

# THE CHRISTIAN.

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

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OUR COMING ANNUAL will be held with the church at Milton, Queen's County, N. S.

WORD reaches us that our young Bro. Ellis B. Barnes will be home in a week or so. We shall be glad to see him and hope to find plenty of work for him.

WE are pleased to learn that Sister Sophie M. Lamont, now attending the school at Fredericton, N. B., has succeeded so far in her examination as to gain a teacher's first-class license. Our sister has frequently helped in our missionary and educational work and contributed to our paper.

THE church at Leonardville is coming out grandly from her recent troubles. The clouds have broken and are clearing away; and like the ship that has weathered the gale, with here and there a rent sail and a broken spar, is viewed and pointed to with pride, so with the church at Leonardville. A short time ago while there one obeyed the Saviour, and at our last visit of three days two more confessed Christ and was buried with Him in baptism. That God may bless these brethren and allow no apple of discord to be thrown into their midst, is our prayer.

WORDS of warning given by a former correspondent in the columns of our December number, 1887, is somewhat significant. Read them. Ponder them. Do they not state truthfully what has been and will be?

Where, too, are the different ones that have been sounding the alarm that the reformation that we are engaged in is a failure? Those that have left the ranks of the Christian Church and united with other bodies have, in most instances, made shipwrecks of their faith, and lay strown like wrecks along the distant shore.

THE words of Joseph Parker, the great London preacher, are seasonable, and are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Hear him:

We want no sickly sentimentalism in the pulpit, but sturdy blows dealt the world, the flesh and the devil. We want men with strong convictions—men who believe something and who are not afraid to advocate what they believe. There is no impertinence equal to the impertinence of standing up to teach others when we are not sure ourselves. We do not want to know about the preacher's mental indigestion; we do not want to hear about his internal neuralgia; we want to know what God says. \* \* \* The trumpet has its place in the church when the minister is sent from Christ to tell the

terms of emancipation. But we are getting more and more afraid of the trumpet. We like the flute or the harp, instead of the blast that tells of battle and of conflict. If the preacher questions, “Is the enemy a person, or is the enemy an influence?” then, indeed, the enemy says, “Go on,” but I want no little fledgling trumpet to stand up and argue whether there is a devil or whether there is a general feeling of miasma in the air. Let those men preach who can preach. I would rather have them like the men of old who have seen the enemy and thrown an ink-pot at him, instead of men who don't know whether there is a personal devil or a diffused influence.

WHEN seeking to steer clear of a certain shoal or rock, be careful that you do not run on another. When driving through a narrow pass, keep a close watch on both sides, lest while avoiding the dangers on one side you fall into a greater one on the other side. If this principle had been observed by the professor referred to in the following item no chance would have been given to Newlet to perpetrate such a joke on his professor.

A good story is told of a certain Presbyterian professor in a college, who was also a minister, who labored hard in the pulpit to prove that *baptizo* meant to pour and not to plunge. In the class of the professor there was a wag who was called upon to translate a passage from one of the Greek authors. The passage gave an account of a man who became so enraged with another that he seized a red-hot poker and *ebaptize eis ophthalmon*. Newlet the wag, with a mischievous twinkle of the eye but with a grave manner, translated it thus: “Seized a red-hot poker and sprinkled it into his eye.” “How is that?” said the professor. “He sprinkled it into his eye,” repeated Newlet. “But,” said the doctor, “*ebaptize* does not mean to sprinkle.” “Well, sir, it did mean to sprinkle on last Sunday night,” replied the mischievous fellow, amid the suppressed laughter from the class, who keenly relished the joke. The doctor looked grave, and was silent a moment, and remarked, “You may translate it plunge here, sir.”

BRO. IRA C. MITCHELL is now with the church at Mansfield, Ohio. In a kind letter, he refers to the pleasant time spent in these parts, wishes to be remembered to the brethren, and promises to contribute to the columns of THE CHRISTIAN. Accompanying his letter was a card having on the one side his name, place of residence and time of services; on the other a concise statement of “Our Aim” as follows:

1. To hold forth the pure Word of Life free from the opinions and inventions of men, and to worship God according to His own appointment.
2. To teach sinners the way of salvation in the very terms used by the apostles of our Lord.
3. To exemplify the practicability of Christian unity through the apostle's word, for which the Lord prays. John xvi. 20, 21.
4. To maintain a church of Jesus Christ without human creed or human rules and without a denominational name or other barrier to the union of all believers, terms of fellowship which shall be as broad as the conditions of salvation, and identical with them.
5. To co-operate, as far as we can, with all who love the Lord in every good word and work, while earnestly contending for the faith once for all delivered to the saints, and holding fast to the form of sound words. Jude iii. 2 Tim. i. 13.

We invite the co-operation and sympathy of all who approve these principles.

MANY of our readers have learned ere this that Bro. George Garraty has joined the ranks of those no longer on earth. Though not acquainted with him in his earlier days, we have learned from many

that few men could or can handle the word of God with better effect than could the subject of these few lines. He was a man of fine appearance, of a good voice, had a convincing style, and, according to report, was especially qualified for pioneer work. A few facts no doubt will be of interest.

It was on the morning of September 21, 1889, that Bro. and Sister Garraty left St. John for Chico, Butte County, California. A letter from his wife dated May 7th, 1890, says, “Mr. Garraty died at 6.40 this morning after an illness of nine days. The burial will take place at three o'clock to-morrow from the church at this place.”

In conversation with him a short time before his leaving St. John we gleaned from him the following:

George Garraty was born 23rd of August, 1810, in Lincoln, about seven miles from Fredericton, N. B. His father, Joseph, was of Irish parentage, whose birthplace was up the Washademoak, and was a shoemaker by trade. In 1815, while in New York and on a trip up the North River, was drowned. His mother died 1856. In the afternoon of April 18th, 1832, in the Parish of Lincoln, Bro. G. Garraty was baptized by Elder Nutt, and on the following Lord's day evening preached his first sermon. About a year and a half after, circumstances occurred that somewhat changed his views of Bible teaching, and were given by him thus: “While in St. John, at the Christian Church on Charlotte Street, I heard W. W. Eaton. Still the first man that shook me in my belief was Hunter of Eastport. I was on Deer Island and there heard of this preacher, so when at Eastport I called to see him. Having knocked, the door was opened by the gentlemen himself, and I made the remark, ‘I have heard of you, sir, and have called to talk with and confute you, for I have been told that you deny the Spirit and preach salvation by water.’ Extending his hand he said, ‘Come in.’ After a while, being seated, he handed me the New Testament and had me read the second chapter of Acts. Looking into my face and seeing that I was somewhat troubled, that truths unseen by me before were breaking in upon me, said, ‘I dare you to preach anything else.’ And from that day till this, June 22, 1888, I have preached nothing else.

“A year and a half was spent up the St. John River in evangelistic work, having the oversight of no special church. In the winter of 1840, starting one morning in a schooner from St. John, but on account of contrary winds did not reach Digby, N. S., till the night of the following day. It was at that time that I paid my first visit to Cornwallis and there met Bro. Howard. In the spring following I visited Milton, N. S., and walked across the country back to Cornwallis, and after holding a two week's meeting returned to St. John.”

There are other items of interest, but at this writing are not within our reach. An additional fact or two is thus given by one of our dailies:

For about fifteen years he ministered to the congregation of Disciples in this city, and during that time he took a deep interest in all religious discussions. A few years after the fire he was obliged to give up his charge owing to failing health. His first wife was a sister of Senator Glazier, and after her death he married a Mrs. Jones of Keswick, York County. Two daughters survive him. One is the wife of Mr. James Wilson of Portland.

Bro. Garraty's friends will extend to Sister Garraty their sympathy in these her hours of bereavement.