sympathy of many friends will be extended.—*Guelph Mercury*.

"I have, during the past year, received forty or fifty children into church membership. Among these I have not had, at any time, to exclude a single one from church membership. Out of a church membership of two thousand seven hundred members, I have never had to exclude a single one who was received while yet a child."—C. H. Spurgeon.

As You Go Through Life.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of the light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course,
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember, it lived before you;
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The whole will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter,
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle,
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into the vessel.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*.

The True Circle of Friendship.

The test of friendship is frankness. To be able to be one's self absolutely; to never doubt the underlying affections that moods never touch; to have the freedom of expression that knows no doubt; to have a refuge in joy as well as in sorrow—that is to be rich in friendship. To have one such friend makes poverty bearable, and causes sorrow never to go beyond endurance. Thrice blest is the one who has such a friend in his own family. How little the art of friendship is cultivated in the family circle! In many homes all confidential relations are outside of the family circle.

This is accountable for a breaking of family circles that introduces a sense of desolation which death itself does not leave.

It is the office of the family to create confidence and interdependence among its members. The family should represent a community of intellectual, affectional, and spiritual interests. Marriage sometimes separates a family more thoroughly than death. Every stranger entering a family should seek to cement it closer, should endeavor to bring his own life in harmony socially with that of the one to whom his marriage ties him. This can be done without sacrificing dignity or individuality. More families drift apart because the elementary laws of social intercourse are ignored than from any other cause. Just so friendships are broken for the same reason, and life, instead of growing richer in love and friendship, grows more barren every day, has fewer interests, and old age finds a cynic waiting for release.

Hold fast to every love that makes life better, and keep a heart ever open for admission of a friend; but cultivate as friends, most of all, those in the family circle with whom there is a possibility of spiritual exchange.—*Christian Union*.

Unbelief never tries to pull anybody out of the ditch.