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Henry Davidson
TWO VISITORS.

Last night as I was dreaming of my wrongs, I saw two figures standing by my bed, one so tender or a voice so sweet, imploring me—and never have I heard. And then Forgiveness knelt beside my bed. I thought that Heaven had come down to Earth.

Cruel Revenge, with lofty countenance, last night as I was dreaming of my wrongs, the sinner, no one who believes the Bible, I may have a word to say to that our acceptance depends on the manner of our coming, and the manner of our coming is left to our individual choice.

In the first place, a man may be called, but he is not chosen, simply from the fact that he does not heed the call. He turns a deaf ear to it. Suppose a man be called to dinner, and he chooses to stay away, it is his own fault if he goes hungry. Or, suppose a man be called to a feast, and he, knowing that the law of the house is that guests come with clean hands and a well-attired person, presents himself with defiled hands and slovenly dress, whose fault is it if he is not allowed a seat? Clearly his own.

So the man that is called of God, though he may come, if he does not come according to God's order he can not be chosen.

In Luke 14:33 God's order of coming is briefly stated in these words, "If anyone comes to me, and does not abide in my word, he has no abiding in me." So the man that is called of God must mean the people that in the main are saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God and there is none else.

"Ends of the earth," if it means anything, must mean the people that inhabit all parts of the earth, Gentiles as well as Jews. "For many be called, but few are chosen." Mat. 22:14, "For many are called, but few are chosen." Also Acts 17:30, "And the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." No exceptions here, and if commanded to repent, the inference is that salvation is obtainable. Many more passages might be given of God's calling to sinners, but let these suffice.

From the phrase, "many called, but few chosen," the idea might present itself that many are called who are not wanted; or in other words, they are called but not accepted when they come. In a certain sense this is true, but we will try to show...
without first making restitution where he has overreached his neighbor. Another wants to come, but remains a member of the church he once joined. Another wants to come without forsaking the "lodge." Another wants to come without first being reconciled to his neighbor whom he has slandered. Another proposes to come if he be permitted to carry on a pernicious business. Another one comes but thinks just a little tobacco will do no harm, and can make no difference to the Lord, and the brethren ought to connive at this small matter. Many more things might be named that are a hindrance to being chosen, hence the few in number.

Now let us for a few moments inquire as to the means God employs in calling sinners. (According to regular order this should have been stated first). The Lord's means are various, but nearly in every instance the main reason for responding to a call is the fear of death, and the doom of the wicked in the great hereafter. Christ himself gives fear as an incentive to godliness in these words, "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; but I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: fear him which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you fear him." In Mat. 10: 28 the wording is a little different, but none the less appalling to the impenitent soul. In these passages the Savior emphatically exhorts to fear. It is natural for man to fear death, but according to these words of Christ the natural death is as nothing when compared with the torment of the wicked in their future state. Hence it is no wonder that sinners fear death and the judgment, and oh, that they might fear it with all the agony necessary for a complete eradication of their cherished sinful natures!

We are taught that God is love. 1 Jno. 4: 8. We are also taught that perfect love casteth out fear. 1 Jno. 4: 18. Not all fear as some quote it. It mostly comes this way: The sinner fears God's judgment and the doom of the wicked, and by reason of such fear, he repents of his sins and comes to Jesus. And, on becoming willing to comply with all the demands of the Savior, he is accepted and peace spoken to his soul. He then finds his new Master such a loving Being that he is surprised he did not sooner realize this blessed truth. On arriving at this point the former fear is cast out. The man can now serve God from love, and take delight in his service. But, with all this, he remains a God-fearing person. He in a measure constantly fears displeasing God, either by failure of duties, or by inconsiderate mis-steps.

However this kind of fear has no torment; it is a loving fear. It is such a fear as the loving son has of his father. Such a son wants to please the father, but fears making mistakes in that direction.

But, before proceeding thus far, I had intended to state some of the means God employs to strike terror, or in other words, to produce fear of death and hell. Among these the following may be named:

1. Faithful and earnest preaching of the Word, and setting forth the uncertainty of human life.
2. The death of a near and dear friend is sometimes a loud call from God to a sinner.
3. A narrow escape from death by accident forcibly reminds the sinner of his danger.
4. The thought that Christ may at any moment make His appearance in the clouds of heaven should be a sufficient call to every sinner to cause fear.
5. The threat in God's Book, (Gen. 6: 3) that His Spirit shall not always strive with man, ought to cause the sinner to fear that God will withdraw His Spirit, which would mean sure damnation.
6. A bolt of lightning striking near by us is a powerful reminder of our insecurity from sudden death.
O, sinner, and lukewarm professor, consider these things and take warning!

But what shall I say to the skeptic, or to him who does not believe in the Bible as God's revealed will? Want of space forbids me to say much here; but let me whisper into your ears that your conscience is not at ease, and you know it, although you may try to persuade yourself, as well as others, to the contrary. God calls even you, in your reflective moments. But you spurn the call by rejecting His holy Book—the Book that all the enlightened nations of the earth esteem and hold in sacred reverence. Is it possible that you, a puny man, will persist in considering yourself wise above all the literati of the present and past ages?—Darwin and a very few other noted infidels excepted. I implore you to cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light, and you will behold wondrous things in God's law.

C. STONE, Polo, Ill.
to be His children to also have light in the dwelling place of our soul. We know by experience of a time when we were of those who were in darkness. But now we are light in the Lord, let us then walk as becoming the children of light, and have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. Light and darkness are entirely opposite, it is impossible for them to intermix. Why then should those who profess to walk in the light follow the pleasures and pastimes of those who walk in the dark? The children of God know that if they want true and lasting pleasure they will find it in Jesus Christ, who is the true light, and who will enlighten all that come to Him.

The Bible tells us “he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth.” Jno. 12: 35. Let us then draw near to God, and possess the light, so that, while passing through this world, we may know what is pleasing and acceptable unto God.

In order to keep the light burning we need oil, and of ourselves we cannot get it, but if we ask God He will continually add the oil of grace, and thus the light will be kept bright and burning. And then we become the light of the world. “A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.” Let us then be faithful and we will enjoy happiness in this world, and in the world to come life everlasting.

"BE not carried about with divers and strange doctrines; for it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace." Heb. 10: 35.

This solemn admonition of the Apostle Paul to the Hebrew brethren is needful at all times and in all ages; inasmuch as man’s tendency is needful at all times and in all places. Hence, the Apostle Paul declared, "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed." Gal. 1: 8. Oh, how needful for us, then, to be fully acquainted with that Gospel, and to be stablished in the faith of the Gospel of the grace of God, and to "beware lest any man spoil us through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ!” “Abide in me, and I in you,” saith Christ. “As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me.” Jno. 15: 4.

Truly this world was never more in need of the admonition to “hold fast that which is good” than it is at the present time, surrounded, as we are, on every hand, with “divers and strange doctrines,” placing feelings, excitement, and sensationalism instead of “the knowledge of the Truth.” I will give here, in the writer’s own words, an incident I read in a paper:

“At a religious meeting at which a number of inquirers had shown their desire to know the way of life by coming forward for personal conversation. A person, of the kind who nowadays are called ‘Christian workers,’ asked one of the inquirers, ‘How do you feel?’ After the lapse of a few moments the question was again asked, ‘How do you feel?’ At this we were so aroused that we almost felt like using force to remove the ‘worker’ from the side of the poor soul longing to know what he must do to be saved.’

One thing, above all others, that a convicted sinner should not be told to do is to look within. Satan would have the sinner to look within—in fact, anywhere and everywhere except at what is revealed in God’s Word—the offered and complete salvation in Christ Jesus.

A knowledge of the glorious plan of salvation, and the accepting of it on God’s own terms—that is, to confess with the mouth the Lord Jesus, and to believe in the heart that God hath raised Him from the dead,—brings salvation, “for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.” Rom. 10: 9, 10.

Thus accepting the “gospel of the grace of God” will certainly produce a corresponding feeling, a happy feeling, a joyful feeling, such as the world cannot give. Our gloomy times are the result of our unbelief. Oh, the necessity then to abide steadfast in Him who is our life! so as not to be carried about by any strange doctrine, whether presented to us from within or without.

While in the flesh we are in a state of probation, having warfare with wily and deceitful enemies; but if we truly deny self, and lean without reserve upon the mighty arm of our Redeemer, who hath “all power in heaven and in earth,” then we shall be safe, and shall be joyful in the Lord, and rejoice in His salvation. Grant, Lord, that we shall be preserved from all evil, snares, and temptation, while journeying through this weary wilderness. Amen.

A B.

Stayner, Ont.

Read your Bibles, fill your whole souls with the thought of Christ; make of Him not only a Redeemer, but a Brother; not only a Savior, but a Friend.—Canon Farrar.

“A promise is a just debt, which should always be paid, for honesty and honor are its security.”

Oct. 15, 1892.
The Savior said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Did He mean what He said? I think He did. Then He might have said, in other words, "If you want to be a follower of me, or become one of my disciples, make up your mind to take it as it comes. You will sometimes meet with persecution and temptation, and a rough and thorny path." For such was the experience of all the prophets and apostles, and Christ himself. They all had to meet with great temptations and trials; self had to be denied and the cross taken up, but their end was good. The Apostle Paul could say, "I have fought a good fight." The Lord had said to Ananias, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake," and Paul had made up his mind to obey God rather than man, as all the apostles and holy prophets did.

I was once asked, "How shall we know the Christians nowadays? We are so often disappointed; we think they are Christians, but we find them to be dishonest." I did not know anything more suitable to say than "by the fruit." I think Christ could have taken no better illustration than to say, "Ye shall know the tree by the fruit." If we see a tree full of good and perfect fruit, we do not doubt that the tree is good. We do not say, "let us open this tree and see whether the heart is all right." We are satisfied that the tree is good. "A corrupt tree bringeth forth corrupt fruit, but a good tree bringeth forth good fruit."

I know some say it matters not about the outside, if the heart is right. I say, if the heart is right the outside will come right also. I know there are some hypocrites who appear to be all right in some respects, but this does not indicate that the outside should not be all right. There are many in this world who think the true Christian is only a simpleton, who knows no better. But I think at the great and coming day it will be as we read in the fifth chapter of the Wisdom of Solomon:

"Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labors; when they see it they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for; and they, repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say within themselves, this was he whom we had sometimes in derision and a proverb of reproach; we fools accounted his life madness and his end to be without honors; how is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints; therefore have we erred from the way of truth and the light of righteousness hath not shined unto us, and the sun of righteousness rose not upon us; we weared ourselves in the way of wickedness and destruction, yes we have gone through deserts, where there lay no way; but as for the way of the Lord we have not known it. What has pride profited us, or what good hath riches with our vaunting brought us?"

A few words to the young converts. If we are converted to God, or, in other words, if we have become a child of God, our work is not done yet, but only commenced. I know when I was converted I thought the work was all done, but in a short time I began to see that I must now obey my Father in heaven. Sometimes it seemed a little hard to me, but as soon as I became willing it was easy, as the Savior said, "my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." But I think it is often the case that we begin to look around to see whether there is not an easier way to get to heaven, so that we could be more equal with the world, and that there would be no self-denial, or no cross to take up. When they read, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed," or, "that which is highly esteemed before men is abomination in the sight of God," or, "condescend to men of low estate," then many young converts are not willing to deny themselves. Then they begin to look around to see whether there is not a better way, or more easy to travel, or more according to nature. Though they may have laid a good foundation, they then sometimes take such material that is of a combustible nature, such as wood, hay, and stubble, instead of gold, silver, and precious stones, and at the day of judgment, it will not stand the fire. How careful then ought we to be if we have once laid a good foundation, how we build thereon.

J. Solenberger.

Canton, Ohio.

Why cannot we, as young soldiers of the cross, be more active in the good work? Is it not because we are too much engrossed in the world and "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God?" 2 Tim. 3: 4. How can we say "I am a child of God," and at the same time indulge in the pleasures and fashions of the world?

In 1 Pet. 1: 14, 15 we read that we are to be as obedient children, not fashioning ourselves according to the former lusts in our ignorance, but as He which has called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation. It is a sad sight, and grieves the true child of God, to see so many Christian professors, and even those who belong to plain churches, still fashioning themselves according to the former lusts. They even adorn themselves with gold and pearls and costly array. 1 Tim. 2: 9.
How can such expect to set a good example before the world, while they lead souls away from Christ? Is it any wonder that so many moral people say they are just as good as some of the church members? They do not see the necessity of giving their hearts to God and leading a better life, while the professed Christians do not set a better example.

We should not forget that we have an influence. It is either for good or for evil. We are either winning souls for Christ, or destroying them, but woe unto us if we destroy them. The trouble is there are so many who say little things do not matter. But, "be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6: 7.

"But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Mat. 12: 36. Christ himself spoke these solemn words. Why can we not, in view of all that Christ has done for us, serve Him with all our heart, the short time we have? "No man can serve two masters: for either he will love the one, and hate the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Mat. 6: 24.

Dear readers, let us strive to enter in at the strait gate, because, "strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Mat. 7: 14. May we so live that when Christ comes to claim His own we may be found among the accepted.

M. WHISLER.

"The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation."—Heb, 6: 12.

We are told that the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation. Satan is very artful, and his deceptions are marvelous. No man would know how to deliver the godly out of temptation. There are temptations of prosperity and of adversity; temptations of sorrow and of joy; temptations of sickness and of health; temptations of the flesh and of the spirit; there are temptations of such various kinds that none but an Omniscient One could know how to deliver from them all. But the Lord knoweth how. From the temptations of prosperity and wealth he sometimes saves men by adversity and poverty; from the temptations that come to the strong and well, he delivers by the wasting power of sickness and disease. The glare and glitter of the world grows dim in the gloom of bereavement, and amid the shadows that skirt the dark valley.

The Lord knoweth how to deliver from the temptations that come through flattery and friendship; and often, by the treachery of friends and the malice of foes, he awakens us from our delusions and teaches us to cleave unto the Lord. The malice of those who watch for our halting often causes us to walk circumspectly, and the slanders of those who assail us with malicious pratings, cause us to be watchful, and contradict by our blameless lives the falsehoods uttered by lying lips. Hence, our pains are blessings, and our sorrows and chastisements are for our profit.

It is good for us to be afflicted. Before we were afflicted we went astray, but under affliction we learn God's laws. He deals with us in mercy. Whether our path be light or dark; whether our way be filled with gloom or sunshine, with grief or gladness, it is still "the way that the Lord has led us" and He knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation.

Let us trust in Him, and receive at His hand all that His wisdom sees fit to bestow. We shall find that the path which He appoints is a path of blessing, and that it will lead us at last to His presence, where there is fulness of joy.—Selected.

ARE YOUR PRAYERS WIDE?

How do you pray and what do you pray for? Some people pray for their own families, principally, and in such cases mostly pray for temporary prosperity. Some people pray for their own particular circle of friends, or for their particular church organization. If the average Christian would acknowledge just how closely tied in prayer he is to his own narrow surroundings, no one would be surprised that the world is not being reached faster with the Gospel. We need to have broad ideas of what prayer is and what it will accomplish and what to pray for. The world is ours to pray for and the now almost countless agencies of evangelistic work require broad, far-reaching prayers. How long is it since you prayed for the heathen? how long since you prayed for the missionary in distant lands? how long since you prayed for work in the far West? how long since you prayed for special agencies for reaching the lower classes in society? how long since you prayed for all the churches without regard to denomination? how long since you prayed for every child of God who is making every effort to win souls to Christ? How long since you were willing to take time to pray for all these? Are your prayers broad or are they earnest? Let us expect great things of God for everyone. If our prayers are broad and we are doing what we can to bring the world to Christ, our specific work will be better done and we will know better how to pray for it.—Selected.

"Some plants suffer for want of air. There is a place in your home where the south window of heaven opens upon you and the breath of God’s love fans your cheek. You ought to inflate your lungs there at least three times a day."
A TERRIBLE RECORD.

There are in the United States about one hundred and eighty thousand liquor stores. If formed into a street, with a row of saloons on each side, allowing only twenty-five feet to each one, they would make a street about four hundred and twenty-six miles long. Let us imagine the saloons brought together into such a street, and let us suppose that the moderate drinkers and their families are marching into it at the upper end. Come with me, if you have the nerve and patience, and we will stand at the lower end of that street and see what comes out of it in one year.

What army is this that comes marching along in solid column, five abreast, and extending eight hundred miles? It is the army of seven million men and women who daily enter those saloons for intoxicating drinks. Marching twenty miles a day, it will take them forty days to pass us.

At last they are gone, but out of their ranks has dropped and fallen to the rear another army, marching five abreast, and eighty-five miles in length. In it are five hundred thousand drunkards. They are men and women who have lost control of their appetites, and who more or less frequently get drunk and make beasts of themselves. Scan them closely as they go by. There are gray-haired men and fair-haired boys among them. There are, alas! many women in that army sunk to deeper depths than the men, because of the greater heights from which they fell.

See the trembling limbs, the palsied hands, the untidy appearance, the bleared faces, the blood-shot eyes. They march with unsteady step and in zigzag lines, and it will take them nearly a week to go by. It is a sad and sickening sight—but do not turn away yet, for here comes another army, one hundred and twenty-five thousand criminals. From jails and prisons and penitentiaries they come. At the head of this army is a long line of persons whose hands are smeared with human blood. With ropes around their necks, they are on their way to the gallows. Others are going to prison for life. Every crime known to our laws has been committed by these persons while they were under the influence of drink.

But hark!—whence come those unearthly yells, and who are these, bound with strong chains and guarded by strong men, that go raging by? They are raving maniacs, made such by strong drink. Their eyes are tormented with awful sights and their ears ring with horrid sounds.

But what gloom is this that pervades the air, and what is the long line of black coming slowly down the street? It is the line of funeral processions. One hundred thousand and who have died from alcohol are being carried to their graves. Drunkards do not have many friends to mourn their loss, and we can put thirty of their funeral processions in a mile. We thus have a procession three thousand three hundred and thirty-three miles long. It will take a good share of the year for them to go by, for funeral processions move slowly; yes, most of them do, but every now and then an unconfined corpse in a rough cart is driven rapidly by, and we hear the brutal driver sing:

"Quick! rattle his bones over the stones! He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

Look into the coffins as they go by. See the dead drunkards. Some died of delirium tremens, and the lines of terror are still plainly marked on their faces. Some froze to death by the road-side; too drunk to reach their homes. Some stumbled from the wharf and were drowned. Some wandered into the woods and died, and their bodies rotted on the surface of the earth. Some blew their own brains out. Some were fearfully stabbed in drunken brawls. Some were roasted in burning buildings. Some were crushed to shapeless masses under the cars. They died in various ways—but strong drunk killed them all, and on their tombstones, if they ever have any, may be fitly inscribed: "He died a drunkard's death."

Close behind them comes another long line of funeral processions; we know not how many—but they are more numerously attended by mourning friends. They are the funeral processions of those who have met death through the carelessness and the cruelty of drunken men. Some died of broken hearts. Some were foolishly murdered. Some were burned to death in buildings set on fire by drunken men. Some were horribly mangled on the railroad because of drunken engineers or flagmen. Some were blown up on a steamboat because a drunken captain ran a race with a rival boat.

But here comes another army, an army of children, innocent ones upon whom has been visited the iniquities of their fathers. How many are there? Five hundred thousand. Marching two abreast, they extend up the street seventy-five miles. Each one must bear through life the stigma of being a drunkard's child. They are reduced to poverty, and want, and beggary. Many of them are idiots, made such before they were born, by brutal, drunken fathers; and, worse than all the rest, many of them have inherited a love for liquor and are growing up to take the places and do the deeds of their fathers. They will fill up the ranks of the awful army of drunkards that moves in unbroken columns down to death.

It has taken a full year for the street to empty itself of its year's work; and close in the rear comes
the vanguard of next year's supply; and if this is what strong drink does in our land in one year, what must be the sum-total of its awful results in all the world through the long centuries?

Thus far we have listened to the story which the figures tell. But they cannot tell all. They cannot tell us how many unkind and cruel words strong drink has caused otherwise kind and tender-hearted husbands and fathers to utter to their dear ones. They cannot tell us how many heavy blows have fallen from the drunkard's hand upon those whom it is his duty to love and cherish and protect. They cannot tell us how many fond expectations and bright hopes which the fair young bride had of the future have been blasted and turned to bitterest gall. They cannot number the long, weary hours of the night during which she has anxiously awaited, and yet fearfully dreaded, the heavy foot-fall at the door.

Figures cannot tell us how many scalding tears the wives of drunkards have shed, nor how many prayers of bitter anguish and cries of agony God has heard them utter. They cannot tell us how many mothers' hearts have been broken with grief as they saw a darling son becoming a drunkard. They cannot tell us how many white hairs have gone down in sorrow to the grave, mourning over drunken children. They cannot tell us how many hard-fought battles the drunkard, in his sober moments, has fought with the terrible appetite; how many times he has walked his room in despair, tempted to commit suicide, because he felt that he could not conquer the demon. And finally, we cannot search the records of the

other world to tell how many souls have been shut out from that holy place, where no drunkard enters, and banished to the region of eternal despair by the demon of drink.

What man, what woman, what child, would not vote to have that whole street, with its awful traffic in the infernal stuff, sunk to the lowest depths of perdition, and covered ten thousand fathoms deep under the curse of the universe?—Minneapolis (Minn.) Advocate.

"WHAT AM I DOING."

What am I doing in the matter of religion? This is the grand question, after all. Time is flying. Death, judgment, and eternity are coming. And what am I about? It matters little what I am thinking, feeling, wishing, hoping, meaning, or intending. I must look at my doings. Now, what am I doing? Let me see.

What am I doing with my soul? It will be lost or saved at last. It will either be in heaven or hell forever. Now, am I losing it? If I am the Bible tells me plainly that it is my own fault. The Lord Jesus Christ himself declares that a man may lose his own soul. What am I doing?

What am I doing with my sins? I am a great sinner, and have committed many sins. Unless the sins are all pardoned they will one day sink me into hell. But there is forgiveness provided for any sinner who repents and comes to Jesus Christ by faith. Full forgiveness is ready for me, if I will ask in the right way. It is only "Believe and live"—"Ask and receive." Now, what am I doing?

What am I doing with my Bible? Here is a book which is able to make me wise unto salvation. It can show me how to live and how to die. It can teach me what to believe, and what not to be, and what to do. But it will do me no good if I never read, if it is to help me to heaven. Now, what am I doing?

What am I doing with my Sundays? Here is a day which God has mercifully set apart to remind me of a world to come. Once every week I am asked to give God his day, and to remember my soul. What use do I make of Sunday? Do I spend it in idleness, or eating and drinking, and visiting, and amusement, and selfish pleasures? If I go to God's house, do I carry my heart there? What am I doing?

What am I doing with my influence on others? Everybody has got some, more or less, and it is daily telling on all around him. Now what is my influence on my family, and friends, and relatives, and neighbors, and companions? Is it for their happiness or misery? Is it for good or evil? Am I pushing them toward heaven or hell? Am I helping them to be lost or saved? What am I doing?

What am I doing with Jesus Christ's invitations? He has sent many a message, whether I like to confess it or not. I have heard him sometimes knocking at the door of my heart. By sickness, or sorrows, or warnings, he has often invited me to repent, and be converted. I dare not say I never had a good thought offered my soul, and asking to come in. But what am I doing?

Well! Life is short. I cannot live always. Let me try to answer these questions. What am I doing?—True Believer.

The Word of God is like a lighthouse; it lightens the way into the harbor. It does not illuminate all the land on whose shores it stands, but simply illuminates the harbor and the way to it. The Bible does not tell us all about heaven, but enlightens us sufficiently that we may make the harbor in safety. We shall have all eternity to explore the land beyond.—Ex.
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

A Semi-Monthly Religious Journal,
For the exposition of true, practical piety.
Published in the interest of the church of the Brethren in Christ, commonly called, in the United States, "River Brethren," and in Canada "Tunkers."

Since our report of moneys received for the type fund we have received $13 additional from Stark county, Ohio. If the church will continue to contribute in this way we shall soon be able to buy a job press.

Bro. J. H. Esslemans, of Sedgewick, Kans., writes that he will be here to attend the lovefeast, to be held on the 22nd inst., as announced in another column. We hope to have a precious time at our feast, and we trust the Lord will visibly bless the work with an outpouring of His Spirit.

We would like to call the attention of the friends of the Visitor to the action of last General Conference on the indebtedness of the Visitor. There is yet an unpaid balance of about $150 which should be paid. Friends of the Visitor have advanced this amount to meet this debt with the assurance that it would be refunded to them and we trust that money will be contributed for that especial purpose without delay. When you send the money please state expressly that it is for the back indebtedness of the Visitor.

The time is here when we should make some offer to the friends and patrons of the Visitor as an inducement to increase its circulation, which we earnestly desire to see accomplished. In order to do this probably the best proposition we can make is this: To every new subscriber who will send us one dollar we will send the Visitor from the time we receive the money to January 1894, thus giving the paper free for the rest of this year. The circulation of the Visitor should be largely increased within the next three months, in fact, by a united effort, we see no reason why it should not be doubled within the year. We think it is worthy of being introduced and circulated among thousands of people who have heretofore not seen it, and if every agent and friend of the Visitor will exert themselves we think there will be no difficulty in largely increasing its circulation. Friends, will you help us now.

To those who in the past have so generously contributed to the Benevolent fund, and to all others interested, we would kindly say that we still need your aid. Jesus says, "The poor have ye always with you, and ye can do them good whencesoever ye will." Will you not then continue to send money to pay the subscriptions of those who are not able to pay for themselves? The money sent will be used solely for that purpose.

CHRISTIAN MOTHERHOOD.

His mother made him a little coat.” There is a home-touch of nature in this “wee” passage from the second chapter of the Book of Samuel. Away back in those far-away lands and ages, there was a young wife whom the Lord blessed with an infant son, and her joy was overflowing. “For this child I prayed”—exclaimed the devout Hannah—“and the Lord hath given me my petition. Therefore I have lent him to the Lord, and as long as he liveth, he shall be lent to the Lord.” This solemn vow of consecration was never broken.

Hannah placed her little son Samuel in the care of the High Priest Eli in the house of the Lord at Shiloh. Moreover “his mother made him a little coat,” and brought it to him when she came to offer her annual sacrifices. What sort of a garment could the wee tunic or mantle have been? We do not know exactly; but we may believe that so sensible a mother did not degrade her only child into a doll. I wish I could say as much of thousands of Christian parents in these days who overload their children with costly finery.
As if God did not make a child beautiful enough without being tortured with the tongs and screws of fashion and disfigured with extravagant upholsterings! This folly strikes through into the child’s heart, poisoning it with pride and greed of admiration and vainglory. How can a child be taught humility and frugality and that best of all lessons self-denial, while its graceful form is smothered under the artificial trappings of fopperies and frivolities? Self-indulgence is the besetting sin of the Church in these days; and one of its seeds is planted early, when a child that has been nominally dedicated to God is degraded into an overdressed doll.

But this little coat which Hannah made for her only boy has a far deeper significance. In the Bible, clothing has a figurative meaning; Christianity is spoken of as a vesture, and believers are commanded to “put on Christ,” so that whenever they are looked at, their godly character may be as visible as the garments they wear. In Heaven the saints are said to be clothed in white raiment, which has been washed to a celestial purity by atoning blood. It is not a mere pun to “remind my readers that the word “habit” is used to signify both a bodily dress and also the disposition of the mind toward good or evil. Mothers clothe their children, in both senses of the word. They provide the raiment for their bodies, and, in no small degree, the habits for the mind and heart. God puts into your hands, oh ye mothers! an unclothed spirit as well as an unclothed infant form. You make for your children the “coats,” which no moth can eat or time deface—the coats of character! They are the mental and moral garments which your children are likely to wear through their whole lives. When you send your children away to school or college, you send with them and in them the family likeness. And the characters you are weaving for them—stitch by stitch every day—will outlast your lives, and may be worn by your children when they stand before the Judgment seat of Christ!

This coat-making for your offspring is inevitable and unavoidable. Your children will put on your ways and your habits in spite of you. Your character streams into them—through their eyes and through their ears every hour. What they see you do, they will do. What they hear from you will lodge in their memories, and come out in their conduct. How quick is a child’s eye to observe, and how ready is a child’s mind to receive indelible impressions! No photographic plate is more sensitive to the images which are painted on it. As Dr. Bushnell has happily said: “Every sentiment that looks into the little eyes, looks back out of the eyes, and plays in miniature on the countenance.” A fright on a parent’s face will frighten her child; a smile will kindle into a sun shine on the face which photographs the mother’s.

The most effective part of education is really atmospheric. You mothers commonly create the earliest and the most influential atmosphere for your children’s habits and hearts. The unconscious influence, too, is the most abiding. You may honestly want your boys and girls to be good, pure, truthful, unselfish, lovable—yes, you may sincerely desire them to be genuine Christians. Yet your daily influence may be most unconsciously working right into the opposite direction. Your needless irritations irritate them, and sour their dispositions. Your dissimilarities make them tricky and deceitful. If your boy is handled harshly or jerked into obedience, he will probably turn out a sulky, ob stinate, irritable chap—just what your rude impatience made him. If gossip and scandal make a large part of your table talk, then your children’s teeth will be set on edge. If you give your son a dollar for the toy-ship and only a dime for a Christian contribution box, you thereby teach him self-indulgence is just ten times as important as charity. You may fancy that the play house is a safe school of morals and that the ball room is a safe school for refinement of manners; but if your daughters shall have learned quite too many things in those schools, how will you like the apparel that you made for them? Remember that you are making the cost of character for your children. If you fashion it after a worldly pattern, then they may be poisoned with worldliness; but if you devoutly “seek first for them the kingdom of Christ and his righteousness,” and if you draw them by the powerful traction of a lovable, winsome Christian example, then you may hope to see them arrayed in the “beauty of holiness.”

Faithful, painstaking, prayerful Hannah! The little coat she made for her boy was the type of the character which he wore when he became the upright Judge of Israel. Timothy’s little coat of piety outlasted his mother Eunice and his grandmother Lois. Susannah Wesley was more than the mother of John and Charles; she was the mother of Methodism, and her dead hand rings ten thousand church bells in America every Sabbath. If all the ministers in our land were asked to name the most powerful influence which brought them to Christ, the vast majority of us all would trace our conversion back to maternal teachings and example. For one, I can honestly and gratefully say that my good mother’s prayers and influence were worth to me more than all the wealth of all the Astors and the Rothechilds. The patient, loving hands that wove for us the “little coats” may have crumbled into dust, but the characters that faithful Christian motherhood produces, will live.

“When the sun grows cold, And the stars are old, And the leaves of the Judgment-book unfold.”

I dreamed that I built me a castle,  
A stately castle, and fair;  
I filled it with beautiful pictures,  
And sculptured marble rare.  
Though a world of sin and sorrow  
Was lying all around,  
I built high walls about it,  
To shut out the sight and sound.  
And within my strong enclosure  
I set fair plants to bloom,  
And the splash of a silvery fountain  
Filled the air with sweet perfume.

But suddenly, while I tended  
My beautiful flowers one day,  
My work seemed all in vain,  
My eyes began to weep and pain.  
I threw myself at His feet.  
“O, stay with me now, My Master;  
I have spread for thee and me.”

He answered, “I have other sheep  
Who know not the voice of their Shepherd,  
And strangers my sheepfold keep.  
And some left over too.

And then, before I tended  
The flowers that were my pride,  
He came, in His wondrous beauty,  
And stood so grand and tall,  
And He saw the want and sorrow  
Lying just outside my wall.

“My child, you’re not ready for me,  
Go, but I come again,” He answered,  
“Weary, weak, and heavy laden. Take your burdens to Jesus. He is a friend that’s well known.  
You have no other such friend or brother. Take it to Jesus alone.”

And none but the poorest and lowest,  
Who lived in the homes around,  
Rewarded my eager searching.  
Though nobody else I found.  
Coming again to the Master  
I told Him about my quest.

And He said in gentle accents,  
That the beggars were His guests.  
Into the highways and hedges  
He begged me once more go,  
And bring to my costly supper  
The children of want and woe.

Slowly I went on my errand  
And filled my banqueting place.  
With the poor, and sick, and sinners,  
Then glad grew the Master’s face.

And He wended His way among them  
As around the throne so bright,  
And comforted, healed, and pardoned  
Their sorrow, sickness, and wrong;  
And the fare I had provided  
As just enough for two,

Was blessed till it fed them fully,  
And some left over too.

When all had gone rejoicing,  
I crept to the Master’s side,  
And said, “Dear Lord and Master,  
Will thou not now with me abide?”  
And He lovingly gazed upon me,  
And said, “I have other sheep  
Who know not the voice of their Shepherd,  
And strangers my sheepfold keep.

“I must go. I must seek and find them,  
Unquestioningly I followed,

As He toiled over mountains wild,  
And across the rolling ocean,  
Till we stood in a new, strange land,  
Where palm trees waved in beauty  
By the silvery river strand.

Wherever he moved in the darkness  
He left a golden track,

And I followed His shining footsteps,  
Nor dreamed of turning back;  
And I helped Him carry the message,  
And scatter it far and wide,  
And found when I worked with the Master  
He would ever with me abide.

What became of my stately castle  
I never returned to see,  
For I knew that a fairer mansion  
I waited both Him and me.  
Where the lilies of love are blooming  
By the river of life beside,  
And their through eternity’s ages,  
With the Master I shall abide.

—Selected by Ida V. Harley, Trappe, Pa.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

WORDS OF CHEER.

Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, the church throughout, greeting. I have long felt it my duty to write these words of cheer, but have not been as willing as I should have been to take up this duty. I hoped the Holy Spirit may guide my pen.

To you that are in Christ, and can feel His cleansing power. What more can you ask? Although you may be poor—so poor in the things of this world that you are despised, looked down upon, and even forsaken—yet God says you are rich; yes rich in heavenly things; owned by Him and accepted; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ; a child of the King, an heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown. Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the name of the Lord! Praise Him O, ye servants of the Lord! Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever.

To you that are weary, weak, and heavy laden. Take your burdens to Jesus. He is a friend that’s well known. You have no other such friend or brother. Take it to Jesus alone.

To you that have been long on the way. Oh, do not be discouraged for your redemption draweth nigh! All will soon be over, the days are passing by and every one brings Jesus nearer you and you still nearer home. Yes, He is coming back to this world again. I have been so much impressed that our stay here will not be a long one. Are we ready? Is there oil in our vessels, for in an hour that ye think not there shall be a cry, “Behold the Bridegroom cometh go ye out to meet Him.” Oh, that our lamps be trimmed and burning when Jesus comes!

To those that are afflicted. Be patient for a little while longer. Only a few more trials! Only a few more tears!

To our afflicted blind brother. Oh, you will soon see again. Though tossed by affliction, temptation, and doubts, your trials will soon be over.
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God himself has said, "I will wipe all tears from their eyes." Be of good cheer for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

If anyone should read this who is out of Christ, I would say to you, What is the reason that you are in such a condition? Jesus died for all. If you only believe. Oh, turn to the Lord and cast thy poor soul at His crucified feet. May God's blessing rest upon all who read this.

"Vain, delusive world, adieu! With all of creature good; Only Jesus I pursue; I trample on thy wealth and pride; With all of creature good; He tasted death for me."

Vain, delusive world, adieu. Only Jesus I pursue. I trample on thy wealth and pride; With all of creature good; He tasted death for me.

Talmage, Kans.

ABBIE CRESS.

For The Evangelical Visitor.

DEPRIVED OF SPEECH.

By the guidance of the Holy Spirit I will give my experience. Of late I have felt it a duty to write and have been urged by others to do so, but my courage failed, but I will try again.

Last January I had the La Grippe and had some trouble with my throat and finally lost my speech. I have not spoken a word since the 3rd of March. I must do all by writing; but this is one glorious blessing that some others do not have. It is very uncertain whether I ever shall recover my speech, but with God all things are possible.

I have learned many lessons and it sometimes costs much before I can learn those lessons that my afflictions bring with them, but by the grace of God I want to be resigned. I need the prayers of God's people.

The Lord has said in His word that He will not put more on us than we are able to bear. I take it that perhaps I have not been what the Lord desires that I should be, and He has taken this way to show me that I should at all times be more obedient to Him. I can say, "Thy will be done," for in His hands are the issues of life and death. He can prevent these afflictions or He can permit them. Our life is but a span and we never know what a day may bring forth.

But I am glad now that I did set out to serve the Lord. It is about two years since I united with the Brethren in Christ church. I have never regretted that I gave my heart to God. I hope to prove faithful. I would again ask your fervent prayers in my behalf. I know that I am weak and my writings are imperfect, but I am so glad that I can write even if it is imperfect. I hope many will write for the Visitor, for it is such a privilege to read what others have to say since I cannot converse with them.

IDA KUTZ.

West Fairview, Pa.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Job 13: 15.

In reading the history the Bible gives of individuals who were sorely afflicted, such for instance as the writer of the above language, upon whom the hand of the Lord was laid so heavily, we find such a remarkable and praiseworthy spirit of resignation to the will of the heavenly Father. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Sometimes it occurs to me that the child of God is more afflicted than the sinner, and the question arises in my mind, "Why is it?" The answer comes, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." The Lord knows what is best for us. His efforts are to do us good, and if we endure chastening God deals with us as with sons. Heb. 12: 7.

But, turning to the unconverted: Where is their comfort or consolation? If they look at the uncertainty of life and their lost condition, where will they turn when death meets them? They may try to put away death from their minds, but they cannot put off the hour. O, sinner, why will you not turn to the Lord? The dangers which surround you are many, and you have no consolation in your sins. But if you turn to God and seek and obtain peace with Him, you will be safe. You may have sickness, you may have cares, but you can have the comfort of the Holy Spirit in the time of your affliction.

I know what it is to suffer affliction, but I know, too, the worth of a Savior's love, and that He is a friend indeed. If it had not been for His help and sustaining grace, I do not know how I would have been able to pass through my late suffering. When the only hope the physicians could give me of getting better was to suffer an operation, I felt for the sake of my family I would submit. I took my case to the Lord and He gave me strength.

So, on the tenth of June last, I kissed my dear husband and little children good-bye. I thought perhaps it would be the last time I would ever see them in this world. When I bid my dear old mother farewell I thought her heart would break, I then lay down on the couch, the physicians and nurses standing...
around, all silent. It was indeed a solemn moment. I was placed under the influence of anesthetic and for three hours I lay in a death-like sleep, but it pleased God to bring me back to life and consciousness again. But no one can describe what misery and pain I suffered for the next twenty-four hours. I felt to say

misery and pain I suffered for the

I was placed under the influence of

I was deeply convicted. I attended the meeting nearly every night. Convictions grew stronger until at last I became so deeply convicted that I could eat, sleep, and work but very little. I would go to bed, but not to sleep. I would get up to pray. I thought I was the worst man on earth. My wife said to me, “You will go crazy if you keep on.” I said, “I hope not.” I then went home to my parents.

They were praying people. Mother was pleased. They were glad to see me under conviction and tried to encourage me all they could, but I was not satisfied. I went home into my room, and fell on my knees. I resolved I would not rise from my knees until I felt my sins were pardoned, and to the praise of God I can say, I received a blessing there. I thought the very trees had a different appearance, and I loved everybody. I am so glad that I came out on the Lord’s side.

Then I took to reading the Bible whenever I had a little time. I was baptized and have been trying to serve the Lord for forty-nine years. I have had my dark seasons, but thus far the Lord has delivered me from all my difficulties and trials, and I believe He will keep me to the end, if I put my trust in him. I want to live a Christian life while I am spared.

I attended the love feast at Bro. Coler’s. It was a good feast to me.

N. Plank.

Congress, Ohio.

THE NEW BIRTH.

The Scriptures teach that it is necessary for a man to be born again to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The change from the natural to the spiritual is not great; yet it is so great that it means a re-birth to become a child of God; it is necessary to be begotten by the Word and to be born of the Spirit. This change alone can make a man an heir of the heavenly inheritance. There is no mystery about the birth, it is a process that can be easily understood and admits of full explanation. To be born is to be placed into a new relation. The child that is born into the world is only placed in a new relation and becomes subject to new laws. There is no mystery about this. There is nothing connected that is hard to understand, but life is a profound mystery. No man has been able to trace it to another source. He alone can attribute it to God and truly, too, and no farther can his investigation reach. Life was a mystery, is a mystery now and shall remain so.

But birth is no mystery. The new birth is no mystery, it is a very ordinary process if it is viewed as the Gospel designs it should be. Truly the wind bloweth where it listeth and we hear the sound thereof but we are unable to tell from whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is
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Every one that is born of the spirit, but still the birth is simple.

The new birth so far as a knowledge of it is useful in this existence, is only a change into a new relation. The man who is born into this world becomes subject to the laws which rule it, and in the spiritual birth, the soul is only introduced into a new relationship and becomes, through the operation, subject to the laws of God. It is no longer the servant of the flesh alone but becomes a servant of the spirit which means a servant of God. It is expected that the servant will receive a recompense.

Before the new birth man is wholly the servant of the flesh. He labors for no higher reward than sensual gratification. The flesh is master. After the new birth there is a change. The man only uses his flesh as an instrument to accomplish holy purposes. He is not under the laws of the carnal nature but under the laws of the spiritual. The fruits of this labor are unto righteousness. He no longer lives simply to enjoy, but lives to realize perfect enjoyment in a realm where perfection is the only standard. He lives to dwell in Heaven. Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of Heaven. Jesus Christ has declared this. It is a very reasonable declaration.

How can a soul live in a new place without being placed there? How can a man enjoy unless he is subject to the laws which operate to provide happiness; how can a man live without being born? The soul lives the carnal life by being born of the flesh. It can only live the spiritual life by being born of the spirit. In the new life no new life principle is created, neither is there in the natural birth. It is only placing life principle in a new relation. It is the same, or the same one that is placed in a new relation that is reborn. It is the same identical character after the rebirth that it was before, but it becomes subject or obedient to new laws instead of following the carnal desires. It is actuated by the power of an endless life. It is controlled by the spirit and begins to produce the fruits of the spirit subject to the laws of God.

No man can enter the Kingdom of Heaven without undergoing this change, which is brought about by the Word of God. We are begotten by the Word, and unless we are there can be no hope of happiness after the resurrection. This forever and completely excludes the possibility of eternal enjoyment without obeying the Word of God. A man must obey the Scriptures to become the possessor of eternal life. This is the only way.

No one can steal his way into this world, he must be born of the flesh to enter it and live a life in it. So no one can steal his way into the Kingdom of Heaven, he can only enter there by a birth of the spirit and obedience to the Word. The spiritual birth differs from the natural in one important particular. The natural birth seems to have taken place without the knowledge or consent of the born, but it is not so in the spiritual, the will is allowed to be its own guide in the matter. If the Gospel faith is accepted the rebirth follows, if it is not accepted then their can be no rebirth. So man is placed altogether upon his own responsibility in this matter. It is all within his own knowledge and consent and the consequences are also given.

He who becomes a subject of the Kingdom of Heaven and its laws will be saved, but he who rejects the privilege and remains subject to the carnal nature will be destroyed with the abode he has chosen to dwell in. Christ has appointed only one way of salvation and that way is the new birth. The gate is straight and the way narrow that leads into life, but as many can find it as will seek in faith. Obedience to Christ is the sum and substance of religion. He has contracted to save all who will obey His commandments.

He has not commanded that man should be disobedient, but that he should follow obedience. The man who obeys the Scripture will be reborn. This is certain. There can be no mistake about it. There is no evidence that it is necessary to receive a special dispensation of any kind, for he will save whosoever comes to His appointed way. He will not change it for any, for the plan is completed, and all men can come to it. Faith comes by hearing, and obedience should follow faith. Obedience results in the new birth, then you enter into relation with God. God is a spirit and you are born of the spirit and that which is born of the spirit is spirit.

At the appointed time the spirit leaves the clay and there is no longer any mortality. You become altogether a new being through obedience to the laws of God, and one of His. He will care for his own and no one is able to pluck his own from his hands. There is nothing mystical or mysterious about this process at all. It is true that we cannot comprehend the spiritual through the senses that belong to the flesh. This is evident to the reasoning mind because the scope of our senses is too limited. Even by the sense of sight, without instruments, nothing can be ascertained about the moon and stars beyond the fact that they exist and afford a great amount of light in the night. We know by our own senses that we see effects but we cannot push the investigation far enough to learn all about the character of spirit, its power over matter, where it originates, and whither it goeth. So must every one be who is born of the spirit.—S. H. Lighthill.
THE "LION" SERMON.

There are all kinds of sermons, because there are all kinds of men as preachers. Long sermons and short sermons; dry sermons and interesting sermons; sermons which do good and sermons which do harm; but which one of my readers ever heard sermons; dry sermons and interesting sermons; sermons which do good and sermons which do harm; but which one of my readers ever heard a Lion Sermon? And yet such a sermon was preached last October, in a certain church in London. For nearly two hundred and fifty years a sermon has been preached in the church of St. Katherine Cree, Leadenhall Street, and the text always has the word lion in it. Last year the text was from 1 Sam. 17: 34:—

"Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock."

The origin of this Lion Sermon was as follows:—

During the reign of Charles I. there was a very wealthy and prominent merchant of the city of London, called Sir John Gayer. In 1635 he served as sheriff, and twelve years later he occupied the high position of Lord Mayor of London. In those days merchants went themselves to foreign countries in pursuit of their business, and it was on such an occasion that Sir John Gayer had a most remarkable adventure.

One day, when traveling on business in the East, he happened to get separated from his party, and when thus alone a lion sprang out in front of him. Terribly frightened, he fell on his knees and besought God to protect him, as he was utterly helpless. As he prayed, the lion walked away without touching him.

He rose from his knees with his heart full of gratitude for his miraculous escape, and he determined that when he reached his native land he would take steps to commemorate this answer to prayer.

Accordingly, as soon as he landed at Plymouth, he built almshouses in that town for the poor; and at his death, which occurred in July, 1649, he requested in his will that a sermon should be preached every year on October sixteenth, the day of his escape from the lion, in the church of the parish in London where he resided.

Such was the origin of the Lion Sermon, and it is the only one, I believe, of its kind. But ought it to be? Is Sir John Gayer the only man who, through the goodness of God, has escaped from the lion? Must we go back two hundred and fifty years before we can find a man who has such a cause for gratitude?

How about that terrible lion that haunts all the roads and paths and ways up and down this land—that cruel spirit of evil, Satan—who as a roaring lion goeth about, seeking whom he may devour? I wonder how many readers can say: "Yes, there is that terrible lion in the way, but, through the goodness of God, I have escaped out of his clutches."

You certainly could not have saved yourself. If the Lord had not rescued you, you would have fallen an easy prey to Satan. But if the Lord has delivered you from the destroyer, how about your gratitude? Your whole life ought to be a lion sermon—a thank-offering to God for your escape, and a public confession of your gratitude before your fellow-men.

Take care that Sir John Gayer does not rise up in the day of Judgment and condemn you. He was grateful to God for delivering him from the mouth of a lion who could only hurt and destroy the body, and he let his fellow-citizens know that he was grateful. But God has done much more for you by delivering you from him who can destroy both body and soul.

Year after year has gone by, and still that Lion Sermon is preached; and the old city merchant seems to speak to us, and beg us to put our whole trust in God.

But we shall have heard Sir John Gayer's story to little purpose if we do not also learn to be thankful. It seems natural to turn to our Father when we want him to do something for us; but how often do we remember to thank him when he has done it?

Of the ten lepers who were healed how many were there who returned to give praise to God? Only one!

Oh, let us try to be more thankful to God for what He has done for us, more thankful for all the little acts of kindness which make life bright.

—Selected by Annie P. Rotz, St. Thomas, Pa.

"Often God chooses the humblest instruments. All history teaches the same truth. Moses was the son of a poor Levite; Gideon was a thrasher, and the least in all his father's house; David was a shepherd boy; Amos was a herdsman; the apostles were ignorant and unlearned; Zwingli was a shepherd; Melancthon, the great theologian of the Reformation, was an armorer; Luther was the child of a poor miner; Fuller was a farm servant; Carey, the originator of the plan of translating the Bible into the language of the millions of Hindoostan, was a shoemaker; Morrison who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, was a last-maker; Dr. Milne was a herdboy; Adam Clark was the son of an Irish cotter; John Foster was a weaver; Jay of Bath was a herdsman."

"That man is in darkness who never brings himself forth into the living presence of the Most High; who never brings his thoughts, his aims, his principles, his work to the test of some high and unfailling standard, even the standard of the divine righteousness and truth."
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SEEKING THE LORD IN YOUTH.

Now that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay, before I'll further run,
And give myself to God.

And lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In Wisdom's pleasant way.

If I am poor He can supply,
Who has my table spread;
Who fills the ravens when they cry,
And fills the poor with bread.

O, Lord! whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I will ask no more.

Attend me through my youthful days,
Whatever be my lot,
When I am feeble, old, and grey,
0, Lord, forsake me not.

But still, as seasons hasten by,
I will for heav'n prepare,
That God may take me, when I die,
To dwell forever there.

CATHARINE A. WILDFONG.

Our Young Folks.

Seeking the Lord in Youth.

Now that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay, before I'll further run,
And give myself to God.

And lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In Wisdom's pleasant way.

If I am poor He can supply,
Who has my table spread;
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I will for heav'n prepare,
That God may take me, when I die,
To dwell forever there.

CATHARINE A. WILDFONG.

Grandfather's Letter.

Well, all my grandchildren are here again. You remember it was one o'clock when we parted about two weeks ago. We then had a lesson of one hour. But there are 12 hours in a day—what is that you say, Sarah? 24 hours make a day? yes, I know, but it takes a day and a night to make 24 hours, and the days and nights are nearly equal just now, so we will just count days, and say 12 hours, that will answer our purpose.

We read in the Bible, the days of our years are three score and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, which is 80 years, which is called a day of grace. Then if we divide 80 years into 12 parts, or 12 hours into 80 years we find it will be 7 years to an hour of time (nearly). So then if you are 7 years old it is one o'clock in your lifetime, when you are 14 years it is 2 o'clock in your lifetime, and so on. At 12 o'clock you can count your hour has come, but you can die at any hour. It is said that more than one half the children die before one o'clock, that is, before they are 7 years old. My Mother died soon after 7 o'clock, and my Father died before 10 o'clock of his lifetime. It is now past 10 o'clock of my lifetime.

Now this article is long enough, but I am not done yet with "time." Maybe you will hear more from Grandfather.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

The Fading Flowers.

Dear Children,—I sometimes see letters in the Visitor from young pilgrims and children that make me rejoice, knowing that you have love for God and His people. Oh, that God would draw many more children to look to Him! You know when Christ was here He said to the people, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Again, we read, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." You may wonder why Jesus said this. It is because He loves children, and He loves them because they have not yet wandered into sin. He would love to have them give Him their whole lives.

This time of the year always makes me feel sad. A few months ago God caused the trees to bring forth their beautiful leaves and the green grass to grow, and beautify the earth; birds were singing and warbling in the trees and the children were glad to know that Spring had come again. But alas! time has passed by and the autumnal gloom is spreading all over the land. This reminds us of our fleeting life. The leaves are dropping one by one, little leaves as well as large ones, telling us that Summer is past.

Now children, I think you all can call to memory some schoolmate, friend, sister, brother, or perhaps a parent, who has fallen as a leaf, and is now hidden from your sight. When you want to think of them you must think over where Jesus is. If they were Christians and you are faithful to your Savior, who died for you that you might be saved, you can meet them again on that shore where you will be robed in white.

Who of you have not a loved one lying in the grave? Jesus said He would come again, and then He will call all people forth, great and small. Every eye shall behold him, Won't you be glad when Jesus comes and you have been obedient children. Jesus said, "Children obey your parents," and whatever Jesus says you must do or he cannot love you. If you have no father or mother then look the more to Jesus, for He promised to be a father to the orphan children. Turn early to God, give Him your whole heart and He will lead you along by His gentle hand all through life.

Jesus wants us to be ready at all times to meet Him. That gives us no time to be naughty or to say bad words to parents or brother or sister or any one, for we are to love everybody. I often think back over my childhood days, when I was under my parents' roof. How bright the world looked to me then! I knew no real sorrow. If I felt hurt I would go to mother. She would soothe my sorrow and I would go on my way rejoicing, looking forward still for brighter days to come. I thought this world was good enough for me. I put off my return to God not seeing the danger I was in. If the Lord had called me then I would not have been ready.

How thankful I am that the Lord spared me! How many little graves you see when you go to the graveyards telling you the old must die and the young may.

Many are the hours I spent in my old home rambling in the meadows and woods, with my brothers and
sisters and schoolmates, gathering
wild flowers for our teacher or pa-
rents.
The flowers I saw in the wild wood
Have since dropped their beautiful leaves,
And the many dear friends of my childhood
Have slumbered for years in their graves.

But the bloom of the flowers I remember,
Though their smiles I shall never more see,
For the cold, chilly winds of December
Stole my flowers, my companions from me.

How dark looks this world, and how dreary,
When we part with the ones that we love!
But their rest for the faint and the weary,
And friends meet with lost ones above.

Dear children—Many of those
with whom I played when young are
now sleeping the long sleep of death
Till Jesus will have the trumpet to
sound and bid them rise triumphant
over death, ever to be with the Lord,
and friends meet with lost ones above.

But in heaven I can remember,
When from earth my proud soul shall be free,
That no chilly winds of December
Shall steal my companions from me.

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