Evangelical Visitor- November 15, 1892. Vol. V. No. 22.

Henry Davidson

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

Part of the History of Religion Commons, and the Religion Commons
Permanent URL: https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor/93

Recommended Citation
https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor/93

Sharpening Intellect | Deepening Christian Faith | Inspiring Action

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

I'm kneeling at the threshold, very faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
The glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.

A weary path I traveled, 'mid darkness and storm,
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my own;
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er,
I am kneeling at the threshold, very faint and sore.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed, as they stand
Singing in the sunshine in the far-off shining land;
Oh! would that I were with them, amid the shining throng.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done!

With them the blessed angels that know no grief or sin.
I see there by the portals prepared to let me in.

O Lord! I wait thy pleasure, thy time and ways are best,
But I am wasted, worn and weary, O Father bid me rest.

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

For the Evangelical Visitor, OUR MISSION.

No matter of importance is developed without opposition. A mushroom or toadstool may chance to spring up on any fine summer day.

The massive oak or the stately pine speak to us majestically, only after having undergone marked climatic changes.

In either case however the perfection of beauty must be developed from a germ. This is a prerequisite to every thing or work.

But the existing conditions are not always the necessary conditions to right development.

The spirit of missions does exist, and will be found, though often in the germ state, in the make-up of every soul who has learned to call upon Jesus as Christ and Lord. Yet alas, too often, for the existing conditions! God truly supplies the germ and is ever ready to give the increase. The question however remains, “Who will do the planting and the watering?” Every seed must be planted at least by nature’s hand. Moisture is essential to growth. Is the prerequisite found in the church? We answer; yes. Is the germ planted and watered by faithful hands? We leave for every brother and sister to answer.

It has been justly said: “A knowledge of missions is necessary to the growth of missions.” But, wherein shall this knowledge come to us? If each individual is left to read, inquire, and investigate for himself, many Christians (?) will be born, nurtured, and perish from the earth without nearing an approach to an adequate idea of the actual necessity, or the magnanimity of the work before us. We could make public the name of at least one person, and without doubt many more, who have for many years had connection with an organized brotherhood, and yet, within the bounds of said organization have never had access to one missionary sermon.

What, of necessity, must be the fruits which follow the planting and watering of the germ under such conditions?

The surrounding atmosphere has much to do with the actual fruits of any growth. If a church is not endowed with the spirit of missions, it will be vain indeed to look for “grapes on thorns, or figs on thistles.”

We know there are those who do not solicit mission sermons; probably for reasons too delicate to be here mentioned. The actual necessity of a matter, however, has often more bearing than individual or personal feelings. There are those who are so zealous (?) of the Gospel as to have taught but Gospel preached, who if asked to define Gospel would put any and every construction upon the word except “glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people.”

If this message shall be to all the people, there must of necessity be trained messengers. Opposition to this idea does manifest itself. It however remains a truth to be confronted by young and old. What efforts has the church put forth to bring out the young and train them into Christian work. Our acts may belie our words when we say that the development of Christian activity is a greater necessity than to hoard up silver and gold, houses and lands.

The suppression of the spirit of Christian activity in the young by ecclesiastical dignitaries ever has and ever will bring about stagnation, mortification, and death final.

There are too many professors, who allow themselves to be waggled
along with folded hands—in the face of gospel necessities—to old age, and then being both unable and unwilling to take hold manfully of present work, as with Christian endeavor, will bind hand and foot and make paralytics of such who might be both willing and able to make strides for the right.

When Christian activity began to manifest itself in D. L. Moody, some grave official said, “I think your silence will glorify God more effectually than your speech.”

To the chagrin of many it has however been made plain that man’s thoughts must not necessarily correspond with God’s purposes. The proper place to begin our mission truly is at home. It is however true that men have spoken, and men may speak, of the mission at home even while decades and even centuries roll into the forgotten past, yet if no definite effort be made to train the rising worthies into special lines of Christian labor, the woes of home neglected will become unbearable, while the adage is being fulfilled: “Do naught for others, and you will do nothing for yourself.”

We must arise and that in our might. If we allow ourselves to be bound by father or mother, brother or sister, houses or lands, local prejudices or church officials, the work of our age will not be done. But if men will arise and go forth in the spirit and power of the Master, then will our mission become fulfilled; the consummation of this age will draw nigh, and the knowledge concerning the Lord will cover the earth as the waves cover the sea. —H. N. ENGLE.

Navarre, Kans.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

OLD ENOUGH FOR JESUS.

BY C. H. BALSBAUGH.

To a mother and her little daughter.

Beloved Sisters in Christ,—Life is an awful fact. God is its fountain.

Ps. 36: 9. We are His offspring. Acts 17: 28. Its reproduction is the highest, Divinest human prerogative. Angels have not such honor. To propagate “the brightness of His Glory, and the Express Image of His Person” is the supreme function of the Holy Spirit in Human Nature.

The flesh was never meant to be the home or vehicle of the Devil. Jehovah is the rightful Occupant.

Your letter made my soul jubilant. When God’s rule becomes the human exception, even the church looks suspiciously on the Divine Order.

What many are ready to pronounce delusion and fanaticism is the beauty and glory of the Divine Arrangement. You are only getting back to the original ways of “the Everlasting Father.”

It seems abnormal to most persons for a child of five years to ask “what must I do to be saved?” To knock at the door of the church importunately until seven years of age and then enter with all the triumph of conscious reconciliation to God, is regarded as quite an anomaly. But it ought to be as common as for a child to enter the family when it is nine months old. If children were begotten and trained in and for the Lord, very few would be outside the church at the age of seven. The experience in Luke 1: 41, 44, should be the testimony of every Christian mother. The sublime, solemn trust of begetting children for the Lord is criminally ignored. The Holy Virgin, who has God for a Husband, must necessarily have Emmanuel for a Son. And the ecstatic Elizabeth, who is thrilled in the centre of her maternal nature by the Holy Ghost, cannot otherwise than bring forth the Herald of God Incarnate.

We miserably mutilate “the Gospel of the Son of God,” when we defer its application to the post-natal period of childhood. At the point where God made His first organic contact with humanity, there parents are to make the beginning of the Christian nurture of their offspring. Christ claims the whole life from its inception on through all Eternity. The Devil can and does infuse his poison into the embryonic life through the mother’s blood. Cannot the Holy Ghost impart Divine influence through the same medium? Unquestionably. “What is born of the flesh is flesh,” but the Christed soul is “not after the flesh, but after the Spirit,” John 3: 6, and Rom. 8: 1. Mary’s flesh was literally like any other flesh. But her whole being was dominated by the Holy Spirit through the perfect receptivity of faith. Luke 1: 38. Oh, the horrible desecration of parentage, even by Christians! How seldom is God a Factor in generation. How few execute the exalted function of perpetuating the work of God in man within “the rent veil, that is to say, His flesh.” Heb. 10: 20. God knew at what point to introduce His redeeming and sanctifying energy; and when the church wakes up to her God-assigned mission of “possessing her vessel in sanctification and honor,” “Jerusalem will again be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof.” 1 Thess. 4: 4. Zech. 8: 5. God has no interest in parentage that is under the ruling of the flesh. In its deepest depths and to its remotest limits, “the carnal mind is enmity against God.”

Tell your little girl-saint for me in the Name of Jesus, that she is to “grow up IN HIM IN ALL THINGS, which is the HEAD, EVEN CHRIST.” Eph. 4: 15. We are to be subject one to another only as all are subject to Christ. Our life is Christ, in whom alone we are complete. Col. 3: 4, and 2: 10. He will not fail to honor and magnify 1 Cor. 12: 23, however much we forget and dishonor it. He will cherish and bless His little toe even when we deem it beneath us to bind and soothe it. The “woe” of Matt. 18: 6, 7, has
lost none of its certainty and terror. God's pleasure in the "little ones" is so special and exquisitely exquisite, that He has a brimming anathema for those who offend them. A child-loving Jesus! What a thrilling conception!

Bind 2 Tim. 3: 16, and Col. 3:16, as a mitre of gold upon your forehead, and feed your little Christ-child with "the sincere milk of the word" as often as you feed her with her mother's milk when she yet lay on your bosom. 1 Pet. 2: 2. Let it be Bible, Bible; Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, from morning till night, from New Year to New Year. Talk Jesus, look Jesus, live Jesus. "I live, yet not I, but Jesus liveth in me." Gal. 2: 20. This is the Divine Ideal of a saint. Let your child get her own conception of Life by familiarity with the recorded example and teachings of the Godman. Let tradition be scarce. That is a later dish in Christian dietetics. It makes thousands of spiritual dyspepsics and hypochondriacs. If nothing were known and believed among us but what we know so little of the Bible. We have a little stammering of the letter, but 1 John 1: 3, and 5: 20. Nothing is "sufficient" but a Divine Incarnation, as real and regnant as the immance of the soul in the body.

May you and your dear little Christian daughter enjoy ever-sweetening "seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." The "failure" of Matt. 28: 20 has lost none of its reality and sweetness.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

GRACE SUFFICIENT.

"My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." 2 Cor. 12: 9.

Whatever may be our difficulties or our distresses in our state of probation in this present life, we find in the Bible a sufficient remedy to soothe our sorrows and our distresses, and to make us perfectly safe. All our comfortings in the Word of God are for a direct application to ourselves, or by references in seeing how God dealt with others in their distresses. In the case of the Apostle Paul we see when there was given unto him a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet him, and in his distress, no doubt, he sought (prayed) the Lord thrice, in unison with the poet, "Nearer, nearer to Thee, nearer to Thee," is the ever-singing hymn of faith, hope, and love. Through His Word, His appointments, His Providence, His Spirit, we will be sure to realize

In this state of humiliation is our safety. "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity whose name is Holy: I dwell with him who is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Isaiah 57: 15.

Holy Father grant us, who are thus leaning upon thee, grace and strength to present, at all times, our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto thee, which is our reasonable service. Amen.

A. B.
Stayner, Ont.

"There is plenty near at hand for you to do in the line of mercy and help. Don't think because you are in the country or in a small town that you have no opportunities."
The season of the “sere and yellow leaf” is again upon us. The summer days are now only a memory of the past. The ever-shortening days give us the long evenings for reflection and contemplation; and to the thoughtful mind the season of the year teaches many solemn lessons indeed. What a picture of human life! The leaves flying in the air and strewing the ground, tell us in mute but eloquent language, how true are the words of the inspired writer, “We all do fade as a leaf.” No matter where our position, on the topmost twig or the lowest limb, the biting frosts and relentless winds eventually dislodge all.

Again how like the faded and fallen leaves does death level down all human distinctions. Who amid the millions of fallen leaves of the forest, can tell what position each one occupied on the tree on which it grew. All alike hasten to decay, and a tiny pinch of mold is all that is left of the once beautiful leaf; and in like manner, were it not for the costly monuments that mark the graves of the world’s great ones, no one could distinguish in the handful of mold that remains of each, the king from the beggar.

Again we notice that through some cause or other some leaves fade and fall long before the majority of their fellows. Who does not remember some dear child, or perhaps schoolmate, or friend, who like an untimely leaf has faded and fallen in the spring or early summer of life?

“Leaves have their time to fall, And flowers to Wither at the north wind’s breath,”

Each have their times and seasons all, But thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.”

As our memories are awakened by the scenes around us we recall in mental pictures loved ones long since faded as leaves. How we are “Haunted by a tone of a voice from this world gone.” And how often when

“Silently the shades of evening Gather round our lowly door; Silently they bring before us Faces we shall see no more.”

“Of the lost, the unforgetful, Though the world be oft forgot; Of the shrouded and the lonely — In our hearts they perish not.”

“Living in the silent hours, Where our spirits only blend, They, unlinked from earthly trouble; We, still hoping for its end.”

To the aged especially, who have reached or passed the allotted time of human life, what sad musings are stirred up by the rustling Autumn leaves. To them the busy world of to-day has no attractions. They dwell in the past while they live in the present. And as the increasing cold drives them from the sunny porch to their fireside corner, it brings more forcibly to mind days long gone by. The old home, the open fireplace, the blazing log fire, the dear old parents, brothers and sisters, the old log schoolhouse, with its severe but practical old master; the dear schoolmates who studied and played together; where are they now? Gone, gone; faded as leaves.

“Former friends, how oft I’ve sought them, Just to cheer my drooping mind; But they’re gone like leaves in autumn, Scattered by the dreary wind.”

And the aged pilgrim quietly awaits the stormy blast that will dislodge him as the last leaf from the tree.

To the unconverted the falling leaf appeals and says, “Prepare to meet thy God.” “Set thy house in order.” Thou too must “fade as a leaf,” and while I, a simple leaf, have fulfilled the purpose of my creation thou, who hast an immortal soul to save or lose, livest on in utter indifference, without hope and without God in the world. The time will come when those active limbs will totter and stumble. The bloom of your cheeks will fade, the lustre of your eyes become dim with the films of dissolution, and all your earthly hopes and ambitions come to an end. Earthly scenes will fade from your closing eyes, the circle of weeping friends at your bedside recede from your view, and leaving your frail body as a faded and fallen leaf, you stand before your Maker, a naked soul, and if, in life you neglected to number your days and apply your heart unto wisdom, in the bitterness of your soul you will cry: The harvest is past, the summer is ended and I am not saved.”

To the Christian however the fading leaf suggests more than decay. It reminds us of him who died and rose again, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. We look beyond the fading and the dying, to the bloom of the resurrection morning, when

“Our ransom’d dust revived, Bright beauties shall put on, And soar to the blest mansions Where our Redeemer’s gone.”

We think of the glorious tree of life whose unfading leaves are for the healing of the nations; a home where pain and death can never enter, where no funeral processions ever traverse the golden streets; a land “where everlasting spring abides, and never withering flowers;” where in glorious form and unfading beauty God’s once scattered and suffering children shall reunite in eternal friendships in an eternal home and receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

Richmond Hill, Ont.
F. ELLIOTT.

“If you are pleasing God and your conscience do not make yourself miserable because a few men are displeased.”

Nov. 15, 1892.
The Clean with the Unclean.

Man in his natural or unconverted state is, according to the Scriptures, counted unclean. But, through the wise Providence of God, there has been brought about a process for the cleansing of the soul. This was accomplished through the coming of the only begotten Son of God into this world, who, being obedient to the requirements of His heavenly Father and taking upon himself the sins of the whole world, suffered and died and rose triumphantly, thus opening a way for the unclean to become clean.

And with those who have passed through this cleansing process a remarkable change has taken place; that heart which before was above all things deceitful and desperately wicked (Jer. 17:9) has become a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Having been thus changed and desiring to follow on in the foot-prints of the meek and lowly Lamb of God, we must take for our sure guide the Word of God, which will point out to every believer a self-denying way.

The one who uses profane language must leave off this sinful habit and his conversation must become humble and meek. flaming out of the body and mind must he conduct his conversation. The one who uses unclean language must leave off this sinful habit and must take a self-denying way.

For our sure guide the Word of God, in the foot-prints of the meek and lowly Lamb of God, we must take. The one who uses profane language must leave off this sinful habit and his conversation must become humble and meek. flaming out of the body and mind must he conduct his conversation. The one who uses unclean language must leave off this sinful habit and must take a self-denying way.
glorious leader, namely, the Spirit of God. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God." Rom. 8: 14. "He (the Spirit) will guide you into all truth." John 16: 13. What is truth? The Word of God is truth; therefore the Spirit will lead us to obey the whole Word, from the beginning of Matthew to the end of Revelation. In 1 Thess. 5: 22 we find these words: "Abstain from all appearance of evil." Now I would say to those who believe "a little" will not hurt them, when you stand before the bar at the hotel, was it the Spirit that led you there? Could you ask the Lord to go with you? When you are filling your pipe to have what you call a "good smoke," can you look up to heaven and thank God that He has given you the privilege of enjoying another smoke? Whatever you do, do it all to the honor and glory of God. If you can bring honor to God by so doing, keep on; if not put it away from you and let it not be once named among you.

"A little will not hurt a person." How would it be to use a little profane language, to tell a few untruths, to take "a little" that is not our own? The inconsistency of such a course is evident. Let us awake to the fact that that which is evil, or tends to evil, should be left alone entirely.

Jonathan Lyons.

Victoria Square, Ont.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

THE GOSPEL.

Long ere this world was created numerous intelligent beings surrounded the Deity in the celestial worlds, who gave honor and praise to God and the Son (not then yet the Son of man) in beauty and perfection. One of these beings, called in Scripture the "covering angel," exalted himself; having a desire to receive the honor due to the Son, he was displaced from his position and became the enemy of God and everything that is good. But God, to show his amazing goodness and boundless love, saw fit to create another being inferior to the former but in His own image, and called it good.

This being (which is called man) was created of earth, and after he was created God breathed into him the breath of life, and he became a "living soul," and was placed in that position that he could reach out and partake of the fruit of the tree of life, be obedient to God and live, but he could also take of the fruit of the tree of "knowledge," of which God said "that the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt die."

Through deceit of the enemy man was induced to disobey God and the result was that man died. Now comes in the design of the Gospel. What is now to be done in this emergency? God drove them from their pleasant abode and pronounced the curse upon the earth for their sake, which is very far-reaching; but at the same time announced a plan of restitution or redemption of all things, through the promise made to them that the seed of woman should bruise the serpent's head.

The fulfillment of this promise was long delayed, but all who believed the word of promise could meet the approval of God; and this promise was repeated in different ages to different persons and also in diverse declarations, but all pointing to the same object, viz.: The Savior of mankind and the destroyer of sin.

In due time the Son became incarnate and became as well the Son of man as the Son of God. I need not enumerate the wonders he performed, the goodness he revealed, and the mercies he manifested in order to propagate His Gospel, but suffice it to say that the Son of God fulfilled that part of the work of redemption which God designed He should fulfill while in the flesh, and sealed the same with his blood, dying between heaven and earth, the "just for the unjust," that God might have compassion on sinners, or in other words that sinners may live through His righteousness, if they believe His Gospel and obey the same.

No wonder then that the Gospel shall be preached to every creature, because "it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth," but it is death to him who believeth not. Let us then believe and obey and enjoy God's blessings while we may.

J. E. Mihler.

Canton, Ohio.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

ARE WE AWAKE?

"Upon the first day of the week let every one lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." 1 Cor. 16: 2.

Are we awake to this passage of Scripture? Are we doing our duty towards the wants of the ministering brethren, and those who give their time and attention to the spreading of the Gospel by leaving their homes and families, which are just as dear to them as ours are to us.

Some will say, "How much shall we give?" This passage gives a plain explanation, "as God hath prospered him." This should be enough to arouse us all to a sense of duty, to supply the necessary means which it takes, such as railroad fares and other necessary expenses. Where such means are not provided for how can we get by this: "do unto others as ye would they should do to you." Is the church awake to her duty, or does the one side of the church think the brethren of the ministry should do all. Have not we as laymembers something to do? Are we taking our full share upon us, not only by giving the necessary means, but by also offering ourselves and our assistance to accompany them and help them to spread the Gospel.
There are always opportunities to do good, it matters not where we are. Now if we see a place to do good how can we go by Jas. 4: 17. "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not to him it is sin." If we want to be freed from sin, then let us be faithful and obedient unto the Lord, and put our trust in him, that our treasure may be laid up in heaven, and that we may receive a crown of righteousness.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." How shall we give? The thing that is most needed is most appreciated. The free-will offering seasoned with love is the one accepted with God. So let us be obedient unto the Lord. J. K. FORNEY.

Abilene, Kansas.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

WOMAN'S COVERING.

Why shall a woman wear a covering when communicating with God? is often the question asked. The answer is often given in this way: Because she is commanded to do so. But why is she commanded? This demonstrates to us that the question is still unanswered. Let us see whether we can answer the last question to the satisfaction of our reader. Does not Paul say that the head of Christ is God, and the head of man is Christ, and the head of woman is man?

Now we see the regular order of intercession in creation, without any provision for woman would be: man through Christ to God; woman through man to Christ, to God. What a painful disadvantage the woman would experience had she to depend on man, a weak and sinful being, as an intercessor between herself and Christ! Now to avoid such an imperfection in woman's supplication she is commanded to cover her head, which places her independent of man in her devotions, and her petitions are sent to God through Christ, the same as are those of man.

Are we not commanded to pray to God through Christ? Yes. "For indeed a man ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of the man. The man is not without the woman, neither the woman without the man in the Lord." J. B. ZOOK.

Morrison, Ill.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

CONCERNING 1 COR. 3.

There has been much said through the columns of the Visitor on this chapter, and I thought I would add my thoughts on it. In all Paul's writings if he had anything to say about ministers or any special person, he said it unhesitatingly. He charges the Corinthians with being carnal. One said, "I am of Paul, and another, I am of Apollos." But he goes on to say that neither he nor yet Apollos is anything, but laborers with God. Then he says, "Ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building." Further on he says that he as a wise masterbuilder has laid the foundation, which is Jesus Christ.

Now he goes on to say if any man build good or bad material, that the fire shall try it of what sort it is. If any man's work shall abide that he built thereupon (that is upon the foundation) he shall receive a reward. This reward is for anyone, no matter who or what person, for in the 8th verse he says "he that planteth and he that watereth are one, and every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labor." In the 15th verse he says, "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."

Then he says further "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you, and if any man defile the temple of God him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. Let no man deceive himself. "And again, the Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise, that they are vain; therefore let no man glory in men, for all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's." F. F. BAKER.

Nottawa, Ont.

Single-mindedness, or simple-mindedness, is a characteristic of childhood; and child-likeness is the standard of greatness for the disciple of Jesus. "Blessed are the pure in heart,"—the single-minded, child-like disciples.—"for they shall see God." In looking for God, or for God's truth, we are apt to look with a wondering gaze, as if we could not hope to see what we look for directly before us or just on the surface; and so we fail in our search. Except we become as little children, we cannot have the blessings that are given to the child-like. It is a strong thinker, and a child-like looker for God and for God's truth, who has said: "The simplest things, after all, are the hardest, apparently, for people to see. They are looking, like Naaman, for great biddings or teachings. I am so glad Jesus thanked the Father, as he did after John's disciples had come to him from their master, that God had revealed these things to babes. I know I do want to be numbered among those babes, whose eyes, unambitious or unable to see perplexities, are content with lovingly looking at the simplicities which there are in Christ." It is better to look right at God, or at God's truth, with a child's simple directness of gaze, and see clearly what is to be seen, than it is to look at the difficulties in the case, and never get beyond them, like so many "wise and prudent" searchers after unperceivable truth.—Selected.
EVANGELICAL VISITOR. Nov. 15, 1892.

BENEVOLENT FUND.

Fanny Brubaker $1.00

In the fourth death notice in the Visitor of November 1, a mistake occurred in the name. It should read Knupp instead of Krupp.

The Kansas Christian Advocate comes to us this week enlarged and improved. It looks bright and cheerful and contains much useful matter. We congratulate Bro. Dougherty in the improvement; it is an indication of prosperity. It is published at Topeka, Kans., at one dollar a year.

Bro. Geo. Dotwiller, of Shekerston, Ont., is now on a mission to Mechanicsburg, Pa., to remain about six weeks. We trust to hear good results from his labor there.

The lovefeast at Rosebank, Kans., on the 5th and 6th inst., was fairly well attended. We had good meetings, and arrangements were made to hold a series of meetings there to follow the feast. Bros. J. H. Eshleman and Noah Zook remained to continue the work.

We have no doubt but that the friends of deceased persons would be gratified in having something favorable said about their deceased friends, but we think there is too much of it, and it is necessary to draw the line somewhere. Ministers and others who write death notices, can you not shorten up your eulogies. It may be all right that something of the merits of the deceased should be said, and it might be said with benefit too, yet we think that especially in the publication of some favorite hymn one line, or at most one verse, would be just as good as more. Let it be understood that the general reader of the Visitor is not so much interested in reading long accounts of the merits of deceased friends as he is in writings of general interest.

A VISIT TO THE WEST.

Eld. Samuel Zook, of Abilene, in company with Bro. Eli Hoffman, of Navarre, Kans., contemplate an extended mission visit in the interest of religious work in the West. Their proposed route will be through Washington, Oregon, California, and return by Phoenix, Arizona, where there is a small society of the brethren that they will visit especially, with a view to organization. There are scattering members in the states named that they will try and visit, and it would be well if those residing there would immediately write to them, giving information by which their place might be reached the most readily.

PLAGIARISM.

Occasionally we notice articles published in some of our exchanges that have been published originally in our own paper, to which we do not object in the least; in fact, we are glad to note that matter in the Visitor is considered by contemporaneous journals worthy of a place in their columns. But we think it altogether wrong for other persons to appropriate articles written for and published in the Visitor to their own use, and send them in to another paper as their own production, or as original matter over their own signature, as was recently done with an article that had appeared in the Visitor and several weeks after appeared in another paper as original. Some people may not think it wrong to do so, and the paper to which it is sent by the party copying it may not have known that it had appeared elsewhere, and in such cases they of course are excusable. We publish this merely for information.

We would say then to our correspondents, if you copy any articles from other papers, or if you quote anything from any other author, always give due credit by using the quotation marks, and if you add your name always say “selected,” and if possible give name of writer.

THE GIFT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Query: What is the gift of the Holy Ghost? Please answer through the Visor. Z. Lyons.

Buck defines the “Holy Ghost to be the third person in the Trinity,” and also “a real and distinct person in the Godhead.” Again he says, “It is no less evident that the Holy Ghost is a divine person equal in power and glory with the Father and Son.” Again he is said to proceed from the Father and to be sent by the Father and the Son upon...
Disciples. John 14: 26; 15: 26; to be the Spirit of the Father. Math. 10: 20; 1 Cor. 2: 11, and the Spirit of Christ Gal. 4: 6; Phil. 1: 19. There are many passages in which He is described as exercising the acts, thoughts, emotions and volitions of a distinct person.

Thus we have a plain statement of what is meant by the Holy Spirit, and if we add to this the definition of the Holy Ghost, which is thus defined by Webster: "Anything bestowed; something transferred voluntarily; an offering, an oblation, or in a religious sense some quality or endowment given to man by God." We think we would be justified in stating that the gift of the Holy Ghost is that which God imparts unto man through or in his conversion. It is not given to an ungenerated person, neither does he dwell with a sinful or unclean person, but he is promised to the person that is washed in the blood of the Lamb and is made a new creature. The gift of the Holy Ghost may vary in different persons and under different conditions, as for instance on the day of Pentecost. Then again the gift of the Holy Ghost may especially be used to qualify persons for certain work that may not be of a general nature, as for instance in Acts 13: 2.

We might follow up these quotations or references further but let this suffice. In conclusion we would instance yet the case of Cornelius and his house where the Holy Ghost fell upon all that were in the house and heard Peter preach. Again the Savior says "I will not leave you comfortless, but I will send you the Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, which will guide you into all truth." John 16: 7-13.

Hints for Aggressive Christians.

If you have been pushed out into aggressive work, do not be at all surprised at opposition. It is sure to come sooner or later. It may be from one source or another, but it will come. The devil will see to that. If you have made up your mind to be an aggressive, pushing Christian, place your dependence upon God. Be much in prayer, use God's Word. Do not place dependence upon any person.

An aggressive Christian is sure to be lied about and misrepresented. You need not be surprised if friends criticise you, if people point their finger at you, call you crazy, idiot, enthusiast—they did the same for Christ.

Do not ride a hobby; if you are riding hobbies you will have no power, either with God or man. Your work will be fruitless. Preach nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

If you are in this work with all your heart and soul, you need not be surprised that others in the same line of work will be jealous of you that is natural. Look out or you will be jealous of some one else. Watch and pray. Have a good word for a similar work. Don't allow yourself to be enticed into controversy, or even try to answer questions which may be asked by those who pretend to be unbelievers. Stick close to the cross, have no time for anything else.

Don't boast of your work, let God have the honor and glory entirely. Do not desire to hear praise from men. Do not expect to have any honor for what you are trying to do.

If you are trying to be an aggressive Christian and have made any of these mistakes, try again, advise with God.

Do not expect God is going to provide and care for you temporally; if you are not willing to put your shoulder to the wheel. God will not honor a lazy Christian. You must be up and at it, redeeming the time.

If you are speaking in public, be short and to the point. Never occupy more than twenty minutes in the Gospel message. If you are tempted to be long-winded, pray God for brevity, He will give it you.

Make a strong point of personal work, talking personally with the sinner. Being sure to have the way of salvation clearly explained.

Use the Bible constantly, be afraid to work without it. Without the Bible your words will be as sounding brass.

Magnify the Holy Ghost always and everywhere. Pray for the baptism of the Holy Ghost continually.

Selected.

Confucianism and Christianity.

Rev. George Owen, of Peking, gives a report of the way in which a Chinese preacher contrasted Confucianism and the Gospel. "The world is like a great hospital filled with the sick and dying. A Confucian scholar enters with a pile of books under his arm, and addressing the poor sick folk, tells them they were all born with good, sound constitutions; that their maladies are all self-inflicted; and then delivers a learned lecture on the laws of health. He has no medicine for the sick, no bandages for broken limbs, no ointment for festering sores, and no salve for fast-failing eyes. He is a professor of ethics, not a healer of disease; a scholar, not a doctor; and it is difficult to see what he is doing in a hospital. But a Christian teacher enters, and in sympathetic tones tells the sick ones of a great Physician who heals all manner of diseases, at whose touch the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the dead are raised. His healing is without money and without price: 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' Confucius was simply a moral teacher; Christ a divine Savior." —Selected.
I will attempt to write some of my experience for the Visitor. I trust the Lord will guide my pen. The Lord often called me, and took different means to bring my soul from the power of satan unto Himself, but I was not willing to deny myself and take up the cross and follow Him. At last I became so heavily convicted that I had made no rest until I confessed my Savior before God and man. I tried for a long time to find peace without making an open confession, but all to no avail. The Lord came to me in the silent hours of the night and showed me just what I must do. My will was not at all to go that way, because it was so self-denying. I tried every means to comfort myself in my own plans, but I could not find peace. I saw there was no other way for me but to lay aside self and come under the commands of God our heavenly Father. I have great reason to thank God for His wonderful love and mercy showed toward me in a special way. I have greatly reason to believe I would have no rest until I confessed my Savior before God and man. I often feel like the poet says, "I never shall give up my shield, I'll fight the good fight of faith."}

Oh, that we might always be willing to answer at His first call, like Mary, who, when Martha came to her and told her "the Master is come, and calleth for thee," did not wait to be called the second time, but rose up quickly and came unto Him! Here is where I was so slow in doing my duty. Oh, that I could always move at His will! I often feel that I am such a poor light to those around me, but my prayer to God is that I may be blessed with more wisdom from on high, and that as I grow in years I may grow in grace. Oh, may we as parents not do any thing that we would not have our children do! And may we not be too much taken up with the things of this life, which give no satisfaction, and will not stand at the last day.

To the seeking ones I would say, seek on, even though sometimes you feel discouraged. If you hear of a prayer meeting, attend it and you will be encouraged. When I was seeking the Savior I would sometimes think there was no mercy for me, but by going in secret prayer and going to prayer-meetings the Lord would give me light on things that seemed dark to me. My soul was hungry after righteousness. The Lord said, "they that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled." This is true, dear seeking soul. If the road seems dark to you, don't neglect prayer; and if the spirit tells you to make some little thing right with some one, go and do it. God wants His followers to obey Him.

Let us "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called," and let us "run with patience the race that is set before us," and await the "crown of glory that fadeth not away."

It is now two years since I have given my self to the Lord; and those two years have been the happiest of my life. In 1890 Bro. Jesse Engle, of Kansas, was here attending the brethren's lovefeast. A few days previous he visited us, with Bro. C. Heise, of Victoria Square, and Bro. D. Lehman, of Toronto, for the purpose of having prayer. The children and I were home alone, my husband being away at the time. I sincerely believe Bro. Engle was the one sent from God for the purpose of saving my soul. I thought when he prayed he knew the very secrets of my heart. Never were my eyes opened until then. I thought I had never heard anything like that before. Things all seemed new to me then. Little did he know of the benefit I received from that prayer. I made up my mind I would confess my God the next opportunity I had. And so I did at the lovefeast a few days after, when Bro. Engle rose and gave out that beautiful hymn, "Just as I am without one plea," and gave liberty for sinners to turn to God. I received a great blessing and felt as though a great burden was rolled off me. Since then I have been trying to faithfully serve my Master. But let us not give man the praise, but God, who is the giver of every good and perfect gift. I strongly believe in sending ministers out into other parts. Oh! dear Christian friends, let us be up and doing, let us be useful men and women in the church, obeying those who have the rule over us; having our older brethren as fathers and our older sisters as mothers. My determination, by the help of God, is to travel on. With the Lord as my Shepherd I shall not want.

LYDIA A. WILLIAMS.
Victoria Square, Ont.

For The Evangelical Visitor.

Words of Encouragement.

I feel it my duty to write a few lines for the Visitor. I have often thought if all were as negligent as I am in writing for the Visitor we would not be visited as often as we are with the paper. I can indeed say in praise of it that it is one of the best papers I ever read. It does help me along so much on the way and it gives me more courage to fight the good fight of faith.

I am so thankful that I ever enlisted in the army of the Lord. I often feel like the poet says, "I never shall give up my shield, I'll die a-fighting in the field." I do want to get down deeper and become more firmly founded on the rock. I realize that it means all we have to be where the Lord wants us and how much it becomes us to be watchful and prayerful. Pray for me.

MARY A. VANDERVEER.
Elmer, Mich.
Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Matt. 7:13, 14.

A kind-hearted, sympathetic physician sat by the bedside of a young man to whom he had been summoned on a professional visit. After considering the patient's case, he frankly informed him that his time for this world was short.

The invalid was alarmed, he had not anticipated death so near. He did not remember that the pale horse and the rider comes "in such an hour as ye think not." Looking up into the doctor's face with a despairing expression, he said, "I have missed it at last."

"What have you missed?" was the inquiry. "I have missed it at last," he repeated. "Missed what?" "Doctor, I have missed the salvation of my soul." "Ah! say not so, it is not so. Do you remember the thief on the cross?"

"Yes, I remember the thief on the cross, and I remember that he never said to the Holy Ghost, 'Go thy way,' but I did. And now He is saying to me—'Go thy way.'"

While lying there gasping, and looking with a vacant, staring eye, he continued in substance, "I was awakened and anxious about my soul, but I did not then want to be saved. Something seemed to say, 'Don't put it off, make sure of salvation.' I said to myself, 'I will postpone it.' I knew I ought not to do it. I realized that I was a great sinner, and needed a Savior, but dismissed the subject. Yet I could not get my own consent to do it, until I had promised that I would take it up again, at a time not remote, and more favorable. I bargained away, resisted, and insulted the Holy Spirit. I never thought of coming to this. I neglected to make my salvation sure. And now I have missed it at last."

"You remember," suggested the physician, "that there were some who came at the eleventh hour."

"My eleventh hour," he replied, "was when I had that call of the Spirit. I have had none since, shall not have. I am given over to be lost. Oh! I have missed it! I have sold my soul for nothing, a feather, a straw—undone forever."

Soon he raised his head, looked around the room, turning his eyes in every direction, and then burying his face in the pillow, cried out in agony, "I have missed it at last," and thus he passed away.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation." Heb. 2: 3.

"He that despised Moses' law died without mercy. . . . Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God." Heb. 10: 28-29.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Heb. 3:7-8.

God has opened up a way of escape through His Son Jesus Christ. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts 15: 31.

There are some graces of the spirit which ripen late, and in many hearts never come to perfection. Thus few, or after how long a discipline, can have true heart tenderness toward the hard, or forbearance toward the unforgiving, or warmth of heart toward the cold, or philanthropy toward the misanthropic. 'With what measure you mete shall it be measured to you; and again.' also finds illustration in all these traits of character. He that is severe and unfeeling receives severity in his treatment by others. But sweeter would be the fruit if we would meet coldness and hardness and severity with warmth and love and tenderness. The fruit of the spirit can not be improved upon by any human culture, nor by any devices of man."
THAT SKELETON—NICOTINE.

There is a skeleton in many a closet in this fair land. It is of a dirty copper color; it reeks with foul odors; its jaws are fixed in a hideous grin, born of selfishness. Its name is Nicotine.

All users of tobacco, even those who believe the writer a fool, or a crank, or who have a supercilious pithy for the trash that can be written on this topic, are cordially invited to take a peep at this skeleton, as we try to let a little light into a typical closet in which it is hidden.

Did you ever argue or hear an argument on the tobacco habit by a user? He will admit that it is not a cleanly habit, that it costs a little; but what's that, every one has a fad of some kind. If he did not spend money in this way, it would go in another and perhaps worse one. It is a confessed selfish habit, but philosophically it is announced that man is a selfish animal at best. If the user is pushed to the wall, that the habit is at the expense of wife and children, an explosion takes place. Some one is angrily told that it is nobody's business how much tobacco the user consumes.

The argument did not, however, reveal even a glimpse of the skeleton—Nicotine. Another skeleton—selfishness—hid it from sight. Altars have been and are being built to this new god—Nicotine. Upon them the love, happiness and homes of thousands of wives and children, the most precious sentiments of the human breast are hourly, daily, weekly, yearly, being offered as pitiable sacrifices. Let us see how the skeleton comes into existence and is shut up in the closets of so many homes.

It springs into existence entirely from the use of tobacco, from smoking or chewing it. It commences when the young man is in his teens, with the first cigaret or cigar. It may begin when he is an infant, as that seems to be the fashionable time to have the habit grafted at the present day. It may be inherited from a father who had a lively skeleton in his closet. The taste obtains a hold. With blindness, peculiarly human, the chains in which the user is being bound are not observed. If they are, they are playthings to be broken at will. The binding, however, goes on, and before long a manacled slave is on the block and knocked down to that skeleton—Nicotine—for the puff or chew of a weed.

In his youth the youth woos and wins a woman he loves, and who returns his love. It is then, in the burst of young affection, when he approaches her he is careful to have thrown away his cigaret or cigar, to have washed hands and face, perhaps to have sweetened his breath with a deodorizer. A man always tries to put his best foot forward in the presence of his best girl. The pity is, that he does not keep it forward at all times through life in the presence of her who becomes his best friend.

As friendship ripens into something deeper and truer, he grows perhaps a little more careless about the odor of tobacco; he is not particular to keep his clothes free from its taint. *There are suggestions of the habit about face and hands. On occasions that seem available he even asks indulgence of a cigar in her presence. Womanlike, she sacrifices herself, making all manner of excuses for the habit. She flatters herself that for her sake the nicotine bands can be broken at her request, but not now will she ask, but later on. It is the old, old story of love blindness.

Here is the point where heroic courage can be displayed by the maidens of the land soon to be the wives, mothers and homemakers. Here is the chance to strangle in its conception that skeleton Nicotine, that can bring them much sorrow. Let them but express that good sense that surges through womanhood. Refuse to excise the odor and indulgence of tobacco by the youths that surround her. Resent it as a breach of uncleanliness, a selfish infiction of a disagreeable habit, which no man with a due sense of justice and courtesy would ask a woman he admired or loved to tolerate and endure. It would be a wholesome education that would probably save suffering.

The lover receiving no check, finding his habit excused or condoned, the habit is bound a little tighter upon self. A marriage in time follows, and a new home is added to the millions that either glorify or make miserable its inmates. The honeymoon is celebrated by a self-purity regime. The tobacco habit is retired to the rear for awhile. Love's expressions are indulged in without the ugly protrudement of the skeleton. The honeymoon is over. The couple are settled in the new nest, the freshness of married life is worn off. The stern, real life, sweeter, deeper, is begun.

The husband in self-satisfaction occasionally now apostrophizes his enjoyment with wreaths and rings of smoke or bits of the solid form of tobacco. Cuspidors become a necessity in a home the wife had determined that they should never darken. When the husband goes off to business the wife stealthily flings open all windows to let glorious pure air into the home. Time flies, and little by little the home is turned over to the god of tobacco, and his fumes fill nook and corner. The purifyings become less frequent, the odor has touched everything, it is impossible to get rid of it. The wife gently expostulates once in awhile, but she never dares to tell
his habit elsewhere. She feels that the glow of the love he pledged his life to her. The husband still feels, perhaps, the glow of the love he pledged his life to her. When he would express it he takes her in arms and holds her against clothes saturated with smoke, ashed and odor of tobacco; he kisses her with lips disgusting and loathsome with nicotine, and perhaps wonders why his wife does not receive with fervor his caresses. By and by he feels a lack of the old time warmth. He faults everything but himself and his habit. The love of that wife is being strangled by nicotine. The first tobacco kiss shocked her; it stung as an insult. It meant nothing to him; it meant more to her than she dare confess to herself. She fears to face the truth, for she loves her husband. She endures and suffers. She hides all these things in her heart. She, her house, her home, her husband, her life, are being sacrificed to that skeleton—Nicotine.

There is a sigh in her voice, a tear in her eye betimes. What does it mean? The husband is growing into an inveterate smoker, the fumes of the house are becoming stale and sickening. She had dreamed of a sacred love, of a husband whose love and caresses were sweet, of a fresh and fragrant home. As the habit grows with years the husband worries himself less about things; he is more self-satisfied; he wants to be left in quietness with his tobacco; his expressions of affection are less and less frequent. His home is well taken care of, he has everything he desires. As he grows older and older, and more and more taciturn, his tobacco habit becomes his one enjoyment and solace.

Nicotine has deadened the sentiments. It has made the user careless of the rights and privileges of the wife to the home and its enjoyments equally with him. It has stolen attentions that are love's expressions. It has made the husband forgetful of that best love, appreciation and care he pledged the wife in marriage. It has made him faithless to this trust. It has sickened love with narcotic fumes, insulted it with its indulgence. It has wrecked the spirit, the hopes, the life of the home-maker.

Nicotine builds a wall between husband and wife. The indulgence by the husband becomes one series of wrongs inflicted by him on wife, children and home. It creates, perhaps, a stolid indifference in the woman that makes her life scarce worth the living to her. It is the cause of longings she never dares to give utterance to. It makes her feel untold pangs. She learns to live a loveless married life. She dare not think for fear thought will make more clear her misery. While she drags out this misery to the end, that skeleton—Nicotine—fendiishly dances a ghost dance to the tap, tap of the beats of a woman's breaking heart.—Wm. Arch. McLean, in The Independent.

THE WINE TRADE IN DANGER.

The Wine and Spirit Gazette thus laments the passage of what is known as the Phillips law:

"The Phillips law, passed by the last Legislature of Ohio, forbidding the sale of liquors in houses of ill-fame, went into effect on May 25. The importers of champagne in this city are beginning to feel the loss of business in Ohio. Piper Heidsick's representatives in Cincinnati claim that the enforcement of the law in the big cities of Ohio will cost them $40,000 annually; Mumm company's representatives estimate their loss at $90,000; importers of Pomery Sec claim that they will lose $60,000, and other importers will suffer proportionate losses. The local brewers also feel the effect of the new law, as many of the houses in Cincinnati and Cleveland sold large quantities of beer."

This shows the associations of the liquor traffic, and the sources from which their revenue is drawn. Ruined women, bedevilled men, lost souls, all put money in the pockets of the dealers in strong drink—but it is blood-money.

When God burned up Sodom one man escaped—the best of the lot. The next we hear of him he was made drunk with wine and covered with shame. The daughters of Sodom understood the wine business just as well as "Piper Heidsick," "Mumm" and "Pomery" people do now, and doubtless these gentlemen would have had splendid establishments in Sodom, if that famous city had not suffered so from an unforeseen conflagration years ago. "Likewise as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed."—Luke 18: 28-30.

Sodom and Gomorrah were not only haunts of licentiousness, but hells of drunkenness. Sodom's intemperance and Sodom's licentiousness went hand in hand and sunk the people in perdition; and as "Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities about them in like manner, giving themselves over to fornication, and going after strange flesh, are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire," others may well be warned to beware of those twin gateways to hell, where men are dragged, inflamed, and maddened by wine and strong drink, and then swept down into the pit of woe and perdition. Remember Lot!—Selected.
STANDING FOR YOUR RIGHTS.

There are some people who say a great deal about standing up for their rights; they are bound to have their rights. It is true that right wrongs no man; but it is also true that men who are bound to have their rights very frequently have very poor judgment as to what right is; and many a man has had what he called his rights, while other people had to put up with his wrongs.

There is no certainty that a man will get his rights by contending for them. The sailor who had suffered in a railway wreck, when advised to sue the company for "damages," said he had got enough "damages" already. Many a man has lost his peace, ruined his disposition, and wrecked his fortunes by trying to get his rights. In many instances the man who contends for his rights fails utterly, and even when he succeeds he does not gain enough to pay for the trouble he has taken, and the loss he has endured.

It is, of course, right that evil men should be rebuked and prevented doing wrong, and justice would frequently demand the severe punishment of those who wrong their fellows; but there is One who says, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." And it is frequently safer to leave our griefs in a railway wreck, when advised to them. The sailor who had suffered put up with his wrongs. He who works with hope before him, knows not fatigue and feels not pain. He who works without it is a slave lashed to his toil by an inexorable and tyrannical necessity. The farmer plies his hoe in one furrow, his boy toils in the next one. The work is an almost unendurable burden to the boy, who is without foresight; it is no burden to the father, for hope stands before him and points to a vision of autumnal glory with waving grain and well-filled store-houses. Hope makes the difference between the nurse and the mother. The one toils in menial tasks, because her daily bread depends upon her daily fidelity. The other looks forward, sees the girl budding into a beautiful womanhood, the boy into a refined manhood, and for the joy that is set before her gladly endures the cross, despising the shame. Blessed is the Christian who works cheered by the blessed and sure hope of his Master's final victory. He, too, like his Master, foresees the time when he shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. He cares little for the tears now, for he can look forward to the hour when he shall come to the harvest-home, bringing his sheaves with him. He bears easily the noise and the wounding of the battle, for he hears prophetically the music of victory, and knows that he follows a Captain who has never known defeat; and that the joy of victory, like the joy of harvest, shall more than compensate for all life's weary toil and all earth's strife and conflict. —The Common People.

THE STRAIGHT OUT RELIGION.

What the world wants is a straight up-and-down religion. Much of the so-called piety of the day bends this way and that to suit the times. It is horizontal, with a low state of sentiment and morals. We have all been building a wall of character, and it is imperfect and needs reconstruction. How shall it be brought into the perpendicular? Only by divine measurements. The whole tendency of the time is to make us act by the standard of what others do. If they play cards, we play cards; if they dance we dance; if they read certain styles of books, we read them.

The question with me should not be what you think is right, but what God thinks is right. This perpetual reference to the behavior of others, as though it decided anything but human fallibility, is a mistake as wide as the world. There is a mighty attempt being made to reconstruct and fix up the Ten Commandments. To many they seem too rigid. The tower of Pisa leans over about thirteen feet from the perpendicular, and people go thousands of miles to see its graceful inclination; by extra braces and various architectural contrivances it is kept leaning from century to century. Why not have the ten granite blocks of Sinai set a little aslant? Why not have the pillar of truth a-leaning? Why is not an eclipse as good as a square? Why is not an oblique as good as a straight up-and-down? My friends, we must have a standard; shall it be God's or man's? —New York Observer.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"I DON'T CARE."

Girls and boys, I wish to tell you
Of a foe you entertain:
I have seen him with you often,
And the fact has caused me pain;
For he only seeks the ruin
Of your lives so young and fair—
He's a foe, cool, sly and cunning,
And his name is, "I don't care."

Have you ever thought, dear children,
That "I don't care" is a thief,
Taking from you time and order,
Leaving you to bear the shame.

He says early He means the first morning
To hire laborers into his vineyard."
He says early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard."

Well will it be for you if you have been so blase as to let him pass by you?
Let him not get you down, for a foe you entertain.

To yourself be true; and dare
To answer parents, friends and strangers,
To your case is doubtful; but it is stated
That he daily tells to you,
And that make you say, "I don't care."
When at heart you really do.

He, at first, will only cause you
To forget yourself and dare
To answer parents, friends and strangers,
With the rude words, "I don't care."
But be warned! He'll plant within you
The true spirit of his name;
Then he'll disappear like magic,
Leaving you to bear the shame.

Break the habit, children, break it,
Do not use the common phrase;
Smaller things than this have started
Many a life in reckless ways.
Guard your words, your thoughts, your actions;
To yourself be true; and dare
Not let the good of life slip by you
With a reckless, "I don't care."

—Floy Schoonmaker Armstrong.

GRANDFATHER'S LETTER.

In our last letter we had the Bible to measure time, now we will take the New Testament. In the Gospel according to St. Matthew (I do not say where, because I want my young readers to search the Scriptures) Jesus says, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard." He says early in the morning, and in this parable He divides a day into twelve hours. When He says early He means the first hour of the day, that would be according to my reckoning at the first, seven years. This would call young people of the age of seven years, for you must understand Jesus does not mean a vineyard of this world, but the vineyard of the Lord. Would

to God that all my young readers would hire into the vineyard in the morning of their life, at the first hour! Children are not too young at the age of seven years to labor for the Lord. Read the first three verses of the sixth chapter of Ephesians.

Jesus makes no mention of the second hour. We suppose the "householder" (which is the kingdom of heaven, or the grace of God) does not leave the market-place until the second hour, because children who are brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord are usually under the influence of the grace of God until the fourteenth year, or two o'clock—second hour—and then on to the third hour, or at the twenty-first year, the "householder," or grace of God, makes another call, "and saw others standing idle at the market-place."

How important it is to heed the calling at that age! That is about the time young men and women start out into the world; there is very much in starting right. If you have not yet hired in the vineyard of the Lord, remember this is your third call, and if you do not heed this call from henceforth the calling will be less frequent. At the next call, at the sixth hour, one half of your day of grace is spent, even if you should arrive at the age of four score years. But at the ninth hour it is said the "householder" calls again, and if you have not yet entered into the vineyard of the Lord your case is doubtful; but it is stated at the eleventh hour the grace of God, or the "householder," calls once more for the last time, then if you come you can still receive a penny like the others that came early in the morning.

Oh, the longsuffering and mercy of God that will accept of one who has slighted all the calling, and can be accepted at the eleventh hour.

Now be careful, my young readers who have hired, and labored all day, when you see him who comes in at the eleventh hour receiving a penny, that you do not murmur against the good man of the house, that thine eye be not evil because the Lord is good. In my next I will make an end of my observations on "Time."

GRANDFATHER.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.

Young friends, in whatever pursuits you may engage, you must not forget that the lawful objects of human efforts are but means to higher results and nobler ends. Start not forward in life with the idea of becoming mere seekers of pleasure, sportive butterflies searching for gaudy flowers. Consider, and act with reference to the true ends of existence. This world is but the vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of your life touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity. These thoughts and motives within you stir the pulses of a deathless spirit. Act not then as mere creatures of this life, who for a little while are to walk the valleys and the hills, to enjoy the sunshine and to breathe the air and then pass away and be no more; but act as immortals, with an aim and a purpose worthy of your high nature. Set before you as the chief object to be obtained an end that is superior to any on earth, a desirable end, a perfect end. Labor to accomplish a work which shall survive, unchanged and beautiful, when time shall have withered the garland of youth, when thrones of power and monuments of art shall have crumpled into ashes. And finally, aim to achieve something which, when these our mutable and perishing voices are hushed forever, shall live amid the songs and triumphs of immortality.

Well will it be for you if you have a guide within you which will aid
you in every issue, which will arm you in every temptation, and comfort you in every sorrow. Consult then that Volume, the Bible, whose precepts will never fail you. Consult it with a deep aspiration after the true and good, and it shall illuminate your understanding with divine realities. Open your soul and it shall breathe into it a holy influence and fill all its wants. Bind it close to your heart, it will be a shield against all the assaults of evil. Read it in the lonely hours of desertion, it will be the best of companions. Open it when the voyage of life is troubled, it is a sure chart. Study it in poverty, it will unhoard to you inexhaustible riches. Commune with it in sickness, it contains the medicine of the soul. Clasp it when dying, it is the charter of immortal bliss. Text: Rev. 21: 4. "And God shall wipe away from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain for the former things are passed away."