

THE CHRISTIAN.

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

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"THE CHRISTIAN."

P. O. Box 56

St. John, N. B.

EDITOR:

DONALD CRAWFORD,—NEW GLASGOW, P.E.I.

Prince Edward Island Association.

JULY 7th to 9th, 1900.

On Saturday, July 7th, 1900, the Christian Association of P. E. Island will assemble in annual convention with the church at Cross Roads, Lot 48.

The meetings, which promise to be of exceptional interest, will continue until the evening of Monday, July 9th, as per programme.

Visiting members and friends from all the churches are cordially invited to be present and participate in the good time expected, and make the meeting all that can be desired.

Delegates travelling by rail to Charlottetown may secure the passage at one first class fare by notifying the ticket agent of their intention to attend the convention. Certificates of attendance will be issued by the Secretary of the Association for use on return passage up to and on Tuesday, July 10th.

J. HARRY WILLIAMS,

Secretary of Association.

PROGRAMME

- 7 p. m. Saturday Bro. F. Harlow
- 11 a. m. Sunday Bro. R. F. Whiston
- Lord's Supper Elder D. Crawford
- 3 p. m. Sunday Bro. W. H. Allen
- 7 p. m. Sunday Bro. G. Nelson Stevenson
- 10 a. m. Monday Business Meeting
- 2 p. m. Monday Young Peoples' Meeting
- 1. Song by Congregation.
- 2. Invocation.
- 3. Scripture Reading.
- 4. Prayer.
- 5. Solo, R. F. Whiston.
- 6. Address, G. N. Stevenson.
- 7. Reading, Miss Ethel Connors.
- 8. Solo, Miss E. J. Bagnall.
- 9. Recitation, Miss Katherine Boyver.
- 10. Address, F. Harlow.
- 11. Song, by children.
- 12. Recitation, Miss K. T. Campbell.
- 13. Address, W. H. Allen.
- 14. Solo, Leonard McKay.
- 15. Paper, J. Harry Williams.
- 16. Male Quartette.
- 7 p. m. Monday Bro. A. N. Simpson

NOTES AND NEWS.

Will all the subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN who are in arrears, kindly remit to the office of this paper. The money is needed now! Let there be a hearty response.

The July number of the CHRISTIAN will be devoted to the Home Mission work in these Provinces. We shall have contributed articles from all our preaching brethren, if possible, in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and P. E. Island. Now that we have an evangelist, this should be a great incentive for the churches to "give" largely to the work. \$1,500 is the amount that was agreed upon to raise for the work this year. We have not reached it yet. Unless the contributions and the Special Collection to be taken in August greatly exceed the amounts given the past months, we shall utterly fail.

The following letter of commendation from Bro. J. H. McNeill, the pastor of the church of which Bro. Martin and his family are members, we cheerfully give to our readers:

I am delighted to know that Bro. A. Martin, of Muncie Indiana, has been called to serve as evangelist in the Maritime Provinces during the summer, and that he has decided to go. He and his talented family are members of the church in this city to which I minister, and I esteem them very highly for their work's sake. Bro. Martin is a cultured Christian gentleman, and a true yoke-fellow. He has been very successful in the evangelistic field, to which he has devoted a large part of his ministry. He has spent four years in Liverpool, England, in the employ of our Foreign Missionary Society. The work in that most difficult field prospered greatly under his wise care. Bro. Martin gives the quality of permanency to his work. This makes his preaching very helpful to weak churches especially. I take the sincerest pleasure in commending him to my brethren and friends in the provinces. Give him a warm welcome. Stand loyally by him in his work. He will do you good.

J. H. McNEILL.

Muncie, Ind., May 2, 1900.

Missions mean love on its hands and knees, touching the world's wretchedness, grappling the world's evil and fighting the world's enemy on its own ground. There is no more thrilling spectacle than this hand-to-hand conflict with the powers of darkness, in striking contrast to a speculative theology whose soul flashes in mid-air, but strikes no foe. This is the glory of missions—love on a level with those whom it seeks to help, forgetting all else in its passionate desire to serve—saying, if need be, with a distinguished scholar, "Let Greek die, let Hebrew die, but let immortal souls live."

We should give to missions because it is a most paying investment, because of the joy that comes to the giver, because we are stewards of the money that God has given to us, and we must use it for his glory, because we are put to shame by the liberality of heathen converts, because it is God's will that we should help to send them,

HER TREASURES.

She was old, and poor, and feeble,
And had come a charge on the town,
"All dead" was said of her family
In the book where the records went down.
She brought with her no possessions,
Save an old trunk worn and gray;
She said it contained her treasures,
And begged them not take it away.
So they set it down in a corner,
And placed beside it her chair,
And there from morning till evening
She watched it with jealous care.

And oft in the days that followed,
When she thought from their presence hid,
She would turn to her box of treasures
And trembling lift the lid.
Then her withered lips moved slowly,
And her old head bowed in prayer,
And her tears, the last of the vintage,
Fell on the jewels there.
But now her chair was empty,
In the grave-yard near, a mound,
And the treasure box opened by strangers,
And this is what they found:

Lying alone in a corner,
At heel and toe worn through,
Was a folded piece of leather,
That seemed it had never been new;
But a mother's hand had written
"Twas little Bob's first shoe."
And there quite close beside it
Was something of years of care:
A soiled and tear-stained package
That seemed so useless there;
But a mother's hand had written
"Twas a curl of baby's hair."

Then there was a roll of parchment,
All printed in Latin grand,
Not a word of which the mother
Could ever understand.
But a trembling hand had written,
"He died in a distant land."
The last was a single letter,
The rest of her treasures among,
Wherein a youth in his pleading
Her daughter's praise had sung;
But a loving hand had written
"Our little Nell is too young."

And these were the mother's treasures,
There was nothing amounting to much;
But even strangers took them
With reverent gentle touch.
They need not have been so careful,
For the mother would not care;
She had gone to seek her baby—
The one with golden hair,
And "Little Bob" and "Nellie,"
And, thought Oh blessed and grand,
To find each one of her treasures,
Even the dead in a distant land.

R. BENTLEY RAY.