

THE CHRISTIAN.

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

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THE annual financial report of the Mission Board will appear in the November number.

BRO. ELLIS B. BARNES, at the Bible College, Lexington, Kentucky, spent his vacation in preaching and holding protracted meetings. Concerning one of them he writes: "The meeting at Flower Creek was a good one, with the following results: Five from the Baptists, five restored, one by letter, and eighteen by confession and baptism; everybody encouraged, and all will go on with more determination than ever to do still better in the future.

KNOWING that our readers are interested in our yearly meetings, and that many of them were unable to be present, we have given a somewhat detailed account of the proceedings at Tiverton. There was one meeting of which no mention is made in the report, that was held on Friday evening before our arrival. The sermon was preached by Bro. Cooke, of Westport.

ON Saturday morning, September 21st, by the Flying Yankee, Brother and Sister George Garrity left St. John for Chico, Butte Co., California. Bro. Garrity is now over eighty years old, his eightieth birthday being on the 23rd of last August. He weighs some few pounds over two hundred. His memory is exceedingly faulty, in fact, you might say almost gone. His general health, however, is very good, but still he is frail, and the long trip will certainly be very trying to one of his age.

WITH this issue closes Vol. VI. of THE CHRISTIAN. For No. 1 of Vol. VII. we want a long list of subscriptions for the Mission and Educational Funds. Read Bro. Cooke's article, "Will you help us," and then say *I will*, and carry out in action. If it is only twenty-five cents, why, send it along to T. H. Capp, Box 106, St. John, N. B.

The following we take from the *Gospel Advocate* of the 4th of August:

Young Bro. E. B. Barnes will begin a series of meetings with the church at Flower Creek, August 9th. We understand that Bro. A. J. Ellett will assist him in song. Bro. Barnes is from St. John, N. B. We perhaps saw him while in St. John, but he was a youth then of not more than fourteen summers. Judging him from the Barnes we met, and by the reports that come up from Flower Creek, and last but not least from his fellow-students, Bro. Barnes will make a "gospel mark" in the world if the Lord spares his life.

OUR ANNUAL MEETING.

The event of the year for our brethren in these two provinces has come and gone, and we are now home again, recalling to ourselves and relating to others, not fortunate enough to have been present, the profitable hours spent at Tiverton.

On Friday morning, Sept. 6th, at a quarter to eight, a number of us were on board the "Monticello," for Digby, N. S. The morning was somewhat hazy—perhaps a stranger would have called it foggy, but really it was not—the fog horns were not blowing, and our steamer, though speeding swiftly along, had ever before it and on all sides a clear space of at least three-quarters of a mile. The water was remarkably smooth, so that the most susceptible gave no signs of that ever-dreaded, indescribable and never-to-be-forgotten sea sickness.

In three hours and twenty minutes we were across the bay, and our steamer made fast to Digby pier. We have nothing but words of praise for the "Monticello." She is a fine boat, the best that has been on the route. She is nicely fitted up, and for their pluck and enterprise the company deserve the thanks and as far as possible the patronage of all who have at heart the interest of these provinces.

After an elapse of something like three hours, we wended our way to the depot of the Western Counties Railway, and in a short time were, in railway fashion, rushing on to Weymouth, where we arrived about 4.20. Here, as along the line, our number was increased, until our party counted something over forty. Having been notified that a steamer would be in waiting to carry us over St. Mary's Bay, we hurried down the street towards the wharf. The wharf was there, but where, oh where, was the steamer! The answer came. She is not far off, she'll be back soon—she has gone to tow up a schooner. Submitting gracefully to the inevitable we sat down on a pile of boards or strolled aimlessly around, waiting patiently for a solid hour; but no steamer came in sight. Somewhat impatiently we wiled away another hour. Still the "Alameda" came not. Then, without a dissenting voice, it was decided that we were not receiving fair play, and that the terms of agreement were not being carried out by the manager of the boat. But at last she came, ploughing proudly up to the wharf, took us aboard, and by 7 p.m. had her bow turned Tiverton-ward. The shades of evening were fast gathering around us, and the "Alameda," a fair sized tugboat, seemed to glide over the smooth waters of the Weymouth, or Sissiboo, river; and as we came past the lighthouse, and watched its rays of light thrown out upon the waters, our company's ruck up the hymn: "Brightly beams our Father's mercy, from His lighthouse evermore." Thus everything was going on smoothly and joyfully, when some one said: "Probably the fog may shut down upon us before we reach the other shore." And sure enough it did. It was fog this time without a doubt. Still the little steamer kept on her course, and slackened not her speed. But after an hour or so the captain deeming (as did the one in charge of the vessel on which Paul was a prisoner to Rome) that he drew near to land, kept his hand firmly upon the wheel, his eyes upon the compass, with an occasional glance at his

watch. It was exciting to watch the anxious look of captain, as from the pilot window he peered out to see if possible the traces of land; to hear the questions and answers that plied between captain and men on the lookout; to hear the ringing of the bell to stop the engine; the blowing of the whistle to awaken a response from the shores; the question of the captain: "Do you hear the rips? we must avoid them if possible; but what we need to fear is the ledge of rocks just off the passage"; then the throbbing of the engine again, as at half speed, cautiously our little boat forged her way through water and fog. Oh! if some one had but started up "Home, sweet home," several would have said, That's so, there is no place like home.

But the captain, L. D. Payson, of Westport, understands perfectly his business. His courtesy in answering numerous questions, his carefulness and coolness amid dangers, so well known to him, deserves the highest commendation. About ten o'clock we arrived at Tiverton, when, upon the wharf, a large crowd of brethren and friends gave us a warm welcome, and like the people of Melita, showed us no little kindness, for they kindled their fires and received us every one, not because of the present rain or cold—though it was cold,—but because we were brethren.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Saturday morning was a fine morning, and as the hour (ten o'clock) for worship drew near, groups of friends were gathered here and there along the road, and yonder, near the house of the Lord, heartily greeting each other, and strengthening the ties that for years had bound them together. Being assembled, Bro. J. A. Gates, of Southville, N. S., took charge of the meeting, announcing the hymn, "How sweet, how heavenly is the sight," etc. Psalm xix. was read. Bro. J. B. Wallace, of West Gore, then led us in prayer. After singing "In all my Lord's appointed ways," etc., Bro. Gates, quoting the words of the Psalmist: "Let the words of my mouth," reminded us that such should be the desire and determination of all present. What grand results would follow. Our lives would be better, we would think less of earth and more of heaven; our earnest desire would be to see the cause of Christ prosper, and more souls would be won for the Master. Bro. Ford followed with a few remarks. Bro. Wallace then stood up and referred to the grand work in which we were engaged. Said he, "It is the best work on earth, the work of saving souls. I am pleased to be, at this meeting, to see the brethren of former years and to make the acquaintance of new ones." So the meeting went on, one after another speaking a word for Jesus, until someone broke out singing "Jesus, I love Thy charming name, 'tis music to my ear," and the quickness with which the rest joined in was surprising. The time for the social meeting having expired it was brought to a close by singing "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Bro. Harding, of Halifax, N. S., then took the pulpit, read and based his remarks upon the words of Paul to the Hebrews: "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed," "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" and then discussed in somewhat the following order: (1) Why give heed. (2) If neglected is there any way of escape? (3) The greatness of this sal-