

# THE CHRISTIAN.

FAITH COMETH BY HEARING, AND HEARING BY THE WORD OF GOD.—Paul

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## The Christian.

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### NOTES AND NEWS.

Good-will.

God's will is our good-will.

Faithless counsel brings graceless doing.

Nothing makes a man cowardly so quickly as an evil conscience.

Culture gives light to religion; religion, warmth to culture.

Culture and Christianity belong to each other, like light and warmth.

Some one has said there is no pleasure in life equal to the conquest of a vicious habit.

As a great tree in a forest, when it falls, drags down many others with it, so also are many others carried down by bad example, especially of those who stand above them.

"Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees."

A little girl on hearing the above lines read wondered why any saint should ever want to get on Satan's knees.

Bro. F. C. Ford, pastor in charge at North Lubec, Me., took a vacation and spent a day or two in St. John, meeting old friends and attending Bro. Romig's meetings with the Main Street congregations.

When we Presbyterians convict a man of heresy, we do not ask what the man is, or whether what he believes is true, but what does the confession of faith say.—*Dr. Chas. Parkhurst.*

Prof. A. C. McGiffert, of New York, a leading educator among the Presbyterians, but who recently to avoid a trial for heresy, withdrew from the denomination to which he belonged, has the following to say in reference to the formation of creeds.

"May it not be that when the church shall attempt to formulate such a universal creed, it will find the word of God—ready made to its hand—a fitter symbol than it can itself produce. And may it not be that instead of conforming itself to a partial and incomplete statement of its truths, it will

accept as its all-sufficient, because all-inclusive standard, that word of God contained in the Old and New Testaments which is already accepted by all Christians."

This sounds very much like "The Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but 'the Bible.'" Prof. McGiffert puts the finding of this creed in the future, perhaps not knowing that more than a million people in the United States have already found and adopted the word of God of the Old and New Testaments as their creed, believing this to be a fitter symbol than any man or set of men could produce.

The following very suggestive time-table was prepared by a convict in a New York State prison, and published in the prison paper:

#### THE BLACK VALLEY RAILROAD.

Standard Gauge—International Line—Chartered Under the Laws of All States—No Stop-Over Checks—No Return Trains.

Stations on the Main Line:

A.v. Cigaretteville	7.30 a. m.
L.v. Cigaretteville	7.35 a. m.
L.v. Mild Drink Station	7.45 a. m.
L.v. Moderation Falls	8.00 a. m.
L.v. Tipplersville	9.00 a. m.
L.v. Topersvale	10.00 a. m.
L.v. Drunkard's Curve	11.00 a. m.
L.v. Rowdy's Wood	11.30 a. m.
A.v. Quarrelsburg	Noon
(Remains one hour to abuse wife and children).	
L.v. Quarrelsburg	1.00 p. m.
A.v. Lusty Gulch	1.15 p. m.
L.v. Bummers' Roost	1.30 p. m.
A.v. Beggars' Town	2.00 p. m.
A.v. Criminals' Rendezvous	3.00 p. m.
A.v. Deliriumville	4.00 p. m.
A.v. Rattlesnake Swamp	6.00 p. m.
A.v. Prisonburg	8.00 p. m.
A.v. Devil's Gap (brakes all off)	10.00 p. m.
A.v. Dark Valley	10.30 p. m.

(Passengers may feel some discomfort inhaling sulphurous fumes, but never mind, there is no way to return).  
A.v. Demon Bend. 11.30 p. m.  
(Don't get frightened at the dying groans you may hear).  
A.v. Perdition.....Midnight  
(Tickets for sale by all barkeepers).

B. F. DeCosta, D.D., of New York, a man who stood high in the Episcopal denomination, but who recently became a Catholic, has this to say: "Religionists in America are divided into two great camps, Catholic and non-Catholic. One camp is held by a disciplined army, the other by discordant cohorts resembling a mob. The situation daily grows in gravity. Few seem to realize the fact, yet we view a situation that never before was witnessed in the history of the world. When too late non-Catholics may realize the solemnity of the present times. How can divided non-Catholics meet and conquer an undivided Catholic host? Non-Catholicism is an anachronism, without insight, authority or head. For the noblest purposes of religion it no longer exists. Like the angler's worm, chopped in pieces; it can only wriggle." This is a harsh charge. Protestant people need not plead guilty to all of it, but there is enough of it, God knows, that at the present time it would be utter folly and hypocrisy for us to claim ourselves innocent. And yet there are Christian men who will thank God for denominations, and preachers of the gospel who will congratulate each other upon the deplorable fact that they belong to different

denominations. And there are places to-day where the cause of Christ ought to flourish, but where, on account of divisions, it may be likened to the angler's worm, which, chopped in pieces, can only wriggle.

This is the season of earth's resurrection. We look for it and see evidences of it on every hand. The days are longer, the nights are further apart. The brook that all the winter has been bound on the hillside has had its icy fetters broken, and now takes up its journey to the sea. From a myriad of life germs which for months have lain unseen and seemingly dead on the earth's bosom come forth blade and bud that in due time will cover the earth with beauty and fill the air with fragrance. Upon the trees the buds are swollen, and already in some places the leaf is forcing its way out; and we know that hidden below, waiting for softer winds and a warmer sun, is the flower and fruit. What does it all mean, and what is the lesson? What it all means we shall not know, and all of the lesson we shall not learn until we come to be like him without whom nothing was made that is made. But we can learn something. We know that the lengthening days, the gentle rains, the warm sun of spring, do not give life, but only birth. Last autumn was all this life begotten; and all the long winter, hidden by husk of bud, and locked in frozen earth, all the beauty, from the grass blade and the tiny star flower to the most perfect flower and fruit, which shall this summer embellish the earth, has lain in embryo. In the spiritual life this is our winter. We shall not here see the perfect flower of character. When Christ comes will be our summer. But the life must be laid up here, must here be begotten. If nature by any mishap forgot the work of the autumn, all summer long the branch would be empty and the earth barren. It would take at least another autumn, another winter with its cold and darkness, to bring forth life. If we neglect here to lay up the germ of the spiritual life, all the warmth and brightness of another world will not create it. We cannot hope that even another winter will be given to us to remedy this neglect.

The saddest cry in the world to-day goes up from India. The most awful pictures that the universe contains are being painted daily in that famine-stricken land. In South Africa for months men have been dying, offering up their lives, in obedience to that duty, love of liberty and country, which is second to but one other, love of God. Many an English soldier will sleep 'neath the veldt of that far-away land. But they will have died for something, liberty of their fellow man, something worth dying for. In the Philippine Islands other men go forth, and for the progress of civilization counting their lives not dear unto themselves, cheered by the enthusiasm of battle and the hope of reward, many of them to die, yet not in vain. Upon their sacrifice of life shall be built the free institutions of a people. This is worth dying for.

But in India a great multitude are dying, not for love of country, nor love of liberty,