

The Christian.

ST. JOHN, N. B., - - - OCTOBER, 1894.

EDITORIAL.

This number closes the eleventh volume of THE CHRISTIAN. In the good providence of God it has visited its patrons every month since its commencement, and it is still as anxious as as ever to hold before its readers "the form of sound words." The reasons given in the first number for starting THE CHRISTIAN are equally potent now for continuing it. It was then hoped that a paper could be successfully upheld (though it stands alone in these provinces) which maintains that a man can be a true Christian without being a sectarian of any kind, and that a church can be a church of Christ without being a sectarian church, and that no creed formulated by men is binding upon the children of God. This was no vain hope. The paper still lives and prospers. When we consider how difficult it is to keep up a small religious periodical, and that so many after a hard struggle die of want, and that ours still lives, we "thank God and take courage." He who knows our motives and who has so kindly cared for us in the past will not leave us alone in struggling for his truth and the salvation of men.

THE CHRISTIAN aims constantly to call men's attention to the last commission of the ascending Saviour; first, that the anxious enquirer may know with certainty how Jesus has promised to save him, and also that the saved may feel bound by his urgent command to carry the gospel to the lost. It urges the unsaved to compare the recorded conversions in the New Testament with the Lord's last commission, to be convinced of its truth and power, and urges the saved to do all in their power to induce the lost to believe and obey the Saviour.

As there is, for the young Christian, either growth or death, and the former is promoted by proper work and proper food, much is said in the paper of the proper work of the young Christian, work that increases the efficiency of the church and leads the lost to Jesus. And as the words of Jesus are the proper food for the renewed soul, THE CHRISTIAN is constantly bringing before its readers Bible subjects, especially the teaching of Jesus, on prayer and other vital matters, and it aims to encourage such discussions as lead to godly edifying rather than to strife and vain glory. It strives to remove from the anxious enquirer everything that keeps him away from Christ, and to convince him that Jesus is anxiously waiting to save him. It also encourages the saved to grow on in grace and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We would praise the Lord for its measure of success, and plead with him to forgive all its imperfections.

We often hear words of cheer and good will from those whose judgment and integrity we have reason to respect. And while it is impossible to please all, the wonder is that we hear so few fault-finders and that so few subscribers discontinue the paper.

We ask the friends who have stood by THE CHRISTIAN both as contributors and subscribers: Will you continue your labor of love and help both to improve and circulate it, and thus increase its power for good? For ourself we say we feel to be drawing near the day of reckoning, and regard it as a duty and high privilege with our strength, however little it may be, to "work till Jesus comes," for it will outweigh in degrees immeasurable all that earth can give, or do, or say, to hear the Master's final "Well done."

Selected.

THE CHURCH WALKING WITH THE WORLD.

MATILDA C. EDWARDS.

The Church and the World walked far apart,
On the changing shores of time;
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.
"Come, give me your hand," cried the merry World,
"And walk with me this way;"
But the good Church hid her snowy hand,
And solemnly answered, "Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way of endless death;
Your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me a little space,"
Said the World, with a kindly air;
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there;
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
And mine is broad and plain;
My road is paved with flowers and gems,
And yours with tears and pain.
The sky above me is always blue,
No want, no toil I know;
The sky above you is always dark,
Your lot is a lot of woe.
My path, you see, is a broad, fair path,
And my gate is high and wide--
There is room enough for you and for me
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World,
And gave him her hand of snow;
The old World grasped it and walked a'long,
Saying in accents low,
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste,
I will give you pearls to wear,
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."
The Church looked down at her plain, white robes,
And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
With a smile contemptuous curled.
"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church with a smile of grace;
Then her pure white garment drifted away
And the World gave, in their place,
Beautiful satins and shining silks,
And roses and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell
Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World,
"I'll build you one like mine;
Carpets of Brussels, and curtains of lace,
And furniture ever so fine."
So he built a costly and beautiful house--
Splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there,
Gleaming in purple and gold;
And fairs and shows in the halls were held,
And the World and his children were there;
And laughter and music and feasts were heard
In the place that was meant for prayer.
She had cushioned pews for the rich and great
To sit in their pomp and pride,
While the poor folks, clad in their shabby suits,
Sat meekly down outside.

The angel of mercy flew over the Church,
And whispered, "I know thy sin;"
The Church looked back with a sigh, and longed
To gather her children in.
But some were off in the midnight ball,
And some were off at the play,
And some were drinking in gay saloons;
So she quietly went her way.

The sly World gallantly said to her,
"Your children mean no harm--
Merely indulging in innocent sports;"
So she leaned on his proffered arm,
And smiled and chatted, and gathered flowers,
As she walked along with the World;
While millions and millions of deathless souls
To the horrible pit were hurled.

"Your preachers are too old and plain,"
Said the gay old World with a sneer;
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales,
Which I like not for them to hear;
They talk of brimstone and fire and pain,
And the horrors of endless night;
They talk of a place that should not be
Mentioned to ears polite.
I will send you some of the better sort, am,
Brilliant and gay and fast,
Who will tell them that people may live as they list,
And go to heaven at last.
The Father is merciful, great and good,
Tender and true and kind;
Do you think he would take one child to heaven
And leave the rest behind?"
So he filled her house with gay divines,
Gifted and great and learned;
And the plain old men that preached the cross
Were out of the pulpit turned.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World,
"Far more than you ought to do;
If the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?
Go take your money and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine,
And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
And the rarest and costliest wine.
My children they dote on all such things,
And if their love you would win,
You must do as they do and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."
The church held tightly the strings of the purse,
And gracefully lowered her head,
And whispered, "I've given too much away;
"I'll do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,
And she heard not the orphan's cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside,
As the widows went weeping by.
The sons of the World and the sons of the Church
Walked closely hand and hand,
And only the Master, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease and said,
"I am rich, and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing, and naught to do
But to laugh and dance and feast."
The sly World heard her and laughed in his sleeve,
And mockingly said, aside,
"The Church is fallen--the beautiful Church--
And her shame is her boast and pride!"

The angel drew near to the Mercy Seat,
And whispered in sighs her name;
And the saints their anthem of rapture hushed
And covered their heads with shame,
And a voice came down through the hush of heaven,
From him who sat on the throne,
"I know thy work, and how thou hast said,
"I am rich, and hast not known
That thou art naked and poor and blind
And wretched before my face;"
Thus from my presence I cast thee out,
And blot my name from its place!"

—Selected.

Miscellaneous.

BE CONVERTED.

When once an idea has become crystallized into a word or phrase—or a thought has clothed itself in some peculiar form of words—not only the idea and the thought, but the very words themselves, seem to become possessed of immortality. And it is characteristic of the human mind to cling to the words, even after they cease to express the original thought correctly—to preserve the shell after the bird has escaped. The tendency to cling to words from which the thought has departed, seems to be stronger in regard to the peculiar phrases that have in some way in the lapse of the ages come into current use in religion and politics, and in any other department of human thought. The dialogue