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Henry Davidson

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PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

God would never send you the darkness
If he felt you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to his guiding hand
If the way was always bright:
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.
'Tis true he has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear;
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain did not guide them there.
So he sends you the blinding darkness
And the furnace of seven-fold heat;
'Tis the only way believe me,
To keep you close to his feet;
For 'tis always so easy to wander,
When our lives are glad and sweet.
Then nestle your hand in your Father's hand,
And sing, if you can, as you go:
Your song may cheer some one behind you,
Whose courage is sinking low—and—well if your lips do quiver—
God will love you better so.—Sel.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

A lesson for all who claim to believe in God, his power not diminished. The subject of this sketch (like all others) was given to taste and habit. By some means opium was resorted to and used moderately for some time in the shape of medicine, but the habit grew and continued to grow for the space of twenty years. By the lapse of time it required one ounce per week, to keep the small body of Miss M. in motion, and like all others who are addicted to bad habits, are forced to see (through the Spirit of God) the enormity of their bad habit and example they set others.

During all this time the above named lady was made to see the effects the vile habit was having on her small, shattered constitution but seemingly no power to quit or overcome the habit. Thus time rolled on, and at the age of forty, while the writer was speaking in a public assembly and touched on the evil habits practiced, but had no knowledge of any one being present who was thus engaged in the opium habit. But while Miss M. was an attentive hearer, her life and practice came up before her and she was then and there fully convinced of her duty and passed a firm resolution, that by the help of God she will conquer the evil habit, and went away from the meeting fully determined to begin the work at once, and so she did. Mark the resolution.

So strong was the resolution passed that she will die first before she would use any more of the body and soul destroying stuff. The struggle began. On the one side was her appetite, the devil and kind friends, who would do any and everything in their power for her, some of which argued, it will kill her to thus radically quit at once. On the other side stood the resolution passed, and the Lord as the great Physician, and some kind friends who believed the Lord would help her, and so the battle went on, the opium taken had lost its effects and new quantities were called for by the system thus fed for so long a period. Propositions were made to use small quantities, but all in vain. The resolution was, not if I shall die in the attempt. Thus struggling for a few days, the shock was so severe that she took her bed and became deadly sick. A physician was called for who responded promptly. Friends and neighbors thought death was an inevitable consequence. But the kind physician learning of the facts in the case stood by her, and gave words of encouragement; stating to continue the habit would be sure death; if she would be able to live through it would be a victory for good. Was confined to bed about two weeks, and grew helpless, and in fact appeared as there was no possible chance for her recovery. Her struggles were intense, the battle raging to such an extent that body and mind gave away and appeared as though her reasoning powers were absolutely dethroned; by times requiring two to three persons to care for her. Who can imagine the power of resolution when backed up by the Spirit and power of God, as was manifest in this case? After being willing to die in other words, as Christ said, he that will lose his life will save it. Finally she gained the victory, the spell was broken, the enemy conquered, but the result of the conflict told on her, as she was left on the field of battle reduced to a shadow, not being able to sleep for months to any extent or with the soundness characterizing those who are healthy. After the lapse of three or four weeks, the craving or hankering for the opium left her and she had no trouble with it since, but it required courage and faith to hold still and see the salvation of God. As time rolled on her nervous system began to build up, the sleep of earlier days seemed to return. Her former appetite to a great extent came back so that she could eat good wholesome food with a relish, her appearance changed, her shattered and reduced body began to build up, and after three years of faith, trust and confidence in God she looks as though the sun
The dial of her life was turned back from ten to fifteen years, and is enjoying better health than she did in twenty years past. Truly a wonderful deliverance.

The experience of Miss M. was related to the writer a few weeks ago, allowing its publication, which we hope and trust will prove a grand lesson for all who claim to believe in God. After the writer heard the above experience he remarked, if one can quit such a habit, all tobacco users should certainly be able to overcome their evil habit. Yes, but Miss M. remarked, men do not have the resolution that women do. This seems rather a severe bluff for the stronger vessels, who sometimes are heard to say, I tried to quit my tobacco habit, but couldn't. Try it again on the same conditions the lady herein named did, and we verily believe you will gain a better life than the one you are willing to lose. Then the words of Paul will be clearer to you than ever, for ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God. Col. iii, 4. And again, 2 Cor. v, 17. Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.

Read Jer. xlviii, 11. Moab hath been at ease from his youth and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity; therefore his taste remained in him and his scent is not changed. A deplorable condition indeed, yet it is to be feared that too many have been at ease from their youth. The prophet Amos vi, 1 declared woe to them that are at ease in Zion. The easy state is one of the most dangerous the child of God can fall into.

May God help each one of us to profit by all of his wonderful works among the children of men.

T. A. LONG.

Obedience is the beautiful lesson which will always bring with it a lovely reward.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

WHAT IS A PRECIPICE ?

It is not the intention of the writer to answer the above question directly. Most readers may know it at a sight; and those who do not, may have a pretty good idea of it, by the time they have read to the end of this article.

To begin, let it be understood, however, that precipices, when not carefully guarded against, have been the death of people, as well as of animals. As an illustration, an incident is here given, that occurred on the bank of Rock river about twenty-eight years ago. This river is in northern Illinois. Its general course is southwest, it varies in width from thirty to sixty rods, and is fordable at only a few places, even in times of low water. Its waters are usually clear and placid, abounding in flesh. It takes its name from the numerous rocks and cliffs along its banks. Among the towns and cities along this river are the following: Rockford, Byron, Oregon, Grand Detour, Dixon and Sterling. Grand Detour is a French term and as here used, means a great bend in the river, running about six miles or more round almost in a circle and back nearly to the place of divergence.

From Grand Detour down, the river's course is nearly due west the first two miles. About one mile below Grand Detour on the north side of the river is what is known as the "big rock." This rock is a cliff, about one hundred feet high, jutting square up to and a little into the river. This cliff is some twelve or more rod in length and is perpendicular to a great height. Near the top it inclines a little, but is too steep to be ventured on in safety. The verge of the cliff can be reached from the north side with but little apparent ascension. You get there as on level ground. The water at the base of the rock is twelve or fifteen feet deep. The writer has been over the big rock, and all around it a number of times, and knows whereof he writes.

I remember reading that the Jews on a certain occasion undertook to cast our Savior down from a high rock, because he read some scripture to them and preached a little from it. I also remember that some years ago when visiting at San Francisco, Cal., I stood on a high perpendicular rock, projecting into the ocean, big waves came dashing against its base and sea lions by the score within easy gun shot, but having their own good way of swimming to and fro unmolested. What a grand scene of our Maker's wisdom and power!

Standing in view of that great cataract—the falls of Niagara—one sees that immense volume of water pouring down over a precipice of amazing height: A water fall that causes all others to dwindle into insignificance—Noah's flood only excepted. Truly it is an awe-inspiring sight.

But we return to the incident on Rock river twenty years ago. Christopher Wadsworth, living about two miles away, owned the land just back of the "big rock." One day he sent two of his boys to get a load of wood there. On a clear spot two, or three rods away from the precipice they wanted their team to stand, while they went to gathering the wood. They fastened the lines on the hub of a wheel in such a manner as to wind up and check the horses in case they should move forward. In an effort to move forward, the lines were drawn so tight as to cause them to back the wagon, nor did they stop backing until wagon, horses and all went down over the precipice and into the river below. Both horses were killed and the wagon broken to pieces, so that neither was considered worth fishing out. Mr. Wadsworth, though not a Christian, was a man of noble principles. On hearing what happened, his first exclamation was, "thank God that none of the boys went along down!"

Now nearly every one that reads this will be ready to say, "those boys should have known that it
was not only foolish, but very dangerous to leave their team at such a place, with no better way of security.” And so indeed it was. But, ah sinner! you know that the lines of morality are always clinging to your body, and when sickness or accident takes hold of those lines, you may soon and unexpectedly be drawn over the precipice of death and your doom forever sealed. How do you know but you may this moment be loitering on the brink of that precipice that will land the impenitent soul into the bottomless pit? Can a man possibly be guilty of any greater folly than to risk his salvation on the chances of his life? Nay, verily! The admonition of holy writ is, “Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.” The prayer for “hills and mountains to fall on and cover us” is significant. It conveys the idea that the sinner would sooner be crushed out of existence under the weight of a mountain than to face the Judge and hear his doom.

Appropriate to much that is contained in this article, a sentence from an ancient grammar is appended. The sentence is not strictly grammatical—there being one faulty word in it—the reader is left to find the word. “The most ignorant and the most savage tribes of men, when they had looked around on the earth and in the heavens, could not avoid ascribing their origin to some invisible, designing cause and not avoid ascribing their origin to the earth and in the heavens, could not avoid ascribing their origin to some invisible, designing cause and

COMING OUT.

“This know also that in the last days perils shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy. Without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, inordinate, fierce, despisers of those that are good. Treasons, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away.” 2 Tim. iii; 2—5.

There seems to be three distinct kinds of “coming out” spoken of in the New Testament and which belong to two distinct periods of the church—the early church, and the latter-day church. The epistle of Jude, 19 verse, says: “These be they who separate themselves, sensual, having not the spirit.” By looking at the connections of the above texts we see they both refer to the latter day church, but while the first is the true separation, the latter is a false separation.

Paul also spoke of those who had already “come out” from them, but were not “of” them; and of false brethren.

Thus we see that neither the simple fact of “coming out” nor “staying in” of itself is a proof of true discipleship. We all know more or less of the broken and uneven course of the church from the time of Christ. This question also affects the right of “laying on of hands” or ordination. We must conclude that if any individual or body of persons have any divine authority to proclaim the gospel it rests upon their being true to the written Word; since the word says God is no “respecter of persons” and he that “worketh righteousness is accepted of Him.” The eighth verse of the first chapter of Galatians says, “But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received let him be accursed.”

I. D. H.

Topeka, Kan.

Who can say, I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin?
As many claim that this act of Christ's was done for an outward cleansing of the feet, it is well to see if the scriptures do not show a distinction between the act of Christ's and that of the ancient feet-washing for cleanliness' sake, which there is reason to believe corresponds to our cleansing of the feet at the door when we enter the house.

In order to fully understand this act of Christ's we should not only read all of the 13th chapter of John, but the corresponding accounts in the other gospels as in connection with the passover, the Old and the New parts. The account in this 13th chapter of John does not appear to record the beginning or the ending of what occurred in that upper room, but only of what occurred during a pause while tarrying at the table. The writer has not seen anything in any of the gospels to indicate that any except Christ and Judas left the table during all the events occurring in the room, as recorded in all four gospels. The apostles in asking Christ where they should prepare for this event, spoke of it as the passover, which indeed it was, as Christ obeyed the law up to the day of his death; but he was their (not the Jews) Lamb, to fulfill the passover. This occurred before the Jews' passover, as indicated in John xiii, 1.

This passover was indeed a peculiar and a new one. The old one consisted of bitter herbs, unleavened bread and a roast lamb. Here they doubtless had the bitter herbs and bread, but a live lamb, ready to be crucified: and also the wine, which did not belong to the old passover, but the new. So it appears there were the emblems both of the old and new passover on the table, and that the act recorded in John xiii, occurred in a pause between the observance of the two.

This act of Christ washing his disciples' feet seems to have its beginning in the law concerning the priests and their offering of sacrifice. Ex. xxx, 20, 21. "When they go into the tabernacle of the congregation, they shall wash with water, that they die not; or when they shall come near to the altar to minister, to burn offering made by fire unto the Lord. So they shall wash their hands and their feet, that they die not; and it shall be a statute forever to them, even to him and to his seed throughout their generations." So Christ, our passover and high priest, before entering through the veil into the holy of holies, to offer himself as a sacrifice for the sins of the world, and to make us kings and priests unto God, washed his disciples' feet and commanded them to wash one another's feet that they might "present themselves a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto him." —I. D. H.

Topeka, Kan.

ON SINGING.

I will sing with the Spirit and I will sing with the understanding also. Cor. xvi, 15.

One of the most interesting parts of Christian worship, most cheering and the only one in which all can join is singing. Its use in worship and praise is of very ancient origin. Perhaps the first instance occurs, Ex. xv. 1, over the deliverance of the Israelites from Pharaoh. This first hymn on record begins, "I will sing unto the Lord."

The question first presenting itself to us on this subject, is how it should be done to be done right, and to be an acceptable act of worship? In the earliest times on record and under the Jewish ritual, singing was accompanied by (more or less) instrumental music, reaching its highest pitch in the palmy days of Solomon, when the temple service was grandly impressive. The law being only natural, and its observances, its sacrifices and its general service of a material character, it is not strange that material, or in other words instrumental music, should be used in their song services also. That law being only a shadow of good things to come, and not the thing itself. This shadowy worship with animal sacrifices prefiguring Christ the Lamb of God, and his great atonement, the shewbread as the bread of Life fresh for every day, the candle-sticks as the light of the world, and so on, and the music as a type of that heavenly melody and harmony in a converted sinner's heart, who has the new song put in his mouth even praises to his God. And this again is only a shadow in comparison with the complete fullness of the song of the redeemed above. When we view the complete transformation and simplification of worship under the Gospel, the removal of nearly every vestige of material observance, the spiritual character of the Gospel, the mention of singing in the upper room, in the jail at Philippi, in Ephesians and in James' Epistle, and the utter silence of the New Testament on instrumental music in worship and its incompatibility with our text, are evidence that the use of such instruments is not a part of Christian worship. But singing is placed on the same basis as prayer and is of the same spiritual character.

Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord. Eph. v. 19. Is any merry? Let him sing psalms. James v. 13. The melody is to be of the heart, expressed by the lips, and directed by the mind, and thus it becomes singing with the spirit and with the understanding also, requiring no more mechanical assistance than prayer does. Our humble opinion is that hearty Congregational singing is the best, and if led by a qualified leader cannot fail to be inspiring and soul reviving.

The next question is what to sing. Paul gives us three varieties, Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Some years ago our Presbyterian friends would allow nothing but the Psalms of David and a.
few Scriptural Paraphrases to be sung in their churches. The Psalms in verse as far as they agree with the Gospel are all right, but many do not, as they breathe a Spirit of war and bloodshed, quite incompatible with the Sermon on the Mount. So much on Psalms. By what better criterion can we judge hymns and spiritual songs? If the sentiments are purely Gospel sentiments expressed in chaste harmonious rhyme, not loose and rambling but compact, concise and expressive in their character, the end is attained. The only difference between hymns and spiritual songs that I can see is that hymns are more of a solid solemn kind and songs those of a more buoyant cheerful character. Nearly every church has its own collections of hymns, each no doubt regarding its own the best. The present edition of the brethren's book will compare favorably with any in use, yet no collection is so infallible as to make it wrong to use any other. As time moves on new hymns are constantly being composed by Christian poets, of various degrees of merit expressing in touching words every phrase of Christian experience, and if they hold weight in the balance of gospel sentiment who can condemn them? In regard to modern tunes however I do feel there are some that are no help to a growth in grace and piety, and while all serious, earnest Christians should avoid them, in worship, on account of their flippancy and lack of reverence, there are exceptions, and it would not be fair to despise a whole respectable community on account of a few doubtful individuals who dwell among them.

F. ELLIOTT.

Richmond Hill, Ont.

PRAYER.

Prayer may seem very simple, but yet it is the very best way of bringing all our trials and our troubles to our Heavenly Father, and he is the only one who we can ask to forgive all our many sins. I for one often come short of doing my duty, but I always take it to the Lord in sincere prayer.

In St. Matthew’s Gospel, vi, 6, we find it reads as follows: “But thou when thou prayest enter into thy closet and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.” I may be wrong, but I think it means that we should shut the door of our heart from all worldly thoughts and actions and try and have our minds all on Heavenly things, and as the poet says:

Oh what peace we often forfeit,
Oh what needless pains we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

I often pray for a good revival among all Christian denominations and especially the Brethren as I think we are all getting too careless and unconcerned about this needful work, and we have not enough charity among ourselves. Let us as brethren and sisters pray for a great revival this winter that thousands of poor sinners may be saved, all over this wicked world. O won’t some of the brethren come to Niagara Falls and start a good revival meeting this winter; it might be the means of saving some poor sinner.

Prayer, prayer, oh sweet prayer,
Beit ever so simple there is nothing like prayer.

N. F. S. Ont.

A. CLIMENHAGA.

WRITTEN FOR THE EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

If I were told that I must die tomorrow,
That the next sun
Should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For anyone,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through
What should I do?
I really hope I should not shrink or falter
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone,
But rise, move, love, smile and pray
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hardens ever: Lord within thy keeping,
How should I fear?
And when tomorrow brings the nearer still,
Do thou thy will.
I might not sleep for aye but peaceful tender
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flushed o’er the sky
I think that I could say, yes calmly say
It is God’s day.

But if a wonderous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll,
Of which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld with wonder,
To a long centuries and its mystic clue
What should I do?
What could I do, O blessed Guide and Master
Other than this,
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss?
The road, although so very long it be,
That leads to thee.
Step, after step, feeling thee close beside me
Although unseen,
Through grief, though chastening
Whether the tempest hide thee.
Or heavens serene,
Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray
Thy love decay.
I may not know, my God, no hand revealed
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path a deepening shadow
No voice replies,
To all my questioning, though the time to tell
And it is well.
Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing.
Thy will always;
Though a long centuries ripening fruition
Or short days
I fear O Lord, thou shalt come to soon
For I can wait, if thou come late.

Sister N. BAKER.

Hamlin, Kansas.
The important fact which every lost sinner needs to learn is, that God loves them. God loved the sinner so much that he gave the life of his own Son to save them (sinners). No matter how sinful or how utterly ruined you may be, yet Jesus loves you, that Christ who sat at meat with publicans and sinners, who blessed the poor and broken-hearted, and who spoke forgiveness to the guilty and said, go in peace and sin no more, that Christ who came unto the world to save sinners, even the chief and who laid down his life to redeem a ruined world, that Christ loves you today and all the gracious words he has said and acts he has done are born of his own full, free, unmeasured and overflowing love. Christ loved his enemies, those who crowned him with thorns and covered him with
shame, who drove the nails through his quivering flesh, even for those he lifted up his dying prayer, Father forgive them, they know not what they do. And after his resurrection he sent his disciples to preach repentance and salvation to the lost, beginning at Jerusalem. O think of the love of Jesus at Jerusalem, the place where he was arrested, insulted and mocked and scourged and crowned with thorns and smitten and spit upon, and there in these streets where he bore his cross, there where they rejected him and desired a murderer to be granted unto them, and shouted, crucify, to these people he desired his gospel to be preached. First, the great tidings of pardon and peace, and this message glad and free, has gone to earth's remotest bounds, and he who came to call sinners to repentance remembers the vilest and the lowest and giving to them the most pressing and urgent calls of his grace shows forth in them all long suffering for a pattern to others that shall afterwards believe.

O matchless grace, all conquering love.
O mightiest agent to melt the strongest heart.
O what is the love of creatures one to another compared with this love of God to man; astonishing love that the eternal Son of God should in his pity entreat for men, yea undertake and die for them when they were enemies to God and all that is good. O the breadth, O the length, O the depth, O the height of this love of Christ which passeth knowledge. I may possibly feel it but I cannot fathom it. What love was it that made him stand before the mouth of hellfire and suffer himself to be scorched in the most terrible manner? He must stop the flame from breaking out on us. Behold him receiving the sword of justice into his own bosom to prevent it being sheathed in our own hearts. Behold when the sea of God's wrath raged and was tempestuous, threatening to swallow us up, Christ came and said, like Jonah, spare these poor sinners, take me up and cast me into the sea in their stead that the storm may be appeased against them. Christ was willing to be a blessed plank of mercy to shipwrecked souls to grip to and be saved. We should be unutterably glad that such a being ever trod on earth or held companionship with our race. We should certainly receive him and regard him as our Saviour and believe in him, follow him, serve him and love him. Christ loved and prayed for those who persecuted and crucified him, and today he is seated at the right hand of the Father, but he is the same loving Jesus, and he loves you, O sinner, whoever you may be, and he would save and bless you however you may have wavered, however you may have lost yourself in the dark path that leads to hell. Still God loves you, still Christ loves you and pities you and seeks to save you, and now I ask you, how will you treat the love of Christ? How will you believe toward him who has done so much for you? God loves you, he lavishes his love upon you, he gave his only begotten Son to die for you. What a gift is that? You would not give such a gift to save any one, even the dearest friend you have. He did it to save you, he yielded his Son to be poor, to be despised and abused, to be home­ less stranger, scourged, mocked, crucified and slain for you, you who are an enemy, you who are an enemy still, he died for you that you might be an enemy no longer. He is in heaven today waiting to bless, long­ing to save, seeking, calling and inviting all to turn and live, and now the message has come to you. How will you treat it? How will you receive it? Will you despise and neglect it, or will you give heed and obey the call of love divine?

My dear friends make no delay. Come to Christ today. He will redeem your soul from merited wrath and you can taste the fulness of that wondrous love that has provided for you a sacrifice, a shelter and a great salvation. O come to this dear loving Saviour, he will receive you.

He who came down from his home in the sky, Bore all thy sorrows and for thee did die, Suffered for sins and was hanged on a tree, Judge by his dying how much he loved thee, Halt then no longer, nor linger, nor doubt, No one that cometh is ever cast out. Doors stand open wide, the banquet is free, Enter, O sinner, for Jesus loves thee.

Selected by ANNA MYERS.
Upton, Pa.

WHILE MEN SLEPT.

The work of the great adversary is alone while men are asleep. Then the tares are sown, the deception is practiced, the evil seed springs up, and comes to maturity, the hidden wrongs grow strong and lusty, and many an evil work is done which can never be undone when the sleepers awake. It is then too late to remedy the evil wrought, or correct the wrong done. People lament their neglect, and bemoan their folly, but it is impossible to remedy it.

How many times in Scripture people are warned to be sober, to be vigilant, to watch against evil, to guard lest they be overtaken by snares and dangers and deceptions; and yet how loth they are to believe that there are dangers all around them. Calm, secure, confiding, they drift onward to their ruin.

A multitude of lost souls can testify to the importance of watchfulness but how few are ready to hear their testimony. The voice of inspiration emphasizes the admonition: "Let us not sleep as do others but let us watch and be sober; for they that sleep, sleep in the night: and they that are drunken, are drunken in the night; but let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breast-plate of faith and love, and for an helmet the hope of salvation; for God hath not pointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we might live together with Him." —Sel.
**EVANGELICAL VISITOR.**


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**EVANGELICAL VISITOR.**

March 1, 1892.

**THE PRINTING PRESS AGAIN.**

We have tried to present the question, as well as the necessity, of a printing press before the church in as clear a light as possible. We did this because we believed that it would be the best for the church to own the press and to control everything connected with the printing of our church paper; but the whole arrangement was based on a voluntary contribution for that purpose, and we are thankful that we can say that some have subscribed very liberally, but none of the states have reported in full only Iowa, and while the membership of that state is small and very much scattered, yet they have done nobly. No doubt, in their isolation they can see the necessity and the good work that our church paper is doing, and this has no doubt prompted them who could to subscribe liberally. Other instances we might mention of individual liberality, but as we are not able to give the final result and shall await the return of all the subscriptions, we will only add that if the church at large does subscribe as liberally the subscription will largely exceed the amount asked.

But the time is drawing near when our conference will again meet and we should know what has been done long enough before to arrange for the meeting of conference. After corresponding with the members of the Board of Publication, we have decided to call in all the subscriptions not later than the first of April next. We would say then to all who have subscribed in the press fund to return them to us whether there are any subscription on them or not, and we would say to all the friends of the Visitor, will you kindly exert yourselves up to that time to solicit all the aid you possibly can? We do not want to say that the money is assured. On the contrary we are sorry to say that it is very doubtful whether it will be raised, but we have done what we could to obtain the means and we submit to the better judgment of others.

The meeting at Harmony hall closed on Monday evening, the 8th of Feb., with an accession to the number of seekers of twenty-seven. This includes what had previously come out at Knox school house. The interest was good up to the close, but the last few days of the meeting the weather was unpleasant. On account of rain the meeting at Detroit closed on Friday night, the 5th of Feb. Nine made a start for the kingdom. The interest was especially good the last week, and the meetings should have been continued, but could not be.

The meeting in Abilene commenced on the evening of the 7th of Feb., and is now in progress. The meetings are well attended and good interest is manifested. Last evening, the 15th, the attendance was large and several rose for prayer. May the good Lord continue the work.

We have the pleasure of a visit from Bro. H. L. Shirk and wife from Chadwick, Ill. They are on their way to California and the west. Bro. and sister Shirk are both good workers in the vineyard of the Lord. May they have souls for their hire. They leave tonight, Feb. 16th, for further south and west.

**COUNCIL MEETING.**

The Joint Council for Kansas will be held at Bell Springs' meeting house, Dickinson county, to commence March 18th, at 9 a.m. Will continue probably two days. Those of the Brethren interested will please suit themselves accordingly.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

**MY EXPERIENCE.**

Dear brethren and sisters, I have felt it my duty to write for the Visitor for some time, but put it off from time to time, thinking I could not write anything suitable, but I will try this morning if God directs my pen.

It is only a short time since I am in the service of God, and can truly say I enjoy it. The Spirit of God strove with me when I was only twelve years old. I was heavily convicted and often prayed in secret, but was still not willing to give up. I thought if I would get religion then I would be too young to keep it, so I promised God if he would spare my life till I would get older I would turn to him, but when I got older I began to seek pleasure in the world and indulged in all the sin and folly that was going on; but all the time the Spirit of God was striving with me, and often when I went to a picnic I prayed God to spare my life till I got home again, and then at the next opportunity I would turn to him. But when the time came for me to fulfill my promise to God I always had some excuse. Whenever I would
go to a festival or play party I would be afraid all the time I was there, thinking that Jesus was not there and would not watch over and keep me from danger as long as I was there; and so I went on from one extreme to another till I began to think if I did not soon turn to Christ he would cut me off in the midst of my sins, and I knew that would be the case I would be lost forever. I thought, too, it would just be what I deserved, so I did make a start at the U. B. church, near our place, but soon got discouraged there and gave up seeking Christ and began to seek pleasure in the world again and thought I enjoyed myself for awhile, but I knew if I should die in that condition I would be lost. But still I thought I could not turn to God as long as I had so much worldly pleasure to enjoy myself in, so I prayed to God to take away all my worldly pleasures that I could find no pleasure in this world any more, then I would turn to him and seek pleasure in him.

It was not very long till he answered my prayer. He brought me down on a bed of sickness. I thought I would never get well any more. Then I thought this is the answer to my prayer, and I began to pray. But soon I got better and thought I would get well again, and so I quit praying and went out in sin again; but very soon the Lord brought me down lower than ever, and then I thought there was no mercy for me, any more. I had made so many promises and every time broke them, and twice made a start and went back again, and now the Lord is going to cut me down. But I still began to pray. I thought I can but perish if I go. I am resolved to try, for if I stay away I know I will forever die. At the first opportunity I made another start, and it was not long till I found peace to my soul. But then I found there was a work for me to do. I had to lay away my pride and give up all my worldly amusements and I did so and I had it good. I have many trials and temptations, but I always find God’s grace is sufficient.

I would ask an interest in the prayers of God’s people for me a poor weak sister.

Anna B. Rotz.

St. Thomas, Pa.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

I felt it a duty resting on me for some time to write for the Visitor. I will then remind the readers of the Vis-iron of some of our duties that we owe to God. We, as brethren and sisters in Christ, believe that it is our duty to keep all the commandments given unto us by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and his apostles. We ought to be diligent to know what that good and acceptable and perfect will of God is. We find in Matt. v, 34, where the Savior says, “swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God’s throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shall thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.”

The Saviour in the commandment not only means that we shall not take the name of the Lord in vain, but he means that we shall speak the truth under all circumstances and not try to make our testimony more firm by anything else as by swearing with an uplifted hand which is swearing by heaven and the throne of God and by him that sitteth thereon. See Matt. xxiii. 22.

Under the old dispensation the Jews were allowed to perform unto the Lord their oath, but not to deviate. See Num. xxx, 2. The Jews were very blind concerning swearing, the Savior calling them blind guides. They thought it was nothing to swear by the temple, but swearing by the gold of the temple they would be debtors. But the Savior asked them which is the greatest, the gold or the temple that sanctifieth the gold? Then he told them whoseoever salemeth by the temple sweareth by it and by him that dwelleth therein.

Now under the new dispensation Christ forbids swearing. But I say unto you, swear not at all. He saith the Savior gave us the example, also, for not swearing when he was before the High Priest and before Pilate, the governor. It appears that James remembered the Savior’s word well, when he said, but above all things my brethren swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath; but let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation. James v, 12. My brethren and sisters let us know the truth and then obey it in all points.

Another comment which I thought was often too much deferred, and that is baptism. Brethren let us search the Truth. If we look up the word of God we must believe that applicants often defer baptism too long. The writer has heard of cases where it was deferred too long after the applicant had made application, that death came before it was administered. Do we find such instances in the word of God? I don’t know any. The Savior says, go ye therefore and teach (or make disciples) all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. The Savior here means, that if people are taught and they believe the word and repent of their sins they should take his yoke upon them and learn of him and so on. I don’t find that he wants them to wait awhile yet, but the sooner one obeys the better it is. Take for example, Lydia, Acts xvi, 14, 15, and again another example. Acts xvi, 30, 31; xxii, 33. Here baptism was administered as soon as the word of the Lord had been spoken to them and they became believing. Look at another example. Acts viii, 35, 38. Here we find again where it was not deferred, but as soon as the Ethiopian eunuch was taught and believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God he was baptized.

I believe that people should be taught the word of God, where it is believed and accepted, and sins forsaken them, they should go on and obey the Lord and not wait; and the next step is baptism.

Peter Fike.

Dysart, Iowa.
CHRIST FOR ME.

For me he left his home on high:
For me to earth he came to die;
For me he in a manger lay:
For me to Egypt fled away;
For me he dwelt with fishermen;
For me he slept in cave and glen;
For me he hung upon a tree;
For me his final feast was made;
For me by Judas was betrayed;
For me by Peter was denied;
For me by Pilate crucified:
For me his precious blood was shed;
For me he slept in cave and glen;
For me he now prepares a home:
For me he shall in glory come.

—Sel.

WHY I AM HAPPY.

I am happy because God has prepared a place for all them that love and obey him, and that his spirit followed me and said, “draw nigh unto me, and I will draw nigh unto you.” And that spirit said, “seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.” Then I began to pray and cry and said, “what shall I do to be saved?” And the same spirit said again, “come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.” But the more I prayed and anointed my eyes with tears, the more sin revived and I could not say or feel as in former days when I in self-righteousness was living at the gate of heaven, thinking that I was just as good as any professor, looking at their faults.

But one morning I opened the Bible and read, “many are called but few are chosen,” and “narrow is the way but few there be that find it;” I read it over and over again, and with tears I began to think, I am called but not chosen, which made me cry out for mercy more earnestly, and I saw that I was a self-righteous sinner and that others’ faults would not help me, neither keep me out of heaven, but that I should come out from the world and be a light even unto them. Glory be unto God and praise to his name for that spirit which will lead us into all truth.

It was on a bright spring morning when I went up stairs to pray, feeling somewhat sad or homesick.

I scarcely knew what ailed me, but God had already given me a desire not to be satisfied until I knew I was right, but I did not see it at that moment, having a stubborn will to break. For while on my knees praying and crying for mercy, I began to hew out a cistern of my own which we can read that holds no water.

I began to meditate, saying to myself, I will join some church and be honest and perhaps this will be all that will be required of me.

Then musing and praying earnestly again that I might be right. O the awful, yet wonderful vision which I beheld has done me good all along the way and ever will if I am faithful, but it would be too lengthy to explain. But in that blessed vision those highly esteemed musical instruments which I so much delighted in, were taken from me.

Then that good spirit said to me again, “he that worketh righteousness shall be saved,” and also presented this scripture, “that which is high must be brought down, the low up, the crooked made straight.” O glory to his name for his light, and again, glory and honor for his mercy and grace, and that he gives us a willing heart to seek to know his will. It seemed to me a voice said, “go and make your wrongs right and be obedient, and I will lead you into all truth.” And as I asked the help of God and got willing, I was like the woman of Samaria. He told me everything I ever did, and only then could I see what a self-righteous sinner I was.

O dear reader, this is faith and works. And then again, what a work, and what a pride I found in my heart when I wanted to put away that which is highly esteemed before the world, for the scripture says, “it is an abomination in the sight of God.” This is also a work to get pride out of the heart that the outside may become clean also.

The Lord also showed me that this is religion and righteousness, to have a clear conscience before God and man.

O how blind and ignorant I was while living in sin, and when God saw me willing and working, and every time I made a wrong right, I felt a blessing until I was free and happy; and I will never forget the evening when I told my companion that I would just as soon go to my grave as to my bed. Glory be to his name. And while this is my best experience, yet I can say, like the woman of old, the half is not yet told. And I do praise him that I am yet on the way, and while my intentions have always been for the best, yet I can find space in my past life that was not filled with gold, silver and precious stones. And all those who have been awakened and enlightened, if your experience is not like mine, you can read that Jesus healed and cured in many ways with the same mighty power. And now dear brethren and sisters, those that I can think of and those that I cannot think of, let us not get weary, for our days are going by and it will not be long until weshall get home, if we are faithful. I never felt that I could wear or do anything which the Lord told me was wrong, and I can realize that my prayers do not ascend when I contemplate taking up anything again which I put away in my beginning. And this is also a great help to us to read in Mark x, 29, 30, and if it is consolation, we can often sit and sing our hours away.

“And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he who feels it knows.”

Glory to God for such a hope and desire, and this my prayer is:
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"Let me not die before I've done for thee. My earthly work, whatever it may be:
Call me not home with mission unfulfilled;
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled;
Impress this truth upon me, that I have not one
Can do my portion, that I leave undone;
For each one in thy vineyard hath a spot.
To labor in for life, and weary not;
Then give me strength, all faithfully to toil;
Converting barren earth to fruitful soil.
I long to be an instrument of thine,
To gather worshippers unto thy shrine;
To be the means one human soul to save
From the dark terrors of a hopeless grave.
But most I want, a spirit of content;
To work wher'e thou wilt my labor spent;
Whether at home—or in a stranger clime;
In days of joy, or sorrow's sternest time:
I want a spirit passive—to lie still,
And by thy power, to do thy holy will;
And when the prayer unto my lips doth rise,
Before a new home doth my soul surprise;
Let me accomplish some great work for thee,
Subdue me Lord, let my petition be,
O! make me useful in this world of thine;
In ways according to thy will, not mine:
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled;
Call me not home with mission unfulfilled;
Let me not die before I've done for thee;
My earthly work, whatever it may be."  

LEAH ULEY.

North Hampton, N.

**LOVE IN THREE ASPECTS.**

*Isa. liii, 1-4; Isa. xliii, 22-24; Isa. xlv, 21-23.*

Here is a feast with three courses.
Each of these texts is addressed to God's people. He calls them by both their natural and spiritual names, "Jacob" and "Israel." Each text is overflowing with love.

I. Love Abounding. It is a time of special sin and a time of chastisement, but God tells them to "fear not." They are groaning under the chastisement, but God will not destroy nor cast them off. They are "his" and need not fear. God walks upon his former loving kindness to them. He never forgets the tokens of love bestowed. He mentions these tokens to show his exceeding love. He called them by name. Mary Magdalene did not know the Savior until he said unto her "Mary." He owns us and tells us what he means to do. Verse 4.

II. Love Lamenting. Hallelujah that his people have not called upon him, have brought him no token of love, have rendered him little worship, have held but little communion with him, they are scarcely on speaking terms with him, have exercised little self-denial for his sake, although God has required but little. God would not recount these failures if he did not love his people. He values their love, grieves when it grows cold, wants to see their love tokens and bemoans their lack of grateful affection.

III. Love Abiding. Notwithstanding all, God loves them still, calls them by the same names—they are still heirs of heaven. He claims them as his servants, pays them wages and will keep them through old age. His love triumphs over all, delights to pardon and calls upon his people to be glad. Oh for a well-tuned harp! What manner of persons ought we to be who are so supremely loved?—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

**THE PURE IN HEART.**

Bishop J. P. Newman, speaking of vital Christianity, says:

"When I was on the banks of the Jordan I filled two vials with Jordan water. The water in one I filtered in charcoal, and there it is, as transparent as crystal. Shake the vial and yet the water remains transparent and beautiful. Look at the water in the other vial. It is just as beautiful, just as transparent, but at the bottom of the vial there is an eighth of an inch of sediment, and by shaking, it becomes roily. So it would not do to shake some men; it would not do to shake some ministers. And in this settled state there are too many who fancy they are cleansed and clarified, but who do not wish to be shaken up. There are, however, men and women on this earth whom the devil may shake, but the waters will not be roiled, for they have been clarified."—Sel.

**CONVERSATION IN THE SICK ROOM.**

Never whisper in a sick room; the sound is excessively exasperating to an invalid. Say what you have to say in a clear, distinct, though not necessarily loud voice, which the patient will be under no strain to understand. I knew of a lady who, having been ill for some time, had 'several people to watch with her. "Let me have Mrs.——," she at last begged, "she never whispers."

People will often stand outside the door of a sick-room and carry on a whispered conversation; do not make the mistake of thinking it an improvement on louder-speaking. There should be no talking near a sick-room unless quite necessary, and when necessary, as I have said, it should not be in whispers. And let me just here put in a plea for the nurse: You who are not in the patient's room, do not be offended when asked to be more quiet about the house, even when you think that you are being very careful. It is almost impossible to realize, when you know that the doors are shut, or possibly a story is between you and the invalid, that what seems to you a conversation carried on in ordinary tones, can possibly penetrate to that distant chamber, but it can, my friends, and does; so take the request, when it comes, in good part; for it is almost agony, at times, to the nurse. —Good Housekeeping.
CHURCH NEWS.

WALPOLE, ONT.

Dear Editor,—The brethren here have been holding a series of meetings and were assisted by Bros. A. Bearss and D. Heise, also two young sisters from Waterloo, who we were very glad to have with us a few days as they only remained one week. Bro. Geo. Detwiler came the second week. We were glad to have Bro. Detwiler here a few days. We as brethren and sisters have been very much encouraged to press onward and work for the good Master. I am sorry to say the attendance was not very large, and one arose and asked for the prayers of God's people. May God bless him and sisters remember our little Corn-market, is the wish of your Bro.

A SISTER.

MARKHAM, ONT.

We commenced a series of meetings on Jan. 17 and continued until Feb. 1. Bro. Trump, of Polo, Ill., was with us and we have been feasting on the good things of the Lord. Our brother did not shun to declare to both saint and sinner the duty they owe to God, and although the result was not as visible as we would like to have seen it, yet we believe many were seriously impressed, and we trust the seed sown will yet spring up, and bring forth fruit unto life eternal. The church has been much revived, and some that had made a commencement have decided to dig deeper and get on the rock. Bro. Trump has now gone about 70 miles north to labor for the Nottawa Brethren. May he receive a full reward, is the wish of your Bro.

H. R. HEISE.

Victoria Square, Feb. 2nd.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

I sat alone with life's memories,
In sight of the crystal sea,
And I saw the throne of the star-crowned ones,
With never a crown for me.

And then the voice of the Judge said, come,
Of the Judge on the great white throne,
And I saw the star-crowned take their seats,
But none could I call my own.

I thought me then of my childhood days,
The prayer at my mother's knee,
Of the counsels grave that my Father gave,
The wrath I was warned to flee.

I said, is it then too late, too late,
Shut without must I stand forever,
And the Judge will he say, I know you not,
How'er I may knock and pray?

I thought, I thought of the days of God,
I had wasted in folly and sin,
Of the times I mocked when the Saviour knocked,
And I would not let him in.

I thought, I thought of the vows I'd made.
When I lay at death's dark door,
Would he spare my life, I'd give up the strife,
And serve him for evermore.

I heard a voice like the voice of God,
Remember, remember my son,
Remember thy ways in the former days.
The crown that thou might have won.

I thought, I thought and my thoughts ran on,
Like the tide of a sunless sea,
Am I living or dead? to myself I said
An end is there ne'er to be?

It seemed as though I awoke from a dream,
How sweet was the light of day,
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells.
From towers that were far away.

I then became as a little child,
And I wept and I wept afresh,
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
And given a heart of flesh.

Still oft I sit with life's memories,
And I think of the crystal sea,
And I see the thrones of the star-crowned ones;
I know there's a crown for me.

And when the voice of the Judge says, come
Of the Judge on the great white throne,
I know 'mid the thrones of the star-crowned ones,
There's one I shall call my own.

—Sel.

A LIVING, RISING BIBLE.

Infidelity itself has tears come into its eyes when you bring it face to face with Christ. We count criticism an enemy. I think that is a mistake. We often think of temptations in life as if they were almost an evil and came from the devil. But the Bible says: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." I think God puts temptation in life for a discipline. Perchance the very finest gifts my God-given life has bestowed upon me—as will appear at the last great day—have come, not out of its happiness and success, but out of its struggles and conflicts and battles,—out of the blessed temptation. And I dare to say this: I count it a sign,—not of a dying Bible,—but of a living, rising Bible, that it is spoken against. I count it a proof that men's hearts are not at rest when they cannot stick to their science and philosophy, but must come and strike at Christ. He is moving them and is attacking them, and the heart of the age is stirred. The ages of faith, as they are called, I think, were often ages of stagnation and death. Where there is life and movement, and where religion is stepping forward, there you may have criticism and antagonism.

What has criticism done in these last years? I tell you it has executed judgment on its self. I will tell you what critics are doing; they are, step by step, as each new unbelieving theory comes out, making one more pathway of escape from Christ impossible. Where is the Christ of Paulus? Where is the Christ of Strauss? Where is the Christ of Schenkel? Where is the Christ of Renan? There is not a cultivated German or critic who believes in one of them. And what have these critics done? Why, by a method
of elimination they are shutting up the heart of humanity and the intelligence of the age to this: there is no other explanation of Christ's power than the old, old one,—that he was perfect man and perfect God, the world's Saviour, the Son of God. This good thing has been done for our churches and for ourselves—the attack on Christ has driven us back on Christ. Our churches are too apt to live with the Christ in their creed; and the Christ of the best creed is not quite the living, loving Son of God whom we see in the gospels. It is like that old Greek story of the giant son of the earth in his wrestle for life. Every time he was thrown on his mother earth he rose again with renewed strength, but when held aloft he was killed. You will never kill Christianity till you succeed in deluding Christians that they can defend it out of the Bible and away from Christ. But every time one is, in the conflict of criticism, flung back on Christ, I ask him if, indeed, he is not renewed; and so in these shocks the church rises again with a new life, because she relies anew on a risen Christ, who is exalted on high, and is going to be the world's Saviour and the world's Conqueror. Because the Bible Society is bringing men's hearts into contact with the heart of the Christ of the gospels; I bid it God speed, and ask for it all the support you can give in money and prayer; and we will all join together in wishing that God may increase its resources and multiply its means of usefulness, and hasten the time when every human home shall find its supreme pride and boast in the Holy Book of God.—Sel.

REAL KINDNESS.

A blind and crippled old man sat at the edge of the icy stone pavement grinding out his few tunes on a wheezy hand organ, and holding in one hand a tin cup for pennies. The cold wind blew through his ragged skirts, and he was indeed a pitiful object. Yet few of the passers-by seemed to pity him. They were all in a hurry, and it was too cold to stop and hunt for pennies in pockets and purses.

A sudden gust of wind blew the old man's cap off. It fell by the side of the pavement, a few feet distant. He felt around for it with his bare, red hands, and then with his cane, but he could not find it, and finally began playing again, bareheaded, with his scanty gray locks tossed about in the wind.

People came and went, happy, well-dressed men and women, in silks and velvets and sealskins, in warm overcoats and gloves and mufflers. But none of them paid any attention to the old man.

By and by a woman came out of an alley, an old woman in rags and tatters, with a great bundle of boards and sticks on her bent back. Some of the boards were so long that they dragged on the ground behind her, and it had evidently taken her a long time to tie all the boards and bits of lumber together and get them on her back.

She came along, bending low under her burden, until she was within a few feet of the old organ grinder. She saw his cap lying beside the pavement, she saw him sitting there, bareheaded. She stopped and untied the rope that bound the bundle to her back, and in a moment the boards were lying on the ground. Then she picked up the cap, put it on the old man's head and tied it down with a ragged string of a handkerchief taken from her own neck.

"Cold, hain't it?" she said.

He nodded.

"Ain't git-tin much today?"

He shook his head again.

She fumbled in her ragged skirts for a moment, and finally brought forth a copper. She dropped it into his little cup, hoisted the great bundle on her back, and went on her way.—Sel.

Hatred stirreth up strifes, but love covereth all sins.

THE MANY AND FEW.

There are many who are willing to reign with Christ in glory, but few who are willing to bear his cross. There are many who are glad to partake of comfort, but few of tribulation; many ready to feast with him, but few to fast. All desire to enter into his joy, but few to bear anything for his sake. Many follow Jesus to eat of his bread, but few to drink of the cup of his passion.

Many venerate his miracles, few accept the ignominy of the cross. Many love Christ as long as all goes well. Many praise him and bless him as long as they receive consolation at his hands, but if he hide himself for a time and leave them, they are cast down and fall to complaining. But they who love him for his own sake and not for any advantage that they receive from him, bless and praise him in the depth of affliction and adversity as earnestly as when they are most filled with comfort.—Thomas A'Kempis.

TESTING GOD.

A short time ago I handed to one of God's own children, who was not a member of my church, some money I had secured for him and his family in their time of need. The tears came to his eyes. The act had touched the tenderest emotions of his soul. He began to tell me of the severe trials through which he had been passing. Said he: "I took it to the Lord. I told him he knew how sick I had been, how long out of work, how dark everything looked and how my wife and I had been fretting, but that for the future I would not fret, but would trust him, no matter what should come. Immediately help began to come." It pays to trust God, God seems to summon us to the high and exalted privilege of testing him, hence he says, "Prove me," "Try me," "See if I will not." Dear reader, have you fulfilled the conditions? If so, joyously and confidently wait till there shall come the blessing—full, abundant, running over.—Sel.
NONE BUT GOD.

Is thy curse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another.
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother;
Love Divine will fill thy store-house, or thy handful still renew:
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain:
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longing still.
Is thy heart a living power? Self-en-twined its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving, love will grow.

DEAR AUNT MATTIE.—As other girls write to you, I thought I ought to write to you also. I went to Sunday School last summer. Our superintendent's name was D. G. Heisy. I like to go. We learn many things of Jesus. I had to commit a verse every Sunday. I am going to day school now. I like my teacher very well. His name is Jesse Asper. I like to go to meeting too. Papa and mamma go to meeting. They call papa a prohibitionist but I don't care. I am a prohibitionist too, and so is mamma, and so is my sister, and so are my six brothers. I think it is right don't you aunt Mattie? I am eight years old.

FANNIE MARY L. HEISEY.

Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

MISSION WORK IN LONDON LIQUOR SALOONS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HURLIN.

Liquor saloons are very numerous in the city of London, and for many years the London City Mission has had missionaries who devote their whole time to work in these houses. When this special work was commenced, there were many persons who thought that it was a questionable one. But the committee of the society rightly believed that the command to "preach the gospel to every creature" must include the vendors and habitues of these places, and that their souls were as valuable as those of others; and therefore they not only continued the work, but have increased it as opportunity served.

The society has now twenty-five missionaries who are wholly engaged in this special work, and their several districts include about 9,000 public houses and 3,000 coffee-shops, giving an average of 4,800 houses to each missionary. One missionary writes: "I can get through my district once in two months, and the persons met with in the year would amount to about 17,000; namely, 14,000 men and 3,000 women. This would embrace persons of all ranks and creeds, and many of them give a cordial welcome. A landlord will tell a customer who makes trouble that he must be quiet or leave; and I remember a case in which, when a new landlord ordered a missionary to leave, a number of the customers showed their disapproval by leaving at the same time.

What about results? God has blessed this work very much; and I could give numerous cases to show this. There are many cases in which landlords and their employees have been converted, and this has, of course, led to the relinquishment of the business. Very often the missionary is invited to visit sick members of the family, and this has led to salvation. With reference to customers, any decided result hinders the man from being met with again at the house; but sometimes one or more will leave with the miss-
ionary for further conversation, and such cases are followed up. And other times the missionaries are accosted by persons who tell them of the place and the time when a conversation led to their conversion. I have room for only two illustrations.

A dirty, drunken old woman said to a missionary, “What have you done to my old man? All the life’s gone out of the man. He used to be good company; now we never have half-a-pint together. He’ll never sing a song now, he’s always reading them books you give him, and going to meetings, and bothers me to go, too; but I’m not going, if I know it.” The old man referred to was met in a low beer-house; and when the missionary talked with him, he swore at him, and threatened him. But the missionary saw him again and again, and at length missed him, and was told, “He’s turned religious.” The missionary afterwards met the man, who asked him what it was to “be born again,” as he had read in the Gospel which the missionary had given him. The missionary answered his question, and led him to Christ, with the result above indicated.

Another missionary met a respectable-looking man in the street, who stopped him, and said: “I think I know you, sir. Didn’t I see you in the F—Arms some few months ago?” The missionary replied: “It is likely; I was there, but I don’t remember you.” The man said: “I thought it was you. Didn’t you read about the Prodigal Son?” “Possibly, but I don’t remember.” “If do, though,” replied the man; “and I have good reason to do so, because it has changed my whole career. You don’t know how hard it hit me. I was then the prodigal. I had been from home for ten years. I had left my father and mother in a tiff, and they did not know that I was not dead; but after I heard you, I could not stay away from them any longer. I went home, and we had such a meeting! Now I’m a teetotaler, and a Christian, and a returned prodigal, for which I thank God, and you, sir.”

While Christians in this country are rightly doing what they can to prohibit the liquor traffic by legal means, might it not be well to do something more, and go to the liquor-saloons, and “preach the gospel” to those they find there, whether they are liquor-sellers or liquor-drinkers?—Sel.

**THE CAGED EAGLE.**

A man had a young eagle. He had caught it when it was young, alive and unwounded, and had kept it and fed it and brought it up and tamed it as far as it could be tamed. He had kept it shut in and domesticated. But he was going to emigrate to the other side of the world, and he thought where would he bestowed his eagle. There was no use in taking it away. And then he thought, well, I will bestow it on no one. I will give the eagle its freedom; and he opened the hen-house where he kept the eagle—oh, there is a kind of sermon in it; there are a lot of eagles living in hen houses—he opened it and he took the bird up and set it in his back garden, and, to his great disappointment, it did not fly. It went about, very likely enjoying the appointment, it did not fly. It went about, very likely enjoying the wee bit bigger walk, that it had, but it did not fly, so he actually lifted it, and put it upon the garden wall, and it looked down, and he began to be a little sad and sorry, and wished that he could have talked to the bird, and told it what the poet said about it, and how it is the symbol of freedom and of power to soar into the very eye of the sun. But suddenly, he said, a cloud that had been there passed away, and a burst of warm light came out, and the eagle looked up. Could it remember the days of its youth? It gathered itself together, and it lifted up one wing, and stretched it out, and it lifted up the other, and then with a scream, away it went, and it was soon a mere mote far away in the blue heavens. This is what faith does to the soul that gets quick touch with God. All the chains are broken. The prison door is opened, and every one’s hands are loosened. “They that wait on the Lord mount up with wings as eagles.”—Sel.

**THE BITTERNESS OF UNBELIEF.**

M. Renan, the brilliant French author and infidel, in his youth was gladdened by the hope and joy of religious faith. He grew wise, however, with that wisdom of men which is foolishness with God, and turning from the Bread of Life prefers to break his teeth against a stone.

What a hymn of despair is the following utterance of his:

“We are living on the perfume of an empty vase. Our children will have to live in the shadow of a shadow. Their children, I fear, will have to subsist on something less.”

This is only surpassed in awful sadness by the exclamation of the lamented Professor Clifford, out of the Egyptian midnight of his professed atheism:

“We have seen the spring sun shine out of an empty heaven to light up a soulless earth; we have felt with utter loneliness that the Great Companion is dead!”

Said the great American apostle of infidelity, standing beside the coffin of his brother:

“Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of a wailing cry.”

“Without God” man has “no hope”; he is a fragment of a broken-up universe, and there is no one to put him in the place where he belongs. But when he knows the Lord, then he finds a Father, a Savior, a Comforter, and a Friend, and his life finds its axis, and moves in harmonious order under the guidance of the gracious and ever watchful providence of God.

Love and obey God.
WARMTH AND VENTILATION.

The two go together, although a great many people seem to think them antagonistic to each other. There must be oxygen to be united with carbon in order to produce heat, and when the oxygen in a room is exhausted no amount of mere heat from a stove will make cold hands and feet warm. The thing to do at such a time is to wrap up, if necessary, open the windows, and get a fresh supply of oxygen; or, what is better, while the windows are up take a run or a brisk walk in the open air until the body is all aglow with exercise. One might as well for all practical purposes sit in a room with a brazier of burning charcoal as to sit in a close room and pour into it the exhalations of the lungs and of the body. Such a room becomes in a measure another Black Hole of Calcutta.

Re-breathed air has no vivifying power. Rabbits and guinea pigs die in pure oxygen after it has once passed through the lungs, and chemistry has not yet learned how to vivify dead oxygen. It must go for that to the great reservoir of air that wraps the world in a mantle forty miles thick.

A red-hot stove is a great destroyer of oxygen, and therefore don't heat the stove to a red heat. Open the drafts and keep the stove hot, but not red. There is nothing like steam heat for comfort and health. It does not burn the air or dry it as do stove heat and furnace heat. And it is to be greatly desired that this method of heating houses should come into universal use. It will not be long before those who have their houses heated by steam will be able to cool their houses in summer by the same appliances as they heat them in winter.

How warm and delightful is a new mattress or a new blanket or a new comforter! And why? Because it has nobody's dead self in it! Bedding can be kept warm and delightful by being kept clean. Airing in cold weather takes the place of soup and water to a great extent. If the sleeping-room has no fire in it, a hot water bag or a soapstone may be put in the bed a short time before it is used to take the chill off. The old-fashioned warming-pan was beneficent. Or one may wrap himself in a blanket kept for that purpose. In a missionary box sent to the new State of Washington a few weeks ago was a handsome double blanket (gray in color) for the missionary to use on his preaching tours to sleep in. For spare beds are often dangerous traps for health and life. We know one presiding elder who sleeps in his clothes when he goes to some quarterly meetings, and dares not do otherwise. A bed made up and left so gathers dampness and is unfit to sleep in.—Christian Advocate.

NOT DEBATABLE.

At a missionary meeting, one of the speakers, Rev. Mr. MacFarlane, of Scotland said, "The question of the expediency or the inexpediency of missions is not one the discussion of which is permitted to Christians; it is only possible in the case of those who are really unbelievers in Christ. And why? Because the very idea of a Christian is that of one who, believing in Christ as the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world, gives himself up to him, and resolves in everything unconditionally and unreservedly, and against all odds,—if need be, against all the world,—to follow Christ wholly, and in everything to keep his commandments. 'He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he is that loveth me.' If a man love me, he will keep my words; 'He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings.' These are the first principles of Christian allegiance. Christian service knows nothing of the modern commercial principle of 'limited liability.' As many as are Christ's when they gave themselves to him humbly resolved in everything henceforth to live not unto themselves, but unto him who loved them, and gave himself for them, and to bring every thought and every act unto the subject of the will of Christ. The command of Christ to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature, is one whose observance is as much incumbent upon us as the commemoration of the Lord's Supper, or as the fulfillment of any other of the Lord's commands."—Sel.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

Upon the higher Alps the snow is sometimes piled so high and so evenly balanced that the crack of a whip or the shout of a voice may give sufficient vibration to the air to bring down the whole mass upon the travelers below.

So in our moral world, there are souls just hovering over the abyss of ruin; a word, or even a look from us may cause them to plunge down into the depths from which there is no return; or a helping hand stretched out to them in the moment of peril may lead them back to the safe, sure paths of virtue and peace.

Then let us, as professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, take heed to the injunction of the apostle, "Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way, but let it rather be healed."

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

MARRIED.