BEYOND.

Beyond the cold, white portals of the tomb
There lies a land marred by no night of gloom;
Through its green pastures the bright waters play,
Warmed by the sunshine of an endless day.

Unnumbered spirits, in that cloudless clime,
Enjoy a happiness, untinged by time;
No sigh of sadness falls upon the silent air,
No words of farewell; no sad parting there.

All round with jasper walls, there stands
The home of God, a house not made with hands,
Containing many mansions provided for the best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

In its confines no sorrows hover nigh,
All tears are wiped from every weeping eye.
Health's wild rose bloom tints every joyous face,
And every soul is cleansed from dark transgression's trace.

Sounding their harps in unison, the ransomed throng,
Lift up their voices in a new and gladadder song:
Frolicked with mirth and their melting tones
Roll upward and reach round the great white throne.

But words are vain, their magic power doth fail
To picture that bright land beyond the vale,
No eye hath seen, nor ear hath ever heard,
Neither hath the heart of man at any time been stirred.

By even a faint idea of what is held in store
For God's obedient children, when the weary life is o'er.

Selected by Emma E. Cassel.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

HOLINESS VIZ. SANCTIFICATION.

It has been a prevalent idea with a great many people, that a person cannot become holy in this present life, which is a mistake (sine dubio) and we have fears there is still a greater number that do not understand how such a wicked, profane, sinful being can become holy. But thanks be to God, there is a class that believes that man can become holy, but again that class is divided: some believe that the work of holiness or sanctification is progressive whilst others believe it instantaneous.

And for me to hunge out in this large field is not a small task, and I am aware of the fact that of myself I am not able to accomplish the great work, but will trust his promises.

Every Bible reader ought to understand that God did have a people in this world ever since he created man; and if so, they must have stood in some relation with God. We do not wish to bring in this article (verbatim) what God has promised to his people, only we wish to quote a few of the many passages in the Bible to prove the condition of God's people. When we trace up the chronological line between Adam and Christ, we can see that it comes down step by step. And although God had said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," Gen. i. 26; man has not continued in that state of purity and holiness, but has stepped out from under that holy command and covenant which God had made with man, and consequently they stood naked before God, nothing to shield or cover them.

Man saw it, but ah, the deed was done, and purity and holiness lost, and man was driven away from God, and in process of time became very wicked, so that it grieved God at his heart.

But there and then he made a covenant with Noah that he should come in the ark, a type of the great antitype. Here man received authority to come back again. But in process of time God made another covenant with man and gave them commandments and said, "Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people. And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation." Ex. xix. 5, 6. Mark, holy, perfectly pure, and yet being a nation! having their existence in this world! perfectly pure! how is it then that some will say that we are only sanctified or made holy in proportion as we live for it, a little today and a little tomorrow and so on. Oh! my dear, dear brother and sister, that will not hold good, and again Lev. xx. 7, "Sanctify yourselves, therefore, and be ye holy;" in the present tense. Sanctification is not under all circumstances a medium of cleansing, but it is absolutely a state of purity and holiness, a separation, a setting apart from the world to serve the living God and him only. Under the Mosaic dispensation if they wanted to appear before God to converse or to petition, they had to purify themselves, or sanctify or get into such close relation with God, that God could look upon them with an approving smile; they were not to appear before God in an unsanctified, or unholy condition, lest the fierce anger of God would rest upon them, he that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses, Heb. x. 28. From this we see that they were to obey the law to the very letter and not to speak against it or despise it. I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord;
sanctify yourselves and come with me to the sacrifice. And he sanctified Jesse and his sons and called them to the sacrifice. 1 Samuel xvi, 5, “Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord, forever.” Ps. cxiii, 5, “Israel was holiness unto the Lord.” Jer. ii, 3.

“I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.” Rom. xii, 1.
The Apostle Paul saw the great necessity of possessing a different nature from what the natural man possesses, and we should not look at it as though it was something strange, it is nothing more than what we are taught (jure divino) by divine law.

Go with me back in history, if you please, one hundred years, and see what experimental religion was in that day, see the persecution those had to pass through that professed it. Notwithstanding all the trials they had to confront, those old fathers and mothers stood like an adamant, and praise the Lord their labors were crowned with a wonderful success, and God has been carrying the work forward (mana fort) with a strong hand.

So also has man stood up and contended for the work of holiness, and had to suffer a great many persecutions and many a sneer, but my dear brethren, and co-laborers, I ask you with tears, let us stand firm, and let us be careful not to abuse the doctrine.

I am aware (jure humano) by human law, it looks as though it must be progressive but from the last quoted passage of scripture we can see plainly that a person without holiness is not in a proper condition to approach God and to draw from him that sweet repose which none but he who feels it knows that he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hands of our enemies might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life. Luke i, 74, 75.

I have quoted these few passages from many others that might be quoted from the Bible, to show to the reader of this article that holiness is part of the character that every Christian must possess. The last quotation is part of the prophecy of Zacharias, and the word says he was filled with the Holy Ghost, heknew where he was speaking, he did not look at this characteristic as thought it was obtained by degrees, or by works, but that we might serve him in holiness all the days of our life.

It is an evident fact that we cannot serve him in holiness unless we are holy, and we cannot possibly be holy unless we are sanctified, and we cannot be sanctified unless we are justified, all in its proper order. But one may ask, how long must I be justified until I can be sanctified? That depends upon the surroundings and teachings. It may be so closely connected that we are hardly able to make a point and yet, there may be a period between. But a person cannot stand very long in justification without sanctification. Samuel, when he went to Jesse to sacrifice, he saw it necessary to sanctify Jesse and his sons before they were fit to approch the sacrifice, after they were sanctified he called them to the sacrifice and not before. How long do we suppose that it took Samuel to sanctify Jesse and his sons; it should be clear to every mind that it did not take him a lifetime to do it but it was done right there and then, for he called them to the sacrifice.

Many other things might be brought in right here but it will make an article too lengthy for this time.

Freeport, Illinois
A. L. Myers

(To be continued.)

For the Evangelical Visitor.

OUR MISSION.

Be ye strong therefor, and let not your hands be weak for your work shall be rewarded.”

God has created man for a noble purpose, and if we are obedient to his laws and commands, we fill our mission. “Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with all thy might” are the teachings of holy writ. But we are so apt to grasp for things beyond our reach, regardless of the “little things” which mean so much after all. So well I remember the farewell expression of a friend while yet unconverted, “remember the one thing needful.”
The speaker never knew that those words brought burning tears to my eyes and deep convictions. “One word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.” Though we be ignorant of the fact, yet by our prayers and encouragements we may be the support of a weaker vessel that otherwise might sink to rise no more. It was not to beseech or heard that Mary anointed the feet of him she called her Lord and Master, but out of love and devotion she did it, yet the act was so acceptable that Jesus said, wherever that gospel should be preached it should be spoken as a memorial of her. So may we live imitating our Savior by helping others; showing them he is with us and leading us from day to day as we are called upon to fill the places of the older ones that are here and there laid to rest from all their labors.

Our mission here is just fitting us for a greater work beyond. Paul says, Heb. i, 14, “Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?” Whether our work will be to guard some pilgrim while in danger, to conduct some spirit home, we know it shall be joy to do our Master’s bidding.

O why should we shun the cross when such victories shall be ours? Did the patriarchs or prophets, did Stephen of old or James who was the first of the apostolic band to seal his faith with martyrdom? No! They died for the cause for which they lived. Some praying that their death should not be laid to the sinners’ charge, others rejoicing that they were accounted
May 15, 1891.  

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.  

147

worthy to suffer for Christ, while the brave old Paul said, “he was ready to be offered up, he knew he had fought a good fight, he had finished his course and had kept the faith, for him to live was Christ to die was gain.”

When the enemy tries to persuade me that I need not travel the road of humility, I seek the holy volume and read the history of the martyred saints of old, and when I see with what fortitude they suffered for their Master, it kindles a flame of heavenly love within my poor heart, and I feel that neither life nor death can draw me from my Redeemer. Do we realize every time we reject the Savior and yield to him who is decoying thousands upon thousands to eternal destruction, we crucify the Lamb afresh? Do we think he has forgotten his suffering in Gethsemane, the awful night of trial, the agony on Calvary? I answer no. Yet he passed through all the dark trial alone, a trial so great that nature shuddered, the graves, gave up their dead and in the midst of all this he felt that God had forsaken him.

Once more I plead his cause and may his followers be firm and tell his saving powers to all who are yet strangers to grace. How I wish I could portray to the sinner the sweet peace the Christian can enjoy when living near to Jesus. It is not heaven but such a sweet foretaste of it. Then let us lift our hopes higher than the imperfections of this present stage that only gives an outline of glory which “eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor heart conceived.”

O. ISA SCHAFFER.

Vermillion, Ia.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

NARCOTICS.

By the term narcotics is meant all substances both liquid and solid, which when taken into the system have a tendency to harden the nerves and deaden the brain. The leading narcotics are alcohol, tobacco and opium or some of their modifications.

About 700 years ago the people thought, that somewhere, hidden in nature, were two substances, which, if they could be found would add greatly to the wealth, pleasure and prosperity of mankind. The one was a substance having the power to turn iron, copper and all common minerals to gold, the other was the “elixir of life,” which had the power to preserve and continue animation. It was while in search of the latter substance, that an Arabian chemist discovered alcohol. He partook freely of the substance and his career was as short as it was rash and disgraceful. Alcohol is a clear liquid substance which burns with great heat, little light and no soot. It possesses many peculiar properties, one of which is its great affinity for water.

Alcohol when taken into the stomach is immediately taken up by the blood and carried to all parts of the body. In order to satisfy its appetite for water it enters the nerves and brain and absorbs the watery part of their composition. By its action on the brain it not only disturbs its physical features, but it also narrows, degrades and impoverishes its immaterial and never-dying inhabitant; namely the soul, spirit or mind.

Another peculiar property is its tendency to create an appetite for more. When its use is first begun it requires but a very little to have the desired effect, but by its continued use it requires more and more at each indulgence until at last its victim finds himself a slave to a habit which beginning the very life of him and unqualifying him for the great position which his Creator intended he should occupy.

Alcohol is the author of ninety-five per cent of the crime, sorrow and desolation which is spread over our land at the present time. It embalms the thief, sharpens the assassin’s dagger, supplies our penal institutions with convicts, furnishes our asylums and charitable institutions with inmates, and in short spreads woe and desolation wherever it reigns.

It not only unfit its victims for the discharge of his duties in this life, but also unqualifies him for that grand and glorious blessing which his divine Creator intended he should enjoy in after life. If the inebriate, alone, were the only person to suffer from its effects, the subject might be treated more tolerably. This, however, is not the case. All who are brought in contact with him suffer more or less from his harshness or influence. How often do wees mother and child deprived of their daily wants and struggling in poverty in order to gratify the craving thirst for this fiery demon.

The child of the drunkard inherits from its father a weak and blotched constitution from which he suffers throughout his entire life.

Millions of dollars are each year spent for intoxicating drinks, which if properly used, would carry peace and happiness to many a family, instead of woe and sorrow. But this is not all. When we look back through a long vista of ages and see the countless multitudes that have been stung by this deadly viper and tottered into a drunkard’s grave it fills our very souls with horror.

In view of all these evil effects of alcohol does it not become the duty, not only of every Christian but of every moral and law-abiding citizen, to use every means to extirpate this iniquity, which is the author of so much pain and misery?

JOHN R. HERR.

Cambridge City, Ind.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

GOD IS LOVE.

Yes, dear friends, God is love and I am so glad that there are so many that can say this. What a glorious thing this love is, it seems almost inexpressible to me; as I have not been in the service of the Lord very long, perhaps, I cannot express the love like some of my elder brethren and sisters; but I thank God I have this love and by his help my intentions are to keep it. There is no doubt this has been in the Visoror before but it has
been in my mind of late and I felt it my duty to write a few lines about His great love.

We find while travelling along this world our affections will be drawn by people which creates love but this love cannot be compared with the great love of God because sometimes there will be a little trouble arise, and this man's love will break off. But my dear friends, God's love will never break off. He is the same yesterday, today and forever. That is a glorious promise, if it was not for that promise, I would have been lost. I often wonder why it is that people reject this great Saviour so long. We are told it is an awful thing to fall in the hands of an angry God unprepared, and on the other hand it must be a glorious thing to fall in the arms of God prepared. We are told in the holy book of life, that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that who soever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life. I think that is so beautiful, and to believe on the Lord we must have His wonderful love. Some people might say, "how am I to get his love?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." I think it is quite an easy way to come if we are just willing because the Lord says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Yes, dear friends, God will give your weary souls rest. Do not delay, it is dangerous to delay in this very important subject. I am so glad that every body has this great privilege, from the Queen on the throne to the beggar on the streets.

"God is no respecter of persons," Jesus Christ tells us that "no man cometh unto me except the Father which sent me draw him." Yes, God tries to convince us of our errors, but friends, there is a day coming when we shall all appear before our God and there we will have to face our God. Oh, what a terrible thing it will be to be cast to the left into everlasting torment.

This everlasting life is worth living for, to be permanently in Heaven with God. When I think of these things I can hardly wait until I get there, and why not all try to get there. We are either living for one place or the other, because we know there is a day coming when the world will end and we know not when it will be, and we are taught to believe it will be by fire and if we are not prepared where will we go? It is easily answered. There is only the two places. O, do escape that awful doom; the enemy will try to deceive us up to the very elect.

Turn from your sins and serve God. We know that there are some false prophets in the world but God's love warns us from that. I think it is very unwise of people to go to Holy Fathers to have their sins pardoned. I believe no man can pardon sin because Christ came in this world to redeem us. God said "I am the Lord thy God, and a jealous God." O, if we only get this love we will never want any other God. If you love me keep my commandments and if ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them; that is all love of God. Some people seem to say there is no God, but now ignorant they must be, because God's love will make the thief honest, the liar truthful, the drunkard sober, the idolator God-fearing, etc. So there must be more than imagination in God's great love.

Why in our Christian lands through the love of God we find institutions of every charitable desire, wholly supported by Christian people. But if we look on the other hand, we will find no charitable institutions, but gambling houses, theatres, dancing saloons, etc. They have no thought for the poor. But God's love is to all, yes, no matter who you may be. 'Come unto me, all ye that labor, etc. God is a kind God: his promises are good. God never says one thing and mean another. I can stand against the world to defend my God and my testimonial is "God is love." O, I think that is so nice. Dear unconverted people if I could only give you this love I have in my heart I would willingly do so because I would not be without one minute but I would be like the pilgrim in Pilgrim's Progress. I would fly to the city of refuge for life, life, life; but we cannot give people religion. We all have to seek for it ourselves and sometimes I think it very wise we have to get it ourselves or perhaps we would be a little too lazy to take it after awhile. I think the more we read the Bible the more we love it. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God." Dear friends, Christ came and paid for that love with his precious blood. I would say again to the unconverted, do serve God, it is the sweetest life a person can live. I would not give up this love for all the world.

I would say in behalf of our Sunday School I am glad to see the scholars attend but would be more pleased to see all turn out who can. I am sure we enjoy ourselves there and we or I myself learn something new to my mind every Sunday. Let us all take an active part in it and see what a large school we can have. Although I am a stranger in the church I am not a stranger in God's family and when I die I wish to meet you all in Heaven. May God bless us all.

God is love, God is love,
Sing the angels up above
And we all when we meet,
Sing the song when He we greet.
God is love, God is love.
I am your obedient brother in Christ.

Gormley, Ont. Charles Cocklin.

FAULT FINDING.

Pick the Beam From Your Own Eye, Then the Mote from Your Brother's Eye.

That kind of man is comparatively rare who has learned to be severe upon his own errors as upon those of others. Indeed, with some people, the main proof that they
have a conscience is furnished by their indignant outcry against their neighbor's sins. They declare quite confidently that this is a wicked world, and that it is growing worse every day, but seem oblivious of the fact that they are part and parcel of it, and that their harsh judgments are certainly not helping to hasten the millennium.

When we speak of criticism we nearly always think of blame as necessarily involved in it. But the critic is the judge, and his office is by no means destroyed by a verdict which is complimentary. It seems so much easier, however, to attack a man's faults than to praise his virtues; so much more exhilarating to prove that he is wrong, than heartily to commend him for setting out toward the right. And yet that critic ceases to deserve the name who estimates individual character by its weakest and worst manifestations. There is in all of us a curious mixture of good and evil, of nobility and meanness. At times we may be but little lower than the angels, at other times little higher than the brutes. But he who would ascertain our real caliber must not commit the cruel barbarity of visection. He must take the whole current of the life, and try to determine towards what quarter it is flowing.

It would be unwise to speak lightly of what seems to any man an obligation, yet that seemingly righteous impulse called "a sense of duty" has to answer sometimes for a good many foolish and hurtful things. One of its most offensive exhibitions takes the form of a kind of anonymous surgery which is eager to remove the mote out of your eye without letting you know whom to thank for the benefaction. "Your friend," "your well wisher," "your brother in Christ," "one who prays for you," these are some of the disguises under which these reformers work. Perhaps they mean well; but a cowardly act is always an evil one, and when what is called "a sense of duty" prompts in that direction, it is high time to consider whether the impulse is not more devilish than Divine. It frequently happens that the ungenerous critic hits no one half so hard as he does himself. He has not reckoned on the recoil of the gun with which he is so ready to bring down others. For instance, a man goes into a strange city and connects himself with a certain church. After being in it some years, he raises the complaint that the people are unfriendly, and during the whole long period of his attendance no one has ever spoken a word to him. Now it is quite possible that something may be wrong with the church, but there is certainly something wrong about the man who thus finds fault with it. The reproach of the protracted silence works both ways. If no one has spoken to him, it follows that he, too, has spoken to no one. Perhaps if the members of the church had reached a higher state of grace, they might have been able at length to overcome his extraordinary reticence; but if he had thrown himself with any good will into the church's work, then, whatever were its imperfections, such a state of things would be utterly impossible. An iceberg will lower the temperature even of the Gulf stream.

It might be thought that a man who was conscious of some faults in himself would neither have the desire nor the leisure to give much attention to the faults of others. But this does not seem to be the case. While he never spoke of wrong doing as though it were a trifling thing, the most tender, compassionate heart in the world was the heart of the perfect man, Christ Jesus. If the censors of their fellows ever were the salt of the earth, in the process of wholesale vituperation they have for the most part lost their savory. As a general rule, it may be held that the harshness of criticism is in inverse proportion to the virtue of the critic. There is some reason to think that we, though perhaps, we may not know it, are guilty of the very faults which we are so quick to discover in others.

This, however, is not always the case; though I do not know that much of the sting of fault-finding is removed even by the establishment of a valid claim to moral superiority on the part of the critic. The habit of throwing stones is an irritating one, even if those who indulge in it do not live in glass houses. It hurts the poor fellow who is hit in the head with one of them, quite as much as though he could hit back. Indeed, if he is nearly as bad as he is made out to be, the probabilities are that it hurts feelings more. No doubt it is difficult for a man whose temptations are not of that kind to understand how another can so easily fall into certain kinds of vice; and in his furious indignation over faults foreign to his own nature, he may be so carelessly able to keep back the Pharisaic boast: "I am holier than thou." But the boast is an idle one, after all; for even if well founded, it touches but a mere segment of the moral law. It may tickle one's sense of respectability, but the old parable reminds us that it does not justify in the sight of God.

When the Lord tells us to first cast out the beam of our own eye, in order that we may see clearly how to cast out the mote of our brother's eye, the whole setting of His words seems to suggest this important thought that while the beam may be taken to indicate the presence in ourselves of a larger degree of that particular fault which we condemn in another, the greatest beam of all is that very spirit of harsh judgment which binds us to the real character and needs of our fellow-men. No one can be scolded into the Kingdom of Heaven. No amendment of moral health can be looked for if the physician fails to make a correct diagnosis of the patient's case, taking into account every circumstance, showing a kindly human sympathy, and remembering that he himself has not yet reached that land where the foul minisum of evil is felt no more.—Interior.
SECRECY VS. CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. S. A. COPLEY.

It is a surprise that not more is being done and said against the evils of secrecy in lodges and societies; for it is a monstrous evil. Secret orders are opposed to Christianity in their nature. The Gospel is to be revealed to all men without respect to color, station or nationality. "This (viz., Jesus) is the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The Gospel is an open revelation, and is not ashamed of its own inwardness, nor is there any effort or necessity to conceal it from the scrutiny of men. The lodge, however, hides, or claims to hide, its internal workings from all but its constituents. This is its chief idea. Without it there would be no lodge. This, the prevailing element in the nature of all lodges, is diametrically opposed to the frankness of religion. It leads to suspicion. If the lodge brings blessings to men, why keep it closed? Why conceal what is and can only be good? Why not rather draw the curtain that men may see for themselves and lay hold upon its benefits? We are compelled to ask whether something objectionable or unworthy of manhood, is not indulged; whether its real inwardness is not less elevating than its advocates say. Such must be the probability. The greatest pleasure of Christianity is to reveal itself; the greatest boast of secrecy is to conceal itself. Why, we ask again, veil with darkness an institution whose "laws are reason and equity; cardinal doctrines inspire purity of thought and life, and love of truth, and loyalty to the government under which we live;" and whose "intention is peace on earth, good-will toward men" (K. of P.)? We cannot avoid mistrusting.

Besides, persons uniting must pledge their fidelity to the institution by oaths, in some by shocking oaths. The secrets must be kept. Even in some of the apparently less harmful orders there stands the imperative command to protect their principles unto death.

The Christian religion is large-hearted, seeking to bless the whole world by bearing the message of divine love to "every creature," "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to the knowledge of the truth." But the lodge system is selfish. Its proffered blessings are confined to its members, and these benefits, which cost the recipient of them more than they are worth, are secured at the price of injustice to non-adherents, inasmuch as lodge men receive numerated preference in trade, in politics, in society, and, must we acknowledge it? in church. Says Prof. H. C. King, "Very careful and extensive inquiry, involving the sending out of thousands of blanks, reveals the fact that three-fourths of all public officials in the United States are members of secret orders." O, shame on the selfish, clamish spirit of secret societies. Secrecy is antagonistic to religion in the character of its members. The people of God are Bible readers, men of prayer and faith, "a peculiar people zealous of good works," "separate from sinners," "keeping themselves unsotted from the world." "Come out from among them and be ye separate and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you." Every individual who gives his hand to any secret order defies these Scriptures, for the organizers and leading men in almost all lodges are ungodly men. Many of them are vicious, infidel, debauched. And shall followers of Christ company with them and call them brethren? "Yes, but they observe religious forms in their meetings," you say. So much the more wicked for that very fact.

Unrighteous men pretending to worship, scorners regarding the sacred Word, and believers joining in the sham-devotion, are least assenting thereto. Brethren, how can these things be? How can you, who are the friends of Christ and whose lives are hid with Christ in God, give your hand and heart to a cause whose constituents are unbelievers, idolaters, and sometimes adulterers; a system which ignores the Christ who "redeemed you and washed you in His own precious blood?"

Secrecy is opposed to the church in its workings. The purpose of the Gospel is to liberate the will of man from the fetters of sin, but the lodge puts cabled wires on every will and conscience that comes within its pale. Let me quote Rev. Halleck Floyd, "Never was there a more perfect system of human slavery. A man's conscience is not his own. He has made common cause of it with men of the world. Christians, Christian ministers, and men of the world bow down together to worship and rise up to play." Says Pearson, Sovereign Grand Inspector-General, "If we would be Masons, we must yield private judgment." Morris declares, "This surrender of free-will to Masonic authority is absolute and perpetual."

The mission of Jesus into the world was to bring peace to hearts, homes and nations. But the lodge system brings war. Many a tender wife has been assailed by her husband ascribing himself from his family only to associate with bad men, and, despite all her love and implicit trust in him, never intimating what they have or do. If the lodge is such an attractive place, why not share its benefits and pleasures with the faithful, innocent wife, at least to tell her thereof that they may rejoice together? Alas! the lodge forbids it, and its wishes put their feet upon those of the better-half, and she must be silent.

We wonder why the women are more easily brought to Christ than the men. Is not this gigantic but disguised evil in the way of men? When secrecy has once coiled itself around the human will and thrust its venomous fangs into the conscience, how hardly shall the soul be saved!

Again let Floyd speak of secret temperance organizations, "Secret temperance orders, having of all, perhaps, the most worthy object in
view, have done much to hold this much-needed reform in check. They have divided the temperance ranks; they have put their light under a bushel and not on a candlestick; and they have excited distrust by working and planning in the darkness of the lodge-room. Every temperance revival has been brought about by open and public work. These temperance orders have been quick to seize upon every opportunity to obtain influence and power. Their efforts have been directed toward building up an order rather than toward promoting the general interest of the temperance cause.

Now, in the light of these unyielding facts, that the secret order system is opposed to the Christian church in its origin, in its purposes, in its nature, in the character of its adherents, and in its operations and results, is it not our imperative duty to count it one of the huge enemies of truth and righteousness, and as ministers of a holy Gospel, fight it in public and private, with voice and pen, in the pulpit and out of it, at home and abroad? Fight it till the increasing soul-destroying, church-robbing monster lies slain at the feet of our blessed Christ.

SINFUL BEGINNINGS AND SORROWFUL ENDINGS.

In the morning he shall devour the prey, etc.—Gen. xlix. 27.

In these words, Jacob is speaking prophetically of his sons, but has Benjamin and his descendants particularly in mind. The figure is that of a hunter going out after game, and then making the division of the spoils. It is also descriptive of the men who, going out to hunt the world with its pleasures and its sins, come to the evening of their lives only to find the spoils to be sorrow and despair, and that all along they have simply been

"Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame."

In every city intemperance is a pitfall and so well is it concealed in its beginnings that the wonder is that more young men are not caught by its power. And yet, when you consider the cost, the wonder is that so many fall. Shakespeare had the idea when he said, "O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains."

The intemperance against which the Bible speaks, is not only in strong drink, it may be the love of money, or the fascination of politics, or eating, or many another thing. But the business men of the city have had intemperance in drinking in their minds when they have said, "Impurity and intemperance are without doubt the worst foes with which young men contend." Another: "One of the greatest evils of the day is alcoholic drinks. For this there scientific reasons as well as moral." Another: "It should be given up because young men cannot afford it; it is useless, and more than that, it is harmful."

There is a vast difference between the morning of sin, that is, its beginning, and the evening of sin, that is, its ending. The first is exhortation, the second is despair. The cost of sin is tremendous, but of this one it is particularly true, costing in money, but that is the very least. Costing manhood—for one cannot be a real man and sin—and intemperance slowly but surely effaces the image and likeness of God. Costing suffering for yourself and for others. And more than all this, costing one's immortal soul. "For no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

John B. Gough said, "Father in Heaven, whatever seemeth good in thine sight of temporal evil impose it on me. Take from me the friends of my old age, let the bread of affliction be given me to eat; all this and more—but save me, O, God, save me from the death of a drunkard."

Young men, give it up; for at the last—for at the last—it stings and biteth like serpents and adders.

—J. W. CHAPMAN.

THE LITTLE FAMILY.

There was a little family,
Lived up in Bethany;
Two sisters and a brother,
Composed that family;
With prayer and with singing,
Like angels in the sky,
Both morning and at evening,
They raised their voices high.
They lived in peace and pleasure
For many a lonely year,
And laid away their treasure
Beyond this vale of tears;
Though poor and without money,
Their kindness was the same,
Their house was ever opened
For Jesus and his friends.
Thus while they lived so happy,
So poor, so good, so kind,
Their brother was afflicted
And rudeb thrown in gled;
Poor Martha and her sister,
Looked to the Lord and prayed,
But still he grew no better,
But lingered on and died.
The Jews went to the sisters,
Put Lazarus in the tomb;
They went there to comfort
And drive away the gloom.
When Jesus heard the tidings
Far in that distant land,
Then swiftly he did travel
To join that lonely band.
When Martha saw him coming,
She met him on the way,
And told him how her brother
Had died and passed away;
Then Jesus blessed and cheered her,
And told her not to weep,
For in him was the power
To wake him from his sleep.
When Mary saw him coming,
She ran and met him too,
And at his feet, weeping,
Rehearsed the tale of woe:
When Jesus saw her weeping,
He fell a-weeping too,
And wept until she showed him
Where Lazarus was entombed.
He rolled away the cover,
Then looked upon the grave,
Then prayed unto his Father
His loving friend to save:
Then Lazarus rose with power—
Came from the gloomy mound,
With full strength and vigor,
He walked upon the ground,
And if we would love Jesus,
And do his holy will
Like Martha and like Mary,
We'll always use him well.
From death he will release us,
And take us to the skies.
To live with him forever,
Where pleasure never dies.
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Love Feasts.

At the home of Bro. Henry Heisey, Cumberland, Pa., June 2 and 3, 1891, Railroad Station, Williams Mill on the Blithbridge branch of the Cumberland Valley R. R. A general invitation is extended.

At the home of Bro. C. S. Bremer, near Smithville, Wayne Co., Ohio, May 30, 31, 1891. Rail Road Station on the P. F. & C. R. R. is Wellarrica 1½ miles from Smithville and on the Wheeling and Lake Erie R. R. at Smithville. A cordial invitation is given to all, especially would invite those returning from Conference to stop with us on their return over the line.

The love feasts for eastern Michigan, or Port Huron district will be held on the 20th of June, in the Brethren meeting house in Greenwood, three miles east of Yale, St. Clair county, Michigan, and on the 27th of June in the vicinity of Sandusky with the Elmer and Custer Brethren of Sandusky county, Michigan.

The brethren are kindly invited to attend, especially the Canadian brethren and the brethren of Carland, Michigan. Those coming from the east will come by the way of Port Huron over the F. & P. M. R. R., to Yale. Those from Carland or the west, on Chicago & Grand Trunk to Emmet, eleven miles south of us. Brethren cordially invited, as well as other friends, and if they will notify us will meet them at Yale or Emmet.

NOTICE.

There will be a love feast at the Highland meeting house, Miami county, Ohio, June 13th and 14th.

A. Z. M.

For the Evangelical Visitor,

"WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN?"

"Where are the children?" This question I am made to ask myself many times in the church services of today. In all the congregation there can be counted but a very few children. Can it be that among all these grown up people there are so few children? The natural conclusion is, that this is all the children that gladden the homes from which our Sunday congregations come, for these people are mostly and sometimes all church members and are of course deeply interested in these meetings. They believe them to be very important matters as well as great helps in our religious life. They believe them to be one of the most potent means of bringing others to the fold. This causes them to come to the meetings and to urge their fellowmen to do likewise. And if they are so much interested they will want, yes will have their children there, for there are none in whose salvation they must be so deeply interested as in the salvation of their children.

Many others from want of religious interest or whose interest settles elsewhere they cannot bring, but they can bring and will bring their children, therefore, the natural conclusion that there are no more.

But I have been dwelling on a religious theory, whereas, knowing these people and many of their families, I find the above conclusion to be in error, which compels me to arrive at a second and sad conclusion; viz., that these Christian parents, our brethren and sisters and many others as well are not as deeply interested in religion as they should be and those who do not bring their children into the meetings are running a serious risk in neglecting their duty.

Oh my brethren and sisters these children have souls, whose keeping God has for a time entrusted to us, and depend upon it that God will again require them of us for his kingdom. What excuse will we make if we fail to bring them and have not even done so much as take them with us to the house of the Lord? But you say they do not want to go along. I unhesitatingly answer, that is largely if not wholly, your fault. Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it. Prov. xxii. 6. Begin when they are small, continue as they grow up, deprive yourself of some other conveniences rather than neglect this and they will learn to love and reverence the church and its services and in due time come to the fold and at the judgment day you can come rejoicing bringing your trust with you.

A. Z. MYERS.

Mechanicsburg, Pa.

As "He spake these things, many believed on Him." John vii, 39.

It seems that the minds of many of the Jews were suddenly changed, while Jesus was yet speaking to them (what I call a sudden conversion) from unbelievers they became believers. They had passed from death unto life, were accepted of Christ. All they needed was to continue in believing, that is add works
to their faith. That they were children of the living God when they believed, I doubt not. In the same chapter the ever blessed Saviour said, "He that cometh to me will in no wise cast out." John iii, 37. We see that they had "passed from death unto life," as further proof, we read "he that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." Now it is easy to see from the Saviour's own words that they were in the new life, or in other words "Born again." "If ye abide in my words then are ye truly my disciples." John viii, 31. If we are followers of Christ for years, we are not his, unless we continue to abide in him, that is to continue to do his work. Thousands of people believe that sins are not forgiven till after baptism. I do not understand the Gospel in this way, the "father saw the prodigal son a great way off, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." As he saw him returning he had nothing but love for him. Just so with any sinner, if he will forsake his sins, and start for heaven, and continue to obey Christ's teaching, (that is, the commandments) as taught in the Gospel, he will "grow in grace and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ but if any one sin after conversion, it is very wrong to continue in sin, because "we have an advocate with the Father." 1 John ii, 1. The apostles sinned after being "born again" but they repented and got right back. A great many after making a good beginning do something wrong, and Satan tells them it is no use to try again and so give it up. I would have all such look at Matt. xviii, 21–28. Our adversary, Satan, tries to mix in error with truth. Almost all good people hold some error, or errors. One of which is to make people think that sins are not forgiven "till after baptism;" others say "during baptism;" but if I understand the Gospel right they are forgiven on sincere repentance and beginning to take the yoke of Christ" or in other words as we are coming to Christ, yet we find the devil so busy about us we fail away. We still have to do as Paul did "die daily." To all that believe that "baptism is for the remission of sins" I would like to know what re- mits sins committed after baptism. As to musical instruments, I think Christians ought not to use them at no time, they were not always pleasing to God, even in the old dispensation. (Amos v, 23.) I think the River Brethren, so called, are the nearest right of any religious sect I am acquainted with. I am taking their Church paper, and am taking papers from two other churches.

Yours fraternally,

E. B. Winslow,
Pawonia, Kansas.

CORRECTION.

In May 1st No. of the Visitor, page 132, second column, in the first line, "friend" should read "enemy." In the second line "enemy" should read "friend."

BY PATIENT, QUIET WAYS.

"Not by might nor by power." Zech. iv, 6.
Just a quiet corner in this world of love and care,
Just a single atom of its duties we may bear,
Just a little portion of the work of man for man,
Just a tiny fragment of the great Creator's plan;
Yet the whole includes each part,
And the loving Father's heart
Weaves your work and mine
In his grand design.
Trace a mighty river through the mazes of its course;
In a nook unknown, unthought of, we shall find its source.
So the simplest service has a purpose and a place—
Neither men nor angels may its wondrous network trace;
But to God its growth appears
Through the swiftly gliding years;
By its onward flow

Choicest fruits shall grow,
In a manner cradle lay the humble, holy child,
But the world ignored him; nay, it mocked him, it reviled;
Now the world is asking with a quick and eager breath,
Who is he, this wondrous child, this man of Nazareth?
While by mountain, vale and sea
Thousands bend to him the knee,
And the children sing
Praisess to their King.

Count the deeds of mercy on life's varied pathways strewn,
All the seeds of promise by the many waters sown!
Tell the nameless blessings that the passing moments share,
All the beams of brightness which the mystic years yet wear;
'Tis the fulfillment of that song,
Down the ages borne along:
How its glad notes thrill!
"On earth peace, good will."

Just a few disciples heard the Master's last command:
Go and give my gospel to the sons of every land.
They were loyal to the message, and the work begins;
Slowly, surely, through the ages, see, the gospel wins!
On and on that band of old
Gains new forces manifold,
While their might and sway
Who can doubt, gainsay?

There are lives of noble living never know abroad,
For this world has heroes whom her crowds would not applaud.
Not by clash and clamor is the gospel message told—
Not by blast of trumpet does the Father's will unfold,
But by patient toil and thought, Faith and prayer through practice wrought;
These their fruits will bear,
Here and everywhere.

—F. E. Pettingell, in S. S. World.
CHURCH NEWS.

From a letter received recently from Dickinson county, Kansas, we learn that at the Bethel church in the north part of the county ten were added to the church and baptized.

On the 18th of April at the Union church near Garrett, Ind., Bro. and sister D. Yard were received into the church and baptized. They have our best wishes and our earnest prayers for a happy Christian life. They have taken the right way for usefulness in this life and eternal happiness in the life to come.

CHESTNUT GROVE CHURCH.

On Sabbath, May 10th, I attended the service of the brethren held at the Chestnut Grove church, in Ashland county, Ohio. This organization has two places of meeting, and holds services every two weeks, alternately at each of the houses. They now are holding Sabbath School, and have great interest and a large attendance. The matter of holding Sabbath School has been talked of for some time, but not till this spring was a school commenced. The new Testament has been used thus far, but arrangements have been made to get the Cook Quarterly for the school. The outlook is promising.

Bro. S. Whistler made me his guest, taking me out from this place. The Elder, Bro. Hoover, extended liberty, and in my weakness I tried to point to Christ our Redeemer and giver of life.

- A. L. GAREER.

Ashland, Ohio.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

EXPERIENCE.

The following article was written by sister Regina Baker, of Cornwall, Ont., about six weeks before her departure from this vale of tears; and though the hand that penned the original copy is done with earthly labors, and the wishes and desires the article contains are accomplished. She being dead yet speaketh.

Dear readers, I will try with the help of the Lord to do my duty in writing to the Visorron. I was quite young when the Lord first showed me I did wrong, but I would soon forget it again. From the time I was ten years old I was afraid I might die and not have peace with God. I always watched the clouds for fear I would not be with father and mother when storms came up. Dear Christian friends, pray for me, a weak one that I may now look to the Lord to help me through all storms of this world, as I used to look to my parents to protect me in thunder-storms. I lived on in this way until I was fifteen. Then the Lord worked harder in my heart; I could not get willing to make it known until the Lord called one of my dear brothers out of this world. I then felt the Lord called him to break my stubborn heart. From that on I have tried to serve my God, but come short many times in doing the will of my Saviour. Dear readers, I ask you all to pray for me, that I may live more careful the rest of my life, to be more on the watch, that when trials come I may have the Lord for my helper.

Dear readers, I can truly say the Lord has been merciful to me. I have been very poorly this last year, but I know it has brought me nearer to my Saviour. I often think if I would not have had peace with God before I took sick where would my comfort have been? But I was sure the Lord was by my side, and has given me joy in Christ, in my pain and weakness; I feel I can't do too much for my dear Saviour; I ask you again to pray for me and my companion, that we may live nearer to the Lord. O, what comfort we enjoy when we keep close to our Saviour?

I will say to all those who have not given their hearts to God, do not put it off any longer. Do think what a dreadful thing it would be to die unprepared to meet God. Let us try and have that sweet rest and peace with Jesus, which the world cannot give us and remember what great promises the Lord has given us, if we endure faithfully to the end of life; "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled."

Cornely, Ont.

REGINA BAKER.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Dear beloved readers of the Visorron, I feel led by the spirit of God to write a few lines to the honor and glory of God. I feel such a fulness in Jesus this beautiful Wednesday morning. I am walking and talking with my blessed Jesus wherever I go and wherever I am. I feel more fully blest than I have ever felt before; peace on earth and good-will to man. I would to God that all men might look and live. If the world would know what joy, peace and happiness there is in Jesus they could not stay away. But O, the Christian sometimes forgets himself in the cares and difficulties of this present world and makes mistakes and the sinners see them and they come to the conclusion there is nothing in religion.

We are to be a light to the world, a city built on a hill that cannot be hid; but O, our wells of salvation run so low sometimes that it becomes rily and impure and we can't see to the bottom of the dipper wherein we dip. We get too far away from the blessed fountain, which is our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is my desire to live closer to my God from henceforth than I have ever before, for I realize there is joy and comfort to be low down at the feet of Jesus.

Praise his holy name for what I feel in my soul just now. I feel that if I had the wings of the morning I would fly away and be at rest; yet I am willing to wait till my Saviour calls for me to come up higher.

I have that blessed hope within
me that I shall rest with the re-
deeled in glory, those that have
washed their robes white in the
blood of the Lamb. Christ said, we
shall reign with him if so be that we
suffer with him. O how unwilli-
on am to bear persecution and
scoffs and scorns. I received
strength and power from Almighty
God to rejoice in persecution.

Sometimes we have to see, to our
sorrow, our dear friends turn foes
and forsake us. In this we must al-
so rejoice for they have left our Sa-
vior too. Let us look beyond this.
Only a few more years here and our
work will be done. We can read in
1 Jan, iii, 3: “And every man that
has this hope in him purifieth
himself even as he is pure,” It takes
a cleansing indeed. O that the Lord
might lead me, guide me and keep
me near him in perfect peace, for
there nothing can best me; no, for
the Lord said if we draw near to
him he will draw nigh to us.

Thanks be to God for his promises
to poor, fallen man! I feel like cry-
ning aloud and sparing not, for the
living are falling victims to death
every day. My first thought is, are
their souls saved? We must be
ready here, made clean and washed
from all sin, for in the grave where-
we are hastening is no pardon
for sin. As we go down we shall
rise again, and if we have a right to
the first resurrection happy will be
our lot. I not only want to hope
for it but I want to know it here
in this present world, for I have ex-
perienced, if we walk in him we can
have sweet communion with him
and feel saved. O happy thought!

Then I feel like saying, come what
will, life or death, joy or sorrow, I
will trust the Lord; he is my Shep-
heard, I shall not want, for he is
my rock and my salvation, my all
in all.

It has been dark for some time
past, but I trusted the Lord and he
has delivered me. It was a hard
lesson for me to learn but I would
not take for it what the world can
give me for I feel it has strengthen-
ed me in the inner man; yet the out-
ward man had to come down for
the sake of reaching eternal life. If
we have to bear wrong, brighter
will be our crown beyond. Christ
suffered too and he had no sin. I
want to trust him in all things, for
he cares for me when I wake or when
I sleep, and awake I have a praise
for Jesus. I am so blessed in him.

Pray for me, dear readers, that I
may be kept by the power of God
until the happy summons will come
and call me home. I want to be
dressed in the robe of righteousness
and have my lamp burning when I
am called to go. Who will be able
to stand at the judgment? Only
those who have done their heavenly
Father’s will. Pray for us that we
may grow day by day in the wis-
dom of God.

LYDIA HAVER.
Lawrenceville, O.

YALE, MICH.

Mrs. D. B. Hershey, of Yale, Michi-
igan, has still no relief. Sometimes
a little better and then again over-
come with weak spells. Sister Her-
shey has been confined to her bed
almost all the time since two years
ago last Oct. Her case seems to be
general debility which makes the
brother’s lot quite grievous and de-
serves the sympathy and prayers of
the brethren. Hoping all the breth-
ren and sisters and all devoted peti-
tioners at a throne of grace will lay
in their mine for the afflicted sister.

SAMUEL RECHARD.

AN ATHEIST’S TESTIMONY.

Mhegard, professor of philosophy
in the university of Copenhagen,
has, until recently, been the apostle
of atheism in his country. He has,
says the Seneur Talmadis, just pub-
lished a second edition of one of his
works, and this is what he says in
the introduction:

“The experience of life, its suffer-
ings and griefs, have shaken my soul,
and have broken the foundation
upon which I formerly thought I
could build. Full of faith in the suf-
ficiency of science, I thought to have
found in it a sure refuge from all the
contingencies of life. This illusion is
vanished; when the tempest came
which plunged me in sorrow, the
moorings, the cable of science,
brake like a thread. Then I seized
upon that help which many before
me have laid hold of. I sought and
found peace in God. Since then I
have certainly not abandoned
science, but I have assigned it to
another place in my life.”

Happy are they who learn to
build upon a sure foundation before
the final storm descends, when the
hail shall sweep away the refuge of
lies, and the waters shall overflow
the hiding places of infidelity and
unbelief.—The Armory.

ADVICE THAT IS GOOD.

To aim at cheerfulness without
levity.

Never to show levity when people
are engaged in worship.

Frequently to review your con-
duct and note your feelings.

To say as little as possible of your-
self and those who are near
you.

Not to affect to be witty, or jest
so as to hurt the feelings of another.

Never to court the favor of the
rich by flattering their vanities or
their vices.

Never to think worse of another
on account of his differing from you
on political and religious subjects.

Never ridicule sacred things or
what others may esteem as such,
however absurd they may appear
to you.

To speak with candor and de-
liberation on all occasions, especi-
ally of circumstances which tend to
irritate.—Christian at Work.

INSTRUCTIONS.

1. Christ is prompt to answer the
invitations of his friends when they
are made in sincerity, and his com-
munion with them is sweeter than
honey and honeycomb. It is a feast
“of fat things, full of marrow, of
wines on the lees well refined.” 1 Sa.
xxv, 6.

B. C. B.
saved by grace.

"For I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. For they, being ignorant of God’s righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." Rom. x. 2-4.

I have been a most self-righteous man. For years I groaned, expecting to find peace by regulating my life according to the Scriptures. I could not believe them true; they proved such a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Heb. iv. 12. I sought carefully for the commandments of the New Testament, but the more I sought, the more I got into difficulty. I read, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer," or "For every idle word which men speak they shall be brought into judgment," and others of the same character, but they terrified me. I read also, "Seek not what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink," but it did not seem for me—my labor brought in abundantly. I read also, "Sell what ye have, and give to the poor," and then I wished, "Oh that I were only rich, that I might sacrifice all!" Then I found baptism and the Lord’s supper; but after doing all, and living an irreproachable church-life, I got no peace. The "rejoice evermore" I read was only a mockery to me. When I was baptized I expected some mysterious change, but there was none: I wept at the Lord’s table, but there was no peace: I prayed in secret and in public, often so earnestly that others thought me mighty in prayer, but yet there was no peace. "O Lord!" I cried in my agony, "speak to me and tell me what to do; I will run and do it even at the peril of my life;" but no answer. I now visited the sick, and spent much time in prayer. I preached too—yes, dear reader, I preached—I pretended to be a bearer of glad tidings, while my own heart writhed in agony. What did I preach? What others had preached to me—"Do thy best; be a valiant soldier of Jesus Christ, and then he will save thee:" but no peace! no peace! In spite of all this supposed duty fulfilled, there was no peace!!!

One day I called on a sick man, and quickly introduced the subject of religion, as that was my object in calling. "Ah sir," he said, "they used to tell me to do my best, and I tried and tried, until I found that there was no best to be reached. When I examined myself, I found that I was still the same poor sinner. Then I watched my instructors, to see if I could detect in them what I found in myself, and they failed so visibly to live up to what they taught and professed that I set them all down as hypocrites, and turned infidel. But here, read this:" and he passed to me a Testament opened at Romans iii. I had often read it before, but now the declaration, "There is none righteous, no, not one," was strangely solemn to me. I read on; "There is no difference; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, *** whom God hath sent forth a propitiation through His blood, *** that He might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." And as I read, the Holy Ghost opened my blinded heart, and I saw it all. Then and there, in that log cabin, I got what Cornelius got as Peter spoke the wonderful message, "To him (Jesus) give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins."

I was then two miles from home, and my path lay mostly through fields of corn and tall grass; but all I remember of it that evening is finding myself several times on my knees on the ground, praising God for His love. What shall I do when I get to heaven?

I now had God’s answer to all my difficulties in His precious Word, and there it was all the time, but I was blind to it. Is it not wonderful we should be so quick and intellligent about so many things and yet, so stupid about matters so important and clearly stated in the Word of God?

My heart now turned toward all men, especially to those already dear to me by the ties of nature. It was no more praying and preaching and visiting to perform some worthy thing, it was fishing after the souls of men. One having in prospect the ministry was most of all on my heart. I knew he was just where I was before. I wrote to him and told him that I had been blind, but now I saw. I told him of that Man that is called Jesus, of the work which He finished on the cross, and of the wonderful results of apprehending it by faith. He replied that "he was in great distress sometimes, and he did not know whom to believe. One said this, another said that, and all seemed earnest. It was very puzzling." One day he wrote, "all you tell me is true. I have compared it with the Word. One thing only I cannot understand. You say, ‘it is useless to try to better that which cannot be bettered,’ and add, ‘that which is born of the flesh is flesh.’ Surely you do not mean to say we must not strive to improve ourselves?"

I prayed to the Lord that He would guide me in my answer, and thought of the joy of being made the instrument in bringing that dear one to Jesus. I then replied, "Yes, that is just what I meant to say. I meant that it is useless, and even folly, to strive to better what cannot be bettered. ‘Ye must be born again.’ Your only hope is in what another, even Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has done for us. This is humiliating, but there is no other way. ‘He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already!’ This is the testimony of the whole Scripture.”

A few days after, I received his answer: "Give glory to God, my beloved brother. I see! I see! It is Jesus, and Jesus alone. He is now my all since yesterday, it seems I
understand more than half the Word which before was all darkness. I received your letter yesterday morning and, as usual, I read it over and over. I read the passages you mentioned, and they were there: I could deny nothing; but I was miserable. I went to my task heartlessly. Toward evening a gleam of hope reached me. I fell on my knees and prayed, and while there, the whole redemption which is in Christ Jesus was opened up to me. I desired to see and feel it with such force that my heart might leap high for joy, but I got only a deep, solemn, strange peace within. My wonder is, that in view of such a salvation I can remain so calm. I almost tremble lest I should lose such a precious rest."

Lose such a precious rest! No, never! It cannot be lost, for it rests on a foundation which cannot be moved. It produces feelings—blessed feelings, but feelings are no part of it; what God did for us over eighteen hundred years ago, when He "laid on Him (Jesus) the iniquity of us all," is what true peace rests upon and that never can be undone, nor can it ever lose its value. Blessed is the soul who rests there!—True Believer.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," not in quantity, but in kind. A few months since, while speaking with a good brother of our church of the way in which God sometimes blesses the humblest efforts put forth in the interest of his cause, he related the following peculiar dream, which I have ever since regarded as a most singular illustration of the text: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ex. 11: 1.

In his dream he was standing on the shore of a great river, having on his arm a basket filled with small crackers, which, as the tide began to go out, he cast upon the waters. Handful after handful he flung on the receding waves, and the basket having been emptied, he stood watching them until the fast-ebbing tide had borne them all out of sight.

And still he stood looking off upon the waters, as if in a reverie, when suddenly, as it seemed to him, the tide began to come in. Wave after wave continued to hasten joyously shoreward, until the tide was nearly at its height. Just then, happening to raise his eyes, it appeared as if the entire surface of the water in the distance was covered with strange-looking objects, moving swiftly toward the shore. On they came, like an armed and disciplined host, every wave bringing them nearer. The advance guard followed, until the shore was lined with them as far as the eye could reach. They piled themselves up about him like a great wall. Retreat was impossible. He was a prisoner! Judge of his surprise, however, when those strange looking objects which had thus effected his capture were discovered to be great loaves of bread! He had cast in a few little crackers—food for a few—and, behold, they came back a host of huge loaves—food for an army!—Boston Watchman.

WHY WILL YOU?

Why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, oh, try to be no longer a slave to it! You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it—it is bliss! All this caring for what people will say is from pride. Hoist your flag and abide by it. In an infinitely short space of time all secrets will be divulged. Therefore if you are mistreated, why trouble to put yourself right? You have no idea what a great deal of trouble it will save you. Roll your burden on Him, and he will make straight your mistakes. He will set you right with those with whom you have set yourself wrong. Here am I, a lump of clay; thou art the potter. Mold me as thou in thy wisdom wilt. Never mind my cries. Cut my life off—so be it; prolong it—so be it. Just as thou wilt; but I rely on thy unchanging guidance during the trial. Oh, the comfort that comes from this!—Gen. Gordon.

WHAT THOUGH?

What though our way be rough and thorny?
What though thick clouds hang low and dark?
What though our eyes grow dim and misty
In looking for the promised mark
Of foetid high and noble calling?
Given by God, to fallen man?
What though we tire of daily striving,
To shun all earthly blight or ban?
What though all these today prevail,
If, when we come within the rail,
Our place with the redeemed may be,
To sing The Song of Victory?
What though the heart with grief is swelling
When friends prove false and turn away?
What though we find the thorn in plucking
The rose that grows along life's way?
What though we pass through vales of sadness?
What though our way is hedged about
With elements of dread and danger,
Of gloomy fears, dismay and doubt?
What though all these "tis ours to meet
As we go with restless feet,
If we at last His face may see
And sing The Song of Victory?
What though we may not banish sorrow
From out the life we live on earth?
What though the thorn that idly passes
Knows not, nor recognizes worth?
What though "tis ours to live and labor,
To grief and disappointment know?
What though in lonely ways we wander
And pluck the bitter fruits that grow
From trees and vines of garish green,
Of golden hue and silvery sheen?
What matter if from these once free,
We sing The Song of Victory?

Oh, who deceives of fate may question?
Oh, who will falter, faint or fall?
Who feebly halt when stormclouds gather
Or when the storm breaks heavily down?
What though a tempest fierce arises
And hangs about in fearful form,
If we but trust the given promise
Of Him who rides upon the storm?
If we our hands in faith reach out,
Freed from all fear, alarm or doubt,
While sailing on the eternal sea,
We may sing The Song of Victory?
Victory green on our banners
From highest standards full unfurled;
Victory when we change our mortal
Life for an immortal world;
When at last earth's journey ended,
A new and untried world awaits,
Our footsteps, shortly made and measured,
Halt not at death's open gates;
If, when we lay our burdens down,
We may but win and wear a crown
Of righteousness—Oh, who so free
To sing The Song of Victory?

CLARK W. BRYAN.
CHILDRen's DEPARTMENT.

FOR MY MOTHER.

The land of my youth—far sweeter sound
Than the minstrel's melodious lay,
The heart of my childhood more dazzling by far
Than the bright boning chief of today.
Oh who that has wandered o'er hill and o'er sea,
And dark, rolling billows and foam,
Will not say they've seen in the darkness of gloom,
Bright visions of far away home?
As elixirs of the stranger, all forlorn and sad,
Discourteous and wearied I roam,
But the dark frown of sorrow soon hastens away
When I think of my far-away home.
O speak not to me of your temples of gold,
Nor your cities of sacred renown.
For the holiest temple of earth that can be
Is the land of my childhood's home.
How my thoughts that wander o'er years gone by,
When childhood was life's happy home;
I recall the dear forms of loved ones who dwell
In the land of my far-away home.
There's a mother who waits in the fondness of hope,
For the love enthroned moment to come,
When I, now a stranger, will part and return
To the land of my far-away home.
Yes, I'll soon journey back to that blessed retreat,
And stand by the grass-grown tombs
Of those who have fled to the region of light.
While I wander this thankless clime,
Yes, I'll journey back—blessed retreat,
Where the hardness of life was unknown.
And I'll clasp to my bosom my own mother dear,
In the land of my far-away home
Soon shall lies from this earth to that mansion on high.
A long, weary march to the tomb;
But I know that she'll welcome my coming ere white,
In the land of my far-away home.
So I'll cheer while earth's pilgrim my mother remains,
The disheartened and wearied I roam,
I will pray for the smile of her presence again,
In that upper and heavenly home.
Hiawatha, Kansas.

SISTER N. BAKER.

Honor thy father and thy mother.

Dear children.—How pleasant it is to see children and young people courteous and respectful to old people, kind and thoughtful to those who are so unfortunate as to be crippled or deformed. One cannot help but admire a child who is thoughtful of the comfort of other people.

Some time ago when I was on the streets of a large city, I saw an old woman poorly, almost shabbily dressed, limping along on the other side of the street with a cane in one hand and a heavy basket in the other; in attempting to cross the street she slipped and fell on the ice, overturning her basket, and in so doing the contents of the basket rolled out on the ground, a few small parcels, some vegetables, among which were some apples. A couple boys came along just then and began to pick up the fruit and fill their pockets as fast as they could, but another boy had seen her fall and hastily running up to her he helped her to get on her feet and then gathered up her parcels and threatened the other boys to call the police if they did not empty their pockets of her fruit at once, which they seemed glad to do in the face of this brave boy. The old woman after everything had been righted and she was ready to start again on her way, insisted on the kind boy taking some of the apples. He thanked her and ran away as fast as he could.

Which of those boys, think you, was the gentleman? It did not take me long to decide, and I think you will agree with me. I have known children at school who were so rude that people were almost sure to be insulted if they passed by the school house during play hours; they would call people nicknames and use very bad language. We have an instance in Bible history where God punished children who were disrespectful to an aged man.

A good man who was called Eldish (which means salvation of God) was at the city of Jericho and the people asked him to heal the waters of that city for them, which he did; but as he was leaving the city to go to Bethel, the children came out of the city and mocked him and called him bald-head. God was angry with the children and sent two bears out of the wood and killed forty-two of them, which was a fearful punishment.

AUNT MATTIE.

A CRICKETER'S CHANGE OF HEART.

Twenty years ago, a young lad, returning from a cricket match, called at a clergyman's house, and on leaving was presented with a little leaflet by the minister's daughters. On arriving at his home, some dozen miles distant, he retired to his room and read over the lines:

"After the joys of earth,—After its songs of mirth.
After its hours of light,—After its dreams so bright,—

What then? Only an empty name,—Only a weary frame,
Only a conscious smart,—Only an aching heart.

He could not get the words out of his mind. Then he closed his eyes and tried to sleep; the words, "what then" seemed printed in letters of fire on his eyelids. He knelt down by his bedside, and for the first time cried to God for mercy, and soon afterwards was able to tell the young lady who had sought to influence him for Christ, that he had given himself to God. He bought some thousands of the samallite leaflet which, under God, had been the means of salvation, and began in faith to sow beside all waters, and had the joy of seeing his mother, who was struck with the change in her boy's life, led to Saviour's feet.

"After the Christian's tears,—After his hopes
And fears,
After his weary eyes,—All things below but

What then?
Oh, then a holy calm,—Resting on Jesus' arm,
Then Jesus' love and power,—To cheer the dying hour.

The writer of the above was that young lad, converted to God by
May 15, 1891.  EVANGELICAL VISITOR.  159

means of a simple leaflet, given in faith by a dear servant of Christ.

"Blessed are they that sow beside all waters."

ANGELINE REICHARD.

Fordwich, Ont.

DR. HERBERT'S DAUGHTER.

It was Saturday evening, and the study lamp burning brightly in the office of Dr. Herbert, while the coal glowed cheerfully in the polished grate. But the manly form which was seated in that easy-chair sat with bowed head and clasped hands, in deep and anxious thought. It was not the cares of a large and prosperous business which so harassed the mind and curtailed the brawn of this pious and intelligent physician. It was rather the solitude of a Christian and a father which stirred the deep feelings of his soul: his daughter Caroline, so long the subject of faithful instruction and earnest prayer, was still a stranger to renewing grace.

She was in her twentieth year, beautiful, accomplished, and talented. But though yielding respect to the externals of religion, her heart refused its allegiance to its divine Author. From her earliest childhood she had manifested aversion to the humbling doctrines of the cross; and as she advanced to uncommon mental promise, her disrelish for spiritual things grew more apparent and decided.

During the winter there had been, in the church with whom Dr. Herbert worshipped, an interesting work of grace. But from its very commencement, Caroline had braced herself to resist its influences. She had indeed a conviction of the truth and reality of religion; and she cherished also a vague idea that she must and should become a Christian ere she died; but she was not ready now. She loved the world too well to relinquish it. In the society of gay companions, in the display of their many accomplishments, and in the literary pleasures which she so highly prized, she found a satisfaction which she ingeniously far superior to the joys of the humble Christian.

In this outpouring of the Holy Spirit, many of her companions listened to the voice of conscience and of God; but Caroline remained unmoved. At first they sought their young friend, saying, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." But she avoided all their entreaties and remonstrances.

Her father, seeing that all direct efforts for her salvation awakened her hostility to the truth resolved to desist for the present, and commit the case to a covenant-keeping God. This was the subject which so weighed down his heart, and which drove him to his pastor, that they might unite their prayers at the throne of grace. At the personage he learned that a distinguished preacher was to occupy the pulpit on the morrow, whose ministrations, it was hoped might impress the closely guarded heart of Caroline.

The Sabbath came, and with it the man of God. But the young lady, suspecting that an arrow was especially intended for her, refused to attend the service. For the first time in her life absolutely refused to accompany her father to the house of prayer. In vain he reasoned with and entreated her; she would not go; and saying, with a bitterness which stung her father to the heart, that she was "sick of hearing all this nonsense about religion," she retreated to the library to spend the hour of worship in reading. Before he left the house, her father offered her his Bible, in which he had marked some passages for her perusal, entreat- ing her to read them with attention. His persistency in bringing before her the unattractive subject developed the hidden enmity of her heart. Flinging the book of God from her, she exclaimed, "I hate the Bible. I shall read a novel, if I can find one."

In sorrowful silence her father left the house; and Caroline commenced her search for a work of fiction to while away what she felt would be a weary hour. Upon the topmost shelf of the family book-case, amid a heap of worn and disused books, she spied the volume which she sought. But in taking it down, a torn and stray leaf belonging to a very different book fluttered from the shelf and fell to the carpet at her feet. She carelessly raised it, and glanced at its upturned page. It was a fragment from the worn-out Testament of her school days; and the words which met her eye were, "They hated me without a cause."

Words of deeper import never flashed upon a human soul. Caroline started as if an arrow had pierced her. Had the meek and persecuted Son of God, whose Spirit she had resisted, and whose messengers she had refused to hear, spoken with an audible voice, with personal application of the charge to herself, it could hardly have deepened her conviction. She felt that she was full of enmity against Christ, and the religion which he came to establish; and she knew that she had no cause for this hatred. All that a God of mercy had done to bless and save her rose in rapid review before her; and the review of her base returns of indifference, ingratitude, and neglect, smote her with a sense of her exceeding vileness and guilt. The Holy Spirit, whose saving influences she had so persistently shunned, had followed her to her hiding-place.

The "word" against which she had closed her ears, had "like a two-edged sword" pierced "even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit" and proved "a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." In the light of truth, now flashing its torch into the hidden recesses of her heart, she saw herself a guilty and condemned sinner, and felt that the wrath of God was resting upon her.

When her father returned from church, he found her prostrate in the anguish of her soul, seeking that mercy so long sighted. With
the prodigal’s confession, “Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight,” she besought his forgiveness, and his intercession at the throne of grace. And when he was permitted to rejoice over her as one who had been “lost,” but now was “found,” the language of his heart was, “Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.”

American Tract Society.

Have you a mother? If so, honor and love her. If she is aged, do all in your power to cheer her declining years. Her hair may have bleached, her eyes may have dimmed, her brow may contain deep and unlighted furrows, her cheeks may be sunken; but you should never forget the holy love and tender care she has had for you. In years gone by she has kissed away from your cheek the troubled tear; she has soothed and petted you when all else appeared against you; she has watched over and nursed you with a tender care known only to a mother; she has sympathized with you in adversity; she has been proud of your success. You may be despised by all around you, yet that loving mother stands as an apostle for all your shortcomings. With all that disinterested affection, would it not be ungrateful in you? in her declining years you failed to reciprocate her love and honor her as your best, tried friend? We have no respect for a man or woman who neglects an aged mother. If you have a mother, love her, and do all in your power to make her happy. Christian at Work.

Turning over a new leaf.

How pleasant it is to turn over a new leaf, to see before us an unmarked page. How careful should we be that its unspotted surface shall not be spoiled by weak and defective things! How poor have been many of our efforts in the past! Will they be any better in the future? Unquestionably yes, if we go about it in the right way. If our peace is made with God, if we have come into living union with Christ, we have nothing to fear. As he has taken away forever, and cast behind his back, all our past errors, so surely will he guide and uphold us in the future, remedying all defects, perfecting all shortcomings. Without Christ the way is dark before us, uncertain, threatening, evil; but with Christ we have nothing to fear for all is bright, clear, joyous. We need not hesitate, but fearlessly placing our hand in his, go forward, knowing that “better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof,” and that ere long we shall attain everlasting life...Episcopal Recorder.

Our dead.

SIDER.—Died, near Stevensville, Ont., April 7th, Charles Jacob, little son of Bro. Benjamin and Sister Rachel Sider, aged 8 months and 16 days. Funeral services were conducted by Bro. George Detwiller from 2 Sam. xii, 25. Our loved ones are passing away; may we be prepared to meet them.

M. C. S.

HESKEY.—Died, April 27, 1891, at the home of Abraham Hershey, near Elizabethtown, Lancaster co., Pa., Sister Susan Hesky, aged 57 years, 4 months and 22 days. Funeral on May 1st, interment at Cross Roads. M. H. Sister Hesky was converted in youth—being in her fifteenth year—and lived a consistent Christian life for more than seventy years. She leaves two brothers and many friends to mourn their loss. Sister Hesky had never entered into matrimony but was instrumental in raising the family of Bro. Abraham Hershey, his wife (who was a sister to Sister Heskey) having died, leaving a family of small children. Funeral services by the home brethren from Rev. vii, 15, 16, 17.

D. E.

FUNK.—Died, near Waynesboro, Franklin co., Pa., March 27, 1891, Sister Catharine Funk, aged 85 years, 2 months and 12 days. Her remains were interred in the cemetery at Ringgold, Md., and services were held at the church there from the text, 2 Tim. iv, 6th 7th and 8th verses, by the home brethren. Sister Funk was a very earnest Christian worker and a great friend to the mission cause. During a visit made her only a short time before death she told the writer that she had a desire to depart and be with Christ. After reading the 71st Psalm and prayer, she wished that beautiful hymn read commencing

“In the Christian’s home in glory,
There remains a hand of rest.”

It may truly be said of her that she was a “Mother in Israel.” She leaves many friends and relatives to mourn her departure. She will be missed in many ways in her Christian work. She was a woman of rare mind, strong convictions, and willing to choose liberally of her own time and the cause of God.

A. C. W.

Ringgold, Md.

HOOVER.—Died, near Goshen, Ind., April 16, 1891, Sister Susan Hoover, wife of Elder Martin Hoover, aged 71 years, 6 months and 13 days. Was buried April 19th at Yellow Creek cemetery. Funeral services were held by the writer for Yellow Creek (Mononme) meeting house, Preaching by Elder Joseph Shirk of Florence, Ill., in English, and by Rev. John K. Funk of Elkhart, Ind., Editor Herald of truth, in German. Sister Hoover, whose maiden name was Smith, was born in Vaughan, York co., Pennsylvania, Oct. 10, 1819. She moved with her parents to Medina county, Ohio, when she was 18 years old. She was married to Martin Hoover, Jan. 7, 1840, by which marriage they had ten children, 6 sons and 4 daughters, of which two sons and two daughters preceded her to the grave. Sister Hoover was a member of the church for about 35 years. Most of this time she was much afflicted. She was a kind and loving wife and mother and led a consistent Christian life and died in the assured hope of immortal glory. She leaves a husband, four sons and two daughters with many friends to mourn their loss.

FISHER.—Died, near Yoconutown, York co., Pa., April 18, 1891, Bro. Samuel Fisher, aged 83 years, 5 months and 21 days. He suffered from a paralytic stroke for over a year and has been in an almost helpless condition since then. Bro. Fisher was a quiet, unassuming man, well to do, and of a kind, Christian disposition. His wife preceded him to the spirit land twelve years. He leaves six children, twelve grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren, together with many relatives and friends to mourn his departure. The occasion was improved by the writer to address a large and attentive congregation from the Prophet Jeremiah xii, 5, “If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? And if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, thou wast weary, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?” Services were held in the Salem church and burial in the cemetery of that place.

JNO. H. MYERS.

Shepherdstown, Pa.

May 15, 1891.