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Henry Davidson
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

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

IF YE KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS, YE SHALL ABIDE IN MY LOVE.—JESUS.

VOLUME VI. ABILENE, KANSAS, JUNE 1, 1893. NUMBER 11.

TROUBLE EVERYWHERE.

There's trouble in the dwelling;
There's trouble on the street;
There's trouble in the bosom
Of every one we meet;
Morning, noon and midnight
There's trouble in the air;
And, oh! there's no denying'
There's trouble everywhere.
There's trouble in the garden;
Beside the fairest lily,
There's trouble in the ocean;
There's trouble on the land;
And when the sun shines brightest
There's trouble close at hand.
From troubles that pursue us
We never can escape;
They're sure to overtake us
In some peculiar shape;
To circle slowly round us,
Or seize us, unawares;
Trouble's sure to find us, for
There's trouble everywhere.

But after storms of trouble,
How soothing is the calm!
And after wounds of warfare,
How soothing is the balm!
And when from tribulations
Our spirits have released,
If but for one brief moment,
We know the joy of peace.
So trouble has its mission,
As through the world it goes,
It moves the stagnant waters,
It stirs the pulse of health;
Gives courage to the hero;
To every laborer wealth.

'Tis trouble that incites us
To brave and daring deeds;
'Tis trouble that prepares us
To feel another's needs;
Each heart must bear its burden
Of suffering and care;
For man is born to trouble,
And he finds it—everywhere.

—Selected by Mrs. Jos. Bossier, Abilene, Ks.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

NOVEL READING.

Among the many evils surrounding the youth of our land, and amidst the outcry against drink and such things, there is one powerful factor in the demoralization of mankind that is sadly overlooked. I refer to novel reading. I have often thought of writing an article on it, yet waited, hoping some more capable writer would "speak out in meeting" on the subject. No one seeming to do so, I will venture a few thoughts.

In this age of reading and general education it is useless to shut our eyes to the fact that providing proper mental food for our children is almost as necessary as food for their physical needs. For if a child has a thirst for reading he will read, and unless guided by wiser minds he (or she) will reach out for quantity without regard to quality. We do not condemn all fiction as bad, as some is useful and edifying, such as "Pilgrim's Progress," "Prince of the House of David," etc. With such novels simply insinuate what the others state in plainer terms.

Another source of fiction is the Sunday School papers, libraries and prizes. The prevailing idea is, "We must amuse while we instruct." So they work in stories with heroes, heroines, plots, side characters, love scenes, and final marriage of the leading actors. The parties who select the books or publish the papers are governed by the demand in creating and distributing the supply. It is needless to add that this class of reading is purely corrupt in tone (and thinly) veneered with religion, and professing to "paint a moral to adorn a tale," is a stepping stone to novel reading. A thirst is created which grows on one and craves something stronger, and if given way to it doesn't take long to reach the "Adventures of Texas Jack," or "The Bloody Scout" series.

Though it is humiliating to me, I will give a little of my experience, hoping it may lead some of our young friends to shun the rocks I have struck on. In my childhood, in England, I lived till my tenth year with my grandmother, a woman of very pious and holy life, and a great reader, in fact on her side we are a family of readers. In the kitchen stood a large cupboard full of books from floor to ceiling. The upper part was filled with religious works of various kinds, the lower with natural history, travels of Capt. Cook, Anson and others, historical works and nursery rhymes. We were poor, but the family trait had led my grandmother to realize that minds need food as well as bodies, and I doubt not those books repre-
sented much labor and self-denial on her part. At the age of ten we came to Canada and I was sent out to earn my living. I looked back with regret to the mental storehouse beyond the ocean.

I used to nearly starve for books, and got snubbed when I said so and was told to read my Bible. I always did read my Bible and my dear little Episcopal prayer book. But I had read with profit grandmother's books at home and I knew it was right to read anything good and useful. In desperation I read everything I could get hold of. I became an inveterate borrower, and I sometimes got novels from friends and neighbors. It did not need many to make me a confirmed novel reader.

In short, from then till I was converted, at the age of twenty-four, I devoured all the mental trash I could get hold of though I never bought a novel in my life.

Then in the brightness and joy of my early Christian life I had no desire for it and I thought I was free from its power. As time passed, however, the old longing came back and sometimes, sad to say, I gave way and read a continued story. I felt condemned and would pray and struggle, and even yet it is not vanquished. I know some who read this will say, “You are not sanctified or you would lose the desire.” I will not discuss that here, but I do know that I am in the conflict and would gladly welcome complete victory, though I don’t expect it till I die. How often have I wished that I had been converted at fifteen, then I would never have read a novel and never realized its evil results. I found that what a man (or boy either) sows shall he also reap. I will now describe some of the EVILS OF NOVEL READING.

First, they give false ideas of life. The characters depicted are seldom met with in real life.

Second, they make vice appear as virtue, and while they speak lightly of sacred things, they call what we are taught to regard as gross immorality, weakness and waywardness. The mind dwelling on the suggestive scenes they describe becomes debased, passions inflamed, and if it does not lead to actual or open sin, the heart at least becomes a nest of unclean birds.

Third, it is a dreadful waste of time that should be spent in acquiring useful knowledge, whether religious, moral or historical. It is all worthy of attainment.

Fourth, it destroys the memory. In reading useful works, we read to remember and profit by it. In reading novels, we read to see how the story comes out, and we soon drift into reading everything else in the same way. We cannot retain it and our reading becomes like pumping water in a bucket, much goes in and none stays. This cripples our usefulness and hinders our success in life. We can never love reading the Bible as we should, and though we may read it ever so much as a duty, it will never give the pleasure it would if we had never read novels.

Hoping, dear young readers, you will shun tristy reading as you would smallpox or leprosy, and in early life flee to the Guide of your youth, I remain your well-wisher for time and eternity.

F. ELLIOTT.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

DEAD TO SIN—ALIVE TO GOD.

“If we be dead with him (Jesus) we shall also live with him: if we suffer, we shall also reign with him.” 2 Tim. 2: 11, 12.

Salvation is always obtained upon conditions. To be a Christian requires to be dead to sin. It would be of unspeakable value to us to know if we are really dead unto sin.

True, the germ of sin remains continually, while in this world, in our constitution. Notwithstanding this, by denying self sin will be dead; that is, shall have no dominion over us. The apostle Paul reasoned thus with the Roman brethren when he said, “Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness.” Rom. 6: 16. And then expressed his gratitude to God in their behalf by saying, “But thanks be to God, that after ye were the servants of sin, that ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you.”

I am strongly inclined to be of the opinion that the apostle here had reference to the ordinance of baptism, when he alluded to their obedience “from the heart to the form of doctrine which was delivered them.” Yes, had reference to that ordinance wherein they showed the consecration of themselves from henceforth to serve God; and their symbolizing to have their former life of sin now buried with Jesus Christ “by baptism into death,” and “that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we, (or in like manner we are raised with him from that symbolic grave to have our walk and conversation afterward) in newness of life”—to live from henceforth a life of faith.

“Likewise,” says the apostle, “reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.” Hence it would be the greatest degree of inconsistency to see a person who in form symbolized to be “dead to sin live any longer therein.” Thus, “if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him.”

Further, those who shall enjoy the eternal fruition in heaven have in this present life, perhaps, to come through great tribulation. Hence the apostle added, “If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.” Suffer-
ing is a common lot in the human family in one shape or another, either mentally or physically. When our suffering is sanctified unto us we are thereby elevated and made stronger in the Lord; but if not sanctified, that is, if the individual runs to any other source but unto God to soothe his sorrow, then sorrow is only aggravated. The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering. Then we should rejoice as much as we are made partakers of Christ's sufferings, so shall we be also of the consolation.

Dear brethren and sisters in Christ, Let us look continually "unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." Let us judicially consider him (Jesus) that endured the cross, despising the shame, and was set down with God in glory. If any man defile the temple of God, he will God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. Wherefore come not ye into the presence of the Lord's name vailed again, when he suffered he offered himself for a perfect sacrifice to God to soothe his sorrow, then sorrow is only aggravated. The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering. Then we should rejoice as much as we are made partakers of Christ's sufferings, so shall we be also of the consolation.

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For the Evangelical Visitor.

FAITH WITHOUT WORKS IS DEAD.

James 2: 17, 18.

How would it appear for a Christian scientist to enter a hospital where the sick and injured were lying upon couches, and say to them, “You are not sick; you only think so; now think you are not sick, and you are not; arise, take up your bed and walk?” There are many persons who put faith where they should have works; and some have more works than they have faith. Some people live in filth till they make themselves sick, then pray to the good Lord to heal them. Had they taken proper care of themselves and attended to the physical means that God had given them they would not have been sick.

A house that is filled with sewer gas, making the inmates all sick, may have faith enough to take the inmates to glory when they die, but the present need is plenty of work. There is, no doubt, great efficacy in faith and prayer, but neither of these will clean out drains or destroy the poisonous miasm. Faith without works is dead, being alone. There is plenty of good sense in this. The Lord taught his ancient people to pray, but he also taught them to take baths and keep clean, to wash off the filth of the flesh and to keep a good conscience, and rest from labor at suitable times.

Faith had its place, but it never became the universal panacea. Prayer had its place, but it did not take away filthiness. God would not allow His subjects to come into His presence without due cleanliness. None should enter the sanctuary unclean. I presume many who now go to the sanctuary would have been shut out of the Jewish synagogue for uncleanness. They would have been ordered to wash seven times before they could enter the house of prayer.

“Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.” This may not have been meant literally, but its full meaning is all the more apparent when we reflect that none can be clean without the obedience of its literal interpretation. The Lord never gave countenance to filth. But few ever obey the gospel of cleanliness. They do not understand its commands. Neither do they appreciate the blessings arising from their obedience. They are too apt to suppose disease to be a visitation of divine Providence, an unavoidable interdiction to carry us out of the world to a higher sphere.

No, the lesson, if any, is to teach us the higher and cleaner plan in this life. The wages of sin is death. This is just as true literally as it is spiritually. The violation of the physical laws has its penalty. It may be death. It is a sin to be filthy, and a personal hygiene is incumbent. And so let us all attend likewise to the spiritual purification that we may have a good and clean conscience before men and God who is able to discern the very thoughts of men.

A. S. Gish, M. D.

Abilene, Kans.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

CANDOR.

As one who sees and realizes slightly, yet inconceivably, the importance of candor in all lines, my mind has reverted many times to this subject; and as candor, or honesty, means reciprocal harmony to the men who possess this invaluable characteristic, and a mutual attraction with their fellow-men and God, I determined to voice my sentiments on this subject, thinking some of the readers might advance their opinions and thoughts on the subject under consideration.

In considering any topic we must know the meaning involved in the word, or expression, and the exact limit of the term. In candor, we have a word particularly adaptable to spiritual as well as social and political affairs, and no man who possesses candor in any degree can have as the height of his ambition anything save Christ, and his sole object to live and glorify God. Now the word coming to us from the Latin means purity, honesty of purpose, white, free from spot or blemish, and it comes from Latin candeo. I am white, I shine, so that the original meaning and significance of the term has not changed, as candor means honesty, and honesty must prevail as long as the world stands or else worse than superstitions practices predominate.

Thus considering, it causes any rational being a tear of regret when he observes and comprehends the predicament the world is in at the present, and that pictures on his imagination the lovely, respectable and harmonious attitude that might be assumed if candor were in supremacy in each man's heart. Such is not the case but let us prompt each other through any attainable medium whatever to be candid.

Therefore, thus introducing, we must consider the power of candor in the social and business spheres of to-day. When we examine the business transactions between worldly men our curiosity is aroused when we see the difference in the results of business that has been executed by different individuals, and in advancing the cause for the diversity we must candidly assert candor.

We notice and follow the dealings of one man who possesses candor and who aims to obtain a livelihood by being honest and thus remembering the golden rule, to render unto others that which he should be pleased to receive. In his transactions he practises integrity and deals with ease, so to speak, which easiness results from him having perfect confidence in the uprightness of his fellow-man.

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We now examine and scrutinize the transactions of a man whose fruits show us that dishonesty predominates in his business affairs. We find noticeable features in this man that are not present with the honest man. Numerous designs, such as deception, misrepresentation, exaggeration, in fact one and the same thing—dishonesty. Thus we have the two men pictured, the one candid and the other presenting a roguish spirit, and possessing a lying tongue, dishonesty, he sins against God, as Sir Matthew Hale says, "Lying is a sin against God who gave us a tongue to speak the truth and not falsehood." An honest man renders accordingly that truth and not falsehood." An honest man who gave us a tongue to speak the truth and not falsehood.

Now in conclusion comes under our cognizance the matter of super-importance and of illimitable pleasure. We may have bounds and limits in any question on any subject, but in candor we have a subject which affects the unregenerated portion of our country in total, and those who are honest are men of Christian character and pure hearts hence these are unaffected. How much pleasure would be substituted in the world to-day if candor were in each man's heart is beyond our conception. But this is comprehended by us that if each man were honest we should hear the unregenerated say, "I will render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." Certainly this is a statement beyond contradiction, as no man possesses candor who is not a Christian. It is certain that men are shamefully dormant in the line of action which is justly demanded of them. If men would think conscientiously on the subject presented on the cross, "Christ died that we might have eternal life," more honesty would prevail.

May all who read this opinion think conscientiously on the subject of each man's just duty towards God and walk in the accurateness of their convictions, and thus be honest and wise. Remembering that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and honesty, or candor, means wisdom, then can we say conscientiously, being honest men we are the noblest work of God. E. W. Farr.

Pelham, Ont.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

ABOUT TOBACCO AGAIN.

I am a reader of the Visitor, and have often noticed articles in it on tobacco, which always point out how harmful it is, both if smoked or chewed. And the harm is not only to the body but to the soul. We read that nothing impure shall enter the kingdom of heaven. Some say they use it for medicine, but, dear brethren and sisters, do not be deceived, tobacco is no medicine for man. That excuse will not be accepted before the throne of God. We may deceive ourselves, and we may deceive others, but we cannot deceive God.

Now I will come to the point that is nearest to my heart. I have heard it stated that some of our brethren cultivate tobacco. If that is the case, I would ask those brethren, How do you feel when you are in your fields of tobacco? If the Savior were to pass by, do you think he would say, "Come and follow me?" I fear not, for you are not working for the Lord but for the enemy. No man can serve two masters, and no man can cultivate tobacco for sale and make a sincere confession of Christianity.

J. G.

Collingwood, Ont.

"Education to be of value must be a thorough preparation for life—that is, for individual life. The man or woman who is not well prepared to make the most and the best of life is not educated; no matter how readily he or she may read Greek and Latin."
ISRAEL IN THEIR PROMISED LAND.

Read before the prophetic class of Abilene, Ks., by J. A. Graves.

NUMBER TWO.

Let us next look to the provision made for these people when they get to the barren hills of Judea.

“For I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you into your own land.” Ezek. 36: 24.

“And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden; and the waste and desolate and ruined cities are become fenced and are inhabited. Then the heathen that are left round about shall say, ‘This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden; and the waste and desolate is become like the great sea.’ Ezek. 36: 35, 36.

Strangely enough, viewing from a human standpoint, are the tastes of these people changing, and we find they who were the bankers and merchants of the world are now given to tilling the soil and building of houses. Colonies are formed and the land is sold to them on terms so liberal that in a few years they will be able to own it. The shares of a building society formed for the purpose of erecting 3500 houses on the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem and Hebron were all taken when issued. This would give accommodation to 24,000 persons in this one society alone. These houses are sold on terms so that on the payment of a small yearly rental they may be privileged to own them in a few years.

One colony near Samaria, known as the “Remembrance of Jacob,” has 500,000 vines, 3,000 olive and 3,000 almond trees, while another has 2,000,000 vines. Others have vast orchards of figs, lemons, apples, olives, pomegranates and bananas, and large fields of sugar cane and cotton. Indigo and various fruits and vegetables are cultivated with great success.

A large flour mill has proven of much benefit and a great success, and other industries are following. A steam saw mill at Jaffa, the seaport town of Jerusalem, has been established with success.

Let us compare prophecy with the transpiring events of to-day.

“Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananel unto the gate of the corner. And the measuring line shall yet go forth against it upon the hill Gareb, and shall compass about to Goath. And the whole valley of the dead bodies, and of the ashes, and all the fields unto the brook of Kidron, unto the corner of the horse-gate toward the east, shall be holy unto the Lord; it shall not be plucked up, nor thrown down any more forever.” Jer. 31: 38-40.

We find that the Jerusalem of to-day is covering this very area. To- ward Goath there are going up 400 houses, in other places 250, near the brook Kidron 40, and great hospices, hotels, churches, stores, etc. And why should Jerusalem rebuild more than Nineveh, Babylon, Thebes or Memphis?

But some might ask, “How is all this work in a land for centuries so barren and with so little rainfall, coming to blossom again?” Let us hear what the Lord says: “Then will the Lord be jealous for his land, and pity his people. Yea, the Lord will answer and say unto his people, Behold, I will send you corn, and wine, and oil, and ye shall be satisfied therewith: and I will no more make you a reproach among the heathen.” Joel 2: 18, 19.

“Be glad then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God: for he hath given you the former rain moderately, and he will cause to come down for you the rain, the former rain, and the latter rain in the first month. And the floors shall be full of wheat, and the flocks shall overflow with wine and oil.” Joel 2: 23, 24.

“Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field.” Zech. 10: 1.

And within the last two years they have a rainfall nearly equal to that of England. Jerusalem has been hitherto dependent for her water supply on underground cisterns, which in the long drought becomes very bad, but the government is about to introduce water from a spring about nine miles distant.

There are two weekly newspapers published in Jerusalem, which have a circulation all over Palestine and Syria. Those who are coming back speak a jargon of different languages. But they are forming schools for the cultivation of the ancient Hebrew of which the most of them have some knowledge, and it is their ancient tongue which forms the lingual bond of Israel.

And another sign that must thrill the heart of every Jew is a Hebrew coin. The colony which has obtained the right of coinage is the Zichon Jacob, named in honor of the father of Baron Edmund de Rothschild. It is a brass coin and passes current among the Arabs. Probably the name of Rothschild gives it its prestige.

Is it a significant fact that a railroad has been constructed from Jaffa to Jerusalem? Then there are proposed extensions to other cities and across to Damascus, Babyl, Tadmor and down the valley of the Euphrates. Let us look at the words of Nahum the prophet, 2: 4, “The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall justle one against another in the broad ways: they shall
American locomotives, from the Baldwin locomotive works of Philadelphia, now daily thread their way through valleys and narrow gorges, making hills that once listened to the bleating of Judean flocks resound to the shrill whistle of the engine, which excites the fear and admiration of the nates.

Let us keep our eye on Russia even in this land of the Turk. She is spending a quarter of a million in the erection of a vast building to the north west of Jerusalem, on a table land, believed to be for military purposes. They have blasphemously erected also on the summit of the Mt. of Olives, on the very spot from which it is supposed our Savior ascended into heaven, a tower of magnificent architectural appearance, from whose top the Dead and Mediterranean seas can be seen. It is 180 feet high, 24 feet at the base and 21 feet at the top; it has within a great bell, or tocsin, weighing 20 tons, cast in Russia. Above the monster bell are 7 smaller ones. Above the latter is an electric chamber with wires running to all the monasteries and convents in the Holy Land, and on the summit is an electric light. It is said when this bell is tolled by the Rothschilds, the only shrine of Palestine belonging to the Hebrews. A rounded white dome is built over the sepulcher, and once a week the Jews go there to bewail the desolation of Zion and to burn incense.

The following is a petition drawn up at a meeting of Jews, at Great Assembly Hall, Mile End Road, England, May 23, 1891, (the largest assembly ever held in England) for presentation to Lord Rothschild:

"Is there no cure for the wound of the daughter of Zion? In the hour of our tribulation, our eyes and hearts turn to the land where our fathers dwelt, each under his vine and under his fig tree. Many of those who are outcasts from the north country, yearn to return to the Holy Land. They love the very stones and favor the dust thereof; and they would deem themselves blessed indeed if they were permitted to till the sacred soil." If at this moment the ground is barren in parts, and refuses to yield its produce, we know it is the hand of man that has wrought the evil. The hand of man shall remedy it. We beseech the government of this land to help our afflicted and downtrodden brethren—to help them, not with the sword, but with the friendly service it is in their power to render. Let them open their mouth in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction. Let them be their advocate with the government of Russia, so that it may make their departure easy, and with the government of Turkey that it may enable them to dwell in safety, and acquire possession, at a just price, of parcels of land for cultivation and for the rearing of cattle in Palestine and the districts surrounding it."

At the Jews' wailing place outside the walls of Jerusalem they chant the following prayer:

"We pray thee have mercy on Zion; O, Lord, gather the children of Israel together. May the kingdom soon return to Zion. Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem, and may the Branch of Jesse spring up in it, and peace and joy abide with Zion."

They expect soon to have the evening sacrifice restored, and are daily looking for their Messiah.

Does it seem sacrilege to us to have the hurry of the 19th century introduced into the land promised to Abraham, up to which Moses led the people; this land fought for by Joshua, wrested from foreign conquerors by the Maccabees, where our Savior walked and taught, this land where the manger, the cross and the broken bands of the tomb have made it seem to us to be the very heart from which has flowed the religious life of the world, or do we live in the days when the prophecies of Daniel, Ezekiel, Amos and the Apocalypse are being fulfilled? This is the Lord's work and is marvelous in our eyes.

"When three thousand men at Pentecost cried, 'What must we do to be saved?' we rejoice St. Peter did not say, 'Stand up and bow your heads while I pray, and then sign this card.' If he had we should never have heard of the New Testament church; for it took New Testament religion to make the early church."
convened at the Franklin meetinghouse, Whiteside county, Ill., at 10 a.m., May 17, and after devotional exercises was promptly organized by electing Eld. M. H. Oberholtzer, of Culbertson, Franklin county, Pa., moderator.

After the reading of scripture and some appropriate remarks by the moderator, the Conference entered upon the work for which it had convened. The church was pretty well represented from the different localities of the brotherhood, though not so large as some former Conferences.

The arrangements for Conference were very good. The brethren of Illinois have certainly done themselves credit for the manner in which they had arranged for the comfort and convenience of these attending Conference.

The spirit of the Conference was good; the aim seemed to be to arrive at safe and wise conclusions.

Among some of the more important matters that came before Conference perhaps nothing seemed so prominent as the mission work. Especially did it receive favorable recognition in Chicago, and Bro. A. L. Myer's, of Freeport, Illinois, was placed in charge of the work there, with the understanding that he is to move to Chicago, rent a hall and open a mission at some suitable place in the city. We are glad that the mission work has obtained a foothold there and we trust that it will be a success.

In fact, we are satisfied that it will in every respect be a success, in that case. The Chicago work will be continued, and we are glad of the opportunity to do something for the church in Chicago.

The Conference was disposed of at this Conference and it was decided to place evangelists in the field.

Another especial action of Conference was to urge upon the church the importance ofmission work. We are glad that the work will be followed up by an aggressive effort against sin of every class and kind. Through this instrumentality we trust many souls will be reached that are yet in sin and error.

The Carland mission received favorable action. Bro. George Kiteley, of Yale, Michigan, is to fill the appointments for preaching there, under the supervision of Eld. Samuel

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

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

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North Hampton, Ohio. $2.00

BENEVOLENT FUND.

J. O. Wenger. $1.00

Those who desire to have the work on the ordinances bound in cloth should order at once, as this is the last opportunity for this issue of the work. Address W. O. Baker, Louisville, Ohio.

GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The General Conference of the church of the Brethren in Christ...
Baker, of Gormley, Ontario.

Bro. Jacob Martin, of Elizabeth-town, Pa., was placed in the mission field for the ensuing year, to be supplied with an assistant as occasion may require.

It was also ordered that a new edition of our church hymn book be published as soon as possible, and the work was placed in the hands of Bros. S. E. Graybill, of Martinsville, Pa., and Abraham Hess, of New Danville, Pa.

The place selected for the Conference of 1894, is Dickinson county, Kans. The post-office and railroad station is Abilene, Kans.

The Conference closed on Friday afternoon, May 20. One feature of this Conference was perhaps new and yet it may be the beginning of something very profitable as well as instructive, and that was a ministerial meeting. We trust God will bless it to the good of the church.

After Conference there was a love-feast held in the church. Many of those from a distance remained to partake of the feast. The services closed on Sabbath evening. The Sunday-school met at 8 p.m. Sunday afternoon, with a large attendance, and was addressed by Bros. W. O. Baker, Geo. Detwiler and S. Zook. The subject was Temperance and to those who remained to hear it is said to have been a very profitable occasion. Altogether the time that was spent there, we think, will long be remembered by all, and we trust will have its effect for good to all who attended. In conclusion, we would say, may the Lord bless those dear, kind brethren of Illinois who labored so hard to make the work of Conference held in their midst a success worthy of the name.

REMINISCENCES.

The place where the love-feast for Ashland county, Ohio, will be held this year is noted for the many religious services that were held there when the church was in its infancy in Ohio. During the life time of Bro. Peter Brubaker his home was noted for hospitality and for religious services. From our first acquaintance in Ohio, more than forty years ago, and on up to the time of his death there was perhaps no place in Ashland county that there were so many love-feasts and other appointments of a religious nature, among our people, and just shortly before his death he donated a lot of ground for a cemetery and meeting-house. It is here that the well-known Chestnut Grove meeting-house is erected.

It is here, too, that the church prospered. His children nearly all, if not entirely all, as they became old enough to comprehend the duty of worship, sought and found Christ, and were baptized and united with the church. Brother and sister Brubaker were unassuming, true-hearted Christians. There was no bigotry about them. They did nothing for show or to be seen of men, but they were very much in earnest about their religious work, as the writer can very well testify. Their children, too, seemed to walk in their footsteps, and those who had the pleasure, as the writer often had, to visit at their houses, partake of their hospitality and mingle in the praise of God with them, very well remember of the enjoyment that religious worship brings with it.

Then, too, in more recent years we are glad to note that the grandchildren are coming into the fold one by one. Truly that must have been good seed sown and it must have reached deep down into the hearts of the grandchildren, as we trust is the case with the brother where the love-feast is to be held. Although he withstood long the prayers of his grandparents and of his faithful father, long since gone to his final home, yet it can be said truly that the effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much, and finally he yielded and gave his heart unto the Lord, and is giving evidence that he, too, wants to follow in the footsteps of his father as well as his grandfather, and opens his house and his barn to hold religious services, inviting his neighbors and the church to hold a feast unto the Lord.

But before we dismiss this subject we cannot pass by referring to his devoted and faithful wife, who many years ago gave her heart to the Lord and has waited and prayed that the Lord might lead her husband into this plain and narrow way until finally her prayer was answered in the conversion of her husband, and now they can go hand in hand in the service of the Lord. May their last days be their best days and may they devote their energies and their means to the service of the Lord.

There are many others residing in Ashland and Richland counties, O., that we would like to refer to in this connection, but time would fail us and we must content ourselves with this passing sketch. May it be to the glory of God is our earnest prayer.

The secret of a successful ministry is found in a passion for souls. David Brainard strikes the keynote. He said: "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could win souls for Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things, and when I awoke the first thing I thought of was this great work. All my desire was for their conversion, and all my hope was in God." All the desire centered on saving souls, and all hope for that end centered in God; this will make the ministry successful in the only true success.—Christian Advocate.

Seek the help of the Lord in every emergency.
I can thank the Lord that he has done so much for me, “that he so loved the world that he has given his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life.

Brethren and sisters pray for me that I may hold out faithful.

Sunnyside, Kans.

A LETTER FROM THE FAR WEST.

Dear editor.—If you will give me a little space in the columns of the Visitor, I will try by the help of God to write a few of my thoughts for the encouragement of others. It is the first time I have written for the Visitor—I am almost ashamed to say it, and yet I should not be when I consider how many of my brethren and sisters have not been heard from, among the number many ministers, too, whom we look up to for instruction.

I am a poor scholar, but there is one thing I do know, and that is that the Lord, for Christ’s sake, has pardoned my sins and set my soul free, and my Jesus keeps me safe even here in Oregon, among these beautiful evergreen mountains. And although we have no earthly shepherd here yet Jesus is my Shepherd, and I can truly say he leadeth me. He is the Captain of our salvation. Bless the Lord.

Not long ago I read in the Visitor of some of our fathers who have recently passed away. I trust it can be truly said of them that they rest from their labors. May their works follow them. Soon it will be said of me, too, like it is said of the wind, that it passeth away and cometh not again.

I will close by asking heaven’s choicest blessing to rest upon you and the church. Remember me when you bow around the altar of prayer. From your brother in Christ.

L. H. MULLEN.

Wolf Creek, Oregon.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

EXPERIENCE.

Dear readers of the Visitor.—I have often felt that I should give some of my experience in the Visitor, and I will now take the opportunity. I enjoy the reading of the experiences of others and it gives me encouragement to write.

I was about seventeen years old when I first started to serve the Lord. One Sunday afternoon on my way home from an application meeting, I felt convicted. I thought I wanted to be a Christian and follow the Lord Jesus. I felt quite dissatisfied with my condition, and the more I thought over it the more I felt condemned, until I became willing to obey the Lord. As soon as I gave myself up I received a blessing and then I had it good. My wish and desire was that I might be a true Christian, a true follower of the Lord Jesus. I loved to go to meeting and to be where the Lord’s people met.

When I was eighteen years old I was baptised. But while I wanted to follow my Savior I also had my trials and temptations and my gloomy seasons. Sometimes my mind was taken up too much with the pleasures of the world and I was led to feel that I did not live as close to God as I ought, but then the Lord would help me when I would come to him. Sometimes I felt that I was not as obedient to my parents as I should have been, but when I went to them and asked them to forgive me oh, how happy it would make me feel when I would hear the word of forgiveness! So, too, when I was not so obedient to my heavenly Parent, and would come humbly and ask pardon how ready the Lord was to forgive. I wish that I might let my light shine at home and abroad that others might see by my walk and conversation that I am seeking an inheritance with God.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

PURER IN HEART.

I often feel to thank God that I have yet a desire to become still purer in heart, as this should and must be if we think to enter into that rest which is prepared for God’s children. In 1 Tim. 5: 22 the apostle gives us these words, “Keep thyself pure.” Now the question for us to consider is first, to become wholly pure, and then, second, to keep ourselves pure. If we have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts and are founded upon the rock, Jesus Christ, it is no difficult matter to be pure in heart. Considering the many blessed promises we have all through the Word, can we not say with Paul, “I am persuaded that neither life, nor death, nor principalities, nor powers, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord.” Christ will ever help us whatever our need may be.

MARY K. LANDIS.

Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
May I devote my life
Wholly to thee.
Watch thou my wayward feet,
Guide me with counsel sweet—
Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be.

A LETTER FROM THE FAR WEST.

Dear editor.—If you will give me a little space in the columns of the Visitor, I will try by the help of God to write a few of my thoughts for the encouragement of others. It is the first time I have written for the Visitor—I am almost ashamed to say it, and yet I should not be when I consider how many of my brethren and sisters have not been heard from, among the number many ministers, too, whom we look up to for instruction.

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HOW IS CHRIST THE SON OF DAVID?

The Jews would not believe that Jesus was the Christ, because they knew of his birth and of his parentage, and therefore rejected him, for the reason that they thought when Christ would appear on earth no one would know how he came or whence he came. John 7: 27. Holding such a belief as this, it was no wonder they could not answer the question, how David himself could call him Lord, when he was his son. But we must remember that at the time David wrote the passage, “The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand until I make thy foes thy
footstool,” Christ had not been born in the flesh. At that time Christ was not yet David’s son, except in prospect.

Matthew opens his gospel thus: “The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham.” This is the same as saying Christ was David’s son and David was Abraham’s son, although there were a good many generations between them.

Then, beginning with Abraham, Matthew follows the generations down to Joseph, the reputed father of Jesus; hence all the descendants of David were called his sons and daughters. Even the angel that appeared to Joseph in a dream, called him a son of David; and, though we have no account of Mary’s genealogy, it may be taken for granted that she also was a descendant of David, and therefore, according to the flesh, Christ could appropriately be called the Son of David, but in spirit and power and immortality he was the Son of God.

We now return to the passage, “The Lord said unto my Lord.” That is, one Lord spoke to the other Lord. A the Lord and a my Lord. Now, how shall we further distinguish them? Take it that the first named means God the Father, and the other, God the Son. In other words, The Father said to the Son, “Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thy foes thy footstool.”

But why should David claim a closer relationship with the Son than with the Father? It must be because, according to the first chapter of John, third verse, we were all created by him; and not only created, but redeemed from our fallen state.

Again, where is God’s “right hand?” Ans. In the heavens above, or it may be any place that he assigns to his faithful subjects, whether North, East, South or West of his great throne. So long as we are in unison with the great Jehovah, I imagine we are at his right hand.

And, again, What are we to understand by Christ’s foes being made his footstool? Well, we learn that heaven is God’s throne, and the earth his footstool. And from the above quotation from Psalm 110: 1, in connection with what we can glean from 1 Cor. 15: 24-28, we are led to believe that God will have Christ the Son abiding at his right hand until the devil is chained and cast into the bottomless pit, and consequently all the wicked laid low as the ground, even to his footstool. And then Christ is to come and establish his kingdom at Jerusalem for a thousand years, during which time he will rule all the nations of the earth, after which the devil shall be loosed for a little season, and a new order of things begin, of which we know but little at present. This last paragraph is in accordance with the views of many Bible students, but may be widely misleading.

C. STONE.

THE QUAINT OLD PICTURE.

He was a high church clergyman, was converted under his own sermon, the news spread in all directions that the parson was converted, and that by his own sermon in his own pulpit. The church would not hold the crowds who came in the evening. He says, “I cannot exactly remember what I preached about on that occasion, but one thing I said was that if I had died last week I should have been lost forever.

“I felt it was true, so clear and vivid was the conviction through which I have passed, and so distinct was the light into which the Lord had brought me, that I knew, I was sure, that He had brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and put a new song in my mouth. He had quickened me who was before “dead in trespasses and sin.”

I now come to the quaint old picture the inferences that the subject of this paper drew from it, which I will give in his own words.

“As I was sitting by the fire one wet-afternoon, my eyes fell on a little colored picture on the mantelpiece, which had been my companion in my journeys.

“It was a quaint medieval illustration of Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness. As I looked at the engraving before me I began to suspect for the first time that there was a design in the arrangement of the figure, and that it was really intended to convey some particular teaching. I took it in my hand and studied it, when I observed that the cross, or pole, on which the serpent was elevated stood in the centre, dividing two sets of characters; and that there were serpents on the one side and none on the other. Behind the figure of Moses is a man standing with his arms crossed on his breast, looking on the brazen serpent. He evidently obtained life and healing by a look. On the other side I observed that there were four kinds of persons represented, who were not doing as this healed one did to obtain deliverance.

“First, there is one who is kneeling before the cross; but he is looking towards Moses, not at the serpent, and apparently confessing to him as if he were a priest.

“Next behind him is one lying on his back, as if he were perfectly safe, though he is in the midst of danger, for a serpent may be seen at his ear, binding up the wounds of a fellow sufferer, and little suspecting that he himself is involved in the same danger.
"Behind them all, on the back ground, is a valiant man who is doing battle with the serpents, which may be seen rising against him in unceasing persistency.

"I observed that none of these men were looking at the brazen serpent as they were commanded to do. I cannot describe how excited and interested I became, for I saw in this illustration a picture of my own life. Here was the way of salvation clearly set forth, and four ways which were not the way of salvation, all of which I had tried and found unavailing. This was the silent but speaking testimony of some unknown denizen of a cloister who lived in the beginning of the fifteenth century, in the days of ignorance and superstition. But notwithstanding this darkness, he was brought out of it. The recipients always know that in the years to come, they also will be obliged to give presents in return; spoons, sugar-bowls, butter-dishes, that often are in duplicates, and of no use to the possessor. This society-fashion for the people who are in ordinary circumstances is indeed a social oppression. It is pleasant to give and pleasant to receive; but not when you are certain that many are unable to give, and do so only because it is the custom.

If society would use the money expended for wedding presents in proper tenement houses, or free baths for the poor, or public parks, or to send boys and girls to college, the results in happiness would be increased a thousandfold. Of course, it is argued that the making of these costly things gives work to the poor. A five-thousand-dollar clock may give work to the poor, but the results in happiness would be increased a thousandfold. Of course, it is argued that the making of these costly things gives work to the poor.

\[\text{FOOLISH CUSTOMS AT WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS.}\]

Someone has said that "society is a terrible engine of oppression." Doubtless we are too much influenced by the example of others. We build better houses than we can afford because our neighbors build them. We wear finer clothes than we need be because our friends wear them.

\[\text{"The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us."}\]

We do not need to point to the thousands of cases every year of forgery and dishonest dealing to show that men and women live beyond their means. We see it early in the young man who takes a young woman to a party, hiring a carriage in which to bring her, when the street-cars are good enough for both, and quite all he can furnish her after they are married; buying a bunch of expensive roses for her because society seems to demand it, when in the store or office or bank where he works he earns very little more than enough to pay his own board. Fortunately a young woman sometimes has the good sense to think of a man's pocketbook, and is unwilling that any person should spend a large amount for her pleasure. A selfish girl makes a selfish woman, and where love has not made eyes too blind, it can be seen by the young escort. She dresses better than her parents can afford—the mother often making too great sacrifices for the daughter, and the father spending other people's money on her. We could learn from the English a more simple and wiser fashion of dressing young girls. Especially are we foolish in our wedding expenditures. Wedding presents have come to be a burden, and, to a great extent, simply a matter of pride. Said a lady to me recently: "We do not know very intimately the parties to be married, but our presents will be exhibited among the others, and we should be ashamed not to have them as elegant as those of our neighbors." And this same lady could ill afford to buy things for her own household, saying nothing of a thousand ways in which she could better have spent the money. It is useless to reason that people need not give presents. As long as we have such a needless fashion they will feel obliged to give, just as they do at Christmas, when half the time they have little heart or pleasure in it. The recipients always know that in the years to come, they also will be obliged to give presents in return; spoons, sugar-bowls, butter-dishes, that often are in duplicates, and of no use to the possessor. This society-fashion for the people who are in ordinary circumstances is indeed a social oppression. It is pleasant to give and pleasant to receive; but not when you are certain that many are unable to give, and do so only because it is the custom.

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A five-thousand-dollar clock may give work to the poor, but the results in happiness would be increased a thousandfold. Of course, it is argued that the making of these costly things gives work to the poor.
als has been changed. Heretofore, people who cared comparatively little about a person felt obliged at his or her death, in many instances, to send a five-dollar wreath, because they had met in "good society." A single line in the press, "Friends are requested not to send flowers," has stopped all this willing or unwilling giving. When shall we see at the bottom of wedding invitations, "Friends are requested not to send gifts?" The outside world would breathe a sigh of relief, while the father would not be debarred from giving his child a ten or a hundred thousand dollar check, or the groom a beautiful home to his bride.

If a wedding is an occasion of rejoicing, as it should be if the parties are well suited to each other for the life journey, surely our funerals should be occasions of quiet and respectful sorrow for our dead. The display of flowers has largely ceased, but not the idle curiosity that makes scores of persons eager to attend a funeral, and at the proper time "view the remains." Why hundreds who knew a person not at all intimately in life should be welcomed at the house of death to look upon a face worn by disease, and pallid in the not attractive hue of death, I cannot understand, save that custom unfortunatly has made it a part of the funeral ceremony to look at the body. It seems to me that no one should see our precious dead except the half-dozen or more to whom they were especially dear; and at a funeral, the coffin should be closed. 

"But," said a person to me, "you would have small attendance if people could not look at the corpse." Think of this curiosity being welcomed in the house of death! It is better that most of us be remembered, even by those who loved us, as we were in life. . . . Let us be laid to rest by the few who really love us, and not by the multitude who know us little and care for us little, but come to the house of mourning because it is the custom.—Sarah K. Bolton, in Independent.

THE GOSPEL OF NOISE.

It sometimes seems as if some people had embraced "the gospel of noise." They seem to have forgotten those scriptures which say: "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him." Hab. 2: 20. "Be still and know that I am God." Psa. 40: 1. "Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still." Psa. 4: 4. "Be silent, O all flesh before the Lord." Zeol. 2: 13. "When thou goest to the house of God...be not rash with thy mouth to utter anything before God;...for a dream cometh through the multitude of business; and a fool's voice is known by the multitude of words," Eccl. 5: 1-3. It is sometimes the case that from the beginning to the end of a religious service there is nothing but noise; not one moment for quiet meditation and careful thought. At first there is what is sometimes termed a "praise service," where for an half an hour or an hour people sing—sometimes without much regard to sense—noisy tunes with rattling choruses, the more noisy and the more rattling the better, until people are exhausted or wearied; then comes in a short sermon, or a few brief prayers or remarks, interspersed with more of the same kind of music, and so the hour passes by.

We recollect a special service where there were present a number of persons who were perhaps qualified to edify and instruct the people, but someone who supposed he had charge of the services, occupied nearly an hour at the beginning with preliminaries, mostly noisy and exciting singing, until at length he was interrupted by some one more experienced, who took the meeting in hand and tried to bring quiet, order, self-examination and devotion, out of the noise and confusion which prevailed.

We need in these days something besides the gospel of rattle-te-bang. There needs to be searching of hearts. The blessed man is one who meditates day and night in the law of God. His life is not one whirl of noisy excitement. He has learned to wait on God. When he speaks he has something to say, and when the Spirit of God prompts him to bear testimony he proposes to have time to deliver the message which he has received. He is not anxious to see how much talking can be done in fifteen minutes, or how many people can jump up and sit down in half an hour. The question is not how much powder can be fired off, but how much execution can be done.

The word of God, sharper than a two-edged sword, pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; but the gospel of rattle-te-bang, the gospel of noise and clatter, the gospel of song which affects people's toes more than it does their hearts, and is better adapted to jigs and glees than prayers and supplications, is not likely to lead men to Christ, the Lamb of God, nor to melt and break the hearts of lost souls.

Can we not learn something from those who have lived before us? Is it not wise sometimes to wait in silence before the Lord, to ask him to show us his will, and then to listen while he answers us? Maybe in some hours of quiet and silent devotion the Lord will reveal to us truths which we shall never hear in the midst of noise and tumult and confusion.—The Armory.

"Redemption not only recovers from sin, but it abolishes death and overcomes the grave. All this Christ accomplished for us through his death and resurrection."
THE SOCIAL QUICKSAND.

"It sometimes happens on certain coasts of Brittany or Scotland that a man, traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick to it; it is sand no longer—it is glue. The beach is perfectly dry; with some difficulty. The strand behind the bank, suddenly notices that for on the beach at low tide, far from man, traveller or fisherman, walking however, has noticed no change. The immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little cloud of sand-flies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet.

"The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland. He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels somehow as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in. He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings. All at once he looks at his feet. His feet have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws his feet out of the sand; he will retrace his steps; he turns back; he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out, and throws himself to the left; the sand is half-leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the fearful medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim.

"He throws off his load, if he has one, lightens himself like a ship in distress. It is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over. He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable, impossi­to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which will not end, which seizes you erect, free, in full health, which draws you by the feet, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout that you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the trees, the green fields, the smoke of the villages on the plains, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky.

"The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep. Every movement he makes intermèn him. He straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed up. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs. Behold him waist-deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath, sobbing frenziedly. The sand rises. The sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them—night. Now the forhead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves and shakes, and disappears. It is the drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain, and opens like a wave."—Victor Hugo.

You have doubtless noticed during this description the striking analogy between the quicksand and intemperance. The young man indulges in his social glass joyously, merrily; until at length he feels a little of the power of appetite; but he is not anxious. His strong will can keep it in check, and he goes on with his indulgences without a thought of fear. Songs are merry about him, laughter is loud and frequent; he is in no danger of crossing the invisible line between moderation and drunkenness. And yet somehow his feet become unsteady, and his nerves tremble strangely. Suddenly he wakes from his dream of security to find that last night he lost control of himself, and became the laughing-stock of the street. He makes resolutions of reform; he will give up his drinks. Then he finds that the dregs of the social glass form a quicksand that holds his feet with a terrible power. With agony he realizes the power of a quenchless thirst. He takes the pledge, entreats the aid of friends, resolves to amend; falls, resolves again, again he yields to temptation. Then if Faith, Hope, and Charity do not lead him to Christ, and "hope all things" for him, even against hope, and forgive all his failures, and deliver him from evil, he will die in despair.—From The Cup of Death.

PEOPLE WHO WERE RIGHT.

Joshua was right when he said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Daniel was right when he said, "I will not defile myself with the king's meat."

David was right when he said, "I will bless the Lord at all times." Elijah was right when he said, "If God be God, follow him."

Jacob was right when he said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

John was right when he said, "Whosoever will may come."—Ran's Horn.
Dear Editor:—

Jesus and the apostles. VIOLA M. BAEB.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to Sunday-school. My papa is superintendent and John A. Stump is my teacher. I went to the first Sunday-school, but our school closed the 15th of May. In Sunday-school we read out of the New Testament, and I like to go to Sunday-school. I have verses nearly every Sunday. I wish some more of the little girls and boys would write. I think Aunt Mattie forgot her dear little children. My letter is not very long but I will come to a close.

KULA MAY SMITH.

Detroit, Kans.

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A QUEER GUIDEBOARD.

There were bright lights flashing from the farm-house windows and a cheerful fire blazing and crackling in the fireplace where Willie rode up to the door. A long ride and a chilly autumn air had combined to make this home-scene very pleasant, and Willie drew a long breath of satisfaction as he dismounted and led Kelpie to the stable. Aunt Hannah, knitting by the fire-light, smiled as the boy entered.

"I am glad you are safely home again; I began to fear you had lost your way," she said.

"So I did, aunty—lost my way in the old forest, and wandered around there for two hours or more."

"The old forest?" Aunt Hannah's kindly face paled. "How came you there, Willie? It is no safe place for strangers. People have sometimes wandered there for days."

"Well, I thought it would be a somewhat shorter cut home than going around by the road; but it's like a good many short cuts, aunty: the long road that you know is right is safer than the short one that you are doubtful about.

Willie had found his favorite low seat, and was looking up into Aunt Hannah's face.

"I followed what seemed to be a path into the middle of the woods," continued Willie, "and then lost it and my way together. I wandered around in every direction, and I suppose I might have been wandering yet if I had not suddenly come across a guideboard."

"A guideboard in the middle of the forest?" questioned Aunt Hannah; and Willie's eye twinkled:

"Yes'rm; found it in my pocket, and it was a queer one too, but it brought me safely here. I drew out my handkerchief, and a little pink card fluttered out with it and fell on Kelpie's mane. It was my Sunday school card—one of the Golden Texts, you know; and what do you think it was? 'The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib.'"

I didn't read the rest of it, for all at once there came the thought that if the ox and the ass knew so much, the horse old too, and maybe, he might find his way to his 'master's crib' if I let him alone. So I dropped the rein, and, sure enough, old Kelpie picked the way, and here we are.

Now, auntie, wasn't that a queer way to use that verse? I don't suppose that was what it was meant for when it was written—of course it wasn't—but then my having it in my pocket and it's falling out, and all that, didn't just happen."

"No; it was providence—God's way to save you. Ah, Willie boy! that is one of the wonderful things about the Bible. Its words hold not only the general truth and teaching that are for all and for all times, but in hours of danger and trial some words unthought of before often come with a new peculiar meaning that makes them seem sent to us alone, bearing the very direction and comfort we need. Guideboards in the wilderness they surely are."

"I've been thinking about the last part of that verse, auntie," said Willie softly. "The ox and the ass know—but my people doth not consider." It really does seem as if I ought to know my Master and the way home as well as Kelpie. I shouldn't wonder if that guideboard pointed a long way."—Selected.

LOUISE AND HER FAMILY.

Louise was a little Swiss girl whose father and mother died and left her with five small brothers and sisters. They had a kind uncle and aunt, however, who lived in America who said they would welcome them, and the good pastor in the little Swiss town raised enough money to pay for their passage to America. He also accompanied them to the ship, bought their tickets and made all possible provision for their comfort. From the necks of the children he suspended cards giving their own and their parents' names, their past address and that of their uncle. Then asking the captain of the vessel to give some personal attention to the young voyagers, he committed them to the care of God, and sadly bade them farewell.

The ship sped swiftly across the
Atlantic, meeting only prosperous winds and fair weather. The children proved to be good sailors, and contrived to find daily enjoyment even amid the crowd of emigrants. These lowly fellow passengers showed them repeated kindnesses, and the captain, a rough but good-natured man, remembering the request of the pastor, marked them out as the objects of special favor.

Every night, before going to bed, Louise gathered the younger ones around her and read a few verses from the New Testament, in German, and then all six united in the words of the Lord’s prayer.

Grown men and women were quiet and respectful as they listened to these babies at their devotions. Perhaps hard hearts were touched. It may be that prayerless lips were closed, and respectful as they listened to the words of the Lord’s prayer.

If we have not the privilege of working with a Gospel Wagon, Gospel Carriage or Gospel Pushecart, let us use what we have. If we have not the company of people to join us in the work, let us not wait, but start at once, 'alone, it may be, to preach the Kingdom of God to a lost world, remembering that God can use anything, in the Bible line, no matter how simple. If a Christian is determined to engage in open-air Gospel service, a chair, a box to stand on, or even standing on a level with the audience, will not hinder the work from being done.

A great many people will plan to do outdoor work this season, but will plan only, for the work will not be done, as they will be waiting for a better outfit, or more help. A whole-hearted consecration is needed, and with this all obstacles will be overcome. There is a peculiar inspiration and uplift to this open-air work; it makes the worker rely upon God, and in the summer season it is certainly one of the great powers to reach the unsaved with the Gospel. Let us therefore not wait, but push forward, asking God for courage, and depending upon Him to honor and bless the Word. —Union Gospel News.

LOVE-FEASTS.

May 31 and June 1, near Greensville, Franklin county, Pa., in the Antrim church. June 3 and 4, 1893, Elkhart, Ind. A general invitation is extended to all, especially to the ministering brethren.

June 3 and 4, 1893, Bucks county, Pa., at the Landisville meeting-house, Railway station, Sellersville, on the North Penn R. R. June 3 and 1, 1893, at Martinburg, Blair county, Pa. All are invited, especially the ministering brethren.


June 10 and 11, at the residence of Bro. Henry Roland, about five miles southwest of Ashland, Ohio. All invited.


June 17, Black Creek, Welland county, Ont.

June 17, Waterloo, Waterloo county, Ont.

June 24, St. Clair county, Michigan.

MARRIED.


EICHELBERGER—HALDEMAN.—By El­der Samuel Stauffer, of Green Spring, a minister of the Baptist church. Text: 1 Thes. 4: 14. The remains were laid away in the Hoover burying-ground near by. She has gone to rest from her labors and her works do follow her.


OUR DEAD.

HOOVER.—Died, near Newburg, Pa., April 25, 1893, Sarah Ellen Hoover, aged 29 years, 6 months and 19 days. The funeral was held on May 3, and was largely attended by friends and neighbors. Services were conducted by Samuel Stauffer, of Green Spring, a minister of the Baptist church. Text: 1 Thes. 4: 14. The remains were laid away in the Hoover burying-ground near by. She has gone to rest from her labors and her works do follow her.

MILLER.—Died, in Dallas Centre, Iowa, March 21, 1893, Sarah Ellen, eldest daughter of Bro. Martin Miller, deceased, and Sister Barbara Miller, aged 28 years, 6 months and 14 days. The subject of this notice was of a kind and amiable disposition and always had a great regard for religious persons. Shortly before her death she was on a visit to Illinois and while there she publicly confessed Christ. About two weeks before her death she returned home having contracted quinsy in her throat from which she seemingly recovered, but on the afternoon of her death she took a violent chill and by five o'clock p.m. was a corpse. Her death was very unexpected to her friends and perhaps to herself. It was a great shock to her widowed mother who also was in feeble health. Funeral at the 29th. Services by Bro. John Hawbaker and Noah Flory. Interment in the Dunkard cemetery.

MYERS.—Died, April 25, 1893, at her home near Reynoldsburg, Ohio, of dropsey, after a lingering illness, Sister Maria Myers, wife of Bro. Abraham Myers, aged 22 years and 19 days. Funeral services were held on the 27th in the Buyschak church near by and her remains were interred in the church. The services were conducted by Bro. Jacob Runkle and the writer from Rev. 14:13. Sister Myers’ maiden name was Wingate. She was born in Franklin county, Pa., April 6, 1821. She was married to Abraham Myers, February 11, 1840. In 1841 they were bap­tized and united with the church, and in 1847 they came to Franklin county, Ohio, where they have lived ever since. To them were born 10 children—3 sons and 7 daughters. Two sons and four daughters preceded her to the home beyond, where she has now gone to rest with them. Sister Myers was greatly reconciled to the will of the Lord, and we trust has gone to rest from her labors.

DAVID FEER.