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

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THE Annual Meeting of the Churches of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia will be held with the Church at Lord's Cove, Deer Island, N. B., commencing Thursday, August 31st, and closing Lord's day, September 3rd.

E. O. FORD,
Chairman.

J. E. BARNES,
Secretary.

BRO. R. E. STEVENS is preaching for the Lord's Cove church.

BRO. H. W. STEWART will spend the month of July in P. E. I.

BRO. SYLVESTER LEONARD is preaching for the churches at Letete and Back Bay.

WE ought to have at least five hundred more subscribers. Try and get your neighbors and friends to take THE CHRISTIAN.

BRO. WEAVER, of Montague, will exchange with Bro. Stewart, of St. John, the third and fourth Lord's days of this month.

WE will thank our subscribers to send their subscriptions as soon as possible. We will soon have to make our report up for the annual.

THERE is now a good field for one of our preaching brethren in Hants Co. We hope that some good preacher may find his way to that locality.

LET every Brother and Sister in the provinces send something to Bro. H. Carson, Halifax, to assist the brethren there. They need our help.

THE P. E. I. meeting will take place with the church at Montague, continuing over next Lord's day. We hope to publish a full report in next issue.

WE notice from the *Canadian Evangelist* that the church in Toronto has secured Bro. J. E. Powell for their preacher. He is highly spoken of as a pulpit orator and worker. They need just such a man in Toronto.

BRO. NORTHCUTT, the General Evangelist of the Home Mission Board of the United States, will hold a meeting in Halifax this month. Bro. Northcutt is one of the most successful evangelists in our ranks, and we are expecting a grand meeting in Halifax.

To let our light shine before men is a duty. It cannot be done on an uninhabited island; a monastery does not afford a good opportunity, neither does a hermit's cave. Even in our closet our light does not shine for the world. But

this world is very dark at times and in places. Satan loves the darkness, and he was a sadly disappointed being when he saw the Sun of Righteousness rising. Like the beasts of the forest, he probably felt like fleeing to the depths of his deepest darkness, lest his deformity should be seen and his character be revealed. But he concluded to stay and fight against the light. He hates a Christian as a shipwrecker hates a lighthouse, or as a thief hates the sound of coming steps. All the greater, then, is our need of letting our light shine, for what Satan hates God is sure to love, and we should work on the principle of finding out what our enemy wants us to do and then doing the opposite. It is important to ourselves that our light should be burning brightly. The early settlers in a country have often to kindle large fires, even in the heat of summer, for the purpose of keeping the wild animals away. It is only under a peculiar complication of circumstances that the enemy of souls will come near the Christian whose lamp is properly trimmed and burning brightly. But, like the locomotive, we should carry our light not only for our own safety, but for the safety of others. We never know when some lost traveller's eye is upon us, or when he is following in our steps. If owing to a false light, or the absence of any, he should fall over a cliff, we would be as culpable as those who lure ships to the rocks by false lights, or he who neglects to have the guiding rays coming from the lighthouse which he is supposed to keep. That our lights may shine brilliantly and steadily we need to be in close connection with Christ, the source of light. As an electric light does not shine of itself, but owing to its direct connection with the generator, so the Christian, when united to Christ by a living faith and an obedient life, will, as a matter of course, send out his rays into the darkness. Cut the connection in either case and darkness will result. The world now needs many lights and many rays from each.

When the psalmist was deprived of the privileges of the Lord's house, his soul longed and even fainted for the courts of the Lord. His heart and his flesh cried out for the days of old when, with his fellow worshippers, he came up to pay his vows. These days were radiant with blessings. He feels that one thousand years ago he would be willing to be even a door-keeper if again he could visit the place of God's abode. To-day there are many aged saints of God who feel much as the psalmist did. Infirmities have gathered thick upon them. Increasing years have brought increasing weakness, and now when Christ's younger brethren and sisters go easily and cheerfully to the house of prayer, they find themselves no longer able to attend. It may be that they are lying helpless upon their couches, suffering severe pain. Perhaps they are able to sit by the windows, and, seeing the church-goers moving along, they send their prayers with them. On a bright and cheerful day they may be able

to go to a fellow pilgrim's tent and speak of the mercies of God that have ever followed them. And, as they talk, their hearts are filled with memories and their eyes overflow with tears. How they do miss the songs of Zion! and the sweet spirited prayers! and the warm-hearted exhortations! What would they not give to once more unite their voices with those of God's children in praise and prayer! But on earth that may never be their privilege again; but, having striven to be faithful when health and strength were given, having enjoyed the blessings and borne the burden in their day, they are now waiting till God shall call them to join the great congregation around His throne. That congregation will never break up and the songs of heaven shall never cease. Voices there will not become broken and hearts there will never grow old. So while God's afflicted children wait for the welcome summons, "Child, come home," they can wait in hope. Happy they may be that the race is nearly over and the crown almost won. A few more days or years, a few more cares, and it may be tears,—

"Then an eternal stay;
Then an eternal throng;
Then an eternal glorious day;
Then an eternal song."

The geologist, as he delves into the earth, often comes upon the foot-prints of animals long since extinct. Sometime in the distant past the impressions were made as thoughtlessly in the soil as a romping child to-day makes foot-prints on the sand. But there they are and there they have been for ages; and while we study them we think of the animal that otherwise would be forgotten. The character of the impression gives us in a measure the nature of the animal by which it was made. In the excavations of the lava-covered city of Pompeii the archaeologist found houses and people just as they were when the burning fluid was poured over the city. There was the sentinel standing at his post. The merchant was in his shop. The tradesman was following his vocation. The housewife was about her daily tasks. The extortioner held his ill-gotten gains in his hands. The thief was fleeing with his booty. All are there as God saw them at that moment; and, like Lot's wife, they are transfixed for all coming centuries. Their names are forgotten, but we see their acts. So it will be with us. We will die and be forgotten, but our deeds continue to live; or if we are not forgotten, we will be remembered in many cases only by what we have done. The good are remembered by their virtue, and the evil by their sins. Paul is not dead yet. In his acts he lives and by his influence he moves the world. To-day more people are under his sway than when he walked a man among men. Luther is not dead, as all can know by looking at Rome's shattered bulwarks. Alexander Campbell speaks to-day in thousands of voices and calls the world away from sectarianism to the one foundation upon which an undivided church must rest. So, also, Nero lives in his acts, but they are acts of sin. So Voltaire lives, so Guiteau lives, and so Ingersoll will live. Not until the sun sets to rise no more will the influence of an active life cease. This makes living, viewed in this light alone, a wonderfully