6-15-1891


Brethren in Christ Church

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MAKE HASTE.

Make haste, oh make haste to carry
The news of salvation free,
There are thousands around us dying,
How is it with you and me?
Are we letting our lamps burn brightly,
Or have they grown low and dim?
A splendid flame and steady
Shall be shining out for him.
Upheld far above the banners
By Satan's host unparalleled,
We may start a blaze of glory
Around the darkened world.
And some who now sit in darkness,
And some for light who wait.
May see the radiance gleaming
And find salvation's gate.

Faith is also an absolute necessity.
In worship we hold communion with God. We not only enter the King's courts, but we appear face to face—unveiled as to our true character. No true lover who would win the virgin of his choice falsely makes a display of angelic virtues. He discards the cloak of deception as he would the poison of the asp. Such a union may not easily be broken. Thus also, having entered the paths of peace, we “worship towards his holy mountain.”

We must have a fiery earnestness and a fixedness of purpose in our worship in order to have God's approval and an individual benefit. Prayer and praise are the elements forming the focus to which all other elements of worship must converge when refined. Much that is called worship in our day has not the seal of divinity. How often—too true—that in our public assemblies the living God does not command our attention, much less our pure devotion. It is time to “arise and shine on Zion,” to awake and be stirred to Christian activity.

We have come in contact with men whose worship was attended with the power of the Holy Ghost. There went out virtue. In our secret chamber we were aroused to find ourselves praying for “a double portion of thy spirit.” But through the distinct utterance of revelation there comes the voice of truth, saying, “He walked with God.”

“Make haste, oh make haste to carry
The news of salvation free,
There are thousands around us dying,
There is no time for delaying,
Sin has had the effect to distance the relationship between us and God. A strenuous effort and untiring vigilance is required to counteract the works of Satan. Worship is ventilation to the soul, no matter in what sphere it issues forth.

It is a relief to the heathen to adore the thousands of gods, though unconscious of the fact that they fall nigh infinitely short of true spiritual adoration. God's people in all ages have given us sufficient occasion to observe that our faculties are inclined to dormancy in worship. In true worship of the true God, formality and lethargy are characteristics which must be discarded.

Many Christians might learn lessons of devotion from heathendom and paganism; the earnestness and zeal; the self-sacrifice and devotion manifested in the regions of darkness—in worship to devils, might well be a study for Christendom at large. And not only so, but entering the realm of individuality, it may tend to answer with profit the questions concerning our worship, Why, when and how? Where the Holy Spirit presides, lethargy and formality have no place.

In order to rise to the heights of Christian privileges our organism for devotion must be widened. If we enter the sphere which admits of our sectarian walls, our self-righteous principles and ancestral cords cannot enter the world as the field, and the great and immutable love of God cannot control our every act to the fulness of power which must attend undivided worship.

Here is food for the thoughtful who desire to withstand the destructive influences of worldliness. Let us take notice of Daniel in the Medopersian realm. Of Moses in his rejection of the Egyptian crown. Of Paul in his chequered scenes of life. Their success depended on their devotion to a cause to which was linked an undivided worship. God's power was nigh. Our God is great. He demands of us to devote our every faculty and best developed intellects in his worship. May we worship with hand and heart.

H. N. EnGLE.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

WORSHIP.

GAMING.

Gaming is one of the crying evils of the land. The fascination of the gaming table has lured many thousands of young men, who had every opportunity of becoming prosper-
ous in business, into a life of sin and shame, and has finally landed them on the shores of eternal ruin. Gambling is carried on not only in the cities, where dens are fitted up for this especial purpose, but in every town, in villages and rural districts, it is carried on in some form or another, and ample opportunity is offered for our young men to be led into this monster evil. Many boys are engaged in this sin while their parents may be at home all unconcerned, not thinking that their boys are open to such temptations.

It becomes a question of the utmost importance to all Christian parents, "how shall we save our boys from the gaming table and its evil associations?" To this question we would give as a warning answer, surely not by fostering in your homes games of chance. There are, we know, certain games which are clamed to be innocent; e.g., checkers, dominoes, cards. And children, it is said, should not be deprived the pleasure of enjoying themselves with them. We do not concur in this opinion, but believe it to be a mistaken idea. We believe that in those games just mentioned the first step on the road to drunkenness. So it is with gambling. There are initiatory steps which must be taken before the gambler is produced. And we cannot help but believe that these initiatory steps are the very games which so many professedly Christian parents foster in their homes, under the false impression that they can bear no evil fruit.

Those who play games of chance may not always be led into gambling, but that does not argue anything against the danger that lies in those games. The desire for playing is created, and it may be only for the want of opportunity that evil results do not follow. All do not have the same temptations to contend with. Suppose a young man who had learned the art of playing the various games, and takes delight in them, should come in contact with those who make gambling a business and should be invited to play, how could he resist the temptation? This will-power must be very strong if it would save him. If he had not early learned the habit of playing there would have been no temptation.

Christian parents, you should be very careful what you allow your children to engage in while they are under your control. You are responsible for their early training, and if you will allow them, unapproved, to do anything that will be a stepping stone to evil, you will no doubt be called into account for it.

It may be urged by some, in defence of card playing and kindred games that children must have something to amuse themselves with. That is true. A child needs childish things, and we would not deprive them of their playthings. Home should be made pleasant for the children and they should be furnished with means of enjoyment so that they will not wish to leave home when they grow older. But we do not see the policy of placing into the hands of a child something that fastens upon it a habit which will grow with the years, and which is liable to lead it on to gross evils.

There is danger in games of chance and we would say keep them out of your homes. To satisfy the children's desire for play supply them with such things as will fade away with childhood.

J. G. C.

Hiawatha, Kan.

BIBLE STUDY.

The navigator is deficient without a knowledge of geography; the keeper of a green house without a knowledge of botany; the surveyor without geometry; the Christian without the Bible. Various motives may induce us to study the Word.

First, and lowest. In the Sabbath School and church because it is customary or popular.

Second, because we are ashamed to be ignorant of it—in which case we always assume to know more than we really do.

Third, because we love to study it and we love to study it because "it satisfies our longings as nothing else can do."

Fourth, because we are workers for the Master and it is the instrument he has given us with which to work. It is the sword with which we fight our battles, the plow with which we break the fallen ground, the seed which we sow, the sunshine and the moisture which develop the germ, and the pruning hook with which we trim the plants.

Without it we are crippled, faltering, cowardly workers. Its laws govern the wayward, its promises cheer the faint, its counsels guide the weak, its threatenings awe the wicked, and its love kindles the heart.

How shall we study it? We who are Christians and consequently workers?

1. Approach it reverently as the words of God himself.
2. With prayer in our hearts and on our lips.
3. With helps such as dictionary, Bible history and the Bible in some other language if possible, though it be only the German.

I humbly suggest a plan which seems good to me, leaving others to vary it as best suits their circumstances.
1. Study the Bible as a whole, its history, translations, writers and books, plan of arrangement and groupings of books.

2. Study the books separately as to author, time written, object and central idea.

3. Individual characters. Such as David, Elisha, Joshua, Moses, etc.

4. Fundamental principles as they run through the Word, as justification, sanctification, faith, the trinity and prophecies and their fulfillment.

5. Trace Christ through the whole Bible, observing his origin, character, attributes, types and work.

6. Learn appropriate references in answer to the questions that bother the sinner and mislead the doubter.

In addition to this, I feel that every intelligent Christian should study the great disputed questions, such as, original sin, the Eucharist, holiness and the second coming of Christ, and, for himself take a stand on one side or the other. It will give him greater stability.

A certain time in the day should be set apart for Bible study, and this should be observed each day. No ordinary season should be sufficient to excuse us from any day's study. We should observe the hour of Bible study as rigidly as that of family devotion. If Christ is our teacher, then are we not the learners, and should we not prepare a lesson a day as necessarily as a pupil in our public schools? But some say, "I meditate a great deal every day." But do you not need your text book and reference books just as well as the pupil? It is my conviction that commentaries should be used very sparingly. The Spirit is to be our interpreter, and some of the deepest revelations have been vouchsafed to men through the direct agency of the Holy Ghost.

A thorough and careful preparation of the S. S. lessons in the order given is very beneficial; but our study should be much broader than that indicated in the outlines. Let us study not only because it is a duty, but because we are fired with such a desire to know and such fervent love that nothing else will satisfy them. We should turn to our Bible with delight, seeking truth as we would seek pearls, vigorously and systematically.

Let us not fail to comprehend the high ideal of manhood proclaimed in Christ's life, to emulate it in our lives, and to find our deepest joy in the service of his cause.

A BROTHER.

FROM AFRICA'S SOIL.

Greetings to the many readers. Thanks be to God I live and am well. Good news from Africa's soil I tell, on the way to heaven. I will work for God while yet I can. Peace be with thee and thine.

Prepare you all while here below
That each may safe to heaven go.

If you think proper give my weak lines a little room in your paper all to the glory of God. God revealed himself to his people through the Old and New Testament dispensation, by visions and revelations years back. The Lord revealed himself to me as follows: I crossed the ocean, landed safely. The colored people came around and rejoiced, saying, the white man has come. Hear this all ye honest Christians. All this was filled out between me and my honest Master, in 1890. The vessel which left New York Nov. 1st, bound for Liberia, Africa, landed in thirty-eight days, the 9th of Dec., at Freetown, where I preached the gospel three times, while the vessel layed over Sabbath. You should have seen the friendly faces and the shaking of the white man's hand. Then you would say with me, no room for imagination. Ever since God confirmed in my behalf that he sent me to Africa in my sixty-eight year to do a work for him that no one could do for me. I am very thankful to my heavenly Father who kept me now in the fourth month in Africa, not one day in bed sick. During the month I have preached Jesus in the Gail churches and to the naked and half naked heathens under the open heavens, with weeping eyes beholding Ham's posterity so deeply sunken in lack of Scriptural knowledge. My mind and heart is mostly drawn towards the Mohammedans where I commenced my labors of love by preaching by my Interpreter, and teaching their children the A B C's from the books which I bought in Philadelphia on my way to Africa, not thinking that God would lead me to preach Jesus to them and not Mahomet. I tell the children that Alla is God in their language. When I knelt down to pray in their terms under the open heaven, I say, O Alla, thou eternal God, etc. It takes much self-denying grace to be a regular missionary among the colored race. Ye people of God in the gospel lands, do not forget the honest missionaires whom God have sent. How many will leave their tobacco fields and do what Christ has commanded, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?" etc. And cease to do what Christ has forbidden, laying up treasures upon earth. These poor heathen do not concern them.

O ye honest Christians, I often weep by day and night, knowing that many prayers are sent to God for me, both in America and Canada. That is right. Do not forget me. I believe that God will give me the great blessing to celebrate my fiftieth spiritual birthday in Africa next Aug. 17, 1891, and then tell me clearly how soon I will be justified to return to America, and spend my few remaining days, using my influence to awaken up the sleeping millions of the so-called Christians, who do not walk as they should. A true Christian has three P's, one for possession, one for profession and one for practice. The hypocrite has only one P; he stolen it and put it in his mouth. He is a professor. Christ pronounced awful woes over all such.

O may I keep my conscience clear,
To God and man be still sincere;
This is a happy state indeed,
To know that we through grace were saved.
I will now bring my weak lines to a close. The editor may think I am too lengthy. This is a wonderful country. Six months wet and six months dry, yet thunder and lightning every month. Trees and fields are green each month. I have found no cold, fresh water in Africa. All warm from the springs and wells. I saw no person I knew since I left New York. I am the only white person within ten miles. Well I am contented with my lot, therefore I murmur not. Heaven is my home.

One more point—the ants in Africa. The one kind build large houses, all water proof. I measured one 13 feet high, 10 in diameter and 30 in est snakes of 15 to 20 feet long—called the drivers, because the large.

The one kind build large houses, all water proof. I measured one 13 feet high, 10 in diameter and 30 in circumference. The other kind are called the drivers, because the largest snakes of 15 to 20 feet long would swallow a young deer after she had killed him, before first searching round to see whether any of these multiplied trillions as they move along lines two or three inches wide are near; if none are near, she will swallow her prey and lay quiet a day or two. If, during that time, the drivers ants should come on the little kings would make a prey of the large snake in a short time. Water or fire is the only means to drive them from the buildings. Go to the ant thou sluggard, learn and become wise.

Let sinners turn without delay
For soon will come your dying day;
To live in sin you know aint well,
All who die in sin will go to hell.

In love I send these lines to you,
To God and man let us be true.

EUSEBIUS HERSHEY, Foreign Missionary in Africa.

Monrovia, Liberia, W. Africa.

COMFORT IN THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE REDEEMER'S EXISTENCE.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.—Job xix, 25.

I think these words of such a blessed nature that, though they are repeated oftener than any in the Bible, they lose nothing in power. Job felt the thought to be a great one even when it was forming in his mind. He prefaces it with a wish that his words might be written in a book. I don't know how these words were originally written, but, given by the inspiration of God's Spirit, they have been written throughout the ages on the hearts of God's children in the hour of trial when the crushing weight of sorrow has threatened to bear us down to earth. It is difficult to get at the vision which presented itself to the patriarch when he uttered these words. He had lost his property; his children were dead; he was in physical torture, and, what was perhaps the greatest affliction of all, he had a fool for a wife who urged him "to curse God and die." Yet he could say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." He also said, "Though worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Years rolled by between that time and the Christian era, and Job did not in the flesh look upon God, incarnated in Christ. It must be, therefore, that he referred to the later period when Christ shall stand again on the Mount of Olives, and the patriarch together with the rest of the children of men shall in the flesh see God. The text is in the present tense—liveth, liveth, liveth. Today, tomorrow and forever.

This is the refuge thought; the sanctuary in the heart of the believer; the source of unending joys and never ceasing hope—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." The early Christians, surrounded on every side by danger, made the ever-present living Saviour the keynote of their faith, and saluted one another in the morning with the words, "Christ is risen." Why do we take so much comfort in the thought that our Redeemer liveth? As nearly an unselfish thought as can live in the human heart is joy that the Saviour is now happy. We feel so over our human friends, and when they are gone we are comforted if we may think that they are happy. Well do I remember, brethren, the time when I left my western home to go to my dying mother. I was too late and the news of her death reached me at her threshold. As I stood in the twilight that night with my only brother and learned of the trials and suffering through which my mother had passed, my aching heart was comforted as I reflected that the suffering she had so patiently borne was ended; and that she was happy with the God in whom she had trusted. Do you love your Saviour better than all else? If you do, what comfort to think of Him as beyond all human taunts and misery; at peace and at rest. Is not this a thought worthy of the forgiven breast? Again, the relation of the resurrection of life to the crucifixion bears on this. The crucifixion paid the debt of human sin. The resurrection is God's confirmation of the act. If Christ had not risen, it would have indicated that the debt had not been paid and that it required further cancellation. But the fact of the resurrection put the seal of divine approval on the sacrifice. A substitute does something for another, that that other may not do that thing himself. In the late war men used to send substitutes to take their places. Christ on Calvary was our substitute. But a representative is a different thing. We speak through our representatives in Congress. Christ risen is our representative with God. What is life? I should define it as the perfect existence of the whole of any being. We see about us many different lives. We see on the streets faces indicating purely sensual, intellectual, loving or spiritual lives. But in no case is the life here perfect; for in no case does it reach that for which it was intended. Suppose the body were never tired, the intellect never dulled, the affections never selfish, the soul always pure, the being centered in God. This would be life. Christ lives it until we shall take it. This is the life we are stating when we say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." When you close your eyes on earthly scenes...
and waken on the other side in the presence of the living Lord, it will have been enough to have possessed this knowledge. Loving friends will look upon you as your breath grows fainter and as your eyes lose their look of recognition; and their own eyes will stream with tears. But at the same moment joy utterable will be yours as your soul bursts its bonds and enters into an eternal knowledge of the life which your Redeemer liveth. And now the question arises, how do I know that my Redeemer liveth? Suppose you had a brother in Europe. From time to time your friends would tell you they had seen him and the news would be welcome. But suppose a letter should come addressed in the familiar hand and bearing the post-mark of the place where your brother lived. With what eager hands would you break the seal, and how lovingly ponder over every word of affection. So when others tell us of our Redeemer we are glad, but how utterable the gladness with which we recognize His messages to our hearts; when we see Him manifested in every work of nature and in every aspiration of humanity. What matters it to me that this is a mystery? Shall I refuse to believe it when I cannot understand the growth of the simplest flower of the field? All nature from the spear of grass to the revolving universe is mysteries. In our own being we recognize a trinity. So when Christ comes to us in person and afterwards makes His presence felt in every inspiration of our lives, we cannot expect to fathom Him and we cannot help loving and receiving Him. What matters it that for a little while the sky spreads its canopy of blue between us? I can say, with the doubting Thomas, “My Lord and my God,” and with the patient patriot of old, “I know that my Redeemer liveth.” — A. T. Wolfe.

The Lord is the hope of Israel, and the joy of the redeemed.

NOW I LAY ME.

Near the campfire’s flickering light,
In my blanket bed I lie,
Gazing through the shadows of night
And the twinkling stars on high.
O'er me, spirits in the air,
Silent vigils seem to keep
As I breathe my childhood's prayer,
Now I lay me down to sleep.
Sadly sings the whip-poor-will
In the boughs of yonder till,
Laughingly the dancing rill
Swells the midnight melody.
Painster grows the flickering light
As each ember slowly dies,
Plaintively the birds of night
Pill the air with saddening cries.
Over me, spirits in the air,
Low I breathe in Jesus' ear:
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
West Fairview, Pa.

—Selected by T. H.

“'Tis an awful thing to receive the Holy Spirit,” said one at the John Street meeting one day when earnest prayer was being offered for a baptism of the Spirit. The whole Mosaic economy emphasizes the truth that to approach God is no light-matter, and must be done reverently, with clean hands and a pure heart. If this was the case under the old dispensation, in which men were only allowed to approach God from the outside, if one may use such an expression, how much greater is the obligation of holiness and awe which rests on those who are permitted to enter into close fellowship with God in Christ, and are honored to be walking temples of the Holy Ghost? If those whose duty it was to bear the vessels of the Lord were, under the old law, under special obligation to be clean, how much more should they be clean in whom God dwells by His Spirit? He who has consciously received the gift of the Holy Spirit and then yields to temptation, commits a much graver sin than if he had committed the same sin before he had that blessed experience, and his sin has a more hardening influence on his own heart.

Through ignoring this important truth, multitudes of Christians have failed to obtain the best of God's covenanted blessings, the conscious presence and power of the Holy Spirit in their lives. They pray for the Spirit and the Spirit comes to them, but he finds their hearts so full of selfishness and so unready to submit to necessary discipline or to yield willing obedience to his commands that He cannot work in them or through them to any extent. They do not realize that they have thus practically refused to accept the answer to their prayers, and so grow skeptical about the power of prayer to obtain an answer. Thus, though consciously, they judge themselves unworthy of the Saviour's great gift, and close in their own faces the door which was opened to a share in the rest and in the peace of God.—Selected.

ALONE WITH GOD.

How many instances in the Bible that show that the one who prevails in prayer is the one who is alone with God as he prays! Moses is by himself beside the bush in the wilderness. Gideon and Jephthah are by themselves when commissioned to save Israel. Abraham leaves Sarah behind when he pleads with God for Sodom. Joshua is alone when the Lord comes to him as an armed man. One John is alone in the wilderness; another John is by himself in Patmos, when nearest God. It is when alone under the fig-tree in prayer that Jesus sees Nathaniel. All religious biography, our own closest communion and success with God, show what Christ means when, as if it were the only way to pray, he says: "And thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."
HAVE YOU BEEN UPSTAIRS?

Some few years ago, a poor man died, leaving to the care of God a wife and several young children. At her husband’s death, the support of the family was to be obtained by the widow’s toil; and the means on which she depended were very precarious. Trials came upon her apace, and sometimes so pressing were her difficulties, that she seemed to be on the verge of destitution. Happily she had chosen the Lord before these days of darkness and distress; and now found a sweetness in claiming him as her husband: she knew he had said, “Let the widow trust in me,” and therefore rolled her burden of care on him. She had regular seasons for prayer; but these were often supplemented; for when any fresh trial arose she retired to spread it before the Lord. On these special occasions she used to go into her bedroom; and so oft did she go thither, that her children knew why she went, and in every domestic trouble expected her to go.

Her greatest trial, however, had not yet come; and it remained to be seen whether she would continue faithful. All her wants had hitherto been supplied; but at length a sore calamity befell her which threatened to plunge her into inextricable distress. Employment and money failed; and as she did not like to ask credit for necessaries which she had not the probability of paying for, she went to bed one night without any food in the house, or the means of obtaining any. The morning came, and when hungry children asked for their breakfast, she had none to give them, and what to do she could not tell. Grief overcame her: the thought that she and her babes might starve flitted across her mind, and she wept bitterly. At that moment a dear little boy stole softly up to her, and taking her hand in his, said “mother, what is the matter? why do you cry so?” “Because, my love,” she replied, “I have no food for you, and cannot get any.” “Mother,” he rejoined, “you have not been upstairs this morning.”

The good woman took the hint; retired as usual to spread this trial before the Lord, and ask the needed supply; and while she was praying, confidence sprang up in her soul, she felt she could trust for that day’s bread, and help was at hand. Scarcely had she left the room, when a lady called to ask if she wanted employment, who, on hearing of the condition of the family, immediately furnished them with necessaries, and placed the widow in a situation of ease and comfort.

Reader, is prayer your refuge and strength? God hears his children’s cry, and is ready to supply all their need. He says, “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.” Let all trust in him, and receive daily from his hand the blessings he is so willing to bestow!—Sel.

TO THE UNCONVERTED.

There are many who cavil and raise objections to the word of God. Had the disputing part of the world been as careful to avoid sin as they have been busy in searching after the causes of them, they would certainly have devoted their time more profitably. When so vile a monster as sin is within us and so dreadful a thing as hell is before us, one would think it would be an easy matter to ascertain who is in the fault. Some men are such favorable judges of themselves that they are more prone to accuse infinite perfection and goodness itself and imitate our first parents who said the serpent beguiled me, and the woman thou gavest me gave to me and I did eat. It is viciously mislead and back­ward to do good. And, therefore we see by sad experience that it hath not a virtue, one moral freedom. If you had an enemy who was so malicious as to fall upon you and beat you or take away the lives of your children, would you excuse him? if he said, “I have not free will. It is my nature. I cannot choose unless God gives me grace.” If you had a servant that robbed you would you take such an answer from him? Might not every thief and murderer give such an answer? I have not free will. I cannot change my own heart, what can I do without God’s grace, and shall they, therefore, be acquitted? If not why then should you think to be acquitted for a course of sin against God.
From what has been said you may observe these three: 1. What a subtle tempter Satan is. 2. What a deceitful thing sin is. 3. What a foolish, corrupted creature man is—a subtle tempter indeed that can persuade the greater part of the world to go into everlasting fire when they have so many warnings. A deceitful thing sin is. It is scarcely more ready to move you to error and prejudice you yield. A deceitful thing sin is that can be—

world to go into everlasting fire

persuade the greater part of the

—a subtle tempter indeed that can

That little word “hope?” Its very pronunciation makes every bosom bound and burn. It is music to the ear of the young, health to the sick, and life rejuvenated to the old. Poetry makes hope a formation, that adorns earthly creation, while its very elasticity makes it the brightest flower in all the chaste sparklings of the night. Hope is man’s birthright, elasticity. Nay, it may be humiliating in the dust, but hope gives it new

Do your children know, by the divinity that is in your character, that you are walking with God, and have power with him? Sunday School teachers, do you study every lesson in the secret place, and are your words perfumed with the benediction of Jesus, and the very “wisdom and power of God?”

—Rev. A. E. Kittredge, D. D.
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siness are to be addressed.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Write only on one side of
the paper with black ink, and not too near the
edge.
All communications for this and each subse­quent issue of the “Visitor” should be in not lat­er than the first and fifteenth of each month.

We are hardly prepared to sug­gest any plan by which we can do
our own printing, but would solicit
suggestions from others. We do
not want to make any debt on the
church; in fact we would oppose
any movement in that direction
and would prefer to continue our
present arrangements, which are in
every way satisfactory only the
office of the publishers and the
printing ought to be in the same
building to secure the best results.

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Our Future Location.

With this issue of the Visitor, we would inform the friends of the Visitor and our correspondents as
well as our subscribers that, for the present, our location will be at
Abilene, Kansas, and all communica­tions for the Visitor should be
addressed to us at that place; but
as formerly, the Visitor will be
printed at Ashland, Ohio and the
paper will be mailed at that office
direct to subscribers, until further
notice. We trust our exchanges
will also make note of this and send
their papers to Abilene, Kansas.

It may be to some a surprise to
learn that we have located at
Abilene, Kansas; but if they write
us we will give our reasons for do­ing so privately.

Benevolent Fund.
Sallie Kreider, $1.00
Samuel Page, 1.00

We are very much in need of
articles for publication. Please,
friends, respond with your copy at
once. The summer season is gen­erally not fruitful, of a plentiful
supply, and the uncertainty of the
future of the Visitor has largely
contributed to this want; but now
that the question is definitely set­tled we hope to be liberally supplied,
otherwise we will be necessitated to
resort to selections and some of our
readers object to that class of read­ing matter.

Quite a number of subscriptions
expired with the first of June but in
nearly every instance we have con­tinued them unless requested to
discontinue them, believing that
nearly all would prefer to become
regular subscribers and probably
were not just prepared to send us
money. We hope, however, that
those who desire to have their pa­per continued will notify us.
and if they are in
arrears will remit the amount due,
and we will at once comply with
their request.

We are hardly prepared to sug­gest any plan by which we can do
our own printing, but would solicit
suggestions from others. We do
not want to make any debt on the
church; in fact we would oppose
any movement in that direction
and would prefer to continue our
present arrangements, which are in
every way satisfactory only the
office of the publishers and the
printing ought to be in the same
building to secure the best results.

We will await the suggestions of
others but would state that vol­untary contributions for that pur­pose will be in the line of what
would appear to us the most satis­factory; who will move first in
the matter? We are not prepared
to state the amount needed for a
complete outfit of everything nec­essary for to do our own printing
for the Visitor and other matter
for the church, but would say any
amount from five hundred dollars
upwards would be available, only
we would prefer to name three
thousand or more as the amount
most satisfactory.

Now that the Visitor is firmly
established, we would earnestly urge
our agents to make an earnest ef­fort to increase our subscription
list, and we would recommend that
every district appoint one or more
agents in their district to solicit
subscriptions; and we would say
where there are no agents or where
they are not active, we would sug­gest that Postmasters act as
agents. We have sometimes
thought it would be advisable to
publish the names of authorized
agents so that all would know just
where to pay their subscriptions
and where to apply to subscribe.

We do think that by an organized,
aggressive effort to secure sub­scribers and to circulate our church
literature and thereby circulate the
doctrine of the Bible as believed in
by the church, we will be doing
God’s will and increase the member­ship of the church. We trust these
suggestions will be acted upon.

We would only add that during
our recent trip east and on attend­ance at Conference we received large
additions to our subscription list.

Our Church Paper.

Now that the Evangelical Vis­itor has become an established fact,
since that its continuance is no longer
a question among us, we will turn
our attention to its improvement.
First, then, as regards the matter
for publication, which is undoubted­ly the greatest importance, we
would say while we have writers of
ability equal to any who have con­tributed to its columns, and who,
we trust, will continue to contrib­ute frequently in the future, yet with
some there is room for improvement.

Sometimes even able writers have a special hobby of their own that they want to air and they think the opportunity is here to give vent to their thoughts; and the result is often an article that although otherwise good is lost to the readers of the Visitor, and can only be appropriate food for the waste basket.

Then again, some are inclined to controversy, and when they see an article published that don’t quite suit their ideas of theology they can hardly pass by the opportunity, but must criticise—and sometimes in a personal manner—what has been written. This kind of criticism is not conducive of harmony and is more likely to call out a reply. The result can easily be imagined. What we really want are articles of undoubted merit written in a clear and comprehensive manner, which will be food for thought, food for the soul, something that will elevate the mind of man and bring him nearer to God and more useful in the world.

A religious journal is largely a means for education, and if properly conducted will mould the character as well as cultivate the minds of its readers. It can then readily be seen how important it is that all matter for its columns should be of the highest order and the thoughts of the purest minds should be trained in that direction.

But some may say, what shall we write about? Well, that is an important matter and requires as careful thought as how to write, and yet there are many Bible subjects that are undoubtedly proper subjects for study and instruction. Paul said to Timothy, “All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished unto all good works.” 2 Tim. iii, 16, 17. But Paul said also, “Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all.” We can readily see that God’s word—the holy scripture—is the proper source from which to select our subjects to write upon, but then these can only be made profitable by meditation and prayer. But let it be then in the line of doctrine and experience and undoubtedly it will not only be profitable but will be interesting also.

OUR VISIT EAST.

We left home Friday, May the 8th, and after several stops on the way we arrived at Bro. M. H. Overholser’s, near Green village, Franklin Co., Pa., Friday evening, May 15th., near to the place appointed for the Love Feast. The attendance for the evening at the church was small. No doubt many remained away on account of the labors of the day. Saturday morning at an early hour they commenced gathering in, until a large congregation had assembled. The attendance was kept up during all day Saturday and Sabbath, and as is customary with our people, the services were with out interruption during the day and evening except for refreshments.

The membership here is large and this with the addition of quite a number from Kansas who formerly lived here, made the attendance of members large and the meetings interesting. It was here we first met Elder Samuel Zook and wife.

Sabbath evening, after the services were over, we were taken to the home of Brother Hamilton, where we were comfortably entertained by the family. We were sorry to learn that Sister Hamilton’s feeble health prevented her from attending the meeting. Monday morning we left for Mechanicsburgh in Cumberland Co., where we spent the day in visiting, among others, our old friend, brother Samuel Eshleman. At night we filled an appointment previously made in the Brethren meeting house. We were made glad to meet so many of the people of the village and country in the house of the Lord. We felt that it was good to be there.

Tuesday morning we started for Conference where we arrived a little after noon. We do not wish to state anything of the work of Conference, but we can hardly refrain from noting the contrast between the Conference held at Mastersonville and those formerly held in Lancaster Co., Pa.; and this difference consisted mainly in the absence of the old brethren who formerly attended, but since then have fallen asleep. Of all that remain and were present we could remember but two.

These were Elder Levi Lukensbach, of West Milton, Ohio, now about 85 years old, and Jacob Engle near Mountjoy, Pa., probably about the same age. "Tis true there are still some others living, but not able to attend. Among these we might name Elder Henry Engle and Elder Jacob N. Graybill, both of Lancaster Co., Pa. To those who are younger but upon whom devolves much of the responsibility of the work now feel that the responsibility is very great. God holds his people responsible for what they can do and neglect or refuse to do. Will we be able for the work? Most assuredly not in our strength. May the Lord of hosts be our helper.

After the close of Conference, those present commenced to leave for home, and other places where duty seemed to call, and by 8 o’clock Saturday morning scarcely one of all that vast assembly remained. It was our privilege to remain until the last. We had the pleasure of a visit over dinner with Bro. Ginder whose wife was the daughter of Jacob Nesly, who, several years ago, passed from active labor in the Ministry to his reward. After dinner Bro. Ginder took us to Florin where we stopped with Bro. and Sister John Longacre, whose hospitality we enjoyed that afternoon and night.

Next day we met at the Cross Roads meeting house where we witnessed the installation of Bro. Huffman to the ministry, a solemn cere-
mony to a very responsible position. May God abundantly bless the labors of the young brother and may he become an efficient worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

After service, in company with Bro. A. M. Engle, of Little York, Ohio, we were taken to the hospitable home of Bro. D. Eyer, at Shock’s Mill, where we met the members of his family, as well as some relatives from Kansas, who had only arrived the day before. After dinner we visited the family of Bro. John Masser. There we met those two aged sisters whose years number away up in the eighties. After some time spent in conversation and in singing which we very much enjoyed, we knelt in prayer. We felt thankful that we were permitted to meet once more, after our visit it was over and probably the final farewell given to these “Mothers in Israel,” we returned to Bro. Eyer’s. Soon however, Bro. Eyer’s teams were ready to start for Reich’s meeting house, where one of the evening appointments was to be held. The others were one at Newton, and the other at Cross Roads. On our way to meeting we visited Sister Kaufman where we met a scene that was truly pitiable. The sister has for several years been very much afflicted with rheumatism and is unable to help herself in the least, and can scarcely move hands or feet; but has to remain all day in the same position in which she is placed by her attendants. It is truly a sorrowful sight; but, notwithstanding her affliction, the Christian resignation is very apparent. Not a murmur escapers her lips but an implicit trust in God for sustaining grace. Truly it should be a lesson to those of us who are ready to murmur at the least discomfort or trivial suffering.

But we must hasten. At the meeting house we found a good congregation where we met other brethren of the vicinity of the church as well. Bro. Myers, of Ill., and Bro. Shirk of Indiana, also Bro. Gish of Kansas. After the services, which were participated in by Bro. Myers, Shirk, Engle and others, we, Bro. A. M. Engle and myself, were taken to the home of Bro. J. M. Engle, where we were made comfortable for the night by his kind family. Monday morning found us on the way at a reasonable early hour for Bro. Zerchus’ where the love feast was to be held. We arrived rather late for the commencement of these services, but found a large attendance which was increased until the commencement of the evening service when the congregation became immense. It was soon apparent that the large barn could not hold the congregation and arrangements were made for out door services, which were continued all the time of the meeting in the barn that night. We were not out during the evening service, but from the best information we could get it was supposed that the congregation outside was larger than that in the barn. The general conduct was good and it was a season of refreshing.

It was our first privilege to meet with the brethren, in Lancaster Co., at a general love feast. Once before we were permitted to meet with a few members at Bro. I. Hershey’s. It was shortly before Bro. Gish and Bro. Engle started on their mission to Europe.

The meeting was continued over Tuesday, May 26, but they were well supplied with ministers, many of those who attended conference from a distance remained over the feast.

In company with Bro. Myers and others we left at noon for Ringgold, Md., arrived at Midvale in the evening, where we met Bro. Wingert and were taken direct to Ringgold meeting house. After a short evening service at the church we were taken to Bro. Wingert where we remained over night. Next morning, May 27, we returned to the meeting house where the feast was held. Compared with what we were accustomed to see, the meeting here was large, especially the first day, and the order good. We were disappointed in not meeting Bro. S. E. Graybill here, as was expected, and have not learned the cause of his absence. It was here that our visit among the brethren in eastern Pa. and Maryland terminated, and the meeting closed at noon of May 28th.

At about 2 p.m., in company with Bro. Zook, Bro. Myers, Bro. and Sister Beck, and Bro. and Sister Hershey, we took the train south at Midvale, but soon the small company dropped off at different points along the road and in company with Bro. Zook we continued our way to Hagerstown.

In parting with the large number of brethren and sisters we met in the east our mind was occupied with the thought, when and where shall we meet again? We trust it will be eventually where the Lord reigns supreme and the farewell need not be spoken again, where loved ones have gone before and where no tears are shed, but where all is joy and peace.

We would have been glad to have remained at Hagerstown a week, to attend the annual meeting of the German Baptist Brethren, who were then gathering in for their preparatory work for the great gathering of June 2nd. We would here state that we had the pleasure of meeting Elder Vaniman, of McPherson college, on the train on Wednesday. He was then on his way to the annual meeting. We ascertained that he was to preach at the tabernacle the evening we were in Hagerstown. We would have been glad to have heard him, but duty called us elsewhere.

We took the train at 7 p.m. for Martinsburgh, West Va., and by the B. & O. for Pittsburgh, and the Fort Wayne to Smithville station, Ohio, where we arrived Friday the 29th, at about noon at Bro. S. Longaneker’s. After making a few visits that afternoon we returned in the evening to Bro. Longaneker’s where we had the pleasure and comforts of home with brother and sister Longaneker and their kind family.
On the morning of May 30th we were taken to Bro. C. S. Brenner's near Smithville, where the love-feast was to be held. The attendance here though not nearly so large as those meetings in the east, yet it was fair. Brethren from Stark Co., and from Ashland and Richland Co.'s., were here. We met many familiar faces, but oh, sad to think, how many that we had become acquainted with in the 24 years that we had lived in Wayne Co., were missing. Where are they? was the frequent inquiry. The reply would nearly always be they have died; sad reflections but it is the decree of Him who does all things well.

After the close of the meeting on Sabbath we went with Bro. C. Stauffer to Easton and stopped over night with brother and sister Baker, but here, too, great changes have taken place. In fact changes everywhere. All is passing away. How true the words of the apostle are, "Here we have no abiding city." Let us seek one to come.

Monday morning we left Easton, Ohio, for home where we arrived in the evening at about 7 p. m.; and found all well.

**NOTICE.**

The undersigned would notify all districts throughout the Brotherhood that those not having received the minutes of last conference will send their orders, and those having received them and not paid will please remit. Price, 50 cents per 100, and a few cents for postage. Should any district receive more than was ordered, they may send them back to David Engle, Sr. Mt. Joy, Pa.

*For the Evangelical Visitor.*

Dear Bro. Davidson:—On Saturday and Sunday, May 23rd and 24th, the brethren of Brown county, Kan., held their spring love feast. It was a very enjoyable season indeed, for all who loved the Lord. The ministers from other localities were John Mellinger, of Hope, Kan., and John Thiesen, from Jansen, Neb. Bro. Thiesen is a Russian, and although not a member of our persuasion, yet we believe is filled with the love of God. The word was held forth in love and power. Two souls were made willing to follow Jesus in the water and be baptized.

On Sunday afternoon an election for minister was held. This resulted in the choice of Bro. Jacob G. Cassel to that responsible place.

May God richly bless him.

We hope many souls may yet return to the Lord as a result of these meetings and God's people encouraged. Yours in love,

J. H. Byer, Jr.

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**MY EXPERIENCE.**

Dear and well beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord and readers of the Visor, by the help of God I will try to write a few lines for the Visor, hoping that the Lord will instruct me what to write, for I know that I can do nothing without his help. And I do believe if we give our whole heart to God and are willing to follow in his footsteps he will show us what to do from time to time and from step to step, if we are only willing to follow him, but sometimes I am not willing to do it. I can remember well, yet, when I was five years old I went out doors to get a drink and looked up to the sky and I saw a beautiful white dove. I went in and told my mother what I had seen and I told her to go and see it. When she went she could not see it but I did. She asked me what it meant so I told her it means the plain clothes that I should wear—like the sisters, and so mother made them for me and put them on me. I went to church and I had it so good and enjoyed it so much better than in my other clothes I used to wear. One or two years after a number of young people were converted and were baptized. It was then shown to me that I should go with them, but I was not willing to obey. I thought I was too young to go and be baptized, although I had the chance.

The good Lord called me from time to time, until I was seventeen years old. Then I had a dream one night. I thought I was out in the barn and it was dark and cloudy. Then I saw a star so bright and so clear, and then I awoke and remembered my dream. I thought so much about it, so I told my dream to mother. Then she said that she believed that the Lord in like manner shows us what to do. So, then, it seemed if a voice within would say to me, "it is baptizing." Then I promised the Lord to obey if he would spare me to another opportunity. In the spring we had a love feast near our house. Then with God's help I gave my heart to God and was baptized. O what a blessing I received. I felt so happy. I thought I could go with the brethren and sisters in the vineyard to labor there. That is my wish and desire to work for Jesus and hold out faithful till the end.

Dear brethren and sisters if it goes well with you pray for my mother, sister, brother and I, and we will try with the help of God to do the same for you all.

From your sister in Christ,

Dinah Reichard.

Rainham, Ont.

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**WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.**

Dear Bro. Davidson:

I have been impressed for a long time to write a few lines for the Visitor, which is such a medium for good. Through its columns we receive the testimony and admonitions of the brethren all over our land. Letters of christian admonition are of primitive origin. Had the apostle of old the facilities afforded us by means of the mails and the "Christian Visitor", the New Testament scriptures would no doubt record many more choice productions. I hope the Visitor will live and grow. It is performing a noble mission, and supplying a long felt want.

Washington City is cosmopolitan.
in its make up, and like Jerusalem of old, on the day of Pentecost, there dwells here "men out of every nation under heaven." (not devout men however) It is estimated that about one tenth of the population of this capital city attend some place of "divine worship" on Sunday. The balance walk the streets, and excursion trains and boats are run out of the city for their accommodation. The Salvation Army and the Central Union Mission are doing a good work in reaching this nation under heaven," (not devout there dwells here) "men out of every class, and many are the conversions as a result of their labors. I can but bid them God speed. My heart was made to rejoice when I met Bro. T. A. Long of Howard, Pa., who visited this city on Saturday and remained with me until Monday evening. Those who have met the dear brother can only realize what a spiritual feast I enjoyed. On Saturday evening we started for the Union Mission which is located between 10 and 11 streets on Pa. Avenue. On our route we passed Market Space, located at the junction of 7th street and Pa. Avenue, the most crowded thoroughfares in the city, and where the Salvation Army hold their open air meetings previous to going to their hall on 11th street. Here we found a large assemblage and I introduced Bro. Avery to some of my acquaintances, and by request he stepped "into the ring" and with a spirit of meekness and humility told them the old story of Jesus and his love and pointed them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world in such a manner as to rivet the attention of that large crowd, "who seemed hungry for the bread of heaven". His address was short, but his thoughts came thick and fast and his tongue apt to express them on this occasion just as though he was at home amongst the brethren. After he concluded we started for the Mission, at a lively gait, after we had gotten two blocks away, a man hurriedly came along side of us, and said "gentlemen are you in a hurry?" On reply that we were. He says, "could I talk to you awhile", certainly, Bro. Avery replied, "be free. Well said he, "I heard you speak down at the Space, and I want to be a better man"—or in other words his cry was, I want to be saved. What must I do? He was anxiously concerned about the salvation of his soul, and walked and talked with us until we entered the Mission Hall which we found crowded. Here again an opportunity was offered, and Bro. Avery again spoke on the great theme of "redeeming love", and when the invitation was given by the leader for those who desired to turn from "nature's darkness to the marvellous light", to hold up their hands—this man's hand with 13 others was raised and they came forward for prayer. The man is about 35 or 40 years of age, well dressed, intelligent, and has a noble composure. Brethren let us pray that the step he has taken in the direction of the kingdom may lead him to "observe all things" that the Lord has commanded, which will admit him, if he entirely follows God, into the promised land.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord for they shall rest from their labor and their works do follow them". God has seen fit in the wisdom of his purpose to have the judgment at the end of time, so that men like Bro. Long who are doing work for the Master may have full credit. No person living can tell what will be the harvest from the seed that we are daily sowing. Robt. G. Ingersol's (who should have been called Robt. G. Injure-your-soul) works will end only with time, and in judgment will be placed to his credit against him and he will receive his reward.

Since Bro. Avery has gone, men have stopped me on the streets to ask who he was, what church he belonged to, etc, etc. I am very favorably impressed with the idea that it would be a good thing for the brethren to send laborers into our large cities where the god of fashion drives the masses away from the churches. Truly the harvest is great and the laborers are few. When I started to write I expected to tell how the Lord had shown me "the narrow path", and caused me to hope for an everlasting salvation. This, should I live and the Lord will, will appear in a future article. I ask the united prayers of all the brethren to make a weak brother strong in the work of the Lord.

JOHN A. DAILY.

WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US.

Can we utter a more happier expression than when we can say, in truth, "we love him (God) because he first loved us." This implies all that we can enjoy religiously; it is the foundation on which all our happiness rests. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us." Oh dear readers of the Visitor, you who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, though we are in ourselves feeble, and sensitive of our need of strength, let us look altogether away from our own feebleness, and let us confide solely in Him, that loved us first; and we shall find that, that love is sufficient to draw out our undivided gratitude unto Him who "is love," so that we be constrained to live not unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us, yes died in our stead, and rose again to be our intercessor, sitting at the right hand of God—and is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him—and who is made unto us of God wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. Yes, are "complete in him."

But is there any thing required of us? Undoubtedly there is. The injunction of the Holy Spirit is, "Keep yourselves in the love of God." We have continually to fight the good fight of faith. We are carrying with us, at all times, that "carnal mind which is not subject to the law of God, neither can be" and the which must be controlled and overcome. Though we
sigh and “groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption to wit, the redemption of our body” as the poet said:

“O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my wandering heart,
All taken up in thee?”

Dear brothers and sisters in Christ, let us fight bravely against all the insinuations of the wicked, and we shall have the victory, as the apostle James says “Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.” Let us lean unreservedly upon the love of God: for with Him there is no variableness neither shadow of turning. He will strengthen and sustain us in all our weaknesses, he will grant unto us all the needed grace. As the Apostle Paul assured those to whom he wrote, saying, “Let us come boldly to a throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need” (Heb. iv, 16.) Beloved in the Lord, having known in different ways, the love of God, that is, from His providential dealings, and by experimental knowledge—Oh, I trust that we can say, in unison with Paul, “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?” No, I trust, nor any other event, “shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord.” Amen.

A. B.

SAYNEYR, Ont.

Come and let us praise the Lord. Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye that love him; sing forth the honors of his name; make his praise glorious.

The Lord is my light and salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, whom shall I be afraid?

I will praise thee, O Lord, with all my whole heart; I will shew forth all thy marvellous works. I will be glad and rejoice in thee; I will sing praise to thy name, O thou most high. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving and make a joyful noise unto Him with praise for the Lord is a great God and King above all gods.

And now, dear reader, please turn to the 100 and 101 and also the three last psalms and I think there will be no time lost in you not being moved to praise the Lord if you have ever found him precious to your souls and you have not yet tasted of the sweets of the kingdom and of the world to come, what are you doing in this enlightened world when you are blest with an intelligent mind and with thinking facilities. Have you not yet begun to praise your Maker? He is ready to fill your souls with his praises if you but trust his word and come to him with all your powers, engage in doing your Master’s will and if desire truth in the inward part and in the hidden part, thou shalt be made to know wisdom. “Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow; make me to hear joy and gladness; hide thy face from my sins and blot out all mine iniquities, create in me a clean heart, O God and renew a right spirit within me.” This God will do if you are sincere in coming to him with all your sins. I know you have often wished you were a true Christian. Come give your mind, your will and all to God. Look at what your Saviour has suffered for you and how he is still pleading for you to come to him and live and he will put a new song into your mouth, even praises to your God. O come poor sinner, Don’t you feel your need of a dear friend, that sticketh closer than a brother? Have you not yet been tired of the dark and downward way to ruin? O turn for why will you die? No doubt you have many excuses, but they will not do in a dying hour. Do you know how soon that hour will come? No, no. You know not. You may be called to the other shore before the setting of the sun or the dawning of the morning. And how is it, are you ready for your sentence? I hope you have often considered over it, and no doubt prayed too; but did you ever obey? If not, try the good old way. Come out from the world and its vain amusements, confess Christ, acknowledge your sins to God and to men. If you have wronged any show your love to the Savior of the world and to all around you.

I once heard an old man say that he had prayed for eight years, but he never came out publicly before the world, and therefore, he got no power. But says he, this was all wrong. We must not only repent but also believe and confess Christ before the world; show to the world that he has power on earth to forgive sins; that we love Jesus; that we love every body. I praise the Lord I heard that old man praising God with a loud voice in the eleventh hour, which was a wonder and surprise to him and to others that he yet found mercy and peace to his soul in the eye of his life.

O God I pray thee help those who need thy help. Now you who feel that you are sinners and are sorry for sin, look with an eye of faith. Just think for a moment, why their is rejoicing with the angels in heaven. Yes it is true. The good Book tells us so. Pray God to make you willing to come out in prayer before your family. Why, just think of what a poet says,

Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Praise the Lord once as you ought; singing of his love. May God help every reader of the Visor to throw their influence for good, that souls may be brought to Christ. Encourage all you can to leave off evil and do good. I long to be redeemed of all that cannot enter heaven. How shall I overcome all has been one of my lessons in my Christian life? Praise the Lord. By perseverance we gain the victory, and I feel to praise him that he still shows me more work in his vineyard. O what a pleasure it is that we can put our trust in one that is all powerful and able to help in all.
time of need, as he has been so very
good to me, for I can of a truth say,
he has brought me safely through
many deep waters and all has been
for my good. When the clouds
seemed to be so dark, I was re­
minded to open the good Book,
and that I have always found to be
good for my hungry soul. I find if
we are determined to seek after God
and his ways we will have many
enjoyments in this life.

I am also made to praise God for
this; that some of our old brethren
are willing to put in their mite for
the Visitor. Bro. Jacob Eisenhower,
in Jan. 1st No., said, that only of
late he was decided in his mind that
the Visitor was a good work in
feeding the hungry souls. Yes,
many were starving for the want of
good encouragement.

This winter I was to visit a sister
in the outskirts of the city of Har­
sburg who had not attended any
meeting for over a year, and she
told me she gets so hungry for good
plain preaching, that she hardly
knows what to do; and she did
not even know that the Brethren
have a church paper. Bro. Eisen­
hower this is your daughter, and I
hope you will not wait till the de­
cision of the council to send your
daughter and family the paper, as
their dear children are growing up
and need good reading. I have rea­
son to believe that if all fathers and
mothers would send their children
the Visitor many good seeds would
be sown that would bring forth fruit
to everlasting life. I feel to praise
God that, as we are a church, are blest
with the privilege of sending the
word of life, the doctrine that our
brethren uphold to our friends and
neighbors who cannot attend to
church duties. Are we doing eno­
ugh in the way of feeding the lambs, or
if weighed in the balance will we be
found wanting? God forbid, but
help us to do our duty and thou
shall have all the praise evermore.

C. A. Myers.

Cease to do evil, and learn to do
well.


44.
While nature was sinking in stillness to
rest,
And the last beams of daylight shone dim
in the west,
And the moon cast her paleness on the
lone solitude,
In deep meditation, I wandered abroad.
While passing a garden I langued to hear
A voice soft and plaintive, from one kneel­
ing there:
The voice of the suppliant affected my
heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sin­
er's part.
So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his
prayers
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat,
blood and tears;
I wept to behold him, and asked him his
name;
He answered, "Tis Jesus, from Heaven I
came."
"I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die.
The cup is most bitter but cannot pass by ;
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me.
And all this deep anguish I suffer for
thee."
I heard with contrition the tale of his woe,
While tears like a fountain of waters did
flow;
The cause of his sorrows to hear him re­
pet,
Pierced deeply my heart, and I fell at his
feet.
With the voice of contrition I loudly did
cry:
"Lord, save a poor sinner, O save or I
die!"
He smiled when he saw me, and said to
me, "Live!"
Thy sins which are many I freely forgive."
How sweet was that language! it made me
rejoice:
His smile how consoling, how cheering
his voice;
I ran from the garden, spread it abroad,
And shouted, Salvation! Oh, glory to
God! I
I am now on my journey to mansions of
bliss,
My soul's full of glory, of love and of peace
I think of the garden, the prayers and the
tears,
And that loving stranger who banished my
fears.
The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When angels descending the trumpet will
sound,
My soul then in raptures of glory shall
rise.
And gaze on that stranger with unclouded
eyes.

Selected by LIZZIE S. NOLL.

HUNTING FOR EDEN.——

A gentleman from the east called
on me today. He had heard and
read a good deal about California,
bor Rusticus that most of the troubles and disappointments that folks have in this world come from not studying the Bible more. I learn from this story in Genesis that the Lord don't plant any more gardens on the earth—that if we want them we have to plant them ourselves; and I believe that we can have them almost anywhere if we will trust in Him and try to do our duty.

"Yes, but it takes too long," said my visitor. "Life is short; I am getting well up in years, and I want to settle down and enjoy myself."

The good elder looked very sad. He waited some time and then said: "Yes, life is short, the Bible says so. We are but strangers and pilgrims here. What we call our homes are at best only tents in which we find shelter for a few days while on our journey. The garden that the Lord has planted for us is not eastward or westward, but above; and it don't matter much whether we have all things pleasant about us or not for the little time that we can stay here if we are sure that a mansion is being prepared for us up there."

"But don't you believe that it is right for us to make ourselves as comfortable as we can while we are in this world? Because life is short, ought I to stay where I am sick all the time, and so make it shorter? Is it wrong for me to want to move from Indiana to California, even if Eden is not here?"

"I don't say that it is, but I can't help thinking, when I see so many folks discontented, hunting for something that they cannot find, that the old story in the Bible must be true. We were not made for such a world as this; we were made for the home that God prepared for Adam. The longing for the lost home of the race is born in us, and we can't be satisfied with anything in the wilderness. The best tents are cold and leaky. We keep patching them or making new ones, and if we lived a thousand years we shouldn't get one just to suit us. You think neighbor Rusticus here is fixed very nicely; but I know of a dozen things that he wants,—another wing to his house, an addition to his barn, a well and tank in his new orchard, a piano for his daughters, the new encyclopedia for himself, and ever so many little things; and it is just so with all the rest of us."

"Then you think we can never be entirely comfortable in the world?"

"I did not say so; I said we are never satisfied with worldly things; that we never find our Eden on earth. But a man may be comfortable with a very little if his heart is right. One of the most comfortable nights I ever spent was in a snow drift. I was very tired; I wrapped myself in a buffalo robe, buried myself in the snow, and slept as sweetly as a babe in a cradle. Thousands of people are more comfortable in log cabins than kings are in their palaces. And I learn from the Bible that God wants us all to be comfortable. He has sent us a Divine Comforter, to abide with us forever; and Paul writes to the Romans about the Bible in these words: 'That we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope.' He who has the Scriptures to read, and the Holy Spirit to help him understand them, ought to be happy anywhere; every land ought to be the land of Beulah to him, for he can always see the Eden of the soul with the eye of faith, and there is only a narrow space between it and him."

My visitor thanked Elder Theophilus, and said that he would try to find a home for himself and family in the land of Beulah, and not expect to find Eden on this side of the grave. The whole of this beautiful State might be a land of Beulah, if we would seek such comfort of the Scriptures as Elder Theophilus enjoys.—Rusticus, in the Occident.

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**SUNLIGHT.**

"Every tree, plant and flower grows and flourishes by the grace and bounty of the sun. Leaving out of account the eruptions of volcanoes and the ebb and flow of tides, every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic and inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the sun. Every fire that burns and every flame that glows dispenses light and heat that originally belonged to the sun." Light is the source of life, of beauty, of manifested reality, of warmth, comfort and joy, of health and power. It destroys all darkness; it unites in itself purity and clearness. Without it the world would be a mass of coldness and death. Now, what light does for the natural world, Jesus does for the world of man, for mind, soul and spirit.

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**THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.**

Mr. Editor.—Seeing several letters in the Visser, I thought I would write some personal evidence of God's providence towards me. I have been without parents most of my life, but looking back I can see his providence towards me. I was in Salt Lake City in 1876, and thought I would go and see my brother in England. I took the Guion line to Liverpool. When in my berth, the Fogbell was ringing. I thought it said, "die at half past eight in the morning" continually. I prayed to God to bring me safe over, not having seen my brother for about twenty-five years. The next morning I was walking the deck with a companion; the boatswain and his mate were fixing the rail where the passengers came on board. The mate had clogs on (wooden shoes). I said to my companion, that if he fell over with those shoes on he would surely drown, as he could not possibly swim with those things on. We went to breakfast soon after 8 o'clock, and while there, were alarmed by the call of a "man overboard." It was the boatswain's mate had fallen overboard. The vessel was stopped, two boats were lowered, they searched all around, but could not find him. It was the last trip.
he intended to take. He had been engaged as pilot on the Mersey, a river that Liverpool is on. I thought that the mate died for me as Jesus died for all.

Hope that this will induce some one to pray for what they want. If it be his will, he will grant.

Geo. E. Bathro.
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THE ONE CHURCH DIVIDED.

Part of a tract issued by the Christian Publishing House, Dayton, Ohio.

Every reference to the church in the New Testament is an expression of unity. The names illustrating it are many, but no one of them bears even the shadow of a schism. It is the assembly of the saints, the Body of Christ, the family in heaven and in earth, etc. Oneness is the only expression in all these tender terms, and yet that which is called the church in this world is full of the festering wounds of division. Denominationalism is at best but a scaffolding which men in their un santified zeal have thrown up around the church as if to build the walls of the real Zion more easily.

The whole thing is a mistake, and, even the shadow of a schism. It is festering wounds of division. Division is eighteen hundred years old. It was a monstrosity in its birth, and it has not outgrown its nature. No wrong can be made right through age and growth. Some seek to be loyal by saying: "The flag of the denomination should dip to the flag of the cross." But what right has a denomination to a flag at all? Ohio and New York, as states, have no flag. In unfurling one they would be abettors of rebellion. If the state can get on with the flag of the Nation, the church surely ought to get on with the flag of the cross. With one flag only, there would be no divisions in the army.

The soldier that would seek to divide the army in the face of the foe would be culpable in the extreme. How much more he who would divide the army of Christ while the battle wages hotly! The one jeopardizes a kingdom at most, the other imperils a soul. Than that, who can conceive of a greater wrong? And shall the greatest of all wrongs be justified in Christian men and ministers?

But you did not create the divisions that exist, you say. Very true, but do you not foster them? He who fosters a wrong justifies its creation, and thus is equal partner in the guilt. Do you lift your voice and use your influence against this wrong? If not, you are condemned as surely as was he who pronounced for the leadership of Paul or Cephas, thereby dividing the flock of Christ.

If one would enter the ranks of Methodism or Lutheranism, and lend forth new hosts therefrom, would he not be met with scathing denunciations? But is it so terrible a thing to again divide a division that glorifies in its fragmentary form? They who justify a divided church should not hotly protest against the further division of a narrow denomination. But if he who seeks to divide a branch of the body is a schismatic, what shall we say of him who would recklessly divide the body of Christ itself? Is the body of Wesley or that of Luther more than the body of Christ?

The Protestant church of to-day is in a shattered condition. Instead of unrolling to the general public the common flag, solid front it is divided, wrangling, and weakened. The spectacle is not inspiring but deplorable in the last degree. This state of things does not merit and can not receive the approbation of God.

OUR DEAD.

HEXIMER.—Died, on May 28th at the home of Philip Johnston, near Stevensville, Ont., Miss Maggie Heximer, aged 23 years, 8 months and 13 days. Services conducted by the home brethren to a large and attentive audience and sympathizing friends. Maggie was kind and affectionate and loved by all who knew her. Although she, like many others, had put off the offers of salvation for a future day, we are glad to know that on her bed of affliction, on which she was confined for several weeks, she made her peace with God and expressed her desire to depart and to be with Christ. May we all prepare to meet her.

Jacob Winzer.