

THE CHRISTIAN.

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

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BRO. HUGHES has been very poorly for the last two months. Something over a week ago he arrived in St. John, since which he has been gradually improving.

THIS issue is somewhat late, due to circumstances over which we had no control. THE CHRISTIAN for May will not be issued till near the middle of the month, as the publishers are about to move their place of business.

BRO. G. D. WEAVER, one of our boys at the Bible College, Ky., writes in response to a letter received: It found us all well and progressing nicely. We are looking forward with bright hopes, and often talk of the time when we will get through here and return to the provinces to work.

BRO. WILLIAM MURRAY has been for a short time with the brethren at East Machias. Three confessed Christ and were buried with the Lord in baptism. He is now visiting the church at Leonardville, after which he goes to Princeton, Maine, where he will remain for at least three months.

THE question is sometimes asked: Why is it that men and women do not obey the Saviour? And again, Why are the meetings so thinly attended? Several reasons may be given for this state of things, and the N. Y. Advocate presents two or three:

The pernicious custom of looking to the pastor alone to attract the people and hold them has been the ruin of some churches. The pastor cannot fill the house. He will do well if he fills the pulpit. The church members must fill the pews. This they can do by being present at every service and by inviting others, and by treating strangers in such a way that they will desire to return, and by praying and laboring for the conversion of souls. If none are drawn to the church except those whom the minister draws, there will be few remaining when he is gone. It is far more important to have a drawing church than a drawing pastor.

THE following clippings from private letters are but a few of the many encouraging words received from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN:

"I am glad to hear of the growing success of your interesting paper, which will keep the wants and the triumphs before the minds of the people."

"We must have THE CHRISTIAN anyway, for I am sure we could not afford to do without it, and only wish it came oftener."

SOME one has compared the rum shops to a mad dog, and then in an adroit manner presents the various methods suggested by the public for the treatment of said dog:

"There are five ways of dealing with the dog; one is to let him run loose and bite whomever he pleases; that is free whiskey. Another is to tie him up with a long chain, and tax his owner \$50; that is low license. Another is to shorten the chain and charge a good round sum; that is high license. Another is to drive him out of town into the next town; that is local option. But the only effective way is cut his tail off close behind his ears; that is prohibition." But "a majority of the people who make the laws don't think so, and until we can convert them to our way of thinking, the dog must live." Meanwhile, what shall be done with him? Surely not to let him run at large, but to tie him up as tight and short as possible and restrict to the utmost his dangerous power.

TALMAGE, in one of his characteristic sermons, presents in a forcible manner his idea of a religious humbug as follows:

One of the professors in Harvard University was a great bug-ologist. He had all sorts of bugs the world ever saw, in frames; and he studied bug-ology until he knew all about it, and had thousands of specimens of different sorts of bugs. And the mischievous students took the legs of one bug, and the body of another, and the wings of another, and put them all together, just as nature puts them together and carried the bug in to the old professor, with his thick glasses on, and laid it on the table and said:

"Professor, what sort of bug is that?" The old professor looked at it, and turned it around, and looked at it, and looked at it, and looked at it again, and said he, "Gentlemen, this is a humbug." And this is just what we mean by a religious humbug. He has got the head of a Christian, and the feet of a dancer, and the tongue of a tattler, and the appetite of a drunkard, and the laziness of a shirk; and you just put him all together, and he is the finest specimen of humbug you ever saw.

THE *New York Herald*, of a short time ago, was somewhat puzzled to account for the almost universal fear of Sunday rains, and says:

"It is universally regarded as unhealthy, if not positively dangerous, to go to church in the rain. A downright pour will not keep us from the opera on Monday, but even a drizzle on Sunday dooms the poor minister to preach to empty pews. Whether the Sunday rain is exceptionally wet, or there is more rheumatism flying around on that day, or religion, like sugar, dissolves when in contact with moisture, we will not attempt to say; we simply indicate the peculiarity, and leave to others the pleasure of solving the puzzle."

By reading the above, a writer of considerable experience declares that throughout the State of Kentucky, (yes, and without fear of contradiction, he might include P. E. I., N. S., and N. B.), there exists as in New York the same dread and precautions, concerning the unhealthfulness of Sunday rain, and writes:

This puzzle is older to us than the suggestion of the *New York Herald*, isn't it, brother preacher? Its solution has baffled us for years. Its exceptional wetness is not confined to the State of New York, it is just as wet down here in the State of Kentucky, and is considered just as dangerous. It comes down especially charged with rheumatism, hoarseness, consumption, toothaches, headaches, and our people even believe that with some susceptible constitutions it may bring on cramp, colic and lockjaw. The rooster farmer who goes about all day Saturday in the rain putting up fences and

feeding stock, wouldn't dare to venture out on a rainy Sunday. He is peculiarly susceptible to the rheumatism and it wouldn't do at all. The young lady who ventures out the stormiest night to the party, couldn't think of risking her health going to church on a rainy Sunday, for her grandmother was a consumptive and it behooves her to be very careful of herself, and the Sunday rains are so dangerous, you know.

Will not some good chemist take these naughty Sunday rain drops to his laboratory, and by sharp analysis give us the secret of their baneful power to destroy robust health and breed disease?

N. B. AND N. S. MISSION BOARD.

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Miscellaneous.

THE CHURCH AT TIVERTON.

In my last letter I undertook to give an outline of the history of the church in Westport, and promised in my next to give a brief sketch of the church in Tiverton. This promise, with your permission, I will now fulfill.

I have already spoken of the mission of Bro. Crawford to Digby County, and of his preaching on Long Island. Though the opposition he met was strong and bitter, yet there were a few who stood by the preacher, being convinced that the word preached was in truth the Word of God. Among these were Bro. John A. Smith and Sister Smith. For their adherence to these truths, and because their house became the home of the preacher they incurred the displeasure of the church of which they were then members, which resulted in a separation. All this took place long before there was a church organized in Tiverton. If I am not mistaken, there was at this time but one church on Long Island, and that was the Baptist Church, with its headquarters at Freeport. There were a few others at this time, whose names I cannot now recall, who also accepted the ancient order of things as presented by Bro. Crawford. There were a few baptized on Long Island by Bro. Crawford, but I cannot give their names.

Thus matters stood until after the organization of the church in Westport, when Bro. J. B. Knowles came to labor with the brethren there. I have often heard the brethren in Tiverton speak of the time when Bro. Knowles first landed there. Having come in a little vessel from St. John, and not knowing whether he had a friend on the island, he started and walked ten miles to Freeport. Had he known the warm hearts there that were ready to receive him, he would not have taken this long walk, tired and seasick as he was.

But soon after Bro. Knowles got settled at Westport, he was encouraged to extend his labors to Tiverton, which he was only too glad to do. Soon a great interest was awakened; and quite a