

The Christian.

ST. JOHN, N. B., - - NOVEMBER, 1897.

EDITORIAL.

VOLUME XV.

For God's good providence in permitting THE CHRISTIAN to enter its fifteenth volume, we desire to express our thanks to his holy name.

Considering how difficult it is to sustain a religious paper in a small community, it is a gratifying surprise that THE CHRISTIAN still lives, and that, too, without any known signs of decay. Perhaps no other periodical in Canada, published by our brethren, has seen its fifteenth year, so many things are apt to work against it. A paper which is open to every one who wishes to write in it on reasonable conditions, is sure to give undesigned offence to some. A writer is disappointed because all he has written does not appear, while others are displeased because so much has been said upon the same subject, and both take it so hard as to withdraw their support.

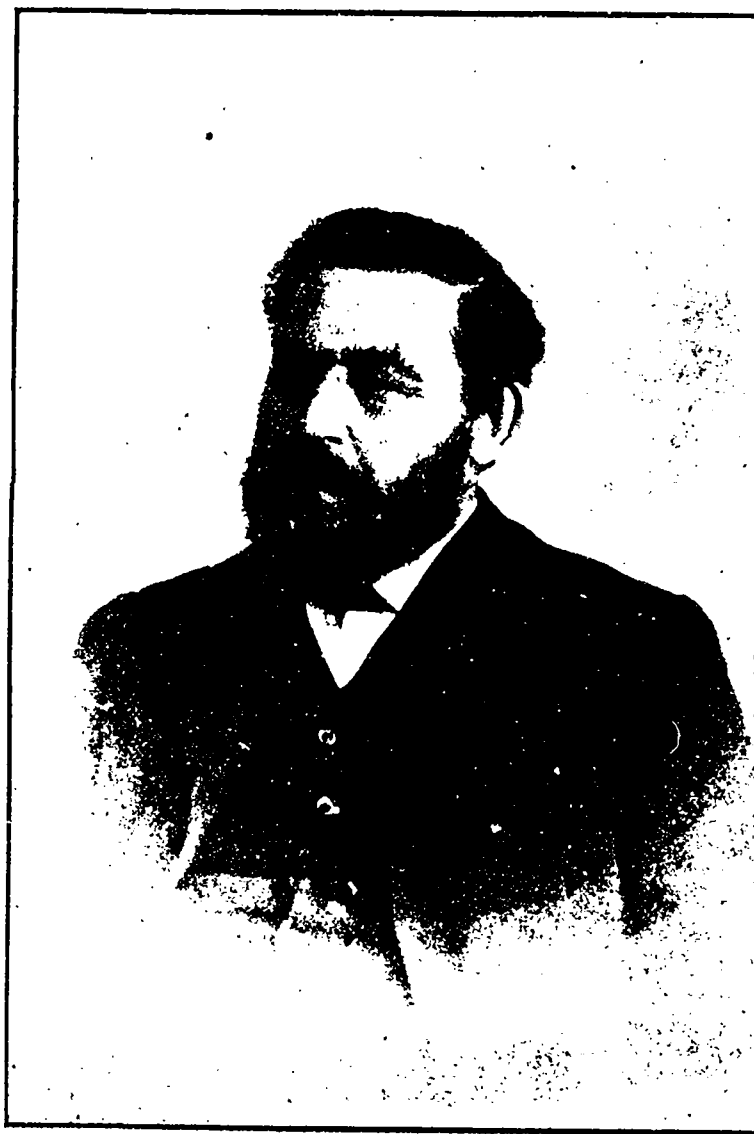
Others imagine that the paper is run for personal gain for the few to fleece the many, and make this an excuse for leaving it to take care of itself. While others for no particular reason are so indifferent about it as to forsake it in its time of need. These and many other causes have their deadly influences when the charms of a new paper are over.

THE CHRISTIAN is published to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. Believing that Christianity is wholly of God, and that he can prosper it independent of sectarianism, the object of this paper is to call men's attention to those facts and to plead for Christianity, and for it alone, as fully revealed in the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The heavenly satisfaction of such pleading may be felt, but cannot be described. How glorious is the power of God, but how transcendently glorious is his power unto salvation to every one that believeth, and this excelling glory is in the gospel of Christ.

The hope that our paper would be sustained in its work has been more than realized. Its expenses have been regularly met with a surplus in fund to pay those that preach the gospel. It reports the labors and success of those who preach the gospel at home and abroad, as well as the untiring efforts of those who, under God, hold up their hands. It gives the cheering news of the triumphs of redeeming love in the salvation of men.

The writers who in general fill its columns with matter, Christian and kind, seem to be on the increase, with the constant resolve to continue and increase its usefulness. May all such be encouraged to feel that it is our paper because we are Christ's and Christ's is God's.

While referring gratefully to all the friends of THE CHRISTIAN we cannot omit to mention our lamented Bro. Barnes, who was its faithful and efficient helper, even until death. We would like to say much about him, but would rather listen to the voice from heaven saying, "Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them." (Rev. xiv. 13).



JAMES EUSTACE BARNES.

JAMES E. BARNES.

We clip the following from the *Church Register*, Plattsburg, Mo. It was written by one of the editors, T. H. Capp, who was so long associated with Bro. Barnes in the work in this city. We are glad to have this article by a former co-editor to accompany the photo-engraving on this page:

Though the subject of these few words lived many miles away from here, still our readers will be interested in reading of a few facts in the life of one so dear to the hearts of all who knew him. The brethren throughout the Maritime provinces of Canada, feel

deeply the loss of J. E. Barnes, of St. John, N. B. In 1840 he obeyed the Saviour. For fifteen years was an elder of the Coburg street church; and for nearly fifty years was superintendent of the Sunday-school. He was never known to miss, unless sick or out of the city, a Lord's day meeting, Sunday-school, prayer meeting or any other, of his church. The large sums of money he voluntarily and cheerfully gave to the cause of his Master will never be known on earth. On several occasions he denied himself a contemplated pleasure trip because the cost would enable him to meet his share of some needed expense of the church. To the question, "How are you able to give so much to

the church," his reply was, "Post mortem gifts are good, but I want to see for myself the direction my money is going and the good it is doing." On Sunday morning, August 29th, at a quarter to nine o'clock, he entered the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The bells that morning called as before the children together, but the faithful Coburg street superintendent answered not. The children that morning felt sad indeed, and as if sharing their sorrow, even the clock in the school-room, that for years had felt his friendly hand upon its face, and a new impulse as he turned the winding key, stopped ticking at a quarter to nine, the very moment that Bro. Barnes departed to be with Christ. Yes, that morning he entered the home above, greeted the loved ones gone before, among them his dear wife, one of the noblest, most pious, tender-hearted, conscientious Christian ladies that ever it was our privilege to meet; he met with the saints above and heard sung as never before the song of the redeemed, and then with heavenly rapture heard the angel choir, bursting with joy and gladness with indescribable perfectness and sweetness, fill and re-fill

with their angelic choruses the great temple of the living God. Our brother is not dead—his works do follow him; many still live that call him "Blessed." He has simply changed his place of living. What a comfort to his sons and daughter.

Through an oversight no mention has been made in these columns of the death of Ira C. Mitchell, which took place at Belfonte, Pa., July 25th. He was in his 65th year. Bro. Mitchell was well known on P. E. Island, where he spent a year about twelve years ago. The writer owes much to his instructive teaching.