HOPE THOU IN GOD.

Despair not, though thy life is dim.
God cares for thee; hope thou in Him
And do not fear to haste along
With trustful song.
For blessings shall around thee throng.
Why all things change seek not to know,
God makes the spring-time come and go;
And no one guides thy life but He,
Oh quiet be,
Until His reasons thou dost see.
The shifting shadows of the day
Are sometimes dark on each one's way
And thine own path that seems in night
Leads on to light.
So forward, strong for God and right.
Do troubles gather round thy head?
Steep is the path thou hast to tread;
But through thy tears,
Read the good story of the years.
God cared for thee a little child,
He led thee when the way was wild,
He gave thee joy with every day,
Oh hope and pray,
He shall light up the homeward way.
He who has been thy helper yet
Will not forsake, will not forget;
He blesses, and thou shalt be blest;
Hope still in God, yield not to fears,
So forward, strong for God and right.
Steep is the path thou hast to tread;
But through thy tears,
Read the good story of the years.
God cared for thee a little child,
He led thee when the way was wild,
He gave thee joy with every day,
Oh hope and pray,
He shall light up the homeward way.
He who has been thy helper yet
Will not forsake, will not forget;
He blesses, and thou shalt be blest;
Oh tired heart rest,
Be sure He only sends the best.

THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

God always had a people. They were not popular because they were not of the world, nor like the world, neither in spirit nor custom. Therefore, the world hates or dislikes them. When the world speaks well of a professed Christian, the professor has God's seal of disapproval stamped upon him. And when the religious professor links arms with the worldling to be led of him, we have the pitiful spectacle of a fresh crucifixion of Jesus before our eyes.

One of the vows of Christianity is to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil. The lines were straight and faithfully drawn. Now we have before our eyes almost daily church members and worldlings going it easy with each other. The church members seeming to relish the carnal and foolish things of the world more than the things of God.

Hosts of them are still born in the kingdom. You can not hear or see any evidence of spiritual life. Their lungs are all right and sound when they pursue their daily vocations, and you can hear them distinctly at almost any distance, but their spiritual lungs are collapsed and give forth no sound. A little closer walk with God, and a renunciation of the world, in fact and spirit would cure the disease.

These are dangerous and perilous times. Smooth tongued and oily worldlings often in the churches. The children infected by filthy and smutty thoughts and language by men who pose as leaders in society. God deliver us from such. Just the other day one of these church worldlings told us the righteous are few. We pity a religious professor who is still born and in spiritual darkness depending upon Sunday religion in church for salvation and ultimate righteousness.

Many good things are said of the church in God's word. It is to be pure, holy, without spot and blemish, ready for the coming of the bridegroom. It should be a help in one's walk with God. But when church members and the profane and vulgar of the world link arms, what is one to do who cannot be yoked unequally? Salvation is no condition of church membership, but of righteousness and holiness. The word church member is not once found in the word of God, but ninety-nine times are God's people called saints. Are we saints?

We naturally look to find the genuine love of God in a soul, but how often do we turn away heavy hearted and sad to find the alloy of carnality, selfishness, worldly-mindedness there—even a blazing hatred against perfect love. Are we created in righteousness and true holiness? Eph. iv, 24. Be ye separate, saith God.

W. S. Hinkle.
Detroit, Kan.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Matt. xviii, 3.

Our blessed Savior, when upon earth, declared to his disciples the all-important change which must take place in man before he can enter into the kingdom of heaven.

When the disciples showed a desire after pre-eminence by the question which they asked, saying, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" Jesus knew the aspiration always in man after a high rank—for he knew what was in man—and to check this vanity, "he called unto him a little child and set him in the midst of them." This he did to convince them of the simplicity, the humility and temperament which are indispensable before an individual can enter that glorious kingdom.

Then impressively he said, "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

In these modern times there is no expression more common among professed Christians than the saying, "when I was converted." It might prove beneficial and healthful even to us who are the professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, to know what it really is to be converted; to examine ourselves, is an
injunction by the apostle Paul to the saints which were in the church at Corinth, when said, “Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith, prove your own selves,” etc., etc. 2 Cor. xiii, 5.

Conversion consists in a change of purpose and a change in action—turning to serve the Lord with full purpose of heart, and in willingness to devote our whole lives unto his service, and ever learning what to do from the inspired testimony given by the apostles, and like a child leaning upon the arm of an Almighty Father for all support, sensitive of, and believing that “all the promises of God in Christ are yea, and in him amen,” etc. 2 Cor. i, 20.

Our feelings are no test of a genuine conversion. Let us be careful in regard to this—that feelings is only a result, not a test. Let us dear brethren and sisters test ourselves by the word of God, and if we are correct by that, then feelings will flow correspondingly.

Oh how often do we hear, even from those who say that they were converted, “I feel” so and so, as if feelings were the criterion in their conversion, To make what I mean more plain, if possible, I will present the following illustration: Suppose we heard on good authority of a benevolent person leaving to us a valuable and precious property on certain conditions on our part. Naturally we would feel glad in the anticipation. Then if any doubt arises in regard of us receiving said property, how silly it would be to say, I know I shall get it, because I feel so glad and happy about it.

The person who would think so, in regard to earthly property would be considered an idiot. People are not so silly as that in worldly affairs. If any doubt would arise they would never consult their feelings, but would consult immediately the original source of promise, also, if they themselves have had complied with the conditions.

We are indeed surrounded by numerous dangers. Such as a variety of views and opinions about religion, and worse than all, that great wily enemy (thedeevil) stirring up confusion and all kind of imaginary delusion. I heard what I consider, at least, an absurdity, related by some individuals, about peculiar and extraordinary manifestations and visions given them in their conversion. O what a great reason we have for thankfulness, that we are not left at random to follow after those delusions; but that we have a perfect rule for our guidance, in the inspired word given unto us through the inspired witnesses (the apostles) chosen beforehand, to give unto us a pure and perfect standard, as regard to faith and practice. The apostle John said, “We (the apostles) are of God, he that knoweth God heareth us, he that is not of God heareth not us. Hereby know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error.” 1 John iv, 6. When the Lord Jesus Christ directed the attention of those who were his followers to that of a child, it meant to the disposition of that “innocent,” in all the faculties of simplicity, innocence and purity; still meant to be men as the apostle Paul said, “Brethren be not children in understanding; howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.” 1 Cor. xiv, 20. Therefore having made ourselves acquainted, and having an understanding of the word of God, we shall be able to adhere to the injunction given by an apostle, “prove all things, hold fast that which is good.” 1 Thess. v, 21, and shall be saved from the imaginary delusions so common among religionists in our day and generation.

Heavenly Father, bless thou our weak at—

A. B.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Sayner, Ont.

Dear brothers and sisters, this blessed Sabbath morning as the bells are ringing in different parts the sound makes me feel solemn. It brings to my mind the coming of Christ, when we shall hear the

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trumpet sound and those in the graves shall rise and they that are alive shall lift up their heads for their redemption draweth nigh. We can read, “he will come as a thief in the night.” When we look around us and read the word of God we must believe that all things are about fulfilled. We can read when we see the fig tree put forth its buds we know that summer is nigh.

We know that all things are nearly fulfilled, therefore it becomes us to be ready and waiting when he comes. There will be no time to make anything right or to get rid of sin or any evil habits. O no. One sin will bar us out of heaven, for nothing but what is pure can enter. In the fifth chapter of Matt. 48 verse we can read, “Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.” This means to be complete in Jesus.

O brethren and sisters the more I read in God’s word the more I understand how necessary it is for us to be ready. That takes a continual watching and praying as we are commanded in his word. My prayer is to Almighty God to keep me under the shadow of his wing that when the winds and storms blow that I can be safely kept. He is my only refuge in time of storm. He is my rock that is higher than I. I can safely lean on his strong arm in time of need, in trials, in temptations, in persecution and in every condition of mankind. Let us look to Jesus. He promised to be with us to the uttermost. It means in the highest degree. Let us lean on Jesus and not on ourselves, for what are we but poor fallen creatures.

We must be redeemed and washed in the blood of Christ before we can be excepted with God. Then when we are cleansed he promised to make us strong if we walk in him no matter what men may say about us. If he say all manner of evil we are to rejoice. But dear readers, how many tears I shed when my time comes to suffer with Christ when I thought I did as well as I had grace. Christ said if they have
done it to the green tree what will they do to the dry? I don't expect to go to heaven on flowery beds of ease. No, no. Without bearing the cross we can't expect to wear the crown. We are to receive it through much tribulation. We must be made perfect and holy and then watch and pray that we may be kept perfect. Some may think this can't be done, but it is the word of God and it will stand when heaven and earth shall pass away. He is able to cleanse us from all sin so that we have no desire for sin. If we have no desire for sin, it is because we have our hearts and minds made able to stand again, but the minute we stumble we are not pure as our Father in heaven is pure. It becomes us to rectify our wrongs quickly for we know not how soon we shall be called from hence and in the grave is no repentance. If we live up to the word of God we have no time to look out and see whether our brother or sister is doing right or finding fault about this or that. We have enough to watch our own feet that they don't step aside in the path of the wicked. In the third chapter of James, 8 verse, we can read, "but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil full of deadly poison." 10 verse, "Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not to be. Both a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? Can the fig tree, my brethren, bear olive berries? either a vine, figs? so can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh." This is the word of God. Our words are to be yea and nay, nay, and our words seasoned with salt, and by the fruit we shall know the tree. Here we see that our words, our minds must be Christ-like, and not fault-finding, always watching others whether they are walking straight, therefore, getting out of the way ourselves and not able to get the mote out of our brother's eye. May God help us to see it before it is too late.

Let each brother and sister take heed. If we do not come unto the requirements of God's word we are not one of his children. His word is sharper than a two-edged sword. It cuts both ways. Who is able to stand at that great day? Is our name written there? I feel a nearness to my God, and I feel to go on in this work, go as it will. This is the vow I made with my God when I first started on my warfare. I will serve him and if I have to die on the cross as Christ did, for he called me, has washed me, has redeemed me, and is able to keep me to the uttermost, for which

I feel to praise him while I live,
And praise him when I die,
And then when all my work is done
I'll reign with him on high.

Let us not get weary at any earthly woe though we are tried on every side. Friends forsake us. Thescripture tells us, "Whosoever forsake not father, mother, brother or sister, houses and lands is not worthy of me." Love him above all things. We can read, "And a man's foes shall be they of his own house hold." Let us not repine at this. Let us joyfully travel on through many temptations. By and by we will land on the evergreen shore of deliverance with all the ransomed in glory, with all the blood-washed saints. We are to be as pilgrims and strangers in this world. I indeed feel lonely and forsaken, but when I look what my promise is beyond this vale of tears. I can say, Though friends may all forsake me,
And earthly comforts flee
Their is one who'll never leave me,
And that's enough for me.

My time in this world is rapidly passing on, and as the time is ours let us improve it. We can read, "Whatsoever we sow we shall also reap." Pray for me when you approach the throne of grace that I may always abide in Jesus, which is our Author and soon our finisher of our faith. 

LYDIA HAUSE.
Lawrenceville, Ohio.

God is love.
THE MINISTRY OF PAIN.

There are those people who seem to look upon pain as an unmixed evil, and take various means to deaden the senses and obtain relief from its torments. Such persons should know that pain is a wise and beneficent provision of God for preserving human life and guarding against other more serious evils. If our nerves did not convey the sense of pain to us, we might burn off our feet in the fire and not know that we were burned. We might be in danger from disease and violence in a thousand ways and be unconscious of it all.

Pain is a sentinel, posted at the outer gate, which warns us of the presence of disease, and of the approach of death. Wherever there is pain, there is sure to be something wrong; it is like the cracking of machinery, it shows that something needs to be adjusted, rectified or lubricated.

It is the duty of every person to search out the cause of pain when it is felt. They are not to wait until pain has tortured and tormented them and grown so intense as to be unbearable. They should begin at the first approach of pain, and inquire concerning its origin, and the proper means of remedying it.

Most pain can be removed with very little difficulty; some simple method of manipulation, friction, heat, or some simple thing which is in the reach of almost every person, will remove many pains in the beginning. Other pains are the result of excess. They are the warnings of nature to desist, and to live soberly, righteously, temperately, and godly in this present evil world. Persons who are wise will heed these voices of pain, and will turn from paths of sin and pain to paths of pleasantness and peace.

A large proportion of the pains which men endure are brought upon themselves day by day, by doing things which no persons ought to do, by overexertion, by improper and excessive indulgences, by using articles of food and drink which are unhealthful and which torment the physical system. The twinges of pain should warn us away from all such indulgences, should turn us back into paths of sobriety, simplicity, of purity and of uprightness.

Let us learn to thank God for pain, as the chastisement of a kind and gracious Father. Let us heed the lessons which thus come to us, and be warned against excesses, overexertion, sleeplessness, and all those causes which lead to a permanent breakdown, against which pain utters its protest, and delivers its warnings. There are persons who spend their lives in pain; there are other persons who from month to month live without pains or aches in their bodies; and yet these persons who live without pain could easily have pains and aches, if they would do as those do who have them, and those who are tormented with pains might, in many instances

THE DAY SHALL DECLARE IT.

A missionary in China while traveling in a Chinese boat was impressed by reading some remarks on pride, and shortly after, falling asleep dreamed of the coming of the judgment day. In her dream she says: "I saw rising a building which was made up of the actions, thoughts and words of a life, and beside it stood the person whose life was represented. In very conspicuous thoughts and words of a life, and in a blaze, and from the many standing there, and was surprised by the thrill of pleasure for the person so large were these that I felt a profound expectancy. As I looked at him, and then upon the flames, I perceived that he did not fear the fire, but his every motion said, "Here am I, look at me!" The mass blazed on and soon was all consumed—only a few ashes remained.

"All attention was soon turned upon the same spot again, where had risen another building, much smaller than the first, and this too, was soon ablaze. The person of whose life-deeds it was composed was standing beside it, and I remember how sorry I felt for him that his life seemed to have amounted to so little. But as the fire burned on, the pile became a mass of burned gold, and really seemed to increase in size and beauty as the flame became hotter. But the fire died away having accomplished its work, leaving gold and precious stones in such loveliness of arrangement as only heaven itself could furnish."

So pile after pile arose and was submitted to the flames, some to be consumed, others to be purified and made brighter and fairer by the testing flames. This was the dream; but what will the reality be? Let the apostle's words explain the dream:

"According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise master builder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereupon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire." 1 Cor. iii, 10-15.—The Safeguard.
be free from them if they would do as those do who live painless lives.

It is appointed unto man once to die, but it is not appointed that he should suffer all his life and make his own pilgrimage a living death. We may not be able to escape death, but if we are careful to live temperately and rightly in this world, our pathway through may be free from many of the thorns that sting us, and the pains that afflict us, and we shall pass through our pilgrimage in ways of pleasantness, and reach our journey’s end in peace at last. —Sel.

SORROW AND JOY.

And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your joy no man takes from you. —John xvi, 22.

We have before us the common subjects of sorrow and joy; but the teaching of Christ makes the common uncommon. He vitalizes and gives interest to every subject that He touches.

Joy is older than sorrow. Joy was first with man, then came sorrow. Sorrow is the sadness of sin; joy is the gladness of innocence.

The recognition of sorrow. Christ did not treat the sorrow of His disciples lightly, not as the effect of disordered imaginations, but as real, occasioned by passing and painful circumstances. Christ knew the cause, and prescribed the remedy. He did not seek to lessen their feeling of the trouble, but points them to the sure source of comfort.

The relieving of sorrow. It is the first act of friendship to notice our sorrows, and the next to relieve them. In this capacity and with this disposition Christ is here seen. He is both the Counsellor and Comforter. His absence occasioned their sorrow, and His presence restored their joy. His visits are friendly in spirit, and joyous in result. “I will see you again.” “Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.”

The retention of joy. Here is a transition from sorrow to joy. Joy sustains in sorrow, succeeds it, and lives on an endless life. Sorrow prepares the heart for joy, and helps it to prize it. Joy is said to be transient, but here is a joy Christ pronounces to be permanent. “And your joy no man takes from you.” Christ gives the joy of salvation, which both saves and comforts. The saved must rejoice. It is the joy of simple trust in the rejoicing Saviour. It is “joy unspeakable and full of glory.” —Sel.

How many there are who are wearied in body, wearied in mind, wearied in head and in hand, simply because they are weary at heart. The world has disappointed them; life has been to them an empty round of change and turmoil. They sought in vain for peace and rest: they are weary and worn, and the outward weariness is but an index of that inward unrest, which makes them “like the troubled sea,” which casteth up mire and dirt. Oh, if they but knew the meaning of those words “Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls;” how soon they might change this anxious restlessness, this weary round of turmoil and of strife, for the deep abiding, abounding “peace of God which passeth all understanding.”

The human heart can never rest in earth nor in the things of earth. Treasures will vanish, friends will fail, joys will flee, pleasures will pass away, everything earthly is transient, empty, void and vain. The human heart can only find its rest in God; but that rest is set before us if we will accept it, if we will believe, if we will enter into rest. God, who has loved us, and pitied us, and cared for us, waits to make us welcome to his rest, to make us partakers of his peace and of his joy. Oh, weary, restless, wavering soul! Return unto thy rest, for the Lord dealt bountifully with thee. Come to Him who giveth rest, come from earth’s turmoil to heaven’s peace; come away from the shifting quicksands, and build your hopes upon the Rock of Ages, the same yesterday, today and forever. He who giveth that kingdom which cannot be moved, waits to bestow on you all the blessings you need, all the comforts you desire, all the rest for which your weary spirits yearn.

And the rest into which you enter when you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, is only a commencement, it is a foretaste of a rest deeper, wider and more glorious than anything that earth has ever seen; a rest which begins in time and lasts to all eternity. For, when the turmoil of this world’s week of toil is ended, “there remaineth a rest for the people of God;” “for we that believe do enter into rest.” —The Christian.

DO GOOD NOW.

Dr. Johnson wisely said: “He who waits to do a great deed of good at once, will never do anything.” Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for a great deed. True greatness consist in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovelful of dirt after another; one shovelful at a time. Thus, drops make the ocean. Hence, we must be willing to do a little good at a time, and never “wait to do a great good of deal of good at once.”

If we would do much good in the world we must be willing to do good in little things, little acts one after another; speak a word here, giving a tract there, and setting a good example at all times; we must do the first good thing we can, and then the next, and the next, and so keep on doing. This is the way to accomplish anything. Thus only we shall do all the good in our power.—Sel.

The thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians is the inspired hymn of love. The Eleventh chapter of Hebrews is the sublime epic of faith.
F A I T H S' F A T H O M - L I N E.

Few are the pages we need to read in the story of our Lord's life before we become certain that he saw at once, and at once correctly estimated, the degree of faith in each heart that approached him. To Peter walking on the swaying sea he said, "O thou of little faith!" To the Syrophoenician woman, instantly gauging the deep reserves of belief in her trusting heart he exclaimed, "O woman, great is thy faith!" And to the centurion his tribute was full and strong, "I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel!"

Yet again we find another word as searchingly clear in its revelation of the heart, when he said to the faithful disciples whose faith was at its lowest ebb, "How is it that ye have no faith?" And again, "Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that believed not," showing his immediate perception of the deficiency with which he charged them.

These gradations—no faith, little faith, great faith, so great faith—serve to mark in this day, as well as they did in an earlier era, the different degrees of faith in the hearts of Christians. Here we have a scale by which to measure ourselves. The two latter degrees alone brought joy to the heart of Jesus, and only these were deep enough to give the mighty fathom-line which he let down into the soul-free play. How blessed the possessor of that faith to whom Jesus can say in the profound fulness of his divine joy and from the infinite penetration of his divine insight, "Great is thy faith!" Such a seal set on us by the Master would fill us with heaven itself.

To have Jesus seen us and ascribe to us a faith which satisfies even himself would bring us into regions of joy and humility of which we seldom conceive. To believe God greatly is greatly to please him. The so great faith of the centurion caused Jesus to "marvel." Has our full faith in his love and power ever filled our Lord with such wonder—joy? Does our faith say in the directness of belief, "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed!"

One promise of God fully and entirely believed powerfully sanctifies the soul. One promise believed involves faith in God as its author. The hinge on which the great door of the promises swings open to us is the full persuasion that what God has promised is he able to perform. And this belief concerning one promise requires no greater faith than for all, since, if God can fulfill one, he is able as easily to accomplish all. If we do not believe all the promises, we do not fully believe one; and if we believe one, we implicitly believe all. What promise have we chosen to make absolutely our own by our absolute belief in it? Or, rather, what infinite promise has the Holy Spirit so opened to our wondering, believing, joyful heart that we accept it and believe it absolutely?

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." It is for lack of taking this fundamental declaration as absolutely true for ourselves, and with the greatest largeness and depth of faith, that we cannot receive the other declarations and promises of God as true for us also. In proportion as we believe this word as true for us at this present moment, we shall be able to receive all the others in their fulness.

"Faith," says Augustine, "is to believe that we do not yet see; and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe." Faith grows by trusting. One act of clinging faith in Christ in an emergency of the soul, whether of temptation or of suffering, will tell us more of faith, and lead us into greater volumes and depths of it, than many intellectual exercises concerning it, and manifold mental struggles after it. So our Lord allows the severe testing which obliges us to go to him in the very simplicity of artless, absolute, clinging, yet bold, dependence; or, if we refuse to do this, obliges us to sink into the alternative of black despair. At such times our choice must be either desperation or the simplest, most utter trust. "In your temptations, run to the promises," says the holy Rutherford. "They are our Lord's branches hanging over the water, that our Lord's silly, half drowned children may take a grip of them. If you let that grip go, you will fall."

There is a lofty realm which only the man of faith is privileged to enter,—the realm where all things are possible. In speaking of it, the same predicate is used of the man of faith and of God. "With God all things are possible." "All things are possible to him that believeth." In rising to a belief in God's power and love, we enter the field of the Omnipotent. All things are possible to men of faith, through their laying hold of God's power by means of a simple belief in it. Is it not most remarkable that God asks us to come with him into this wonder-working sphere? The miracle of turning to God becomes possible for ourselves or for others when we believe it is possible. Let us go up into the wide and airy uplands of faith, where God himself tells us all things are possible to us, and where he offers us a share of his spiritual power. All things are possible to us only as we believe all things are possible to God.

Let us scorn to rest in little faith. We have a great Savior; let us greatly trust him. His work is great, and must be done in the marvelous might of a so great faith.

All that is to be done before the full and final coming of the kingdom, is to be done by men animated by the Holy Spirit. The Spirit indwells with us by faith alone. Can we not bless the world by bringing down the mighty reserves of God's power through the simple belief that we have the Holy Spirit when we ask for it taking the conditionless promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive," for our warrant, and reasoning according to the divine logic, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how
Is it right for me to use the street cars on Sunday? This is a vexed question which is coming up constantly for settlement. Thousands of Christians who use the cars for nothing except going to and from church or Christian work, have settled this question, but in a few days it is up again. It seems to be one of the vexed matters to decide, what is duty and what is right. In Toronto, Can., this is not a trying question, does not have to be settled, as the street cars do not run on Sunday; and yet people attend church and in a much larger proportion than in this country, and Christian work is carried on in a very successful manner. “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,” Christians arrive at all kinds of conclusions in this matter. The following are some of them: “If I cannot take a street car I cannot go to church.” “I only take a street car to go to and from my Christian work.” Another, “The end justifies the means.” These and many others are the excuses and reasons given by professing Christians for using the street cars on Sunday. The question is coming up for settlement over and over again. Some are deciding in this way, “If I cannot go to my own church without taking a street car, I will make some other church my own, near by, within walking distance.” Others still who are engaged in Christian work remote from their homes, are deciding that they will not any more take the street car, if God’s work needs them in that particular place. I will trust that he will provide some means of transportation beside the street cars. Now why is it that this vexed question is constantly coming up and demanding settlement? Is it not because the street cars are nothing less than excursionists from one part of the city to another. Said a street car superintendent recently, “Sundays are our heaviest days, we have a great many extra conductors on Sunday.” Said another, “We make more money on Sunday than any other day in the week.” Said another, “Sunday is a gold mine to us.” If the street cars were run simply and altogether to take people to and from church and nothing else, or to send the gospel to the unreached or unsaved, then there would be no question whether we ought to ride on the street cars on Sunday or not, but when they are nothing more or less than excursion trains that Sabbath breaking and Godless people are using for nothing but holiday pleasure, it is a great question whether a child of God has a right to use this means of transportation on the Sabbath. Said a street car conductor recently, “You Christians will be responsible if I lose my soul, you help to make it necessary for me to work on Sunday from early until late. No time to attend church or Sunday School, no time with my children.” There is a great responsibility in this matter, resting upon God’s people. It is a reason for rejoicing, that many after praying over this matter, are deciding not to use the cars on Sunday. It is a question that every Christian must decide for himself or herself.—Sel.

For our Conversation is in Heaven. Phil III, 20.

Is it? Is the question each of us should ask of self. If it is, well for us. If it is, we are then letting our light shine as commanded by our Saviour. If it is, we are sowing an influence around us that is bound to bear fruit in heaven. If it is, our families, our children, our servants, and our neighbors know that we are Christians without recourse to any other source of information.

If it is not, it should be. If it is not, we are cold Christians. If it is not, our neighbors and those around us may be in doubt as to our Christianity. If it is not, we will have but little influence for the Master. If it is not, we are not ready to meet Jesus. Christians see that you can say that, it is, from henceforth.

The Worth of Time.

By T. H. Gill.

O Time! ne’er resteth thy swift wing; Thy minutes make no stay;
Yet what vast treasures do they bring, What treasure bear away!
O richly laden hours, ye fly, Yet ye lay down your load!
O minutes, frightened awfully! Your freight is all bestowed.
Ye bring the world’s consuming care; Ye bring the tempter’s wile;
Ye bring the Father’s smile. Your freight is all bestowed.
Ye bring the world’s consuming care; Ye bring the tempter’s wile;
Ye bring the glorious strife of prayer; Ye bring the Father’s smile.
Yes, Lord, our days may be divine: Our hours may golden be;
The brightness of their light may shine Through all eternity.
We mourn not, hours, the wings ye take, If your blest dower be given:
Fly on, bright minutes, if ye make Our souls more meet for heaven!
Yes, parted years, still sweetly breathe, And glory and delight bequeath
To the eternal year!
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.


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H. DAVIDSON, Abilene, Kansas.

To whom all communications and letters of business are to be addressed.

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If you do not receive the Visitor, in ten days from date of issue, write us and we will send you the necessary No.

If you desire to know when your subscription expires, look on the printed tag, on which your name and address is, and that will state to what date payment is due. For instance, April 30 means that the subscription has been paid up to that date. If you find any error in the date please notify us and we will make the correction.

To those who do not wish to take the Visitor longer we would say, when you write us to discontinue the Visitor, please state the amount of your subscription up to the date at which you wish to have it discontinued, and it will receive our prompt attention.

Send Money by Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft, to Henry Davidson, Abilene, Kansas.

Abilene, Kansas, Aug. 1, 1891.

COMPLIMENTARY.

One of our exchanges, The Gospel Messenger, the organ of the German Baptist church has this to say of our church paper: The Evangelical Visitor, published in the interest of the "River Brethren" has been removed from White Pigeon, Mich., to Abilene, Kansas. It is one of the neatest printed exchanges coming to this office, and is a credit to that respectable body of people, who so greatly resemble us in faith and practice.

CORRECTIONS.

The poem in the Visitor of July 1st, signed by Lizzie Brubaker should have been credited a selection.

In the issue of July 1st, W. C. Baker, of Adeline, Ill., should have been credited with $4.00 for the Benevolent Fund.

We are pleased to note that our correspondents are responding to our request for more material for the columns of the Visitor, but we trust that the appeal will call out many more and that all will respond freely. We should have an ample supply so that we could always have abundance to choose from.

The love feast at the Franklin meeting house, White Side county, Ill., June 13, 14, passed off pleasantly. Good will and love prevailed. The feast was largely attended.

Sabbath morning the voice of the church was taken for a minister and the choice fell on Bro. John L. Zook. We trust our dear young brother J. L. Zook will prove an efficient and active worker for Christ.

Our attention has been called to the condition of the church fund for Carland Mission, by Bro. Samuel Baker of Gormley, Ont., who is the Elder in charge of that mission.

He writes that there is yet three hundred dollars needed to complete the house, and the different districts are referred to the action of General Conference of 1890 and 1891, on this matter. We would earnestly urge our brethren everywhere to contribute at once to this fund so that the small amount to the church at large, but to the mission a large amount, would be met promptly and the house completed.

We are receiving some money as donations to the Long fund, as stated in the Visitor of June 1st, and we are glad to know that the matter is alive and interesting to the church. We hope the fund will be increased until the supply will be ample to accomplish the purpose intended. We would also state that Bro. A. Z. Myers gave us a list of the names of the subscribers of that fund in his hand, and any who wish to send us the money can do so, and they will be credited with the amount. But when they send the money they should expressly state that they had subscribed to that fund to Bro. Myers. We would know then how to give credit.

In an article in this issue of the Visitor, on Matthew xviii, 3, on conversion, we think we notice a strong leaning to what we consider the literal meaning of the word, and while we do not think the brother means to convey as much of a bias in that direction as some might put upon it, yet it is safe to keep within proper limits in our review of gospel expression. While the New Testament undoubtedly must be our rule of faith and practice, yet it is not only in its literal expression that we should look for a guide but also in the teaching of the Holy Spirit, which is promised to the obedient children of God, and the presence of the Holy Spirit can be felt and it is largely by feeling that we can know of its operation, and of its presence. Yet that spirit never leads astray and never teaches doctrines contrary to the gospel. But the carnal mind may fulfill many of the requirements of the literal word, yet know nothing of the finer feelings that accompany the teachings of the Holy Spirit.

In a letter from our friend, J. W. Heisey, of Elizabethtown, Pa., we note what he has to say for the Visitor, as follows: "Had I any influence I would use it in favor of the Visitor. But still I shall make an effort to get a few subscribers. I have noticed in several of the late papers that things are not very satisfactory to the Editor. It seems to me as though he was working hard, up hill all the time, and that should not be the case. The church ought to be able to support the paper. I hear remarks that do not suit me. Some think he gets many dollars when he gets a dollar a year for a semi-monthly paper, etc. But my friends he does not always get the whole dollar, as myself and others get six copies for five dollars. It does not take me long to believe that the Editor does not get enough to make it a success because it is the advertisements only that make
a paper a financial success. I am sorry that some of the moneyed members do not take it more to heart and see the good they might do in that direction. Think for a moment. Give the Editor money enough to pay for the paper and the printing of several thousand copies extra and send them to such that will distribute them. Such for instance as John A. Daly, of Washington, D.C. You know very well that you cannot stop the current or flow of water in a river, but you can dig a small ditch out on the side and get that full of water and that will widen all the time until it becomes a river of itself. Just so with the Visvron. Lay on the already loaded tables in the hotels, in all reading rooms or in private houses or if you can send it to the low dens of vice. There may be some one to read some of it.

Now while it is decided that it will be continued and as it advocates the doctrine of the church and other papers do not, why not spread it? How many members have families that read papers and are not converted, and even some that are converted but need to be brightened up? Why not send them the Visvron? You have bought them a Bible but it is not read as much as it ought to be, but send them the Visvron and they will read it because it comes from the post office, and then they will some times question if it really reads so well and will get their Bible to find out. Let preachers write sermons, as they would preach them, and let others write their experience, and give the world a chance to read them. I think everybody—unless they are prejudiced like to read the experience of others and may be benefitted by them.

So I would say again, give the Editor sufficient support. I think he is the right man in the right place, but don’t let him do all the work as I think he shows hard work.”

We have now settled down to active work in our new home. The difficulties and delays incident to the change we have made have nearly all been overcome and we look toward the future under God’s direction as being full of promise. When we review the success of the Visvron and the progress of the work it has been engaged in, we are thankful that it has gained the footing that it has. The four years of trial are past and under favorable circumstances it has been established, we trust for all time to come, as the organ of the church and as the medium of communication through which the doctrine of the church as taught in the Sacred book will be held forth by the many able writers who contribute to its columns.

And now while this progress has been made, we are reminded that other and pressing duties and requirements present themselves. Among these probably none is of more importance and more absolutely necessary than the increase of the circulation of the Visvron, and this is necessary for several reasons. No matter how good an article may be, in order that it may do good, it must reach the people; must be read and while the Visvron with its present circulation may be read by eight or ten thousand readers every issue, yet it should be read by ten times as many, and if taken hold of as it should be no doubt will be. We trust it is only a question of time until it will have its circulation increased more than ten fold. But this will take persistent, constant work.

But there is still another reason and that is one of finance. We must have money. Our circulation has much to do with our ability to meet our expenses and it is very humiliating to not have the means always at hand to pay our just debts and these should be met promptly; and it is the large circulation promptly paid that enables us to do this. We would then respectfully but earnestly urge all to increase our subscription at once. We have some very good agents that have done well in the past and are doing well now, but we need more, we need them everywhere. We think the churches should take the matter in hand and appoint the agents where they are not already appointed. Some churches constitute their ministers as agents and they generally make very good agents to circulate and to increase the circulation of their church paper; but others make equally as good. It does not matter to us who, only we would urge all to take action in the matter at once. It now becomes a duty. Before this it was a privilege and the friends of the Visvron have nobly sustained us with their money, advice and good will when the Visvron was on trial. We hope now every family will become a subscriber and all will contribute to make the Visvron in the future a success in every way possible.

We had thought that for convenience of all we would soon commence to publish the names of our agents with their post office addresses. If their was no objection and for this purpose we hope to receive soon the full name and address of each agent appointed or recognized in the community where they live. This will not only be for the convenience but also the safety of all concerned.

I have read a very beautiful story about a poor heathen woman out in India, who was converted, and became a Christian. I do not know for how long she served the Lord Jesus, but at last the call came for her to go.

As she lay on her death bed a friend came to see her. He asked her how she felt, and she answered, in a faint whisper: “Happy! happy! Stretching out her thin hand, she laid it first upon the Bible lying next to her, saying: “I have Christ here,” then touching her heart, “and I have Christ here”; and lastly, pointing upward, “I have Christ there!”

Dear reader, what a happy death! This poor woman had Christ. Let me ask: “Is this true of you?” — Young People.
CHURCH NEWS.

BELL SPRING, KANSAS.

About six or seven hundred worshippers and friends met at this place, to-day, to celebrate the formal dedication of the brethren's new house of worship.

The sermon was preached by our brother, Elder Henry Davidson, from the latter clause of the second chapter, ninth verse of Haggai. Several appropriate lessons were drawn from the dedication of Solomon's temple. The various institutions of the house of God and the several forms of worship were dwelt upon at some length. Urging first that this material house be kept free from filth, he drew from it the deeper lesson that we who compose the spiritual house should in like manner abstain from all pollutions of the flesh and of the spirit. It is hoped that the language of the text may be fully realized.

Bro. Jacob Eisenhower then spoke in German concerning the house not made with hands. After this Bro. Jno. Mellinger followed, with a few appropriate and impressive remarks. Then followed the formal prayer dedicating the house to the worship of God.

The structure is a commodious one, 40x60. The main flour contains three rooms, the upstairs is arranged for sleeping-room at love-feast time, while the large basement will be used for a dining hall on similar occasions.

Thus, what has for a dozen years past been a crying necessity, has at last been supplied. We thank God for the advantages we shall thus enjoy, and we pray that it may prove a means of grace to many souls.

What bids fair to become a flourishing Sabbath school was organized this afternoon.

M. M.

JESUS WEPT.

Dear brethren, sisters and readers of the Visitor, as I was sitting and thinking what to write this beautiful Sabbath morning this beautiful text came to my mind. How often we see Christian professors and often brethren and sisters laugh out loud at an expression made by some poor sinner. I for one often laugh and afterwards feel a condemnation; but I do not wish to be understood that a man should always be down hearted and sad. I believe that we should always be rejoicing in a Christian way. We read in St. John, the eleventh chapter 35 verse that Jesus wept. No doubt, if we knew that we were to be nailed to a cross we would weep far more than our blessed Savior did. O how must our blessed Savior have felt when he knew that he was to be nailed to the cross to die for all our sins. I often shed tears when I think of my short comings and often think and feel as if I was the weakest of all God's children. But when I look around and see some lying on beds of affliction and others hardly able to hear anything, I feel like praising my dear Savior for the blessed privilege that I have.

I often feel sad for my dear mother, as she is afflicted and not able to attend meeting, and am sorry to say not visited by the brethren and sisters as I think that she should be. I think that the sick and the afflicted should be visited often and I know it would encourage her very much. I paid her a visit last Sabbath and I just thought it might be the last Sabbath that I would have the privilege of spending with her in this world, so I stopped with her and did not get to the love feast. She felt sorry to see me go home, but I felt happy, that I had done my duty. O let us try and do our duty to our dear parents. I believe we will be rewarded in the sweet by and by where parting is known to be no more.

Christians walk carefully,
Christians walk carefully,
Christians walk carefully,
Danger is near.

A. CLIMENHAGA.

Niagara Falls, Ont.

OVER THE LINE.

This evening I heard of a story, Something quite novel and new, Containing at least one good lesson, And, better than all, 'tis true. So if you'll give me a moment's time I'll try and tell it to you in rhyme.

'Tis said that a man, not long ago, Stood on a quiet side street, With his head bowed low before him, Shuffling the bricks at his feet; And this is the cause of his knotted brow

"Which way shall I take? I must decide now.
A glance at his face would have shown you
The battle raging within
And told the important question was
Which side shall the victory win?
Standing there his hands over his eyes,
An object of pity and much surprise.
I will either go to the theatre,
And have a good time tonight,
Or else with the circle of prayer I'll meet
And see that my soul is right
I can't take both—that's what bothers me,
Church or theatre, which shall it be?
Then with a sudden impulse he cried,
"I have it, I'll draw a line;"
On little things great destinies turn,
Perhaps this may decide mine;
At all events, I can only try;
Some settle things quickly, why not I?"

Then curiously peeping upward
From amongst the shadows dark,
Hestooped, and with chalk upon the ground
Drew boldly a long white mark;
Drew it very strong and straight,
Perhaps this may decide mine;
"I have it, I'll draw a line;
I will either go to the theatre,
Or else with the circle of prayer I'll meet,
And have a good time tonight,
Standing there his hands over his eyes,
An object of pity and much surprise.
I will either go to the theatre,
And have a good time tonight,
Or else with the circle of prayer I'll meet
And see that my soul is right
I can't take both—that's what bothers me,
He said it o'er and o'er—
"The path I conclude to take tonight
I'll walk in evermore.
My mind must decide all clear and straight
Before the clock in the tower strikes eight."

For more than an hour he stood there
Stood like one sorely perplexed,
Striving to weigh in the balance
The wealth of this world and the next;
Which in the scales would fall, which rise;
Earth's glory or that beyond the skies.

I think that God's beautiful angels
Must have seen him standing there,
And wafted their blessed influence
Straight down from the realms of air;
For, like one urged on by power divine,
Boldly the man stepped over the line.

Over the line; 'twas a little act,
But how much it meant God knows.
For it saved a soul eternal death,
And covered a thousand woes.
It filled a heart with gladness and joy
And gave pure gold in exchange for alloy.

It took but a moment to cross it,
He might have done it before;
But, once beyond that white chalk line,
He was there forever more;
And into his eyes soft lights will shine
When e'er he speaks of crossing the line.

This is the story I heard tonight
And to me it meant so much.
Many there are near the border line
So near that their feet must touch;
Weighing the weight of the soul and dross,
Weighing earth's joys with that of the cross.

Many there are who are faltering there,
And struggling with doubts and pride,
Knowing the path that's best but afraid,
To cross to the other side;
Oh, strongly I urge you, dear friend of mine,
Leave everything else—step over the line.

Selected by O. Ida Shaefer.

Honor thy father and mother.

A GOOD EXPERIENCE MEETING.

A good experience meeting means that each member, young and old, does their part, and does it promptly when the occasion comes. What is my part? some one asks. The answer is, speak for the Lord, if speaking is the order of the hour, or if prayer, do not be afraid to pour out your soul in fervor to your God through Jesus Christ, though the sentences may not be polished or long and the words few. Many get the idea that they must recount their experience from their youth up each time. This is erroneous and is really unwise. A few words spoken promptly and cheerfully will do your part and if you have no special feeling to speak you can say, "I still love Jesus, I praise the Lord" and then take your seat.

The meeting can then go on and your few words may stimulate others. You have taken yourself out of the way as very often some of the weaker or younger look to the older.

Always be cheerful and have a word of praise. Tell your troubles to the Lord at home and leave them there. No good can come from spreading them abroad and much harm may be done by discouraging others and giving the world the impression that ours is a hard road. I have seen experience meetings that were enough to frighten any one almost persuaded. Do not do it.

Good experiences are not often lengthy. There are very few occasions when any one should talk as long as ten minutes, better to limit ourselves to five minutes or less. Long experiences are very apt to become burdensome and destroy the life and interest of the meeting. It would be better if a good impression is felt to speak briefly the second time.

We often hear it said by some after the meeting or near the close of the same that they would have spoken but they did not want to be in the way of others, whereas during the meeting more time was lost than they would have needed to speak briefly many times over, and really they were much more in the way of others by not speaking than they would have been had they spoken and thus made themselves out of the way. Do not take this course any more or offer it as an excuse.

These suggestions may not be needed for large gatherings as our love feasts, except perhaps in regard to length of time occupied but if needed, and coupled with a fervent secret prayer before coming to the meeting our common meetings would be more encouraging, we could all go home refreshed, and others would be induced to fall in line with us and God would be better glorified which is after all what we come together for.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

HOME ON HIGH.

There is a beautiful home on high
A home supremely blest,
We hope to reach it by and by,
And enter into rest.

What sublime thoughts in the stanza we have quoted. It is a sermon in itself and points as with a radiant finger to a home on high—supremely blest, and tells of a hope within our breast that we may reach it—by and by—when we shall enter into rest. Our surroundings take up our minds so much with the demoralizing soul-destroying transient things of this earth, and blunt our appreciation of the higher religious opportunities that are within our grasp if we would but look up and reach up. What we need is to concentrate our thoughts on every possible occasion the promises of heaven and of future glory with God and his angels. So doing will help us dispel those gloomy hours which, resulting from the many heart-rendering experiences of this life and its bitter disappointments, at times completely overwhelm us. Heaven is a good thing to think about.

God is love.
THE GIFT OF SILENCE.

The gift of prophesying, or the ability to speak to edification, exhortation, to comfort, is one of the most important gifts in the church of Christ. The apostle, while exhorting his Christian brethren to covet earnestly the best gifts, bade them to "covet to prophesy," and forbid not to speak with tongues. But valuable as is the gift of prophecy, the gift of silence is sometimes scarcely less important. In many things we all offend, and there are few things in which men offend more frequently, than in words. "By thy words thou shouldest be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." But "If any man among you seem to be religious, and deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." James i, 27.

To bridle the tongue is not necessary to keep silence, for the bridle is of use to guide, and control, as well as to restrain, but, until the tongue can be kept quiet and schooled in silence, there is very little chance to train it for useful service. The unruly tongue which prates, and runs, and fills all hearers with the clack and clatter of its emptiness, is frequently dumb when useful speech is needed, and is a calamity and a curse to its owner, and to others around.

It is a great thing to learn the lesson of silence, and to apprehend the meaning of those words, "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him." "Be still, and know that I am God." It is a great thing also, to be able to keep silent in the presence of enemies, like the Psalmist, who said, "I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me." Such silence is most fitting in many cases, and if attained, would restrain many unruly and troublesome tongues, and save many a soul from sore afflictions.

It is extremely important that men should know how to keep silent under assault, provocation, insult and abuse. Such occasions for silence are by no means rare; Christian men are liable to be subject to abuse and wrong, where words are vain and only aggravate the trouble. If at such times they give way to passion, and say things which are needlessly severe, and which only cause regret, they will speedily see their folly, and lament it when lamentation is in vain.

It is a great thing to know how to sit quietly under insult and abuse, willing to lose our time, and leave results with the Lord. Many a man ruins his cause by defending it. He is aggravated, outraged and wronged, and he breathes out his complaints, with such bitterness that people distrust him, and there must be some ground for the accusation brought against him, otherwise he would not be disturbed by them. This reasoning, is often unjust, nevertheless, men will reason thus, and innocent but excitable persons may suffer unjustly, and unrighteously, while men possessed of the gift of silence maintain their equilibrium, and when the storm is over are found standing unharmed, undisturbed, ready for another blast.

Cultivate the gift of silence, learn to stand like an anvil beneath the hammer's stroke; and let no assault or insult betray you into unguarded words. Remember that while every beast and creeping thing has been tamed, the tongue can no man tame. It is always dangerous and must be watched: and we may well pray to God with the Psalmist: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Psal. cxli, 3.—Sel.

EARNESTNESS.

In the preaching of the Gospel earnestness is indispensable. A lazy, lifeless, indifferent, dawdling method of speech will rob any message of its power. All preachers cannot be learned or eloquent, but no man whom God has sent should lack earnestness, and earnestness and intensity are more effective than eloquent oratory or scholarship.

But earnestness is not simply noise. A man may rave and rant and still not be in earnest. Bawling, howling and screaming are not proof of sincere interest or conviction. A man running a mock auction will sometimes bawl and scream as loud as any ranting fanatic, and yet his head is cool and his only object is to gain your money. A whisper may be far more earnest than a scream, and it may tell deeper feeling and intense desire, but a man who should train himself to speak in whispers would lose much of his power. When any man begins to shape his words and regulate his tones he is liable to become artificial.

The man who is thoroughly sincere and thoroughly in earnest, may find that his style needs pruning and criticizing, and such criticism should be kindly administered by his best and most intelligent friends; but the man must not be cramped, he must have something to say, and liberty to say it; and until his whole soul is aroused to the conviction of the truth and the importance of the things he decries, his words will be of little worth. Sheridan, the actor, once said, "I like to go and hear Rowland Hill because his ideas come red-hot from the heart." But the heart must first burn within, or these burning words can never be skoken. No graces of oratory, no skill of elocution will take the place of the downright honest conviction of those who know the truths which they speak, and see the dangers against which they warn men. Said Rowland Hill:

"Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. But I am not; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this country, I was walking on yonder hill; I saw a gravel pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I
laid my voice so high that I was heard in the town below at the distance of a mile; help came and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrevocably in an eternal mass of woe, and call on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now?"

The Apostle Paul ceased not to warn men "day and night with tears," and those who desire that their words shall be effective must remember that we must be affected ourselves by the things we speak in order to effect others by them.

IT'S CURIOUS WHO GIVES.

"It's curious who gives. There's Squire Wood, he's put down two dollars; his farm's worth $10,000, and he's money at interest. And there's Mrs. Brown, she's put down five dollars; and I don't believe she's had a new gown in two years, and her bonnet ain't none the newest, and she's them three grandchildren to support since her son was killed in the army; and she's nothing but her pension to live on. Well, she'll have to scrape on butter and tea for a while, but she'll pay it. She just loves the cause, and that's why she gives."

These were the utterances of Deacon Daniel after we returned from church the day pledges were taken for contributions to missions. He read them off, and I took down the items to find the aggregate. He went on:

"There's Maria Hill, she's put down five dollars; she teaches in the north district, and don't have but twenty dollars a month, and pays her board, and she has to help support her mother. But when she told her experience, the time when she joined the church, I knew the Lord had done a work in her soul; and where he works you'll generally see the fruit in giving. And there's John Baker, he's put down one dollar, and he'll chew more than that worth of tobacco in a fortnight. Cyrus Dunning, four dollars. Well, he'll have to do some extra painting with that crippled hand; but he'll do it, and sing the Lord's songs while he's at work."—Missionary Messenger.

FACES TOWARD THE LIGHT.

The sick quite universally lie with their faces toward the light. This is very noticeable in the wards of a large hospital. As you pass from bed to bed, ask one of these pale faces why they all seemed moved by this common impulse, he cannot answer. The reason is deeper down than his understanding. He does so naturally, he does not know why.

Just as it is the nature of plants to bend toward the window and reach out after the light, so a law written deep down in our spiritual, as well as in our physical nature, causes every soul to reach out after the light. Human wisdom and philosophy are but artificial lights which will not satisfy the soul in its reaching out after God, any more than an electric, or any other light however bright, would adequately substitute the life-giving rays of the sun in the home of growing plants.

What this world, sick with sin, wants and longs for to-day more than anything else, is to have its face turned toward the Sun of Righteousness.

It is this universal instinct of the soul that gives to preaching its success, and to every Christian service its reward. How many are to-day unhappy, simply because in their nature, deeper down than their understanding, there is a reaching out after God, and heaven and sacred things, while at the same time, in wicked rejection of the Saviour, the sinner is turning his face away from Christ and the light.—Lutheran Observer.

A SHOP PAPERED WITH THE BIBLE.

A correspondent of the Friend of Missions in Japan tells the following interesting story of a lady who went into a cake-shop to buy some cakes for her children. While waiting for the cake she saw that the walls were papered with leaves from the Bible. This was so strange that she asked the old woman about it; and she told the lady that one day, passing by a book-shop, she saw a pile of papers thrown away as useless. As her shop needed papering, she thought this was just the thing, and took some of it home, and pasted it over the walls. One evening her grandson came in, and began reading aloud from the paper on the wall. The old woman was so interested in what she heard that she listened eagerly, and got all who would to read to her. One day a young man came who asked her if she understood it, and whether she was a Christian. She told him how much she enjoyed hearing it, but she did not understand it much; so he promised to take her to church the next day. After this she attended regularly, and became an earnest Christian. She now keeps a stock of tracts by her, and into every bag of little cakes she drops one. Is not this encouraging? All that good came out of leaves of the Bible thrown away, which were considered of no use.—Western Christian Advocate.

MEN ARE FOUR.

1. He knows not, and knows not he knows not. He is a fool; shun him.
2. He knows not, and knows he knows not. He is simple, teach him.
3. He who knows, and knows not he knows. He is asleep; wake him.
4. He who knows, and knows he knows. He is wise, follow him.—Ex.

They who make the glory of God their seed, and the word of God their rule, and the Spirit of God the guide of their affection, and the providence of God the guide of their affairs, may be confident that the Lord goes before them as truly as he went before Israel in the wilderness, though not so sensibly.—Anon.
CHILDREN’S DEPARTMENT.

Dear Children:  As I noticed your column lately a few times I thought perhaps Aunt Mattie was sick or, perhaps, has taken a journey, and no one thinks of writing to you.  I took a few drives through the country and saw the people harvesting and noticed that the children were as busy as any.  I thought of one of the many harvest hymns I like to sing, especially in harvest time.  It is this: “Sowing in the morning.”  You can find it in the Gospel Hymns I think.  I learned it when a little girl.  Of course many of you know it too.  To those I would say, sing it often and think of the words—the words of the chorus. “We shall come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves.”  When I saw those children so busy in the field I thought if they will do their duty through life as in the harvest field then surely they will be among those who will “come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves.”

Dear children do you sometimes think of that great harvest when God will send forth his angels to gather his harvest?  And do you know that every good act we do (for Jesus’ sake) will help to make a sheaf for that great harvest?  When we do good acts (however small) just because it is right, we are sowing good seed that will grow until God’s harvest time which is called judgment day.  Sometimes it seems hard to do the right, in fact it generally does, because we are sinful, but if we have learned to love God, and ask him to help us that which seemed hard becomes easy.  Do you sing that hymn sometimes?  That says—

There’s a work for me,
And a work for you,
Something for each of us now to do.

And unless we do that work it will be left undone.  And do you guess what that work is?  It is to do the duty nearest.  This is what makes our lives pleasing to God.

In this section of country much of the wheat is imperfect, while there is some real nice and perfect, and when I look at it, it makes me want to be like the perfect.  Let us remember that we may be any kind we want to, God helping us.

Dear children I will yet say, try and learn all the nice good hymns you can, for what sounds sweeter than to hear a child sing and as you grow older they will be a help to you, when, sometimes, your temper gets ruffled instead of giving way to angry words.  If you have a habit of singing, you will begin some sweet encouraging piece, your temper will cool down and those around you will not know how ruffled you felt.

A MOTHER’S PRAYER.

A weather-beaten sailor, on making his homeward passage, as he doubled a stormy cape, encountered a dreadful tempest.  The mother had heard of his arrival outside the cape; she was awaiting with anxiety a mother alone can know, to see her son.  But now the storm was arisen, and when the ship was in the most dangerous place. Fearing that each blast, as it swept the raging deep, might howl the dirge of her son, with faith strong in God she began praying for his safety.  At this moment news came that the vessel was lost.  The father, an unconverted man, had till this time preserved a sullen silence but now he wept aloud.  The mother observed, “it is in the hands of Him who does all things well;” and again the subdued and softened spirit bowed, commending her son and her husband, in an audible voice, broken only by the bursting of a full heart, to God.

Darkness had now come on, and they retired, but not to rest, and anxiously awaited for the morning, hoping, at least, that some relic of their lost one might be found.  The morning came.  The winds were hushed and the ocean lay comparatively calm, as though its fury had abated since its victim was no more.  At this moment the little gate in front of the dwelling turned on its hinges, the door opened, and their son, their lost, loved son, stood before them.  The vessel had been driven into one of the many harbors on the coast and was safe.  The father rushed to meet him, His mother, hanging on his neck, earnestly exclaimed; “My child, how came you here?”  “Mother”, said he, as the tears coursed down his sunburnt face, “I knew you would pray me home!”

What a spectacle!  A wild, reckless youth acknowledging the efficacy of prayer!  It seems he was aware of his perilous situation; and that he labored with the thoughts—“My mother prays—Christians’ prayers are answered, and I may be saved.”  This reflection, when almost exhausted with fatigue, and ready to give up in despair, gave him fresh courage, and with renewed effort he labored till the harbor was gained.  Christian mother, go thou and do likewise!  Pray for that son who is likely to be wrecked in the storm of life, and his prospects blasted forever.  He may yet be saved.—Way-side Tracts.

A CALL TO YOUNG MEN.

Of you, Christian young men, it is asked that you cast out of yourselves the false, the selfish, and the defiling, and that you be sincere workers for the glory of God and the benefit of men.  We ask it in the name of truth, that you may man her bulwarks, and tell her to the generation following.  We ask it in the name of Christianity, that you may join her in her brave battle with world and flesh and devil.  We ask it in the name of humanity, struggling to deliver herself from a thousand wrongs.  We ask it in the name of multitudes, showing your own manhood, who are passing down to darkness wailing as they go: “No man hath cared for my soul!”  We
A FEARLESS PULPIT.

A fearless pulpit is not necessarily a coarse pulpit, any more than a courageous man is necessarily a ruffian. As to independence of speech, Jesus was the model preacher; he spoke the truth in all sincerity, and was not deflected a hair's breadth from his course by either the prejudices or the persecutions of his countrymen, and yet his sermons were as far removed from coarseness and vulgarity as they were from the inanities and traditional prejudices of the average synagogue utterance of his time. The Sermon on the Mount will be regarded as a gem so long as the world retains any admiration for the beautiful in literature. The man of Nazareth spoke "as one having authority," but he spoke as a gentleman, and the people who confuse pulpits fearlessness and pulpit coarseness will do well to consider this.

Neither does it follow that a preacher is genuinely fearless and independent because he departs from the old faith, and preaches doctrines which are not included in, but are antagonistic to, the creed to which he subscribed when he assented the vows at his ordination. Many a man has been praised for his fearlessness and independence in preaching false doctrine, when as a matter of fact he preached that doctrine simply because he had not courage enough to resist the current of what has come to call itself "the higher criticism." He read infidel books and magazines until under the jeers and sneers of irreverent skepticism, he found himself too cowardly to stand by the old faith. His so-called independence is servility, and his courage, cowardice; his attitude is not the result of strength, but of weakness, and instead of being praised for his greatness he should be censured for his trenculent meanness. No pulpit in the world has less real independence than the "liberal" pulpit.

While, however, we should guard against these errors, there is a place for a fearless pulpit. The prophet still has a function; errors are to be driven out and sins are to be rebuked; some unworthy people are in the churches, and too often a man who pays well is excused for offences which would drive a poor man from the sacred inclosure of church membership; in too many cases piety is divorced from ideal morality, and men who are not entirely above reproach are foremost at the altar. Here, then, is a field for a fearless pulpit. It must not be coarse, and it must not be silent. It must not shun to declare the whole counsel of God because some persons will be reproved thereby. John was not coarse in doing it, but he spoke plainly to Herod concerning adultery, as Elijah did to Ahab concerning idolatry.

The true prophet has the same office forever. He smites the wrong; if the king is wicked he addresses him as a king, but he also speaks to him as a sinner. He is not harsh, but he is faithful. It is not his to deal in vengeance, but it is his to deal in truth. And so the fearless pulpit of today has a work to do, on the one hand to reprove the false living of men, and on the other to resist the encroachments of that presuming and jeering criticism which is attempting to shake the foundations of the truth of God. It must neither be unloving nor unfaithful.—Western Christian Advocate.
OUR DEAD.

ANNIE M. EYER.

Died, near Shocks Mills, Lancaster co., Pa., July 18th, 1891, Annie M. Eyer, youngest daughter of Daniel M. and Mary Eyer, aged 18 years, 8 month and 22 days. Funeral Services were held at Reich’s meeting house on the 15th, by the home brethren, from Rev. xxii, 14. The remains were interred at the east Monegul Cemetery.

The conversion and circumstances attending this young sister were truly remarkable and interesting, which we will here briefly relate. Anna gave her heart to the Lord on June, the 29th, in the evening she prayed earnestly to the Lord for salvation. On July the 5th, at night she seen a bright light appear to her in her room. She asked the Lord if this was the evidence of the blessing she prayed for. The answer came "if you cover your head when you pray." She said: "Yes, Lord, I will." Then there appeared a bright star in the room. The following day on going to dinner she wept bitterly and said "I must put a handkerchief on my head as a covering and the men will laugh," but she obeyed and none laughed.

A few days later she said we read that "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved;" and she wished to go to the Susquehannah river and be baptized. We made arrangements to have her request carried out in the 18th at 3 P. M. but she took suddenly worse on the 16th and died on the 18th. The same day that she was baptized she was buried. On the morning of the 12th when she first took her weak spell she said, I guess I cannot be baptized now. Her mother asked her if she could not feel satisfied without. She said if it is the Lord’s will. Next morning she died easy and peacefully, we believe fully blessed as the Lord will take the will for the deed.

The next evening after she had seen the bright light in her room and when she had received such a blessing, she said in a child like way to her mother, "what shall I pray for tonight." She seemed so fully blessed that she hardly knew what more was wanting, but the Lord said he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. She said, "yes, Lord, I will go to the river where there is water." Much more could be said of her conversion in the short time she remained after her acceptance with Christ. I would yet add that when her sisters were weeping during her last hours she said: "do not weep for me if I could only die." On another occasion, when going to prayer I asked her if she had anything to sing. She said singing, "Wen’s doch alla salen wisten Jesu’s das du freundliche bist und der stusland ware christen un noss sprechlich harlech est.

She never spoke a word of German to the family and did not know any German hymns but heard the family sing the above hymn.

She leaves father, mother, brothers, and sisters with many friends to mourn her early death.

We sympathize with Bro. Eyer and family in their bereavement but we are satisfied that they have the Christian consolation that although friends may be called to part here for a time yet there is a better country than this and those who die in the triumphs of the Redeemer’s love will meet again in that heavenly home where sorrows can’t come. May the Lord keep them and us to the end.

HURSH.—Died near Mansfield, O., May 14, 1891, Sister Francis Hursh, wife of Bro. Henry Hursh, aged 76 years and 9 days. Funeral services were held by the home brethren at the residence of the deceased, from Rev. xiv, 13. Her remains were interred in the cemetery at Windsors, Ohio. Sister Hursh was born in York co., Pa., May 5, 1815. She was married to Henry Hursh, Oct. 8, 1834 and moved with her husband to Richland co., O. May 1, 1837, where they lived together until death separated them which will no doubt be but a short time. Her husband being over eighty years old. She leaves a husband and nine children, two sons and seven daughters, twenty-seven grand children, and eleven great grandchildren to mourn their loss. She was a dutiful wife, a kind and affectionate mother and left many evidences that she has gone to a better country than this.

LANTELME.—Died, July 9, 1891, near Ramona, Marion co., Kas., George Landelme, aged 34 years, 4 months, 22 days. Services were held on the 12th at the Rose Bank meeting house by Elder Joseph Fike in German and Daniel D. Steckley in English from Heb. xi, 4. The remains were interred in the cemetery near by. The funeral was largely attended and all seemed to sympathize with the friends. Bro. Lantelme was an earnest Christian worker, was very much afflicted for more than a year but he bore his affliction with Christian resignation and patience. He was a good Sunday school teacher, we shall all miss him. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his departure.

LIZZIE S. NOLL.—Died, at Florin, Lancaster co., Pa., on July 16th. Bro. Joseph H. Heisey, aged 68 yrs, 10 mo. and 24 days. Bro. Heisey was born and raised in Lancaster co. and always lived in it, for many years a prominent citizen of Florin. He had been in ill health, but about a week before his death he had a stroke of paralysis. He leaves a wife and one son. Bro. Heisey was converted in his youth, and connected with the church while yet unmarried. Funeral at Cross Road, M. H. interment at Reich’s cemetery on Sunday, July 19th.

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Work is God’s ordinance as truly as prayer.—George D. Boardman.

A life that imitates the life of Christ is the life that all should strive to live. There is, and there can be, no condemnation for such a life.

Man’s highest attributes—which especially distinguish him from the brute—are his freedom, his personality, and his immortal-}

There is not in nature anything so remotely distant from God, or so extremely opposite to Him, as a greedy and griping niggard.—Bar-