

2-1-1892

Evangelical Visitor- February 1, 1892. Vol. V. No. 3.

Henry Davidson

Follow this and additional works at: <https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor>



Part of the [History of Religion Commons](#), and the [Religion Commons](#)

Permanent URL: <https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor/74>

Recommended Citation

Davidson, Henry, "Evangelical Visitor- February 1, 1892. Vol. V. No. 3." (1892). *Evangelical Visitor (1887-1999)*. 74.

<https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor/74>

Sharpening Intellect | Deepening Christian Faith | Inspiring Action

Messiah University is a Christian university of the liberal and applied arts and sciences. Our mission is to educate men and women toward maturity of intellect, character and Christian faith in preparation for lives of service, leadership and reconciliation in church and society.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

DEVOTED TO THE SPREAD OF EVANGELICAL TRUTHS AND THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office at Abilene, Kansas.

IF YE KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS, YE SHALL ABIDE IN ME, SAITH THE LORD.—Jesus.

VOLUME V.

ABILENE, KANSAS, FEBRUARY 1, 1892.

NUMBER 3.

"WHAT MAKES THE CROSS?"

Dear Lord, my will from thine doth
run

Too oft a different way,
I cannot say, "thy will be done,"
Through all life's darkened way,
My heart grows chill to see thy will
Turn all earth's gold to gray.

My will is set to gather flowers,
Thine blights them in my heart;
Mine reaches for life's sunny hours,
Thine leads through shadow land,
And all my days go on in ways
I cannot understand.

Yet more and more this truth doth
shine,

From failure and from loss,
The will that runs transverse to
thine

Doth thereby make its cross.
Thine upright will cuts straight and
still

Through pride, and dream, and
dross!

But if in parallel with thine,
My will doth meekly run,
All things in heaven and earth are
mine,

My will is crossed by none,
Thou art in me, and I in thee—
Thy will and mine are done!

Selected by DELILA KREIDER.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT.

"As new born babes desire the sincere milk
of the word, that ye may grow thereby."
1 Pet. ii, 2.

In the scriptures we often meet with symbols, that is, things that we are familiar with to illustrate to us, things that are of the most importance for us to know; and in the above language is used one of those symbols. It is well known unto all, how soon the new born babe desires and is in need of nourishment, and that nourishment suited for its need, is provided by nature and is ready for that babe's use in the pure milk of the mother's breast,

which is the only thing adapted for its growth and nurture. In like manner the apostle used that figure to illustrate the appropriateness of that symbol, in showing how the new born babe in Christ would grow, thrive, and mature, if so be that he would live on "the sincere milk of the word."

Evidently the apostle Peter as addressing, in the above language, certain characters, those who were "begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead;" and for fear any of them be deceiving themselves in not resting on the true foundation, he, expressed very cautiously in saying—"if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." The apostle knew what was most needed to the babe in Christ so as to grow in grace, that it was "the sincere milk of the word." With similar knowledge the Psalmist said: "where withal shall a young man cleanse his way?" Inspiration gives the answer, "By taking heed thereto according to thy word," (Psalm, cxix; 9.). We see when the apostle Paul was exhorting the Elders of the Church at Ephesus, with all those accompanying them, as it were for the last time, "I know" said he, "that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the Kingdom of God, shall not see my face no more;" how impressively he addressed them; "and now brethren" said he, "I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among them which are sanctified."

Brethren and sisters in Christ, is it not the highest importance for us in these last days, when surrounded as we are with all manner

of speculations under the name of Christianity to test what we are living on, spiritually, to see, if it is on the sincere milk of the word; do we lean unreservedly upon God, and on the word of his grace, which is the only thing able to build us up, and to preserve us for the enjoyment of that inheritance which is in reserve for the children of God. The Apostle Paul told in plain words what was to take place in this world after he was gone. Said he: "For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock: also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them." Acts xx, 29, 30.

O, dear reader, did you ever see the pitiable condition among the so-called Christians of this present age, just to the letter as Paul predicted. Hence, the necessity of keeping close to the only safe standard, the Word of God, and thereby we shall be made wise unto salvation. We may see daily in our surroundings the great variety of religious tenets which are palmed on men under the guise of religion. Yes, we are surrounded with all manner of perversity. You that fear the Lord, let his word be unto us, as David said, "a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path," by it let us "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good," that we would be as new born babes, living on the "sincere milk of the word."

Preserve us, O, Heavenly Father from all evil. Amen. A. B. Stayner, Ont.

God crowns our years with goodness, and the goodness of God should lead us to repentance.

WEARY WATCHING.

"The thing was true but the time appointed was long." Dan. x, 1.

"The time is long," dear Lord, and weary are my feet
Toiling o'er desert sands afar from home—
I faint sometimes beneath the scorching noontide heat,
I yearn so often for long rest to come.

I see beyond me, past the sand's white billows,
The green oasis with its cool, clear stream—
I struggle feebly on, and when I reach its border
I find, O God! 'twas but a mocking dream.

"The time is long," O Lord, I sowed with bitter weeping
Such precious seed,—and watered it with tears;
I came, and came again, hoping for glorious reaping;
In vain the watch; how drag the weary years.

"The time is long," O Lord, I saw a stately ship
Go bravely forth upon the treacherous sea;
On deck stood one, O pitying God! thou knowest,
And thou alone, how much that pilgrim was to me.
I watched and waited long, but never since, no never,
Has white-sailed ship sped homeward o'er the main;
That idol one that walked its deck so proudly
Has never sought my earthly home again.

"The time is long," one radiant, haunting vision
Has lured me ever on from day to day;
'Twas love that mocked, for when hope was highest
He came, life blossomed, then the angel fled away.

"The time is long," dear Lord, the night is gathering fast,
I cannot pierce one step beyond the gloom,
My idols all are crumbled, can I not rest at last?
O take thy weary child, dear Lord, to thee and home.

* * *

Take hope, faint heart, his pitying eye has seen
Each weary footprint on the burning sand,

Thy green spot waits thee, and its cool, clear river
Flows fresh for thee in yonder better land.

Thy seed in sorrow sown, it hath not perished,
Transplanted only to the heavenly soil—

It grows and blossoms in thy Father's garden
Laden with fruit to bless thy weary toil.

The ship that came not—it hath gained the harbor
Of quiet waters and eternal rest;
Thy pilgrim idol, because he was thine idol,
God took him from thee, and God knoweth best.

"The thing is true," sad heart, that God is surely bringing
Light out of darkness o'er thy shadowed way;
Through vanished love and fond but lost illusions,
The way, though long, leads upward to the day.

Selected by ANNIE M. NEWCOMER.
Dayton, Ohio.

PRAYER-MEETING TALKS.

CONFIDENCE.

One result of the prayer-meeting should be to establish and sustain confidence. Hesitation, uncertainty, and fear is unbecoming in any one who is safe. Confidence is always the accompaniment of righteousness. The man who enters into a struggle certain of victory does not betray any distrust or fear. To hesitate or waver in the Christian life and service is to belie the profession. To be timid in this conflict is to doubt truth, is to question whether God or the devil is supreme, is to assume that wrong may be mightier than right. This is disloyalty, is dishonoring to virtue and to God. The triumphs of truth have been achieved by men who were confident, relying on her leadership. God's heroes have been brave men and women. Moses must have had a strong confidence when he, a simple shepherd, went into the presence of the mighty Egyptian monarch and demanded the release of a race of slaves without any indemnity. Elijah is more

commanding as he stands in his confidence on Mt. Carmel, challenging and defying the hosts of Baal. than when he shrinks away in timidity and distrust to Horeb. There was no hesitation nor wavering in Daniel when he accepted the issue given by his enemies in Babylon.

Paul! who thinks of Paul as being a coward, as hesitating or wavering or timid? Timidity is not a Christian virtue, for neither cowardice nor distrust was attached to Christ. Who does not at once recognize the consistency of Luther's courage as he stands before the Diet of Worms? Confidence is not opposed to humility, neither is it inconsistent with a knowledge of difficulty and danger.

The case of Elisha and his servant surrounded by the Syrian army illustrates the basis and blessedness of confidence. The king of Syria had planned an attack on the Israelites and had repeatedly been baffled in his plans. It was revealed to him after a time that his plans were defeated by means of Elisha, and so the army had been sent to capture him. Elisha might have felt he was running some risk in thwarting the designs of a king. It would not have been unusual if he had felt some alarm as the mighty host of horses and chariots drew near and nearer to him. But Elisha was not timid. He was not so much brave as he was buoyant and at ease. One can almost fancy him looking down upon the trained companies of his enemies with disdain mixed with pity. You know why he was so confident. It is told us of the army that Elisha had for his preservation.

Brethren, the man of God has good reason to be hopeful and buoyant. The good in the world is more than the bad. The forces of right outnumber those of the wrong. Truth is not to be defeated. Christ is the "Rock of the Ages." They that trust in the Lord are true to the truth, are loyal to right, are relying on virtue, shall never be confounded. Though

in the struggle against temptation, in the work for the church, in our purpose to be noble, pure, and helpful, a host should encamp against us to defeat and destroy, in this we need not fear; even then we may and should be confident. If we believe at all, we must believe that God can be relied on. Let us not be timid, wavering, and uncertain. Let us take our place in the world as children of God, the soldiers of an unconquered King, the possessors of all that is noble and rich. Let us believe in our work, our position, and our success. Why not defy the hosts of sin? Why tempt the enemy by hesitation and fear? Why dishonor our Captain by wavering? I verily believe there is no sin that can not be defeated, no difficulty that can not be surmounted, and I expect the kingdoms of this world to become the kingdoms of our Lord. Confidence in our work will do much to facilitate our work. It takes a host of the forces of evil to capture one man of God, and then it cannot succeed. The army was sent to take Elisha, but Elisha took the army. Doubt is always weakness. Confidence discourages the enemy. An exhibition of timidity and reluctance by the church weakens her position before the world. Confidence in God makes us confident in our cause and enterprises. Confidence in God leads to confidence in ourselves. This spirit in our hearts is the pressing need.

Elisha was confident, but his servant was trembling with fear. The reason of this difference was in the difference of their vision and knowledge. Elisha knew his relation to God, and saw God's forces near him. The servant was blind—lacked spiritual vision. His sight came to him through prayer, just a simple sentence prayer by Elisha. Christian confidence comes through prayer. We are in a prayer-meeting. If we would be brave, buoyant and triumphant, we must pray. The forces of heaven are around us. Let us ask that our eyes may

be opened. Let us pray for one another as Elisha prayed. There are trembling hearts around us. Difficulties are seen, but not the helpers. Spiritual vision means spiritual inspiration and courage, and this comes to us through prayer. Let us pray, not simply now, but until our confidence in God and his truth is established.—G. A. CONIBEAR, in Herald of Gospel Liberty. New Bedford, Mass.

GOING ON TO SOMETHING.

"Therefore leaving the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works and of faith toward God." Heb. vi, 1.

Today in the church of God we need skilled men—men who know, men who understand, men who have not theories, but practical knowledge. There is great complaint in our individual churches today because we have not more workers, because we have not more men and women who are skilled in the use of the word of righteousness. To many a professed follower of Jesus Christ the sword of the Spirit is but a rusted blade. Why is it? What is the reason? Paul answers the question plainly: "For every one that useth milk is unskillful in the word of righteousness for he is a babe. But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil. Therefore leaving the first principles of the doctrines of Christ, let us go on unto perfection."

Let us leave the first principles and go on, not go on haphazard, but on to something, and that something *perfection in Christ*, leaving the first principles and yet taking them with us. The school boy has mastered his first book in mathematics. Addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division in turn have all been completed, and he throws the book into the corner and takes a stride on; he leaves the first principles of math-

ematics and goes on to perfection, and yet these first principles are taken with him, for they are the keys to a perfect knowledge.

So in the Christian life we learn the first principles of Christianity. We take the first step, and, though weak and trembling those first steps may be, it must be those first steps that are to lead us on to perfection. We are over the line; let us not stop, but go on—to something. He that has nothing in this life in view to labor for will get just what he has in view—nothing.

Many of us as Christians never become graduates, never go on to perfection, but are simply satisfied to be forgiven, to join the church, and in time to be "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease." We need in our churches today men and women who are going on and on to something; men and women who expect in the great graduation day to receive a full diploma from the great Master—"Well done." Is not the great need of our churches today men and women who are feeding upon the strong meat of the Word of God? Have we not too many babes in our churches, too many who for years have been droning with the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, when they should have been going on unto perfection? They were born into the kingdom of God as babes in Christ; they lived as babes, and now after forty years of Christian life have passed away they are still babes. They still need to be fed upon the milk of the Word; they still need to be carefully nursed by those who have taken strong meat and grown toward perfection, when they should be valiant warriors for the cross. And it is not wholly their fault, for there are too many who stand as leaders of the people who are able to give to their flock nothing but milk. Our churches have been dieted until they are weakened and in some cases dead altogether. Let us seek to have fewer cripples and babes. Let us go on to perfection. Let us go on. Let us know, *know*. If there are babes in our flock, let us use all wisdom in leading them out into the work, that through exercise they may come to have appetite for strong meat and grow to be perfect men and women in Jesus Christ.—Sel.

SORROW AND LAUGHTER.

Sorrow is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. Eccl. iii, 11.

I felt for sometime to write for the VISITOR, but when I think of writing I feel as though I have no subject to commence with, so I took my Bible and read in it the words above written and they made some impression on my mind. But I feel myself unable of bringing before the public anything worthy yet by the help and grace of God, I will try to write as he may direct my pen.

Now in the first place, I wish to say that there are two kinds of sorrow. We read of a godly sorrow and a sorrow of this world. The sorrow of this world worketh death, which I fear there is a great deal more of that kind of sorrow than a Godly sorrow. As we pass along we often hear people talk of failure of crops and their ill luck, etc. We hear them very frequently murmur and complain, which I think is not right in the sight of God. St. Paul says, "Have ye food and raiment, be content therewith." We should be very careful that we sorrow not too much after the things of this world, that we may direct our thoughts more on things divine; that we sorrow after godly things which is better than laughter.

Brethren and sisters have we any room to laugh? We never read of the Saviour laughing, but we read of him weeping. And Paul speaks of weeping night and day with tears. Our countenance should be sad, that the heart be made better; yet we should always rejoice in the Lord. I for my part can say that I am glad in this, that I can rejoice in the God of my salvation inasmuch as he has pardoned my sins and set me free once; but when I think back over the past, I feel sorry for the many mistakes and failings I have made. But I still hope and pray he will forgive when I come short of my duty towards God and man. We have the promise if we ask we shall receive, and if we knock it shall be opened unto us.

Now a few words to the unconverted. Do not think that the Christian life is a sad and sorrowful life on account of a sad countenance, but we cannot become changed from sinner to saint unless we become sorry of our wicked and sinful life. He that will save his life will lose it, and he that will lose his life will save it. I mean the wicked life that we formerly lived in we must lose, that so we may gain life eternal when we come to die, which is of great price. O when I think of the precious promises we have in God's word, that we can be ever with him in that blessed kingdom, where parting is no more, we surely should make every effort and give heed to the calling of God, as he says he delighteth not; in the death of the sinner, but rather that all should come to him and live. O sinner delay not, delay not today if you hear his voice harden not your hearts; work while it is day, for the night cometh where no man can work.

I will now close by wishing the blessing of God to what I have written and wish the rich grace of God on the whole creation of God's children. Amen.

From your unworthy brother.

J. M. MYERS.

Upton, Pa.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
THE LIGHT OF GOD.

To the readers of the VISITOR. I would say with the Apostle Peter, "We have also a more sure word of prophecy whereunto ye do well that ye take heed as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day star arise in your hearts." 1 Peter i, 19.

If you take heed to the word of God you will do well; you will be glad when the last day comes; as long as the light does not shine into our hearts, we do not know how much evil is in our hearts. Your heart may belike a room that was shut up for a long time and every one thinks it is clean; but if we take a light in we will find it is

full of insects and dirt. We can clean it by the light, but if we open the windows and the doors and let the sunlight in we can still see dust fill the air. So when the light of God shines into our hearts we can see much that we did not think was there.

When the light once appears unto man it will show him his sins, but sometimes he refuses to give place to that light because he loves the ways of the world, and the sins and vanities of this life; but as soon as he becomes willing to seek help or say Lord what shall I do to be saved, then it is that God's spirit can find access to the heart and can teach him his duty.

If the disciples had not become willing to follow the Saviour when they were called they could not have been made subjects fit for the Master's use; but by accepting the call and seeking light and help they became the disciples and followers of Christ.

So too with the sinner. Now if he accepts Christ and seeks light and help, the Lord will help him and will lead him in the right path. Then poor sinners, why not go to Jesus and learn of Him. He will not refuse to help or deny you the light to lead you in the right way.

SARAH WISMER.

Lawndale, Pa.

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

This is the divine method of correcting evils in this world. We keep chaff out of a basket by filling it first with wheat. We deal with tares in the field, not by pulling them up and ruining the entire crop, but by sowing wheat elsewhere in greater abundance. We best destroy our enemies by making them our friends. We tear down evil by building up that which is good and right and pure, and we thus overcome that which is wrong, displacing it and substituting something better.

There are many who see little advantage in the preaching of the gos-

pel of Christ to the world, but this means, so different from anything heathenism has ever known, has been the divine method of revolutionizing society, elevating humanity, blessing mankind, saving souls. It is "by the foolishness of preaching" that the Lord has been pleased to save them that believe. The proclamation of the glad tidings of great joy and salvation through Christ, has lit the lamp of hope for those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and has changed the aspect and character not only of individuals, but of families, communities, and races.

We often best overcome evil, not so much by assailing it, as by counter-working it, and establishing positive good in its place. We do not drive out darkness with brooms, or clubs, or pitchforks" but by letting in light; and many of the evil things which assail and disturb us, will vanish from our view if we abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good, and let our light shine in the darkness, and show that the divine Lord is mightier than all the powers of wrong or evil.—Sel.

THE BIBLE.

"We are" says an English critic, "very far from claiming the Bible as the only agency in creating the beauty and strength of English and German literature, but it is a simple fact that no other causes have been so powerful or so far reaching. Without it there could have been no Milton, no Carlyle, Emerson, or Ruskin, and probably, if the secret influence could be discovered which created ancestral habits of thoughtfulness, no Shakespeare or Goethe or any of the great writers of peasant origin. We should have had others undoubtedly, but of far inferior quality of mind and heart. When we examine the Bible with the sternest critical eyes we are compelled to admit that it is great enough to be the cause of all which we have ascribed to its influence. Without speaking of its mor-

al or religious qualities it is evident that its literary merits are supreme. Let any one go through it from Genesis to Revelation, and while he will find passages that are now unspeakably uninteresting, yet on every page will be found some pearl which, even if it were not regarded as a sacred word, the human race would never allow itself to forget.

The Bible contains every kind of literature and can furnish specimens of each which can hold their own with the best that the race has produced. Its historical portions, besides being the oldest attempts to trace the history of mankind, and describing the divine method of dealing with one of the most gifted races of the world, are related with a simplicity and directness which no later historian has surpassed.

Its biographies, chapters of human life when the race was young and men were vigorous in their virtues and great in their crimes, have a charm which can never lose its power. No novelist has ever written a sweeter story than the book of Ruth. No dramatist has ever treated the universal problem of man's destiny and God's way with him with such seeing eye and understanding heart as Job, 'all in such free, flowing outlines, grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody and repose of reconciliation.' It is not its devotional element alone which has given the Book of Psalms its unequaled place in the liturgies of Christendom, but this is partly due to the fact that it contains poetry of the noblest and most inspiring quality. Even in a prose translation—a test which no other great body of Poems like Homer could survive—it appeals to the mind no less than to the emotions, and maintains its position, not wearying by repetition nor weakening through the lapse of years. Probably no portion of the Bible has suffered so much in translation as the Book of Proverbs; but nevertheless King James' version contains sentences of exquisite literary

finish, while the wisdom of the generations which have followed has never crystallized itself in more concise or convincing form. Nor is it the spiritual utterances of the prophetic books which give them their only charm. Gems of poetry, having the divine qualities which touch the imagination and render their places in the literature permanent, are to be found in Isaiah and Jeremiah. The literary qualities of the Bible have been largely forgotten in the far greater grandeur of its religious and moral qualities, but the sacred Book could never have retained the respect of scholars or, indeed, wholly of the ignorant, if it had been a crude, incondite, and confused jumble, like the Koran."—Current Literature.

RETROSPECTION AND PROSPECTION.

Ye shall henceforth return no more that way. Deut. xvii, 16.

The Israelites who had been led by God in matchless kindness through every scene of ill in the wilderness for forty years, lusted for another leader, who would permit them to act as the nations around. This God forbids, and he forbids his professing people to be looking back after worldly things. They have their King, and he must guide and give laws and point out the path of life. There must be no vagrancy in religious faith and no spirit of worldly imitation indulged. There must be no neglect of religious meetings, no indifference to missions and no occasion for the enemy, as they see you in unbecoming scenes, to ask, "did I not see thee in the garden with him?" Now for the prospect. Sincere greetings then for the New Year. May it abound in God's sunshine and be laden with gracious fruits. Let each sow bountifully to the spirit and the harvest shall be rich in sheaves. We are pressing on for the land of the palm and the pomegranate. Our King is pleased to afford us perfect protection and provision. Let us proclaim by heart and life that there is no King but Jesus.—Rev. B. E. Factor, D. D.

THE LAMENTABLE DEATH OF POLLY.

Occurred in the State of Maryland.

These lines were composed on the death of a young lady who lived in sin and folly and died in that doleful condition. Some may doubt whether this be true. But there are many living who know it to be so, and who are willing to testify to the same. May every reader read this carefully and consider the warning given in these lines.

Young people who delight in sin
I'll tell you what has lately been:
A woman who was young and fair,
Who died in sin and dark despair!
She'd go to frolics, dance and play
In spite of all her friends could say,
I'll turn to God when I get old,
And he will then receive my soul.
One Friday morning she took sick,
Her stubborn heart began to break,
Alas, alas! my days are spent
Oh friends! too late for to repent.
She called her mother to her bed,
Her eyes were rolling in her head,
When I am dead, remember well
Your wicked Polly screams in hell.
The tears are lost you shed for me,
My soul is lost I plainly see,
Oh mamma, mamma, fare you well
My soul will soon be dragged to hell.
My earthly father fare you well,
My soul is lost and doomed to hell;
The flaming wrath begins to roll,
I am a lost and ruined soul.
She gnawed her tongue before she died,
She rolled and groaned, she screamed
and cried,
Oh must I burn for evermore,
When thousand, thousand years are
o'er?
At length the monster death prevailed,
Her nails turned blue, her language
failed,
She closed her eyes and left the world,
Poor Polly's soul to hell was hurried.
It almost broke her mother's heart,
To see her child to hell depart,
My Polly, oh my Polly's dead,
Her soul is gone, her spirit's fled.
Good God! how did her parents mourn,
To think their child was dead and
gone,
Oh has my Polly gone to hell?
My grief's so great no tongue can tell.
Young people, lest this be your case,
Return to Christ and seek his face,
Upon your knees for mercy cry,
Lest you in sin like Polly die.
Oh sinner, take the warning fair,
And for your dying hour prepare,
Return to Jesus Christ and live,
And he will life and pardon give
Remember well your dying day,

And seek salvation while you may,
Forsake your sins and follies too
Or they will prove your overthrow.

Please keep this where some one may
find and read it. Selected by
ANNA B. EISENHOWER.
Abilene, Kan.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
PURITY OF HEART.

How often do we see men and women looking and striving for that which endureth but for a little while. * Month after month, year after year they toil on for the personal adornment and gratification of self and the desires of the carnal and natural man, thus becoming more and more alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them.

We are told by the prophet, Jeremiah, that the sins of Judah were written with a pen of iron and a point of a diamond; and were graven upon the table of their heart. Jer. xvii, 1. Paper is now made largely of the fibre of wood, and pens are made of steel; gold pens are also made with hardened points like as of diamond. The hand writing of God is now indelible, and cannot be erased from his tablet that is moistened and becomes soft by the dews of heaven. For in these last days God hath promised to pour out of His spirit upon all flesh; and the fleshly heart of man will issue forth the glad tidings of redemption; and as the heart becomes purified in every trial through which it passes, the image of God is engraven with indelible ink; and the imitation of His holiness beams forth in every trial through life.

He who ruleth his own spirit, we are told in the Bible, is a greater hero than one who taketh a city. The most noble of all things is, that we fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. If our love towards God is stronger than the opposing element, we will live daily in fear of erring from the truth, and of grieving the spirit of God, and this will cause a care for the preservation of life in

the other world. As naturally speaking, the preservation of life is the center toward which all his affections and all his actions converge; he inclines strongly towards pleasure which maintains or augments the quantity of life he possesses, and he avoids everything that can injure him. Pleasure and pain are the generative elements of all the passions which may be reduced to two, love and hatred.

By casting off the works of darkness and putting on the armor of light, we walk by faith in the love of God, slowly and gently pressing forward for the promised reward.

As the slow, descending stream with gentle murmur from the mountain and rippling through the plain, adorns and enriches the scene, but when it rushes down in a roaring and impetuous torrent, overflowing its banks, it carries devastation in its course, so the passions, appetites, and desires, kept under due restraint, are useful and fulfill the intentions of a wise and over-ruling Providence. If we wish the stream of life to be pure, we must preserve its source unpolluted. A. BEARSS.

Ridgeway, Ont.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
RESOLUTIONS.

Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, for he is faithful that promised. Heb. x, 23.

No doubt many of us made resolutions as the new year was approaching. In the first place, it is necessary that we see that we are founded on the rock, Jesus Christ, because we want to be sure of a true foundation, as it would not be consistent to hold fast the profession of our faith without it was founded on the rock, Jesus Christ, as there are so many ways that we can leave our hold slip, for we generally get cold and negligent in prayer, as there is a wonderful power in prayer, for I know by experience.

How often are we warned to watch and be on our guard. In Matt. xxiv, 42: Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth

come. Mark xiii, 37: And what I say unto you, I say unto all, watch, for at such an hour as we think not, the Son of man cometh.

In the second place, we will notice how it is so easy to let our hold slip, it is by staying away from church and prayer-meeting. Often times we make too many excuses. Here we can make excuses, but when we come to Heaven's gate we will not be excused if we have not discharged our duty while living here, and by these little things we can leave our hold slip gradually, and at last may be thrust out into outer darkness, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. I most fearsometimes we are in the last times.

O, how necessary it is that we hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, and I often feel that our love for each other is growing too cold. Let us read the fourth chapter of 1st John. It tells us how the love should be manifested. Heb. xii, 1: Let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us and run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith.

I would say, let us as brethren and sisters, still become more humble and come down more to the foot of the cross and say with the poet:

O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe.

M. K. L.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DIVINE CHASTENING.

If ye endure chastenings, God dealeth with you as with sons. Heb. xii, 7.

Dear readers: many times have I thought to write something for the VISITOR, but little did I think that affliction would become so real to me as to be the subject nearest my heart. Only since we have been so deeply afflicted have I realized to what extent the Lord will comfort. My heart goes out in sympathy for those who undergo like affliction and perhaps have never accepted the comforter (Holy Ghost) of which the apostle John wrote so

much in the 14th chapter. O that all could accept that Holy Spirit in their poor hearts; only realizing after enjoying that, what poor suffering creatures we would be without it; how little able to bear our own griefs.

But when through the grace and love of God we have consecrated our wills with all else to the Lord we can then say His will and mine are done. But when our wills remain such a different direction from His will, it is so hard to say "thy will not mine be done." So even as Christ was subject to the will of the Father, so shall we be also. John vi, 38. For it is no longer *my* will but *His* will. And it is only once we can accept His chastenings as sent in love, that we can rejoice in them. "While we know that in chastening for the present seemeth joyous but grievous, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who are exercised thereby."

Then when our sincere prayer and desire is to enter into that sacred nearness to God at any cost, may we always rejoice though we cannot see. We are so prone to wander and it is often so necessary for us to pass under the rod and we know he does not afflict willingly. So let us endeavor to learn more of God and His love; learn to rejoice in sorrow as well as joy: without Him we will fail. There is nothing so little in which without God we will not fail; and nothing so great which by the help of God we can endure. Let us all press on, for the time may not be far hence when we can meet our loved ones, but above all our dear Saviour.

Dear parents, don't neglect teaching your children of that dear Saviour who loves them so.

In that bright land, beyond the stars
What greetings there will be;
When those who parted here in tears,
Shall meet eternally:
No sorrow there; no pain, no death;
The circle whole once more.
May love and faith unite us till
We reach that happy shore.

Pray for us. MAZIE HESS.
Lanc, Pa.

THE CHILDLESS MOTHER.

Though I am childless, yet my darlings are
But parted from me for a little space;
They are at home!—I am the pilgrim—one
Who finds in this wide world no resting place.
My home is desolate! yet come their spirits
Like ministering angels to my heart;
And whisper how, within their Saviour's bosom,
They're folded close! ah me! and I apart?
Nay! in His own dear heart of love
I'm gathered
With my sweet children! all of us forgiven
For Jesus' sake; all ransomed, only now
I live by *faith* on earth:—they see in heaven.
And when mine eyes, weary with their long watching,
Shall close to earth; then in Christ's home above
I'll find my darlings: and with clearer vision
Shall see and know how, always
"God" was "love."
And that the cross I deemed on earth so heavy,
Hardly I could its grievous burden bear,
Hath brought me an unfading weight of glory,
In the sweet Paradise my children share!

Copied after the death of my children, 1892, Mazie Hess.

Bad thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere.

A rich man was one day displaying to his friend the grandeur of his estate. Farms, houses, and forests were pointed out in succession on every hand, and the proprietor finally summed up by saying: "In short, all that you see in every direction belongs to me." The friend looked thoughtfully, then pointed up to heaven, and solemnly said, "and is that also yours?"

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

A Semi-Monthly Religious Journal.

Published in the interest of the Church of the Brethren in Christ commonly called in the United States "River Brethren" and in Canada "Tunkers" for the exposition of true practical piety among all classes.

SUBSCRIPTION, per year, \$1.00; six months, 50 c. Specimen copies free.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

H. DAVIDSON, Abilene, Kansas.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Write only on one side of the paper with black ink, and not too near the edge.

No communication will be inserted without the author's name. Not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications for this and each subsequent issue of the "Visitor" should be in not later than the first and fifteenth of each month.

If you wish your papers changed from one Post Office to another, always give the Office where you now receive it, as well as the Office to which you desire it sent.

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 made. For instance, April 88 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 send us also the balance 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, Feb. 1, 1892.

PERSEVERANCE.

We believe this word is found but once in the whole Bible, and yet it is a word of very great import as its connections imply. The word in itself means, *enduring constancy*, that is, continuance in or conservation of the Christian character, and the consequent favor of God, and is sometimes called, *final perseverance*.

This expression is aptly illustrated by the apostle when he says: "what your hands find to do, do it with your might." But while perseverance, in its proper place, is one of the most important characteristics of the Christian, yet it should be wisely applied. Our Savior says, he that endureth to the end shall be saved. But no person who would rightly consider the matter would for a moment think that it meant that we should continue in wrong doing or in a course that would be

unscriptural, but the person who has found Christ precious to his soul should not hesitate to persevere in the means that enabled him to find Him, but if possible increase in the effort to become still better acquainted with Him—to learn more perfectly the way and to fully acquaint himself with the duties that pertain to the church of God.

Some people think that if they possess Christ in the soul, is about all that is required of them and that these external duties are not necessary; others again go a little further and believe that in addition to the new life in Christ they should be strict in attendance to worship and the observance of the ordinance of the house of the Lord, but stop short of many other duties.

Then again, there are others who we must believe are truly converted to God, are careful to accept the teachings of the church and the apostles in the observance of the ordinances of the house of the Lord, and adorn themselves in modest apparel and really show the Christian life in so many respects that with some at least there would seem to be no lack. But is this enough? Is it enough that we start right and model ourselves after the pattern laid down by Christ and the apostles and stop there? Does it not require perseverance? Is it not necessary that we should press onward; is there nothing more for us to do than to enjoy what we have attained to and sit down on the stool of do-nothing, and simply wait and hope and trust?

If the farmer or merchant or manufacturer were to do so, where would his income be? Would he prosper? Would it not soon be said of him, he cannot succeed, he is not energetic, he does not persevere? Oh, says one, these are temporal matters; these are matters and duties pertaining to this life. Well, are they any more important? do they require more activity? Certainly not, but on the contrary, the Christian life requires if possible more perseverance, more devotion, more activ-

ity, more self-denial, and more watchfulness than our temporal duties.

Sometimes it is possible for men to accumulate wealth without much exertion; but not so with the pearl of great price; not so with the crown at the end of the journey. It is only attained by enduring constancy in God's service, and this will require that we should lay all on the altar, not only ourselves, but all we have. Our time, our talents, and our possessions should all be consecrated to the Lord, and we should seek means of doing good wherever we can. The Christians in the apostles' times had all things common; none of them considered their possessions their own, but they were placed at the disposal of the apostles for the general good.

But while this extreme view of the matter might savor too much of communism for the present day and age of the world, yet there is not the least doubt but that the spirit of christianity is a spirit of liberality for the common good of all, and the Christian who is liberal and generous with the things that God has so richly bestowed upon him will undoubtedly have a large share of consolation in this life, and in the world to come, everlasting life. Let us persevere in doing good.

We would earnestly urge our agents and subscribers to take great care in giving name of person, as well as name of post offices correctly. We frequently have great difficulty in making these corrections afterwards, as persons and post offices are not known to us and we cannot possibly correct them and we may be charged with neglect. We have now several names and addresses that seem to be incorrect. For instance, Roland Winger, Westville, Pa. It is claimed that there is no P. O. in the state by that name. J. Huntzberger, Fairview, Pa., it is claimed no person by that name receive their mail at that office. Then the name of F. Shurgart, Carlisle, Pa.; in this instance

it is claimed that no person receives their mail there by that name. These are only a few instances of similar cases and when they are paid subscribers and they or their friends do not receive the benefit from that subscription, we are probably censured for the non-appearance of the paper at the right office; when really the mistake is not ours and we cannot correct it until we receive correct information from those who know and that may never be obtained because their P. O. is not known to us.

On Monday evening, the 18th of January, the Brethren commenced a series of meetings at Detroit, Kan.

BENEVOLENT FUND.

Samuel Bert,	\$1.00
Susan Myers,	1.00

MISSION TRIP.

Perhaps it would be more satisfactory to the Mission Board if I would furnish the report of our mission trip north. Bro. Baker and I gave the report until the meeting in Stayner. We held four meetings in Stayner in the hall. The meetings were well attended and one rose to be prayed for, and I think that much good could be accomplished if there would be a suitable place for worship.

On Friday Nov. the 13th, Bro. Baker left me and went home, and I took the nine o'clock train for Orillia on the north side of lake Couching, about fifty miles east. I arrived there about 1 p. m.; I tried to get a hall to hold meetings; but did not succeed. But I made good use of the VISITOR. Bro. Davidson sent me a large roll to distribute, so I dropped them in all the public houses and on boats and wheresoever I thought they would do good. I was at this place until the 17. I attended meeting in a hall at that place, held by a society called Marshelites. They are a people similar to the Friends. Any person had the liberty to speak. I was used very kind

by them, requested to take tea with them which I did and they received me as their brother. I left this place on the 17th for North Bay, on the shore of lake Nipissing, a town of about 4,000 population. I thought if I could get a place to have meeting in I would send for Bro. Baker. But it is a hard job to get in to make a success. I must say I felt a little discouraged here, so I just stayed here one day and then returned to Orillia again and there I met Bro. Baker. We returned to New Market on our home retreat. Here we were kindly received by the Quaker friends. They let us have their church to hold meetings in. We held four meetings in that place; tried to preach Christ and him crucified.

On Monday, Nov. 23rd, I left for Richmondhill village. I called at Bro. Jacob Eyer's and from thence returned to Toronto in the evening. I stayed one day in Toronto and thence returned home on the 25th of Nov., after an absence of six weeks. I found all well. May the Lord be praised for it all. Hope the seed sown may bring forth fruit in due time.

J. H. HOOVER.

South Cayuga, Ont.

MISSION WORK.

On the 14th of Dec. 1891, by the direction of the Mission Board of Canada, I began a series of meetings in Wainfleet, in a school house. Although the weather not being favorable for the occasion, yet the interest was good. Bro. J. Sider assisted in having this place looked after, as it was a place that people seldom go to church. But since the brethren held meetings there the interest is good. Bro. George Detwiler had one week's meeting there last winter, but owing to the bad weather he stopped the meeting and this winter it was decided to have a fair trial of it. The meeting was continued about four weeks in all.

The first week the rain and bad roads hindered considerable, but

when it was fine the house was filled. On the second week several requested prayer and they seemed to realize their condition. In all some nine or ten started or requested prayer, and I think some of them found peace. I cannot tell how many will join, but two of them at present talk of it. I must say it is a place that requires considerable looking after and careful handling in order to get them to where God wants them. So many have joined secret orders, etc., and it is hard to make them believe that the Lord has something better.

Bro. Daniel Heise of Clarence Center was with me the last week. His presence was appreciated.

We did considerable visiting, and Bro. Heise had many tracts to distribute. I think tracts of our faith and practice are very useful, especially in new places. Hope it will not be long before we can have tracts of our own faith as we see it in Jesus. I find it one of the great helps in spreading the gospel. I can spread tracts and papers where I don't care about going myself.

J. W. HOOVER.

South Cayuga, Ont.

VICTORIA SQUARE, ONT.

Bro. Isaac Trump, of Polo, Ill., arrived here on Jan. 15, and stayed with us over night, and is now going to commence a continuous meeting. We trust the brother will be rewarded for his labor, and that the church of Zion may be enlarged. There seems to be a good opening for a general revival. Nothing to hinder—we have the nicest of weather and good sleighing too. Do hope, and my prayer is that all the members and friends will not lose sight of this meeting as it is the first time our beloved brother has come to the Dominion of Canada.

C. HEISE.

Jan. 16th.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding.

FUTURE IN ANTICIPATION.

The time is now approaching near
When Christ our Savior shall appear.

The Gospel's awful bidding sound
Shall wake the saints the world around.

Fathers, mothers, who toiled with
tears,

Shall rise to reign a thousand years,
We learn that Christ our King
shall be

Through all, through all eternity.

The saints who live to see this time,
The blessing, yes! shall be sublime.
We learn translated they shall be,
To meet the Lord and be set free.

The thousand years when once have
fled,

The graves shall send forth all the
dead,

And all that lie beneath the waves
Shall come from their watery graves.

The judgment day will then be nigh,
And some shall live and some shall
die.

The King each sentence shall pro-
claim,

And blessed be his holy name.

—Sel.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

EXPERIENCE OF A SISTER.

As I have long felt impressed to write for the VISITOR, I will now endeavor, by God's aid to do so. I enjoy reading the experiences of others and have thereby received much encouragement. I must often wonder when I look back over my past life how I could harden my heart and stay away from God so long, as he so often called me and had I yielded to his first call it would have saved me from many a snare. But when the good Spirit strove with me the evil spirit was also at work, trying to deceive me, and telling me if I would repent and come out from among the world and follow the Saviour, I would have no friends. So I put off the good work from time to time which caused me many sad hours, and often when I retired I feared I might be called away before morning, and I knew in hell I should lift up my eyes as there is no promise given to the sinner. Life became such a burden

I could stand it no longer. I then promised God that from henceforth I would lead a better life, and when I became willing to follow him, the fear of death was taken away and I then gained that Friend who careth more for us than any earthly friend, and who has promised that he will never leave nor forsake those who put their trust in him.

When I turned my face Zionward I also promised God that I would follow him in all of his commands. I then felt impressed that I should wear the head covering. I obeyed in that. Next came baptism. Now the enemy again tried to lead me astray. Thanks be to God I did not heed his advice, but I became willing to follow the Saviour down into the watery grave and was baptized. My prayer is that I may become more willing to suffer persecution for Christ's sake, knowing that in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

A few words to the unconverted. Oh sinner, do you realize the danger you are in? You know not what moment God will call you away, and you shall have to give an account of your life, and if you have not repented you shall hear that doleful sound, depart from me you that work iniquity. If you could but realize the real joy there is in serving God in this life, and the promise of eternal life hereafter, you could not stay back any longer. I would yet say repent before it is forever too late, as you will have to appear before a just God sooner or later.

Oh how happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above,
Tongue can never express,
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love.

Remember a weak sister in your
prayers. EMMA C. LONG.
Howard, Pa.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God. Rom. viii, 16.

Praise the Lord I can bear witness to this. This was the great question in me how I can become a child of God, from seven years up to twenty-five years. For indeed the grace of God appeareth unto me which bringeth salvation. Before I could read the letter it taught me to deny all worldly lusts and live godly in this world. I was a great sinner. That I saw and felt by the light and spirit of God which enlightens all man, and thus I came to the feet of Jesus in deep repentance, pleading for mercy and forgiveness of my sins, praise the Lord. When I became willing to give all myself for Christ as an undone sinner Jesus pardoned all my sins and gave me a new heart and a contrite spirit. Now the great question was answered by the spirit of God which beareth witness with our spirit also. Paul writes in 1 Cor. ii, 12, 13, Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God, which things also we know not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. Christ said in St. John, he will send the Holy Ghost the Comforter which teaches us all things. Now dear brethren and sisters this is divine law given in our mind and written in our hearts by the spirit of God whereby we live and walk. Now as the Apostle said, if we live in the spirit let us also walk in the spirit. Praise the Lord, oh my soul, for the love of God, which is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. Oh what peace! As Jesus said, Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth. This is a good way: the Lord Jesus, he in us, and we in him in the spirit. Paul said whosoever has not the spirit of Christ is none of his children. I hope my brethren in Christ will agree with this.

There was an article in the VISITOR of November, that men could not feel when their sins are forgiven.

Beloved readers, if I could not have realized or felt that in my soul I would be a miserable man. In the word Paul said that love casteth out fear; this is my experience, for I lived in fear day and night. Dear reader if a man is brought from death unto life he feels a wonderful change in his heart. We ought to be very careful that our religion will not become form and deny the power. David speaks boldly in the 40th Psalm, when the Lord brought him up out of the horrible pit of mire and clay, and sat his feet upon the rock and put a new song in his mouth even praise unto our God. David praised the Lord highly for the forgiveness of his iniquities and the healing of his diseases. Paul writes to the Ephesians, they shall not be drunk with wine but be filled with the spirit. Paul speaks freely in the second Epistle of the Corinthians of the power of the spirit in Christ Jesus, 3rd chap. 4, 5, 6, verses. And such trust have we through Christ toward God, not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves but our sufficiency is of God. He hath made us able ministers of the new testament not of the letter, but also of the spirit. The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. Please read the whole chapter. What a glorious ministration in the spirit. Now where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty. For Christ said the kingdom of God cometh not with observation or to here or there it is, for behold it is within you. Now the spirit beareth witness of the word, and the word beareth witness of the spirit. I am so glad for this solid rock of Christ, for all other ground is sinking sand. I wrote this not because it is written in the book of God, but can speak truth in Christ Jesus and lie not that it is written in my heart by the spirit of God, praise the Lord for his goodness. Now if the word spoken by angels was steadfast and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompence of reward, how shall we escape if we

neglect so great a salvation? which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord and was confirmed unto us by them that heard Him. Jesus was the word himself and he spoke it to the people but they could not comprehend it, neither can the carnal mind understand the things of the spirit. We must become spiritual minded. I think the children of God should be living stones, then the house can be built on Christ the solid rock, then we can worship the true and living God in spirit and in truth. Oh may God help us poor worms of the dust to understand his will and give us a will to do it and work for the Master which called us with a holy calling. I hope you will bear with me.

GEO. L. ARNOLD.

Tilden, Pa.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Beloved brethren and sisters, I felt it a duty to try to write a few lines for the VISITOR, as my mind runs considerable about the sinners; that is, the poor sinners who feel themselves sinners in reality. I often hear people say, I know I am a sinner but to feel that we are sinners in reality is unknown to many; oftentimes the enemy will say if you turn to God you must make your wrongs right and that you can't do, but I say you must make your wrongs right and you can too, sometimes there is much to do but if we do those things that the spirit and God's word tells us and come to the Savior humbly he will forgive all our sins.

O how happy I felt when the Savior spoke peace to my soul. But then I had to make everything right, even very small things, and then I was grieved that I was so stubborn, but now I know I was a child of God; I wished I could carry my young companions to the Savior.

Now a little to the unconverted. You say you believe God's word. Well God's word says, my yoke is easy and my burden is light. I know it to be so; I have, through faith removed mountains, not those nat-

ural mountains, but things that seemed so, and after obeying it was a trifle. For instance the enemy will say, if you do so the people will laugh at you and he will keep us from it if he can and if we do not do it we will lose the power. But if we obey, the Lord will bless us and we wonder then that we were standing looking at it so long. But I often wonder how can it be with those so called Christians that go to most all kind of carnal amusements. Can it be that the humble Savior goes along to such places? I say no; well then if we would be yoked with Christ, must we not throw off the yoke of the world? I understand if two are yoked together they must go one way, or will he lay it off until he comes back, then take it up again. There is where I do believe many will be disappointed, thinking they can enter, but the door will be closed and it will be said, I know you not.

The scripture tells us we must deny ourselves of all ungodliness. Yes we can talk as a Christian and in many ways show as though we were a Christian and be a hypocrite; but if we love God, we keep his commandments, and by keeping them we show that we love the Savior, and then he will bring us on further so that we can become strong in the Lord and will work for the Lord. There are many ways that we can do good if we are willing to deny ourselves and obey his word and spirit. I will close by sending my best respect and wish you all the grace of God and his holy spirit as a greeting.

H. B. MUSSER.

Mt. Joy, Pa.

The drinking, chewing and smoking population of the United States spend fifteen hundred millions of dollars in liquors and tobacco each year; there is one rum-saloon to every 107 voters east of the Mississippi River, and one to every forty-three voters west of the Mississippi; and two hundred and fifty thousand saloons in these States and Territories of the Union waste enough of hard substance to feed, clothe and pay the house-rent of every family in the United States.—Union Signal.

OUR TRIP TO ARIZONA.

BY SISTER N. BAKER.

December 21, Tuesday morning 2 o'clock, we left Padonia, Brown county, Kan., on the Missouri Pacific for Atchison, seven of us in number. Bro. B. M. Byer, wife and two daughters, Louisa and Leah, my two children and myself. At Atchison we changed cars for Topeka, on the Santa Fee. Here we take a tourist car. In this we all feel quite at home, each family took up a birth. There were several families on our car, some for Tempe, others for Phoenix, others for California. They were all very sociable. We engaged in pleasant chats, sometimes in singing; even the colored porters joined us in singing, and I will remark one aged gentleman had retired for the night, but he was so overjoyed with the singing he arose and came to our end of the car, and joined us. I felt happy to know that they were all Christian people on our car which carried us swiftly out to the far west. There is not much to say of the country just here; a great portion of it is rocky, and there are some nice stone fences. We are now coming to the coal mines. Great heaps of earth dug up, and there are immense piles of coal as we draw near Osage City.

There is considerable hay and cattle raised here in places; chiefly prairie hay, but not any corn. We are now in Osage City. Our car is surrounded with criers to sell provision, showing us there is always plenty even if it does not grow all over the world alike. We are now traveling fast to the west but I don't see any of the fine fruit orchards that we have in Brown county, although we are still in Kansas. Yet we seem to be making our way onward and further from home. This is a great country for hay. The stacks are too numerous to count as we are passing them swiftly. I wish some of my Canadian friends could just look over the field we are just passing. I can look for miles and see nothing but hay

and the golden sun setting, with a little timber such as hickory, hazel and walnut; but not the beautiful creeks that we have in Canada. It must be a healthy country.

I now see the first cemetery. We are nearing the city of Emporia. This is a very pretty town for such a poor looking country, but as it is near dark I cannot take any note of the country till morning, and if the Lord spares us and protects us, we will be a long way from here in the morning.

I will now change the subject. As many of my nieces and nephews have never seen a sleeper or tourist car, I wish to write to their interest. Tuesday evening. It is now tea time, the porter comes around and puts down our tables. We spread out our linen, Louisa bakes the potatoes while each one hurries up and down the aisle with coffee and tea pitcher. We just enjoyed our supper more than a little; had all the luxuries necessary. When we had that all put aside the porter came around again and let down our beds and fixed them all ready for us—each family their own birth, then drew the curtains and we retired for the night and had a good night's rest. I awakened many times during the night. I fancied our train was pulling very hard up hill. We learned next morning that the train run over some cattle, and the same night there was a man killed on our route, but by a freight train; but so far we are all safe and well. We are very thankful to our heavenly Father for our keeping through the night. May we ever trust in him as our Helper and Leader.

Wednesday morning. We are now nearing the Colorado mountains; have come to a little snow and it seems somewhat cooler. We can see Pike's peak at a distance and we expect soon to go through a tunnel. We are now starting out of Trinidad city. It is a pretty town quite large; there are four inches of snow here. We are at the foot of the mountains and are rather amused

with the appearance of the little mud houses. They are about the size of a root house in Canada. They remind me of a brick kiln, flat roof and small square holes for windows. There are a great many Mexicans around the depot here; our train is now entering in and through the mountains I can scarcely write for the shouting and hallooing of the children. They are so delighted with the mountain views, and lo, here we are right in another smart town down in amongst the mountains, and five railroads, four trains waiting here to let us pass; and as we pass on between them they hail us with snow balls. We appreciate it, as their pleasant faces make welcome our arrival. We say good bye to them as we are going in the tunnel. Well, we were fifteen minutes in the tunnel and it was as dark as night. When we came through we were all glad to see the light. Russell said he bet the engine was tired. Here is another town and wonderful to see such a fine town in the midst of such high rocks. Houses built up so high on the side of the mountain that you can scarcely see them. It is very warm in this narrow road. I have seen more snow since 10 o'clock today than I have seen since I left Canada three years ago. It looks nice to see the old fashioned sleighs scouting through this little city.

Thursday morning, and the last we could see last evening was mountains and the first this morning is mountains on both sides. But pen cannot describe their beauty. It makes me mindful of God, our Creator, to see his wondrous works; he who created the world and all that therein is. The rocks on some mountains are jet black, others are as white as snow. The distant mountains look like clouds and this morning the clouds are so low we cannot see the top of the highest peaks. The surface of the land here is nothing but sandy desert, with a very little shrubbery such as wild sage and cactus, and not a living creature to be seen for the last two

hours. Early in the morning we saw a great many wild ducks and geese and flocks of quail on the Rio Grand river, Mexico. Well, we all look rather tired this Thursday evening. Have just reached the town of Deming on the Santa Fee. We shall have to wait here a few hours. Will then take to our sleeper and trust our keeping to our most kind heavenly Father.

Christmas morning. We have traveled all night and have safely arrived in Maricopa, Arizona at 7 o'clock. We will have to wait here till 11 o'clock. We enjoy our little while here, making coffee and taking our last breakfast on the train. Here we have to part with our last newly made acquaintance, a lady with her two daughters and son-in-law. They were from Chicago, formerly Toronto. Here we change cars. Our train is due. We will start for Tempe, twenty-seven miles from here. May God be with us to our journey's end. This seemed but a few miles. We are in Tempe. Christmas dinner all ready at Bro. S. Stoner's, late of Kansas. Here we met Bro. J. H. Byer and family, Jesse Eyer and family, C. Heisie, V. Eichelburger, Bro. S. Haldiman and Miss Kirk, and to our surprise the next day we were visited by brother and sister Richardson, from Harvey county, Kan. We expect Bro. Isaac Eyer and family from California next week. It seems somewhat like home to be with so many of our friends, even though we are two thousand, seven hundred miles from home. Tempe is a right smart little town somewhat new. I like the appearance of the country very much. We drove out over considerable of the valley, was to the Salt river and up on the mountain. It affords a grand view of the town and valley and also the irrigation and the Chinese gardens which are really magnificent—all kinds of green vegetables. I have seen as high as three hundred head of horses in one field of alfalfa clover, and cattle and mules I could not count, sheep past counting—the ex-

perimental nursery is very pretty. I have seen fig orchards one mile square, one after another, apricots and vineyards in eighty acres, all in delightful order. We also visited the ostrich farm which was a grand sight. I cannot describe it without writing too lengthy. Phoenix is a smart city and the surrounding country is worthy of all the praise it gets. I have seen—the half that I saw has not been told.

We have the pleasure of having Bro. I. Eyer and wife from California with us for the last few drives over the valley. They, as well as many more, are delighted with the place.

Our first Sabbath here we had preaching in Tempe hall, conducted by Bro. Richardson of Harvey county and Bro. J. H. Byer. We were few in number, but God was with us. The following Sabbath had preaching in the same hall and quite a good attendance, fifteen of our church members. May God bless us in our new determination to serve him more earnestly, is my prayer.

BELLE SPRINGS, KANSAS.

Dear Editor:—We are averse to "rushing into print" with every momentary ebullition for the sake merely of attracting attention, but when the Lord gives us such a pentecostal shower as has fallen upon us recently here at Belle Springs, no loyal heart could withhold the blessed news from the world at large.

On the fifth day of December the Brethren opened a meeting, designed chiefly under the blessing of God to revive the church in the work of grace and to convert sinners. Both these results have been attained and in such a degree as to put our weak faith to shame.

Bro. Samuel Zook who was with us from the beginning was joined after several days by our beloved Bro. Jacob Eshelman of Sedgwick City, Kan. Toward the close of the meetings, which continued for five

weeks, these dear brethren were compelled to leave for other fields, and Bro. Noah Zook entered into their labors, teaching the converts chiefly along doctrinal lines. The meeting has developed nearly all phases of Christian experience. There are children, a few barely accountable for their conduct; several backsliders who were won back by the gentle influence of the Holy Spirit; fathers and mothers to whom the sin of maintaining prayerless homes became enormous; young men, by no means few, who wisely desire to consecrate to the Lord the vigor of their younger years; young ladies who wish to denounce the folly of sin; youths and maidens a considerable number; old men whose heads betray the approaching evening of life. Altogether about one hundred and thirty persons. A wonderful harvest of souls truly! May the Lord both bless and keep them.

The preaching throughout was accompanied with great power; the love, rather than the wrath of God was magnified to sinners; the sermons were short and pointed; the singing aided largely in bringing about conviction; the church joined heart and hand in the work. The afternoon prayer meetings proved a valuable help.

All this lays upon us the great responsibility of feeding the lambs. But the power of God was so manifestly shown in many of the conversions that we are willing to make sacrifices of time and self to aid in the work of caring for the babes in Christ. About thirty regular members of our Sunday School for whom their teachers had been earnestly pleading to God, were reached during the early part of the meeting.

We desire to call upon the church everywhere to unite with us in praying God for wisdom in this hour of grave responsibility.

JOHN H. ENGLE.

Navarre, Kan.

Charity is the bond of perfectness.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

Thy Father, little one, and mine,
Is He who reigns above;
Thy prayers and mine He deigns to
hear,
In mercy and in love—
Thy prayers and mine, dear little
child,
He deigns in love to hear;
Oh, to His blessed mercy seat
Let us in faith draw near.

Thy Father, little one, and mine,
All hallowed be His name;
Oh pray thou that His will be done,
In earth and heaven the same.
Thy Father, little one, and mine,
Pray thou for daily bread,
For by His power alone we live,
And by His bounty fed.

Thy Father, little one, and mine—
Forgive, and be forgiven,
That ye may worthy followers be
Of him who reigns in heaven.
Thy Father, little one, and mine—
Temptations press around;
Oh pray, lest you be left to tread
Upon unhallowed ground.

Thy Father, little one, and mine—
From evil keep us, Lord;
Oh turn our feet in those blest paths
That lead us to our God.
Thy Father, little one, and mine,
To Him the glory be;
To Him the kingdom, Him the pow-
er,
To all eternity. C. E. R. P.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near
me,
Keep me safe till morning light.
Through the day thy hand hath led
me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed, and fed, and
clothed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.
Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

DEAR AUNT MATTIE:—I like to
read your letters in the VISITOR,
and hope you will write again. I
went to Sunday School last sum-
mer and committed one hundred
and two verses. I did not miss one

Sunday, and the last day I got a
nice book as a reward. I like to
go to Sunday School. We read
good lessons out of the New Testa-
ment; we have no Sunday School
now. I go to school and like my
teacher very well. I am eleven
years old, and this is my first letter.

From your friend,

CLARA WILSCHUT.

New Paris, Ind.

DEAR AUNT MATTIE:—I like to
read your letters in the VISITOR. I
go to school. We have prayer and
singing. We commenced our Sun-
day School in May and closed in
September. My papa was superin-
tendant and D. A. Stump was assist-
ant. I am always glad to go to
Sunday School for we read about
Jesus. This is my first letter and
I am ten years old. I wish some
more friends would write.

From your friend,

LULA M. SMITH.

New Paris, Ind.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

I am one of the many readers of
the VISITOR, and do love to read
the children's column, and of our
dear Saviour who has done so much
for us.

My Grandpa takes the VISITOR,
and we live in the same house, so I
can read it when I like to. I live in
the country, and I like to go to
school. I will stop or perhaps my
letter will be too lengthy.

BLANCHE U. SWEITZER.

Dorer, Bureau Co., Ill.

MARY'S ALABASTER BOX.

Its material was costly, its con-
tents very precious—equivalent in
value to a laborer's wages for a
year, sufficient to supply 7,500 men
with a meal, and may have taxed
very heavily Mary's own means.
But she broke the box without os-
tentation and poured the ointment
without reserve on the head and
feet of Jesus. It was a wise and be-
nevolent action, and though not re-
garded by the disciples as the best

use of the means, was highly com-
mended by Him who is Lord of all.
It was a personal tribute of love,
distinct, direct, open, instructive,
touching, beautiful; appreciated by
the Saviour and full of suggestive
lessons to every one of His followers
to the end of time.—The Treasury.

A GOOD SIGN.

Wide Awake tells of a wide awake
boy in the following article. His
sign would be well placed in some
localities I could mention, not for
visitors, but for travelers to read:

A little Massachusetts boy recent-
ly printed a sign and fastened it on
one of the posts of the front piazza.
The sign read: "No smoke-ness,
nor drunk-ness, nor swear-words,
nor wickedness 'round this house."
"Of course, we don't do such
things," said little Master Virtue,
"but I thought it would be good to
have the sign up there for peddlers
and visitors to read."

MARRIED TO A DRUNKARD.

She suddenly rose in the meeting,
and spoke as follows: "Married to
a drunkard! Yes, I was married to
a drunkard. Look at me! I am
talking to the girls." We all turn-
ed and looked at her. She was a
wan woman with dark, sad eyes,
and white hair placed smoothly
over a brow that denoted intellect.

"When I married a drunkard I
reached the acme of misery," she
continued. "I was young, and oh,
so happy! I married the man I
loved, and who professed to love
me. He was a drunkard, and I
knew it—knew it, but did not under-
stand it. There is not a young
girl in this building that does un-
derstand it, unless she has a drunk-
ard in her family; then, perhaps,
she knows how deeply the iron en-
ters the soul of a woman when she
loves and is allied to a drunkard,
whether father, husband, brother or
son. Girls, believe me when I tell
you that to marry a drunkard, to
love a drunkard, is the crown of all

misery. I have gone through the deep waters, and know. I have gained that fearful knowledge at the expense of happiness, sanity, almost life itself. Do you wonder my hair is white? It turned white in a night—'bleached by sorrow,' as Marie Antoinette said of her hair. I am not forty years old, yet the snows of seventy rest upon my head, and upon my heart—ah! I cannot begin to count the winters resting there," she said, with unutterable pathos in her voice.

"My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night, and when he returned he returned drunk. Gradually he gave way to temptation in the day, until he was rarely sober. I had two lovely girls and a boy." Here her voice faltered, and we sat in deep silence listening to her story. "My husband had been drinking deeply. I had not seen him for two days. He had kept away from his home. One night I was seated beside my sick boy; the two little girls were in bed in the next room, while beyond was another room, into which I heard my husband go, as he entered the house. That room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I do not know why, but a feeling of terror suddenly took possession of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger. I arose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked on it frantically, but no answer came. I seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength, and throwing myself with all my force against the door, the lock gave way, and the door flew open. Oh, the sight! The terrible sight!" she wailed out in a voice that haunts me now; and she covered her face with her hands, and when she removed them it was whiter and sadder than ever.

"Delirium tremens! You have never seen it, girls; God grant you never may. My husband stood beside the bed, his eyes glaring with insanity, and in his hand a large knife. 'Take them away!' he

screamed. 'The horrible things; they are crawling all over me. Take them away, I say!' and he flourished the knife in the air. Regardless of danger I rushed up to the bed, and my heart seemed suddenly to cease beating. There lay my children, covered with their life-blood, slain by their own father. For a moment I could not utter a sound. I was literally dumb in the presence of this terrible sorrow. I scarcely heeded the maniac at my side—the man who wrought me all this woe. Then I uttered a loud scream, and my wailings filled the air. The servants heard me and hastened to the room, and when my husband saw them he suddenly drew the knife across his throat. I knew nothing more. I was borne senseless from the room that contained my slaughtered children and the body of my husband. The next day my hair was white, and my mind so shattered that I knew no one."

She ceased. Our eyes were riveted upon her wan face, and some of the women present sobbed aloud, while there was scarcely a dry eye in that temperance meeting. So much sorrow, we thought, and through no fault of her own. We saw that she had not done speaking, and was only waiting to subdue her emotion to resume her story.

"Two years," she continued, "I was a mental wreck; then I recovered from the shock, and absorbed myself in the care of my boy. But the sin of the father was visited on the child, and six months ago my boy of eighteen was placed in a drunkard's grave; and as I, his loving mother, stood and saw the sod heaped over him, I said, 'thank God; I'd rather see him there than have him live a drunkard;' and I went to my desolate home a childless woman, one on whom the hand of God has rested heavily.

"Girls, it is you I wish to rescue from the fate that overtook me. Do not blast your life as I blasted mine, do not be drawn into the madness of marrying a drunkard. You love him! so much the worse for

you; for, married to him, the greater will be your misery, because of your love. You will marry him and then reform him, so you say. Ah! a woman sadly overrates her strength when she undertakes to do this. You are no match for the great demon drink when he possesses a man's body and soul. You are no match for him, I say. What is your puny strength beside his gigantic force? He will crush you, too. It is to save you girls from the sorrows that wrecked my happiness, that I have unfolded my history to you. I am a stranger in this great city. I am merely passing through it and have a message to bear to every girl in England—never marry a drunkard!"

I can see her now, as she stood there amid the hushed audience, her dark eyes glowing and quivering with emotion, as she uttered her impassioned appeal. Then she hurried out, and we never saw her again. Her words, "fitly spoken," were not without effect, and because of them there is one girl single now.—Sel.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

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 the anxiety a mother alone can know, to see her son. But now the storm had 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 perserved 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, commanding her son and her hus-

band, 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 son, stood before them. The vessel had been driven into one of the many harbors on that 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 efficiency of prayer! It seems he was aware of his perilous situation, and he labored with the thoughts—"My mother prays—Christian 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 efforts he labored till the harbor was gained. Christian mother, go thou and do likewise! Pray for that son who is wrecked in the storm of life, and his prospect blasted forever. We may yet be saved.—Wayside Tracts.

ALONE YET NOT ALONE.

There are experiences in life when, whatever the surroundings, one must, so far as human counsel and help are concerned, walk alone; when one knows that the Voice whose word is supreme in loyal souls, has called him to a path, whether longer or shorter, in which not even his dearest ones, can go beside him. It is one of those

places in which the pilgrimage where the narrow way becomes so narrow it can only admit the passage, side by side, of the believer and his Lord. Even the beloved Son of God, in his human life, tasted this experience; and in it found, what every true soul finds, "Yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

And this revelation of the blessedness of the Lord's companionship, its sweets and supports and satisfactions, compensates the soul for its human solitariness. It is one of the most helpful and precious lessons of life to have learned the truth in our own experience of the poet's lines:

"A presence actual as the heart
From whence my own life-motions start,
A being real, though unseen,
More true than trace where form hath been;
A spirit to my soul is nigh,
Alone, yet not alone am I."

—Selected.

MARRIED.

ENGLE—WENGER.—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, on the evening of Jan. 10, 1892, by Elder H. Davidson, Mr. Millard G. Engle to Miss Kate, eldest daughter of Bro. Samuel M. and Sister Aseneth Wenger, all of Abilene, Dickinson co., Kansas.

SHANK—KAUFFMAN.—Married, on the 15th day of December, 1891, at the residence of the bride's parents, near Sunnyside, Kan., by Eld. H. Davidson, Abraham L. Shank, of Navarre to Sister Katie Kauffman, daughter of Bro. Philip Kauffman, all of Dickinson co., Kan.

BEARSS—ZAVITZ.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Elmon Zavitz, on Dec. 30, 1891, by Bro. J. H. Hoover, Mr. Gideon Bearss, son of Bro. Asa Bearss, of Ridgway, Ont., to Miss Jennie Zavitz, all of Bertie, Ont.

OUR DEAD.

ROTZ.—Died near Chambersburg, Franklin co., Pa., Dec. 23, 1891. Abraham Rotz, aged 23 years, 3 months and 22 days. His funeral took place at Salem church and his remains were interred in the Salem cemetery. Services were conducted by the home brethren, preaching from Phil. i, 21. For me to live is Christ, etc., to a large congregation. Bro. Rotz was afflicted with consumption and about two weeks before his death he took hemorrhage of the lungs. Soon he was so reduced that it was apparent that death was near. He inquired of the doctor whether he should remain long here and received for a reply, only an hour or so. When he commenced

to sing those beautiful words of the poet,

Jerusalem my happy home,
O, how I long for thee.

The brother gave his heart to the Lord in his ninth year. He tried to live for Christ. He leaves father, mother and sister to mourn their loss, but we have the blessed assurance that he is at rest.

A BROTHER.

ZOOK.—Died, near Chambersburg, Pa., Dec. 29, 1891, Joseph C. Zook, aged 47 years, 4 months and 24 days. Funeral services were held in Pleasant Hill Church by Elder M. H. Oberholtzer, assisted by Isaac Detwiler. Preaching from Phil. i, 23, to a large congregation. About twenty years ago Bro. Zook was married to Mary Hoover of Richland, Co., O. This union was blessed with five children, four sons and one daughter, all of which are living. Some time after their marriage he and his wife united with the Brethren church, of which he was a member at the time of his death. Bro. Zook was an active worker in the vineyard of the Lord, always ready to take hold with a firm hand whatever presented itself as duty. His sickness was the well known and prevailing sickness of the season, la grippe. He bore his sickness with patience and Christian resignation. He expressed himself in the language of the apostle: "for me to live is Christ, but to die is gain," etc. He leaves father, mother, wife and children and one brother and sister to mourn their loss.

A BROTHER.

LAMBORN.—Died, near New Enterprise, Bedford co., Pa., January 2, 1892, Bro. Levi Lamborn, aged 75 years, 9 months and 11 days. Though Bro. Lamborn's health had been failing for some time, he was able to be about until Wednesday before his death. But a short time since, perhaps four or five weeks, he attended services in the house of God at Woodburn, and thus till the last was he interested and zealous in the work of the Master. He was ever anxious that the cause would prosper and that the church be free of all that was not good and right and that all would live humble Christian lives. He too was desirous of seeing those of his family becoming converted and uniting with the children of God in working out their soul's salvation. He calmly and quietly passed away, leaving an evidence to his family and friends that he was going home to rest. Funeral services held in the Woodbury Meeting house. Interment in the cemetery near Woodbury, Pa. Bro. Lamborn leaves a respected family and many kind friends to mourn the departure of a loving father, a kind neighbor, and a consistent member of the household of faith.

ISAAC STERN.

Ore Hill, Pa.