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THE JUDGMENT DAY.
I sat alone with my conscience
In a place where time had ceased,
And I thought of my former living
In the lands where the years increased;
And I felt I should have to answer
The question if put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.
The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight.
Throughout an eternity.
In a place where time had ceased.
The question if put to me.
And I knew the far-away warning.
For it was but the thought of my past life
Then I woke from my timely dreaming.
And I wonder if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave,
But no one gave me answer,
Then felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
And it seemed enough for me.
And I wore in the far away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time;
And I thought of my former thinking
Of the judgment day to be;
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.
And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave,
But no one gave me answer,
And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by.
And it seemed enough for me.
Then I woke from my timely dreaming.
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning.
For it was but the thought of my past life.
Growing into eternity.
Then I woke from my timely dreaming.
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday;
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave—
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.
And so I have learnt a lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learnt it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
In the land where time will cease.
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful so' er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.
—Selected by Annie M. Newcomer, Dayton, O.
for want of calm and serious contemplation. Isaac walked in the fields to meditate at eventide, and I have no doubt it did him good. Jesus went in the desert and the mountain alone at the close of a busy day, and John got his clearest views of the New Jerusalem in the lonely isle of Patmos; and the sweetest and best Christians of to-day are those who

"love to steal a while away,
From every enervating care,
And spend the hours of closing day
In solitude and prayer."

In these things, I fear, we are not equal to the old brethren and sisters who have passed over. And on these and other lines of thought I would like to say a few words. Our old fathers and mothers in the church were a deeply serious people, among the world it was reckoned as one of their noted characteristics. In my acquaintance with Eld. Peter Cober, Bro. Jacob Heise and other well known brethren, while I have often seen them smile, I seldom saw them laugh, and that but slightly. Their time was too precious to spend in mirth and foolish laughter. Can the same be said of us to-day? Must we, many of us, old and young, look back with sorrow to occasions when we, forgetting our holy calling, indulged in foolish talking and laughter. Again, in looking back, we remember our old brethren always had their religion with them. Long before I was converted with them, I noticed, when they came together on visits, they made it a refreshing to their souls by opening their hearts to each other and telling their hopes and fears and sympathizing together. They parted strengthened and bettered by having been together. Oh, I would to God I could say the same of the social visit of to-day! How often among older ones the time is spent in talking of crops and prices, stock and buildings, or discussing the latest church trouble, while the young members show photos and autographs.

If some one proposes singing it is mostly some new-fangled, rattling piece that is sung. Something that tickles the ear but fails to warm the heart, ending perhaps with a laugh at the blunders of some of the singers.

We remember, too, when we first belonged to the church, how we came together long before the preaching hour, and sang and admonished, and by meeting time our thoughts were gathered, and our hearts warmed and solemnized. This, too, in a great measure, has passed away, and we have become more formal and "churchy."

Again, in looking back over the eighteen years of our connection with the church, we remember that the brethren were prominent for plainness. At that time there was not a single member in this district that an entire stranger could not have picked out as a member at first sight. We cannot say so now of all, though we can of most; but our district is one of the plainest in the brotherhood. The shingled head, and single mustache, and starched up appearance generally had no place in those days, and no introductions were needed to recognize a brother. Oh how sad it makes me feel when visiting other churches at love-feast time, I meet such and simply give them the hand of friendship and learn afterward that it was a brother. In regard to the sisters, I am glad to say, I never met one at meeting yet that I could not recognize at once.

Once more in looking back I remember our church was noted for truthfulness and honesty in business affairs, but I fear as the years have flown, our reputation has become soiled more or less, and the world has learned that "they are not all Israel that are of Israel."

In summing up, I find we are in "perilous times" and we need to "strengthen the things which remain that are ready to die," to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good," even if it is called old fogyism and fossilized. Our old folks had very little learning but they preached with demonstration of the Spirit and with power. They showed in their lives and conduct that they believed what they preached, and so must we if we would be faithful to our trust. No compromising with the world will save sinners or develop Christians. The past generation was not without defects peculiar to their day, which we will not specify here.

Let us also beware in our revival efforts of the popular plans of the day, which aim more for numbers than for a radical change of heart and life. The only way to get sinners to Christ is the way we read of in the Acts of the Apostles: preach the Gospel earnestly and powerfully, and to do this we must feel the responsibility of our calling; and have an earnest membership to second our efforts, then the Holy Spirit will set his seal on our labors and, like under Peter's pentecostal sermon, people will get pricked in their hearts and enquire the way of salvation, and walking therein will find peace and pardon.

Finally, brethren, I have written these thoughts, not to criticize, but to remind, "to stir up our pure minds by way of remembrance." I don't say the evils named are general, but there is danger of them becoming so, and "an ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure," and much more easily administered.

This article was intended for the closing number of the old year, but sickness prevented me from getting it rewritten till now. The grippe has weakened my eyes that I dare not read or write much at a time.
HUMILITY.

In 1 Pet. 5:5, we are told to be clothed with humility. What is humility? It is lowliness of mind, modesty; and modesty means chastity, or purity of mind and body, showing us plainly that we are not to be highminded, but to be ever kept at Jesus feet.

1 Tim. 2:8: "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works." I am often made to wonder why our sisters wear gold and silver rings and ear-rings. Do you wear them to appear well and be considered nice and good-looking, or do you want to be praised, and that is the reason that style and pride commence to creep into the church. I think we ought to give it serious thought, and see if it is not a hindrance to some of the weaker ones. Oh! I would say, dear sister, examine yourself and see if you have any unnecessary thing on your dress or in your house that does not agree with God's word, and do give up all that is displeasing to him, and pray to God for grace and strength to overcome.

I remember the time when I did not enjoy religion to its fullest extent as I do now, I used to love all the bright fast colors in dress goods, because it was the fashion, and I felt proud. Oh, when I think over it what a state I was in, and how careless I was! If God had called me from time to eternity what would have been my fate, although a church member! It was all caused by disobedience to God, by quenching the Spirit of God, and there is where the enemy got a strong hold. He would say this makes no difference and that makes no difference, but the good Spirit would say it was wrong and I should not do it, and it was there that I would quench the Spirit of God. How sad it makes me feel to think how I grieved the Spirit!

The tenth verse of the eleventh chapter of 1 Corinthians was particularly on my mind. "For this cause the woman must have power on her head, because of the angels." Why do not all of our sisters wear the covering? Is it because it is a cross, or is it too plain and you think you will be laughed at if you wear it? I might also ask, Why are some allowed to go without it, and others have to wear it if they want to belong to the church? It seems to me we ought to all come under one rule. If we do not then we have not all got the same mind.

I am sorry to say that some are getting conformed to this world instead of getting transformed. Why is it so? It is all pride and vanity. We want to be considered nice and good-looking, or we want to be praised, and that is the reason that style and pride commence to creep into the church. I think we ought to give it serious thought, and see if it is not a hindrance to some of the weaker ones. Oh! I would say, dear sister, examine yourself and see if you have any unnecessary thing on your dress or in your house that does not agree with God's word, and do give up all that is displeasing to him, and pray to God for grace and strength to overcome.

Oh! I would say, in conclusion, dear brother, or sister, or unconverted friend, if you are tempted to take it to the Lord in prayer, and be obedient and do what the good Spirit shows you, and you will never be lost, but have life eternal. Pray for me that I may ever be kept humble at Jesus' feet.

Alice A. Heise.

OUR? HOME.

"There is a beautiful home on high,
A home supremely blest,
We hope to reach it by and by,
And enter into rest."

What sublime, soul-lifting thought in the stanza we have quoted. It is a sermon in itself and points with radiant finger to a home on high—supremely blest, and tells of a latent hope within every breast that we may reach it—by and by—when we shall enter into rest. Our surroundings take up so much of our time, with the transient, demoralizing, and often soul-destroying things of this earth, and blunt our appreciation of things heavenly, that we fail to appreciate the the glorious opportunities within our grasp, to be had by looking up and reaching up. What we need is to concentrate our thoughts on the promises relating to heaven and future glory with God and his angels. So doing will help us to dispel those gloomy hours which, resulting from the many heart-rending experiences of this life and its bitter disappointments, at times completely overwhelm us. Heaven is a good place to think about. It will save us from many dark hours and put a new song into our mouth, viz: Praises to our God.

Man would be but a vain thing, a toy, mere dust and ashes, a passing vapor, did he not know his nothingness. This feeling, this knowledge, makes us immortal.—Jean Paul Richter.
Falling and Rising Again.

Of all creatures that are born into the world, that of the human species in infancy seems to be the most helpless. The little babe has to be clothed, nursed and handled very carefully and tenderly the first four or five months of his life, having less knowledge, and being less able to make known his wants or to keep himself, than has a chicken within two days after emerging from the shell. But when the child gets to be ten or twelve months old, he begins to stand up on his feet; first holding to a chair or bench to steady himself. After a practice in this way, he will move the chair by pushing, and so takes a step or two to follow it. A little later on, he will venture to let go of the chair and stand alone unsupported; but he has not yet made the first step in this way, and is afraid to do so, lest he should lose his balance and get a fall; for he has already learned by experience, that striking the floor with his head causes pain. But by and by, either upon being urged by his mother, or from natural instinct, he ventures to make a step or two forward, but likely loses his balance, falls and is hurt; but nothing damned, he rises and tries it again and again, until, by practice and gain of strength, he succeeds, not only in walking, but in running at full speed, and O, what an advance!

It causes them to fall very low from their former self-conceited loftiness. It brings them down even as low as the feet of the cross and there to cry out, what must I do to be saved? Then when a man has come to this state of humiliation and repentance, he makes this resolve: "Live or die, I make the venture." Yea, he thus drops himself right into the arms of Jesus—he falls from his perilous position, but soon finds himself buoyed up, and his feet set upon the "Rock of Ages." He fell, but is risen again with a new song in his mouth, even praises to our God who doth abundantly pardon. The words of the prophet Micah 7: 8, 9 then apply to his case—"Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise." The reader will please turn to the verses named.

Simeon spoke of this falling and rising as though it applied only to Israel, but we must remember that according to Paul's exposition, some may be Israel that are not of Israel. Israel means, "prevailing with God." Hence, any one prevailing with God is Israel in the primary sense of the term.

Let the foregoing suffice as to the falling and rising again, but the text embraces a little more—namely: "A sign that shall be spoken against that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

A great deal was spoken against Jesus from the time he entered his ministry on earth; and even yet to the present day, the controversy goes on. His divinity, his authority and his power, are still subjects of much discussion among men, and in this way the thoughts of many hearts are revealed. It brings to light what the people think of the lowly Nazarene.

And, as to the sword that was to pierce through the soul of Mary—she may have experienced that prediction when she witnessed the crucifixion of her first born son. No doubt the sight of that event, caused a pang of agony to pass through her soul, that none else but a mother can realize.

C. STONEBR.  
Polo, Ill.

For the Evangelical Visitor.  
VICTORY.

Victory means a superiority gained in a battle, or contest; conquest; triumph. Man's life is a battle both spiritually and temporally, hence man is ever endeavoring to gain the victory over matters which appear to be in the way of progress in his life's course. There appears to be an opposing element in most everything that is good, and in order to maintain and make prosper that which is good it requires the most careful and persevering efforts which can be put forth. The hope of victory is what stimulates a person to activity and perseverance when he meets with adversaries as he is passing along in the journey of life.

In order, then, to be successful in any engagement it is necessary to have some idea of the nature of these opposing elements, and also the means by which they may be most successfully overcome.

A person entering into a Christian life is entering into a noble engage-
ment. Indeed, it is the life that God has designed that his noblest creatures should live. It is the life that has been restored to fallen humanity by the death of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ; the life which brings a new and living hope to the soul of immortal bliss, an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away.

Notwithstanding all the resolutions, the yielding up of himself to God, the promises of faithfulness, and the witness of acceptance, the child of God is often assailed by Satan in the way of discouragements or else in tempting him to something which the good Spirit has taught him was wrong. Depend upon it the evil one will try you at your weakest point, whatever it may chance to be, and to resist him in one's own strength is simply to be defeated. Hence the need of a higher power than human strength in order to have victory over sin. Here is where a great many mistakes are made; too much reasoning with self, too much sympathy with the flesh, instead of bringing self under foot and crucifying the flesh with the lusts thereof, and going to Christ in whom only we can have victory.

In viewing the Christian warfare we behold a great conflict, "the flesh lusting against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh." But the apostle Paul said, "walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh."

Noticing closely the tenor of Paul's writings, we learn he is endeavoring to lead us out into a higher life than that which nature would dictate, namely, not to bring forth the works of the flesh, which are these, adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variances, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, mur­ders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like; this would no doubt include the tobacco habit, with many other things that are simply the products of the flesh, or carnal mind. Should any find themselves indulging in any one of the above named evils or any of a similar nature they should at once set about by the grace of God to gain the victory of it. It may cost a struggle, and in many cases it may be a life-long struggle, but "to him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in his throne." Rev. 3: 21. We are glad to note that in all our weaknesses, trials and temptations, we have a great sympathizer in the person of Jesus Christ, who "was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." Rom. 4: 15. And "being tempted he is able to succor them that are tempted." Rom. 2: 18.

Now if we exercise ourselves manfully in this great conflict, while passing through life, and if we yield obedience to the commands of our Lord with all faithfulness and true humility of heart, then when this life, with all its conflicts, sorrows, trials and temptations, ends, and when Christ comes to receive us unto himself, then we have the victory of all victories when we can say, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? ... But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 15: 55, 57.

JOHN REICHARD,
Fording, Ont.

PRIDE.

Some time ago a copy of the Religious Telescope was handed me with the request that I should read an article it contained, entitled, "Olden Times." The article was written by J. C. Smith, an old United Brethren minister, and describes the manners, customs, persecutions, etc., of the United Brethren fathers of fifty years ago. I read the article with much interest, but also with a feeling of sorrow as I thought of the present state of the Church, so widely different from the Church of fifty years ago, as described in that article. The words of the poet came to my mind, "Well may thy servants mourn, my God, The Church's desolation."

For grief and lamentation.

The following is an extract from the article: "But if the Church was persecuted more than now it also had a purer membership. Professing religion was not then what many now make it—a sort of holiday dress parade. It meant self-denial; it meant war on everything sinful, in fact or in appearance. The unconverted shunned their society. . . . The Church then had some customs which drew a very distinct line between it and the outside world, and indeed also between it and some sister denominations. Its preachers were expected to wear white hats with an ample attachment of brim—of course, if the purse afforded, fine beaver. The coat must be a cut-away or "shad-belly." The boots, if made of cowhide, were supposed to afford a strong argument in favor of inward humility. . . . The hair should be combed over the forehead, not trained upward or to either side. The necktie, if any, should be white. These rules were generally observed, yet there were some who would infract them, and think and act for themselves on the question of dress. But such infrac­tion always awakened anxiety in the minds of the fathers as to the humility of the offender.

"The lay members of the church were expected to conform as nearly as possible to the style of dress adopted by the preachers; and in case they adopted the latest style of garments, such laymen were supposed to need more than mere watching—they should be rebuked for their hankering after the vanity of the world,
It is but simple justice to say of the watchmen of that day that whatever else might stay away the rebuke came. As to the sisters, they were expected to come to meeting in their sun-bonnets, especially the married ones. No ruffles, no white collars, no flounces. These were 'the little foxes that spoil the tender vine.' The dress was as nearly as possible like the Quaker style. If a sister did on a Sunday indulge in the luxury of a straw bonnet, she must be careful not to adorn her head-device with an artificial flower or ruffle attachment. As to ribbons, it was expected by grave old sisters that there be just enough to tie the headgear under the chin, and no more; but if their was an additional half yard by way of ornament, it was felt that the time to administer a reproof had arrived. As to jewelry now seen on the sisters, there is no one who will think that I have made the foregoing remarks concerning the sisters on this subject, and how they came to a clearer knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and thus gained in piety and power for good? It is a debatable question, says the writer.

Bishop J. Weaver of the U. B. Church, in an article published in the Telescope some years ago, argued very forcibly that fashionable and ornamental clothing hung upon a human form gives conclusive evidence of a proud heart; and further says: 'In proportion as pride gains spiritual power dies out.' This answers Smith's debatable question, and would represent the Church to be on a spiritual decline, having lost in piety and spiritual power. I would to God it were otherwise, but the sad truth is too plain to be denied or doubted.

I was much impressed by the article 'On Dress,' by Wesley, in the Herald of Aug. 15. How very strict and pointed these good old fathers in Israel were on this subject, and how their instructions and warnings have been slighted. I doubt not, if John Wesley or one of the United Brethren fathers of fifty years ago could have entered one of their congregations of the present day, and behold the abominable display of fashion—the tucks, ruffles, ribbons, laces, feathers, artificial flowers, and jewelry of all kinds, upon their church-members they would have been utterly disgusted and completely overwhelmed with savor of the sight.

But now, many of those who are set as shepherds and watchmen over flocks, whose congregations are well nigh lost in forms and fashions, don't seem to notice anything wrong with their congregations; or if they do, they don't seem to care. True, there are some who now and then raise a warning cry against this great evil, but what does it avail? The walls are broken down, the wolf is devouring the flock, the little foxes destroying the tender vine, and the watchmen, many of them, are like 'dumb dogs that cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber.' I hope no one will think that I have made the foregoing remarks concerning the sad state of these churches by way of taunting them, or to try to extinguish their light that our own may shine the brighter; it was with a feeling of sadness, and as a warning to ourselves and others.

In raising a warning cry, the questions naturally arise, how came these churches into their present sad state? How did pride gain such a strong hold on them? Bishop Weaver says, 'It has stolen into the churches by degrees, and now rules with a rod of iron.' Yes, by degrees. Here lies the great mischief. Oh! this 'little by little; 'here a little, and there a little.' This is one of Satan's cunning devices to lead souls and churches to ruin. He is cunning enough to know that he could not of a sudden drown a plain church by an overwhelming flood of pride; but slowly, slyly, step by step, he makes his inroads into the church. Not always in his true colors, but in disguise, as an angel of light. He introduces pride and love of dress as a mark of intelligence and refinement; a God-given love for the beautiful; respectability, etc. In this way he succeeds in misleading the weak and unwary, and, strange to say, also some ministers, who sanction pride and plead for its indulgence, thus giving the enemy every advantage.

Having noticed the condition of other churches and how they came into their present condition, let us try and profit by their experience and avoid the rock on which they made shipwreck. At present our own church still ranks among the plain churches, but from what I have been able to see and hear of the church here and elsewhere, I perceive that we have not much to boast of in this respect. As in
other churches, so in our own, by degrees, little by little, pride and conformity to the world are coming into the church. We can see the marks of the destroyer in lines too plain to be mistaken. However, I am not willing to believe as some do that the church is just on the verge of ruin, ready to drop over into the gulf of pride and worldliness. I believe if those of us who see the evil of pride will do our duty and labor faithfully against this great evil, by the blessing of God the church will remain a plain church for a long time to come. But we must watch, and labor and pray. Undoubtedly Satan desires to have us so that he may sift us as wheat. He tries every device, no doubt, to bring the church to ruin, and pride is one of his most destructive weapons. But Satan is in one sense a conquered enemy, and it is only by inactivity and negligence on our part and by our own consent that he can gain the victory over us. Hence, we should be awake and on our guard in this matter. We see that when we exert ourselves against pride in the right way good results follow. Let us work in love. I know there are some who claim that too much is being said about pride. I may be wrong but it appears to me there is not enough said about it. Pride is a great evil, ruinous in its effects to both soul and body, and should be zealously opposed.

Bishop Weaver says: “There are many evils in the land, and in the church, but I doubt if any one evil is doing more harm than pride.” I doubt if any one evil is doing as much harm as pride. Intemperance is a great evil—an enormous evil—but I am not sure that it is as great an evil as pride. Pride is by far more frequently reproved and denounced in the Bible than intemperance. Even a proud look is an abomination in the sight of God. Through pride sin came into the world with all its evil consequences. It has destroyed churches, kingdoms, empires and nations, and of old it brought down the curse of God upon the daughters of Zion, who walked “with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, etc.” (Read Isaiah 3: 16-24 inclusive.) It has also been observed that the woman of fashion spends her husband’s earnings to gratify her proud heart, and even contracts debts which he is unable to pay, until, discouraged, he resorts to the intoxicating cup to drown his financial trouble. Thus, pride leads to drunkenness. Besides, what a vast amount of precious time, and how many thousands of dollars of the Lord’s money are spent annually, by those who profess to have given their all to Christ, for finery to gratify the cravings of a depraved fancy, in direct opposition to the divine word.

Who has not noticed the alarming increase of sensuality, unchastity and lewd wickedness with which our land is being flooded? And who will dare say that this great evil is not caused, or at least greatly increased, by the immodesty and indecency of female dress? Talmage has observed that multitudes of men owe their eternal damnation to the boldness of female attire. The devotees of fashion bedeck and ornament themselves and transform their bodies into an unmeet, indecent shape, thus alluring the eyes of men, enkindling evil desires, often leading to the blackest crimes; while modesty, shamefacedness, simplicity and plainness of dress are undoubtedly inclining to contract and restrain this great evil.

I consider it not enough simply to write and speak on this subject occasionally; I believe it to be the duty of every minister frequently to warn his congregation against the vanity in dress. It is written: “Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins.” Isa. 55: 1.

I would further suggest that limits be made, restrictions laid down and enforced. As an old Methodist minister is reported to have said in conversation with one of our ministers on this subject; “Whatever you do,” said he “make limits.” He saw that their own church had drifted away into worldly conformity for want of limits. Pride was preached against, no doubt, but no restrictions being laid down the evil grew instead of being restrained. Now I do not feel able to say just what these restrictions should demand, or to what extent they should be enforced. I will leave this for older and wiser heads to say, but, that something should be done, I think is plainly evident.

Daniel Sheak, in Herald of Truth.

JUDGE NOT.

(BADL)

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

When I was young I sought to be Better than all my fellow-men; And, puffed up with my pitty, I fancied that I was so then; Perfect, indeed, in my own eye. More nice, I can now see, than wise. I sat beside my sire one night, (God rest his soul to Paradise!) And read, and prayed, till morning light, Nor ever closed my watchful eyes. The Koran’s wisdom was so deep; The all the rest were fast asleep! “Not one will raise his drowsy head, Or join his voice with mine in prayer; They sleep—they might as well be dead, For all they hear or all they care. Their sin is great,” “And yours no less, Who magnify your righteousness,” My father said: “For who are you, That thus should any man condemn? They sleep—you might be sleeping too, And judged, as you are judging them. Were Allah, who alone is great, Not equal and compassionate!”

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich. —Shenstone.
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A Friend, Iowa 3.00

The Travelling Passenger Agent of the Santa Fe R. R. called at this office in reference to rates to and from the Conference to be held here May 10th. He desires to know how many purpose to attend from other places. The different districts will please report to this office as soon as possible in order that reduced rates can be obtained on the different railways. We hope that this report will be full and will be made soon as much depends on the number who attend. Now is the time to see Kansas and the West.

One of our subscribers in sending in his subscription to the VISITOR has this to say: "Dear friend Davidson, Sir: I drop you a few lines to let you know that the VISITOR is my friend. I wish you a happy New Year. May the Lord bless you in all your undertakings in the Lord Jesus. Declare all the counsel of God; we want it all; not one jot or title left out. Be a free man and God will bless you in every effort." We appreciate the above all the more because it comes from a stranger and unsought.

We are glad to note that our Canada Brethren are earnestly at work pushing the gospel car. Bro. Asa Bearss is now (Jan. 16th) at work 150 miles from home, holding revival services at Siloam, Ontario. About Feb. 1st, Bro. J. W. Hoover, from South Cayuga, will commence a series of meetings at Black Creek, and when Bro. Detwiler gets home to join with the rest of the home Brethren at Black Creek they will certainly have a very efficient corps of workers. We hope that through their united efforts in revival and missionary work at home and abroad, the strongholds of the enemy will have to give way. Verily, there are some able and energetic workers in Canada, who are doing efficient work this winter and we trust their example will stimulate others to reach out after the unsaved everywhere. May God grant his blessing to attend their work.

The attention of our agents and subscribers is again called to the importance of giving the name and address of subscribers correctly when they send money for subscriptions. Several times lately we have had that difficulty to contend with. Persons sending us money or money orders with names, give probably the post-office where they mailed their letter or purchased their post-office money order but not the office where they receive their papers. The result was that the name was entered at the post-office where the letter was mailed and not where the writer desired it sent. In a month or two we may receive a letter of inquiry stating the fact that they sent our money at a certain date to pay their subscriptions and have received no credit, and ask that we look the matter up. If they had observed the directions so frequently given the difficulty would have been avoided. We hope all will do us the kindness to observe these requests.

Bro. J. F. Eisenhower, writing from Glendale, Arizona, Jan. 20th, informs us of his safe arrival there and of a very prosperous and very pleasant trip, in his letter from which we extract the following: "I left Abilene Jan. 16th at 10:45 a. m. I changed cars at Herington in the afternoon at 4:45 and went through to Maricopa without change. There I changed for Phoenix where I arrived at five in the morning. The Lord gave me good health all the way and everything seemed to prosper. The Lord sent Brother Had- sell to the train where he met me just as I stepped off the cars. He took me to his home where I was kindly cared for and where I enjoyed the pleasure of taking breakfast with them and where Bro. Richardson met me and took me to Glendale for dinner." He then refers to the prayer-meeting, the last evening at home, and resumes: "I hope the Lord heard the many warm prayers that were offered up for me that evening we were together at our house and I trust the Lord will be with me and be mouth and wisdom unto me and give me power from on high that I may be wholly given up to Him."
We will only add yet thisrequest: "I hope you may still hold me up at aw throne of grace before him who knows all things."

THE JOURNEY'S END.

"Better is the end of a thing than the beginning of it," says the wise man, and there are many who will endorse the statement. The end, when reached, may disappoint our expectations, or may confirm our highest hopes; but how different a thing is when viewed from the end from that same life looked at from the beginning, or during its progress! The day of prosperity, of personal aggrandizement, of strong will, vigorous effort, successful endeavor may pass away, and in their place may come days of weakness, feebleness, infirmity; helplessness; when the strong man bows himself, when the grasshopper becomes a burden, when the praise of men which has been sought gives no satisfaction, when the gathered wealth for which they toiled so long, can afford no rest nor peace nor comfort, when death stands near, and all earth's joys and glory vanish, and we have only God to trust. Surely, the rich and poor meet together in such an hour; and the rich man on his bed of down may suffer more than the beggar on his pallet of straw, and the death-struggles of millionaires may be more bitter than the pauper's final hour. The brief life which is soon gone leaves behind no room for boasting, no ground for pride, no possessions that can be carried with the departing one, but simply pain and anguish weariness and death.

How many, now gone, would have lived different lives could they have foreseen the end! How many there are who would cease their murmurings at the prosperity of the wicked, if they could know in the sanctuary of God and understand their end!

Let us who still linger in this world think what our end shall be. Let us, as we look over the events and changes of human life, remember that in a little while our journey will be over and we shall reach the end. Shall it be in peace and joy; or shall it be in sorrow and affliction? Shall the journey close in sighs or in songs? Shall we walk through the valley in peace, or shall our souls be filled with tears and shudderings, and our minds haunted with thoughts of duties neglected, wrongs that have not been made right, and opportunities that have passed never to return? Shall we leave all our possessions behind us, or are we sending them on before us, and laying up treasures in heaven? Rich men will be poor in that day; great men will be small then; and those will be most happy who can find that day trust in the living God, and know that their work has been done for Him, and that their treasures are secure from earthly mishaps and from nature's final fires.—The Common People.

HE SLEPT WELL.

He was a stranger in the city, and had arrived by the evening train. Tired and dusty he hurried to the hotel, and was disappointed at not being able to secure a room. The hotel was filled to overflowing with guests in the parlors all engaged. He was both tired and sleepy, he took his pocket Bible and soon became deeply interested in a Bible reading that had lately attracted his attention. He was engaged in this study when the door suddenly opened, and in came the stranger who was to be his room-mate for the night. The man, as he entered, gave a sharp glance at him, and then went across the room and prepared for bed. Looking over the top of his Bible, he quietly studied the stranger. The man seemed to be a quiet person and seemed to be honest. Still he hesitated about trusting a stranger, and began to make calculations about keeping awake. But he changed his mind, for he saw the stranger, who was ready to retire, quietly kneel down in a manner that showed it to be a familiar custom, and engage in prayer. That was enough; he put the Bible under his pillow, and went off himself into quiet, refreshing sleep. In the morning, while they were dressing, he turned to the stranger and explaining the circumstances of the past evening, said, "So I slept well." The stranger listened attentively, and then said, "I slept well, too. I had not expected to sleep at all in this place with one I did not know in the other bed, but when I came in so suddenly, and found you reading your Bible, I concluded I could trust that book, and so said my prayers and went to sleep." It is a glorious truth that man trusts his fellowman who believes and trusts in the living God, and who accepts, trusts and obeys the Bible. Is there any other book that possesses such a character, and so carries in itself the proof of a divine origin and living power? God's word in the hearts of men means, indeed, "Peace on earth."—Selected.
CHURCH NEWS.

MECHANICSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

Home again. I left my home December 15th at one o'clock for Chambersburg, where I stopped to visit father-in-law Zook's, who are quite aged and at that time were ill in health. The next day I came to Green Castle and was met by Elder Abram Lesher who took me to his home, and after supper to the Montgomery Church, Franklin county, Pa., where we began a series of meetings which were blessed in the conversion of precious souls, more extended note of this being given by the home brethren. I praise God for the freedom I had to labor there, and pray God to bless the Church that so heartily joined in the work and trust that the brethren there will take care of the work and gather in the lambs. My health was good all the time. May the good Lord bless the kindness of the brethren toward us. I arrived at home yesterday. Praise the Lord.

JOHN H. BYEBS.

GARRETT, IND.

According to previous arrangements, Bro. J. B. Wenger, of North Hampton, Ohio, arrived here Saturday, December 16, 1893, to commence a series of meetings at the Union church. Bro. Wenger came filled with love and gospel truth, and was not ashamed to declare the whole truth but spoke forth the love-feast on the Saturday evening before, which was also a cause of rejoicing. The meeting closed on the last evening of the old year, with a love-feast and broke unto us the bread of life. - May God reward them for there labor is our prayer.

We have preaching here every four weeks conducted by the Elk-hart county brethren. Also since the meetings arrangements have been made for prayer-meeting every Thursday evening with Bro. Jacob Brechbill for our leader. We would yet ask the prayers of all God's followers in our behalf, as a little band here in the service of our Redeemer.

PLEASANT HILL, IND.

We, the eight members of Henry and Wayne counties, Ind., decided to hold a week's meeting and therefore sent out a call for some ministerial help, to which Bros. A. M. Engle and S. L. Herr, of the Dayton, O., district manfully responded. Arrangements were made to hold the meetings in the Evangelical church, at Pleasant Hill. The meetings commenced January 6, and continued until the evening of the 14th, Bro. Engle doing most of the preaching. We had in all twelve meetings at the church. The audiences were large at the beginning and continued to increase till the last night when the church was packed beyond its seating capacity. The very best of order was observed during the meetings. Bro Engle did not shun to declare the whole counsel of God and many were the precious truths that went out from him, and we have many reasons to believe that much good seed was sown. One dear soul arose for the prayers of God's people. May he continue to seek the Lord till he may find him precious to his soul. Bro. Engle made many good impressions and gave much light to his hearers, and we, the small band of brethren, were much encouraged and strengthened in this noble work of the good Master. In connection with the meetings at the church we had four cottage prayer-meetings which were well attended and enjoyed very much by all present.

D. N. SHELENGEBERGER.

A TRIP TO IOWA.

In compliance with a request from the brethren of Dallas County, Iowa,
to pay them a visit, I boarded the
train at Abilene. December 28, 1893,
and arrived at Des Moines, Iowa, on
the morning of the 29th, where I
stopped one day to visit friends. On
the 30th I arrived at Dallas Center,
and was met at the train by Bro.
Daniel Hawbecker and conveyed to
his home. The same evening we be-
gan meetings in their school-house
and continued up to the night of the
7th of January, and from the 7th to
the 14th, we held meetings at a
point four miles South of the former
place. On the nights of the 15th and
16th we held services in the Progres-
sive Brethren church in Dallas Cen-
ter.

These meetings were all generally
well attended, with some interest,
and yet not as much as we would
have desired to see. The church,
which is small, was revived and we
felt it was good for us to fellowship
together. The dear ones spared no
pains trying to administer to our
wants and making us feel at home; and
by the help of God we tried to hold
forth the word of life in such a way
as not to keep back any words of
knowledge that human hearts should
know. We believe our labors were
appreciated, and we trust our fellow-
ship together may be blessed of
the Lord. The dear ones spared no
expenses, and were a great comfort
and always ready to make a place in
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come right in their proper course. I hope these appeals will find a place in your most worthy paper, but if not I will be resigned to my lot.

MARY ZECHEER.
New Pittsburg, Ohio.

ABOUT DISTRICT COUNCILS.

During the coming month most of the districts of our fraternity will hold their district conference meetings. The importance of these meetings cannot well be overestimated, and each member has in his connection a well-defined duty to do, which if not done means loss to the one who fails in his part. At this meeting all members meet on an equal basis, excepting, of course, the difference which talent and experience makes. The government of the districts being democratic (no reference to the political party by that name) each member has an equal say in all questions in hand and should therefore be present and vote our earnest convictions when the time comes. Having done our duty in the matter, if we were there and the decision left us in the minority, we have the right to make the dissenting opinion at the proper time, but then let us show our "brotherly love" and submit in good grace to the voice of the majority.

A little more system and closer adherence to parliamentary rules in these meetings would be a good improvement. More care should be used in keeping careful and permanent minutes of the transactions. Especially let us heed the Apostle's injunction: "Let all things be done decently and in order." I Cor. 14:40.

In conclusion we would urge for a large measure of brotherly love. O, that in every conference meeting this might be the ruling element! "Kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another." (Rom. 12:10)

What do we gain when we lose brotherly love, even though we do carry our point? Too often it is only our point after all. Better sacrifice any cause we may be upholding than brotherly love. God will yet foster His work though we do not see the way. Depend upon it, that if it is God's work He will take care of it. Yet we must also be careful in dealing with wrong that we do not charitably cover up sin.

**THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR.**

Dear brethren and sisters, we have just entered on a new year. The thought comes to me, how have we spent the year just closed and gone forever. It seems to be a very serious question to me, as I am surrounded with many trials and troubles which many of the brethren have not to contend with, and therefore do not live as near to my blessed Savior, as I sometimes feel that I should. But my daily prayer is that I may in the year 1894 live nearer to my God than ever before. We see death is in our land, and oh, how needful it is for us to try and be ready when death comes.

The year 1893 has been a year of sorrow, and many a one has passed over the cold river of death, but the Lord only knows what 1894 will bring forth, but let us hope and pray that thousands of poor souls may turn to God before the close of the year.

I often feel sorry to see Christian professors going to the communion table on the Lord's day, and through the week hear them curse and swear. It often makes me shudder to think of the sins they are committing, when I am working by their side; and if you speak to them they will curse you. I often feel like saying, "Lord forgive them, for they know not what they do." I hope they may see their sins before it is too late. When we look around, we see so many professors of Christianity all claiming to be followers of our meek and lowly Savior, but still following the foolish fashions and enjoyments of the world, and even ministers of the gospel taking part with the world. Our Savior has taught us to be a separate people from the world and come out from among them.

I often sit and think what our Savior says about the fig tree, when we see the fig tree bring forth buds we may know that summer is nigh, yes, verily, at our door. And if we look around and see how the world is moving on in sin, we must come to the conclusion that the world will soon come to an end.

I often think of the death of a young man here at the Falls, which occurred a short time ago. I was well acquainted with him, as we were neighbors. He was a very wild
young man and a great card player, and very seldom attended church. He took sick with inflammation of the bowels; medical aid was at once called, but it was all in vain; he suffered terrible pain and lingered about ten days. The poor fellow died in a terrible state; he could hardly die, but he passed away with cursing and oaths on his lips. His mother has since died without hope, and his father is still living careless and unconcerned about his soul, and is over eighty years old. Oh, how sorrowful to behold! Oh let us pray that he may seek the Lord while he is near. Oh let us, as brethren and sisters and readers of the Visitor, try and overcome our faults and live so that those around us can say we are looking for a better country. Pray for an unworthy brother.

ANDREW CLIMENHAGA.

Niagara Falls South, Ont.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

A PARABLE AND ITS LESSON.

I have heard it said somewhere that there was a family, and in it two boys. One day the younger son said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods that belongs to me." So the father divided the goods and gave him his portion, and he took it and went into a far country and as time rolled on they could no more hear of the younger son, and by and by they supposed he was dead. But in process of time they got the news that he was coming home at such a time. We may well imagine how it brought joy and gladness to their hearts to hear again of the dear one whom they supposed was dead. So with anxiety they looked forward to see the day approach on which they expected to receive him safe and sound. By and by the day came, but as it came it had already started in gloomy and the longer the heavier the gloom. By and by the night came on and it was very dark and gloomy, but the younger son had not made his appearance. Not very far from the house was a very dark and deep ravine and a mighty torrent of water rushed through it, with only a foot log across it. The father, no doubt, loved the younger son with a tender love, and feared that, in the darkness and gloom, might miss the way and be swallowed up in the whirlpool below. The elder son was with him in the house and had always been faithful and true and ready to do his bidding. He said to the elder son: "Go and take a light to that dark and gloomy place where that foot-log is across that awful chasm." The elder son took the light went across the narrow place and waited. After a long delay the younger son came. He saw the light and by its brightness crossed over safely. When he came to the house he rapped at the door and the father came and received him joyfully. The father asked him how he got across the stream. "Why, there is a light there, but I saw no one." So they went and looked and there they found the remains of the elder son. Then the father said: "Your elder brother gave his life to give you light."

O, how fitting an emblem to you and me, my fellow-traveler to the bar of God! When darkness covered the land and gross darkness the minds of the people, God remembered his handiwork; he looked down, he saw the dark and gloomy valley; sin, wickedness and idolatry was sweep­ ing through with a mighty force, and the fiend of eternal dark despair was busily engaged to drag the human family down to the whirlpool below because they had no light, and as a writer says, that darkness could be felt. But God said to our Elder Brother, you go take the light that it may be a lamp to their feet and a light to their path, then they that walked in darkness saw a great light. Isa. 9: 2.

Our Elder Brother came; he raised the light and although He waited long to see them cross the narrow pathway, and at last had to give his life to give to us the true light. Oh how dear that light ought to be to us! It has cost heaven a great deal. But dear reader God saw that we were on the journey, and fearing that we might miss the narrow path he sent his son to bring life an immortality to light through the gospel. He raised it on Calvary's rugged brow, so that you and I, my dear brother and sister, need not grope our way in the dark; and although through the contaminating influence of sin a gloom will sometimes come over us, if we look to the cross the light is there. Sometimes our spiritual sky is beclouded on account of some dear ones that are rushing down this awful stream as the unthinking horse rushes to battle. Or sometimes on account of those dear ones of ours that have once started out but are not so willing to deny themselves and take up their crosses. Yes, perhaps some that ought to be at the head of the family after and should be bright instruments in the hand of God to pull the strongholds; yet we have prayed often for them, have shed many a bitter tear for them yet we see no fruit of our prayers and tears as yet. When we think that their souls are at stake and that death in a moment of time may drag them down to eternal night, O, how the clouds begin to gather. But, dear reader, behind a frowning providence God hides a smiling face. Let us not be discouraged. Let us look to the Cross; the light is there. No wonder the Psalmist says: "In Thy light shall we see light." (Ps. 36: 9.)

Now, dear brethren and sisters, "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, then have we fellowship one with another and the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all unrighteousness." I Jno. 1: 7. Not will cleanse in the future, but now, and if we are not such it is evident that we walk not in the light. Then let us not be discouraged but look to the cross. The light is there.
NURSE EMILY'S STORY.

"Where am I, nurse?"

"Ward 10 New York Charity Hospital."

"What is the matter with me?"

"You have had a severe attack of delirium tremens, and are now suffering from exhaustion."

"Exhaustion! I should think so! I am naturally a strong man, but now I am as helpless as an infant."

"I would not talk."

"Excuse me. You would I am sure were you in my place. Those daisies in your belt make me feel like a boy, and yet I am forty. Can I have one of them in my fingers?"

"Oh, certainly. They were sent from my father's rugged farm in Connecticut, where just now the fields are white with them."

"I was sure you were country bred, something about you told me so. I was raised in Vermont. Our farm was called Turkey Hill because of the fowls my father raised for market. It seems to me now, looking back, that I was always caring for the pretty stupid things. Watching in the spring to see where they stole their nests, looking out that they were not molested by foxes while setting; caring for the tender young ones, and as they grew older keeping track of the various flocks and driving them home to roost at night. I have thought thousands of times that I wished there was some one to take half the care of me I used to take of these turkeys.

"Every fall my father sold a great many of our birds to be used as targets at a turkey shoot held annually by the landlord of a disreputable tavern in an adjoining town, and all my better nature revolted at the idea of my pretty pets being while yet alive tied to a post to be shot at by those wanton sportsmen.

"My father, who was an intemperate man, always attended these questionable gatherings, and I sometimes heard him talk over with the lazy fellows who hung about our cider mill, about the shots, the raffles over the dead birds, and the disputes and drunken broils that often grew out of it all."

"One day a lad about my own age came for the turkeys, and asked if I was not going to the shoot; and when he found I never had been, asked my father if I might return with him, and I remember his curt reply: 'that is as his mother says. She manages the young ones, he can ask her.'"

"When I did so, she, after a little hesitation, consented. When my father was told, he muttered: 'Very well, she does not love the boy as I supposed she did!'

"The words went through my heart like a knife, for they were but the echo of my own thought, and they stayed with me the two days at the shoot, where I drank my first whiskey, smoked my first cigar, and had my first fight; for what did it matter, mother did not care. She would not have let me come if she had loved me."

"Years later when I was plunging headlong to destruction, I reproached her with this, 'Father did wrong but he trusted you with his children,' I said, 'and you have disappointed him.'"

"'It was a sad mistake,' she said with tears, and it was a sad mistake and my life has been a sad mistake."

"He whispered the words over and over until his life went out," said Nurse Emily, "and how I wish I could tell the mothers in isolated country places everywhere to keep hold of their boys, to keep them pure and sweet and true, not ashamed of the home love or the mother love, for it is the strong Christian mothers that are the hope of the nation and of the world to-day."—Annie A. Preston, in Common People.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORK.

Much interest has centered in the Christian Endeavor Work in Life Saving Stations, and at the International Convention in Montreal, Canada, an advanced movement was made by adding the Light-Houses and Light-ships to the work; also including the United Kingdom of Great Britain in the field of operation. Men were chosen to represent England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales on the International Committee, which consists of representatives from every State and Province where life saving stations and lightships are located. Rev. S. Edward Young, Ashbury Park, New Jersey, is Chairman; Rev. J. Lester Wells, 188 grand st. Jersey City, N. J., is secretary. They delivered addresses at the Montreal Convention, the former speaking of the spiritual wants and the latter of the intellectual and physical needs of the crews. The life savers of the world are the bravest men, and continually hazard their lives for others; they guard twenty thousand and miles or more of dangerous coasts and have rescued more than a million people from shipwreck. As the most of them are isolated from home and friends, it is highly fitting that world-wide sympathy should be extended to them, also to the men connected with the light-houses and light ships, upon whom vessels freighted with precious lives depend for safety. Christian Endeavor Societies, located near stations or light-houses are recommended to conduct services for the crews and also furnish comfort bags, books, magazines, papers, mitts, mufflers, wristlets, socks, yarn caps and the like, for the comfort of the surfmen. Those who desire further information with reference to this noble movement may address the secretary.

"Combat every discontent by prayer, every care by faith, every fear by hope."
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BE TRUE.

Listen, my boy, I've a word for you, And this is the word, "Be true! be true!"
At work or at play, in darkness or light, Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

List, little girl, I've a word for you. "Be true! be true!"
For truth is the sun, and falsehood the night:
Be true little maid, and stand for the right.

—Selected.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Dear Editor:

Last evening I read a little boy's letter in the Visitor, and I thought I might write too. I am a little boy, eight years old. I like to read in the Visitor and in the Bible. I go to school. I study the Third Reader, Geography, History, Arithmetic, Spelling and Writing. My teacher's name is Miss Ada Moyer. I like her very well. Sometimes I get tired studying, then she writes on my slate, "Thou God seest me." I have two sisters and one brother. I have two grandmas and one grandpa. They all live near my home. My one grandma gives me one cent every week to go to school. I would like to see more boys and girls write letters for the Visitor.

Elizabethtown, Pa., Jan. 7.

Dear Editor:

I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school every day. My studies are Reading, Arithmetic, Spelling and Writing. My teacher's name is Miss Kerr. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I like to go to Sunday-school. My papa takes the Visitor. I have two brothers and one sister. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter. So, good-bye for this time. I have many questions to ask.

Matronic Clemsendo.

Niagara Falls, South, Ont., Jan. 7.

Well done, Matronic. I think you are doing very well for a girl seven years old, and especially for your first letter. I hope you will be a good girl, and love Jesus, and study hard so that you may grow up to be useful in doing what the Lord has for you to do.—Ed.

DUTIES TO PARENTS.

Dear Children:

I noticed in the Visitor some time ago that a dear friend, apparently a grandfather, had so nicely written to you that you should honor your fathers and mothers; but he told you so little about the duties required and resting upon you for honoring your parents.

If you will read the sixth chapter of the Ephesians, you will find Paul's admonition to us all, both parents and children, and also servants. But please give me your attention on the second verse. "Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise."

First, Remember, dear children, that obedience belongs to all children, let their age, sex or condition be what they may. You are in duty bound to obey both parents, the mother as well as the father. Remember that we have in this passage plainly expressed the duties of children to parents. "Honor thy father and mother," includes obedience to all their lawful commands. It matters not what may be the defects or circumstances of your parents, common gratitude, nature, reason and the word of God all say you ought to love and obey them. Come, when they call you; go, when they send you; abstain from what they forbid you, and submit to their instructions, rebukes and corrections. Remember there can be no honor without submission, no, you must yield yourselves according to their advice, consent and instructions, being very careful never to waste any of their goods or property. Honor them in heart, speech and behavior; endeavor in all things to be their comfort through life; and remember, that actions will honor them more than words, for by outward acts you are evincing, or showing, an inward esteem for them, in preference to all others.

And remember the reason herein, which is, first, a promise that it may be well with thee. It is a promise of well-doing. Yes, obey them in all things which are not forbidden in the word of God, and let your words always correspond with the reverence and love you feel for them in your heart. Remember, in honoring your parents you honor the Lord's commandment, and those who obey the command may expect a fulfillment of the promise.

The first proverb fully coincides with the apostle. It reads thus: "My son," (meaning the daughter as well as the son), "hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother, for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head."

Dear children, did you ever consider the relation you sustain to your parents. Remember that you are a part of yourselves, and they consider you as such, yes, and a very tender part, too; in proof of which they have often exposed themselves in order to protect you. Bear in mind that you are under many obligations to love and obey them, for by night and by day you have ever been the objects of their tenderest care. "Hear the instructions of thy father," yes, hear it and regard it, attend to it and be grateful for it, for you may always depend upon it as being designed, or given, to keep you from evil and do you good. "And forsake not the law of thy mother." No, by no means, but respect and obey her, and let all your actions spring from love to her. There are many good women in this world, but remember that you have but one mother, and that no one ever did, nor ever can, love you with your mother's love, and neither can it be felt by any but a mother. And do not forsake her law who has been more to you than all the world besides, and let your father and mother know that their love to you has not all been lost upon you. And this you must do by showing your love to them, and let them see that you prefer their company to all others, and that you desire their good opinions. Whatever others may think of you, strive in all things to please them. Consult them and make them...
your advisors on all occasions, and, however they may at times differ from your opinion, always confide in their wisdom, so that it may be to their honor, and your heads crowned with an ornament of grace. From a 

GRANDFATHER.

TEMPERANCE.

I thought it would be, or at least ought to be, interesting to the readers of the Visitor to hear a little news on the temperance question. The question has come up, "Are you to hear a little of the brethren."

As a beverage. Three provinces in Canada have tried the question. Edward Island, a small province, their honor, and your heads crowned with the ornament of grace. From a 

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"I must be first: oh may we all prove to be, during our lifetime." - LEHMAN.

Will know thee here no more.

Put her house in order, and make arrangements as if she were going away on a visit, so that her friends were surprised, not knowing that she had to leave the world. The way to heaven was shown her to be a narrow one. In 1856, she entered the Mennonite Brethren Church, and about thirty years ago was united with the Brethren who had been waiting for her coming. She was truly a wife on earth, leaving husband and eight children to mourn over the loss of a dear companion. Funeral services were held in the M. E. Meeting House by the home brethren, to a large congregation from 2 Kings 20:1. She was the mother of ten children - nine sons and one daughter, sixty-seven grandchildren, and one daughter. Funeral services were held on the 22d of December, 1893, at her home in Green Village. Frankfort County, Pa., January 5, 1894, Sister Sarah B. Shirk, aged 84 years, 3 months and 18 days. Funeral services were held at Keffer's meeting-house, interment in the adjoining cemetery. Preach

In social meetings she was always ready to listen to a word in support of temperance, and when she was gone we felt that a dear mother in Israel had left us, yet her kind and timely words of advice and counsel will continue to be heard when she lived on Earth, as will the words of advice and counsel she left behind her when she passed on to glory.

"It is only when we fight bravely against our ow failures that we can be patient with others." - JOHN WINGER.

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OUR DEAD.

FECKINGER. Died, near Millersburg, Pa., January 7, 1894, Sister Sarah Feckinger, widow of the late Bro. Frederick Feckinger, aged 72 years, 11 months and 4 days. Services were held at Keffer's meeting-house, burial in the cemetery near by. Preaching by Bro. J. R. Smith, assisted by the home brethren. Text: 1 Cor. 15: 19. Sister Feck

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GOOD. Died, in Sedgwick, Kans., January 30, 1894, Brother Christian Good, aged 81 years, 5 months and 21 days. He was born in Huntingdon County, Pa., August 29, 1812, united in marriage to Nancy Stoner about seven years ago, moved to the Celestial City. She was truly a wife on earth, leaving husband and eight children to mourn over the loss of a dear companion. Funeral services were held in the M. E. Meeting House by the home brethren, to a large congregation from 2 Kings 20:1. She was the mother of ten children - nine sons and one daughter, sixty-seven grandchildren, and one daughter. Funeral services were held on the 22d of December, 1893, at her home in Green Village. Frankfort County, Pa., January 5, 1894, Sister Sarah B. Shirk, aged 84 years, 3 months and 18 days. Funeral services were held at Keffer's meeting-house, interment in the adjoining cemetery. Preach

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