I must wait a week before the ravens idle. I superintend a Sunday-school, busy always: never have any time to answer your letter of the 7th inst., Beloved Sister McGaugliey:

Would be the case if I depended on mains in my hands longer than bring me stamps, and my mail resides at the bottom of them. Sometimes and comprehensive, that I never get to the point of the question. The risk you run is very great. Oh, be persuaded! do not wait; Oh! be persuaded now to come, for fear that your immortal soul be ruined by delay. To come while yet you may, through the atoning blood.

Beloved Sister McGaugliey:—Although I have delayed answering your letter of the 7th inst., you are not forgotten. I am very busy always: never have any time to idle. I superintend a Sunday-school, and find the lessons so deep and rich and comprehensive, that I never get to the bottom of them. Sometimes I must wait a week before the ravens bring me stamps, and my mail remains in my hands longer than would be the case if I depended on my own resources. We must learn to wait as well as to work. We must be trained in patience as well as in diligence. The best fruit of life is to work for God so exclusively as to forget that we have any share in the reward. “It is not for us to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power.” Acts 1:7. Love gets its supreme joy in the joy of another. Whether people are “saved or perish, we are unto God a sweet savor of Christ,” because we sacrifice ourselves wholly for the glory and pleasure of the Crucified. Let no one think this is easy. Christ Himself had to gain and maintain His exalted position “with strong crying and tears.” Heb. 5: 7.

To trust God at all times and in all conditions without a quiver of doubt, is the grandest work of the Holy Ghost in our hearts. It is the trial of our faith that is so precious, and which is to issue in such wonderful glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ. 1 Pet. 1:7. “The faith of God’s Elect” is so purely a Divine production, and implies such an utter death of self, that it is only a “little flock” who really possess it. The question of John 5: 44, and the implied answer, reveals the rottenness of more than half of Christendom. Christ had crucified Himself long before either Jew or Roman thought of the Cross. In Philipp. 2: 5–8, we have the essential idea of salvation. This is the mind that was in Christ; and nothing is salvation but our identification with Him in this cardinal fact. This is the true test of our religion. We never swing over into the peace and joy and glory of God on the pivot “therefore” of Philipp. 2: 9; save on the terms of verse 8. In the last analysis this is a purely spiritual work, whatever means God may objectively interpose to effect the final issue. We are not saved, and fitted for service on earth, or glory and beatitude in Heaven, until God is incarnated in us, and we are stamped through and through with the life and love and holiness of Him “who is the brightness of the Father’s glory, and the express image of His Person.”

“Only believe,” is the whole of the Gospel, the whole of Redemption. But the word, “only,” is so exclusive, so clean, so utterly saturated with the blood of the Cross, that it makes the word “believe” a very counterpart of the Triune Jehovah. The faith disowned by Judas Iscariot is Jesus Christ. The real Christ is God in the flesh: the real faith is life, expressing itself in all forms which the enthroned Emmanuel commands, and to which the indwelling Paraclete prompts. “Only believe,” and our calling and election is sure. Faith takes in the Christ of God, Alpha and Omega, and immediately follows the law of all life, manifestation after its kind. “Come unto Me,” “Abide in Me,” “Follow Me,” “Learn of Me.” Here is the secret of our peace, and power, and achievement. Work is of no account as a primary matter. As the expression of the life of God it is mighty in the accomplishment of His Eternal Pur-
lieve in God and in Himself, and
pose. “Only believe,” as Christ be-
11)4
11)4
as the pulsation of the heart.

Go on in your hallowed work of
carrying the Gospel into jails and
saloons, and other hotbeds of Satan,
and may you speak and look and act
as very Christ incarnate; and in the
mansions of glory you will find the
question of 1 Thess. 2: 19, 20, an-
swered “with joy unspeakable and
full of glory.”

C. H. BALSBAUGH.

Union Deposit, Pa.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

The apostle Paul, in his letter to
the Hebrews, defines faith as, “The
substance of things hoped for, the
evidence of things not seen.” Now
we know that all men have a faith of
some kind, but, according to Bible
teachings, there are two kinds of
faith—a dead faith and the living
faith. The carnal minded man may
not be able to apprehend the distinc-
tion between the two, although the
difference is so great that the one is
called darkness and the other, light.

We often hear carnal minded people
say that they believe the Bible, know
the duty of Christians and what it is
to experience religion, when at the
same time they are viewing the mat-
ter from the standpoint of dead faith.

They find fault with the professors
and point the finger of scorn at them
but are not willing to do anything
themselves with regard to the mat-
ter. This gives proof that their
faith is dead, for if their faith were
a living faith they would not expect
others to do the will of God and ex-
cuse themselves; for a man that has
a living faith cannot be an idler.
Hence, we see that there must a
change take place in man; he must
be changed from his dead faith to a
true and living faith. And this
change from faith to faith can only
be wrought by God in believing the
Gospel. As soon as we fully believe
this and act from a principle, then
God will give us the substance of
things hoped for, the evidence of
things not seen; then we can exclaim
with the poet:

“Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

Such is the condition of those who
have been changed from a dead faith
to a living faith. The door has now
only been opened and we have only
gained entrance. Young converts
so often think that the work is al-
most done when they reach this point
when in fact it is only begun. Here
it is that we should fully emphasize
the word faith; for “without faith it
is impossible to please God.” There
will be trials, temptations and diffi-
culties on every hand, and it takes a
faith strong and bright to endure
these things, for these things work to
our good, to those who are willing through
faith to overcome them. Hence if
we have faith we will receive a hope
and the love of God which casteth
out fear.

The apostle Paul says in 1 Cor.
13: 13: “And now abideth Faith
Hope and Charity, these three; but
the greatest of these is Charity.”

Let us remember that when God di-
rects us to something, or speaks a
word of consolation in trials and
temptation, we should have faith that
just as He tells us so it will be, and
how our souls are filled with
unspeakable joy at the word of
promise! But soon after, the enemy
again tries to delude us with cu-
ning devices and brings around us
the works of darkness which often
causes us to fear and tremble. Here
is where we must gird up the loins
of our minds in faith to God that we
may successfully overcome all these
things. Tribulation and persecution
which arise for the Word’s sake, are
easily borne by having our faith in
God as strong as it should be. Some-
times the enemy tries to make us
believe that we have done something
displeasing in the sight of God when
it is only a trial of faith. Hence the
Savior says: “Take my yoke upon
you and learn of me, for I am meek
and lowly in heart and you shall find
rest unto your soul.”

Again we take the Apostle Paul,
after he was regenerated he was
grievously tormented by the enemy
who buffeted him in the flesh which
causeth him to cry out unto the Lord
for mercy, or to remove the difficulty,
but the Lord said: “My grace is
sufficient for you.” Here the apostle
had to exercise faith in God and use
the Sword of the Spirit to overcome;
and after doing so he came out in
quite different language and said: “I
am persuaded that neither life, nor
death, nor angels, nor principalities,
nor things present, nor things to come,
nor height, nor depth, nor any other
creature, shall be able to separate us
from the love of God which is in
Christ Jesus our Lord.” Now we
can see what God can do for His fol-
lowers through faith in His name.
And all can have this living faith
without money and without price.
Oh, brethren and sisters, let us car-
nestly contend for the faith which was
once delivered unto the saints, know-
ing that in Him through faith there
is power to subdue all things con-
trary to His will. We could bring
many instances in the Word of God
for our consolation and for the up-
building of the saints marching Zion-
ward, and we have no reason to be
discouraged. May the Lord bless
and strengthen us all, is my prayer.
I also ask an interest in the prayers
of God’s people for me that I may
continue in the faith until the end.

Yours for the Kingdom,

J. C.

Yoocountown, Pa.

“These people claim to be pray-
ing for the conversion of the world
who are not giving five dollars a
year to help secure it.”
In viewing the past I find pride was the beginning of my straying away from Christ. Pride leads to much harm and selfishness. It is an abomination in the sight of God. God hates a proud look. Oh! let us do as James 4: 7, 10 says. Satan gets us to look at our brethren and sisters’ mistakes, so we view things according to our brethren instead of asking the Lord and searching the Bible. They may be stumbling-blocks, and if we follow them in things that are wrong, we also become stumbling-blocks. So let us please the Lord though all our brethren should go wrong.

I praise the Lord for His love and mercy which endured forever, and can say with the psalmist, “Thou hast dealt well with thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word.” “It is good for me that I have been afflicted that I might learn thy statutes. The law of thy month is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.” I need the prayers of God’s people, that I may receive more love. I find great joy in the Christian warfare. Pray for me.

Abilene, Kans.
EMMA BRUBAKER.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
SEND A BEAM ACROSS THE WAVE.

Not the flaring, flickering sort, but a steady beam that may be relied on by tempest-driven souls. Some one may be drifting away, and sinking in anguish where we’ve never been. Then let us haste and throw out the life line now. During these warm summer days and months, let us not suffer the work to lag on our hands. The Lord’s work demands haste. The word, “Go out quickly,” reaches down to this day. Then let us not store up our enthusiasm until some good brother comes from a distance and after hard work starts up a general revival among us.

The idea that there is no time for the summer, I think, is a mistake. While I admit that there is more work in the field, and I will add in the house, my experience is that I need the encouragement, that I often get in prayer-meeting, even more during the summer than winter. Can we afford to have the Lord’s work secondary?

Let us whose lamps have once been lighted, keep our vessels filled with the oil of love, that our lights may shine steadily on. Then it need not be said of us, “If your lamp was burning then surely some beam would fall brightly on me.”

ANNIE ESHELMAN.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
WHOM TO KNOW ARIGHT IS LIFE ETERNAL.

From our title picked from some reading, we gather several ideas on which we touch very briefly. Your thoughts may follow on the suggested lines.

First, there is someone to know. We hardly think anyone will need to be told that this is Jesus—and yet, do you know Him, dear reader? Know Him as the subject indicates? The second thought suggested hinges on the word “aright.” There is, then, a possibility of knowing and yet our knowing being at fault. May each of us consult our counselor (John 14: 26; 16: 13, 14) that by His personal direction we may know Him aright.

Again, the word “life” suggests a train of thought. We all want life; we shrink from death and cling to life. But what kind of life are we clinging to? “Life eternal” is the theme, but are we clinging to life eternal? Is not very much of what we cling to only present life? “Life eternal?” “Life eternal!” “Life eternal!” May it ring in our ears reminding us that our life through the knowledge we have (?) of Jesus Christ, the Crucified One, is life eternal.
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW ON EDUCATION AND LIBERTY.

At the commencement exercises of the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., last week, Chauncey M. Depew delivered an oration before the Washington and Jefferson Literary Societies, in which he said:

Self-made men loudly proclaim their superiority in the practical affairs of the world. They begrudge the time, and distrust the methods of the university. They proudly point to accumulated wealth and the success of the gigantic enterprises as the fruits of limited education and the larger opportunities of early training in business. The educated intelligence of the country is the safety of these arrogant accidents. Their arrogant parade of their wealth would inspire the measures for its destruction if the wisdom which is gained in the university did not provide the politics by which the rights of all can be maintained under free institutions.

It is the sons of the colleges who have been the orators and saviors of our liberties. It was the original genius and trained ability of Jonathan Mayhew, from a Boston pulpit, which first sowed the seeds of American independence. Edmund Randolph, of Williams and Mary, and Samuel Adams, of Harvard, laid the foundation on which the Continental Congress built. They formulated the committee of correspondence which brought the colonies together. Brilliant orators fired the train whose explosion shattered the chains binding us to the mother country, but it was George Mason and James Otis, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee and Robert R. Livingston, all college men, who had stored the magazine with the powder of argument and conviction. The Federalist was the gospel of freedom under a common flag and textbook for federal powers for all time. Its work and beneficence are second only to the Declaration of Independence, and made secure to the truths of that great document. Only statesman of large reading and wide learning could have written it, and they were Madison, Hamilton and Jay, the flower of the colonial colleges of Princeton and Columbia.

Washington and Jefferson, Madison and Lee, who saw the danger of slavery and earnestly desired its abolition, died with gloomy foreboding for the country from the existence of a system which they were powerless to destroy. Jefferson, in that broad generalization which was the habit of his mind, promulgated the doctrine, which, nearly seventy years afterward, realized for his countrymen his aspiration. He did not utter it for this purpose, but it became, in the hands of Providence, the weapon of death and the spark of resurrection. It strained the bonds of union to the point of breaking upon the question which the fathers thought might end their republic, and in removing the cause of our weakness and decay it reunited the States for an eternity of mutual progress and patriotism.

Education has not kept pace with progress. The dissatisfaction in every country of the partially educated with Church and State and Society, and their efforts to overcome them, are the evidences of the truth of Pope’s maxim that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and the success of the graduates of the scientific, the polytechnic, the industrial, and the manual training schools—in other words, of the specialists—demonstrates the value of the exceptions to it.

It has been estimated that the inventions and discoveries of the past fifty years have destroyed sixty per cent of the world’s accumulated capital, and thrown out of employment forty per cent of its wage-earners. Steam and electricity, inventive genius and discovery, have added to wealth and opportunity a thousand fold more than they have destroyed, but the rapidity of the revolutions has thrown out of gear the order and arrangement adjusted by centuries of trial, and produced an eager longing and vague grasping for solidity and security. At each new crisis the frightened citizens appeal to the government for aid, and national paternalism becomes the danger and quest of the hour. The success of this idea would lead to centralization of power, as full of peril to the republic as absolute state sovereignty was to the Union. It would reverse the beneficent lesson and legacy of Jefferson, “that government is best which governs least.”

Great parties, ever watchful of each other and anxious to serve the country wisely in order to hold the government, or alert to seize upon and expose the errors or corruption of the adversary to gain power, are the stay and hope of representative institutions. It is both a pleasure and a pride to be loyal and enthusiastic for the organization which professes your faith and principles. There are times when the shibboleth of party is a device for fraud, or a shield for scamps. Rascals may capture the machinery and the voters be helpless in their toils. Then the educated man should point the way to the rescue of the city or the state.

Smashing political machines never kills a party. It often leads it through defeat to pure methods and subsequent victories. The government of cities has become a menace to free institutions, and has discredited the popular judgment. It is not because people are less competent to govern themselves in crowded communities, but because rival party organizations are so skilfully adjusted for plunder that the citizen has no alternative.
The jobber and the robber pull their hands out of the city treasury long enough to clap them together and shout, "If you disturb us by bolting the ticket you will endanger the tariff, or pass the force bill," and the scared voter is defrauded out of his municipal independence, that he may save his national measures. By divorcing the city and its management which is purely a matter of corporate business, from the affairs of the nation and the principles upon which it shall be governed, the municipal independence, that he may save his national measures. By divorcing the city and its management which is purely a matter of corporate business, from the affairs of the nation and the principles upon which it shall be governed, the municipal problem is solved.

It is with imported errors and practices which are foreign to our freedom and alien to our institutions that we find it most difficult to deal. Socialism and anarchy have no proper place in this country and are not found among those born within our own borders, or who, though coming to us from abroad, have come to accept our welcome and enjoy our citizenship under our constitution and laws. The institutions under which we live and which are stronger after the strain of a century, develop and educate a citizenship which requires neither armed regiments nor police forces to suppress its riots or its organized assaults upon life and property, upon law and order. Bloody lessons and costly experience have taught the necessity for more rigid supervision of immigration and more careful scrutiny of those who would assume the responsibilities and enjoy the priceless blessings of our equal rights.—Evangelical Messenger.

MARRYING AN INFIDEL HYPOCRITE.

There is much hypocrisy in the church; there is doublebliss more outside; and infidels have their full share; and there is no time when they show it more plainly than when they are courting some good, honest Christian girl. We remember an instance of a man, who, at such a time, though not exactly a Christian, was "very much interested." He went to meeting; he bought him a reference Bible. He got a Cruden's Concordance. He studied them, and he got the girl he wanted; a bright, lovely, intelligent woman. Then his interest ceased. He showed what was in him. He swung an ax over her head and threatened to brain her. He made life a burden to her. He wrecked her home and blasted her life. She got acquainted with him too late.

Another instance we find recorded in a religious paper:

"A noble Christian girl was thrown into the society of a man who, in manner, dress and conversation seemed to be a gentleman. He was by profession a physician. Whenever she wanted to go to church he took her, and to prayer meetings too. He preferred the theater, to be sure, but her choice was his for he was wooing.

"They married. The man struck her one day a blow from which she never recovered. With his fist? No, no. That would have been kindness compared with what came. They were at dinner. She asked him to go with her to prayer meeting that night, for since marriage he had not gone two or three times long past. He said he was too busy; that was his usual excuse, but to-day when she asked him he said:

"'Look here, wife, you don't really believe in that, do you? This praying nonsense and personal God?

"'What,' said she, 'don't you believe in God?'

"'No, of course not; this church business is all bosh.'

"'What, you don't mean to tell me that you are an infidel! That I have married an infidel! O!'

"He picked her up in a dead faint and it was months before the color came back to her face; then it slowly melted away and has never returned.

She is an old woman now; the wrinkles have plowed deep in her face; she dresses in black. Four children were born to them, all boys. They all took after their father. His office being in the house, he met them much and instilled his notions into their brains and hearts. They have no children now. They have all died between the ages of fifteen and twenty, and each died as he had lived; Godless, hopeless. She saw them all wrapped in Christless graves. And often alone in her room you will hear her sob and wring her hands, repeating the third chapter of Job, saying, 'I wish I had never been born.' To have given the world four boys, and all lived and died without hope, is more than she can bear, and she longs for death to end her existence; yet dreads it, too. Girls keep the company of Christian men, and marry only in the Lord.—The Armory.

ILL WORDS FLY FAR.

A minister, who lived more than three hundred years ago, was anxious to show a lady in his congregation the evil of slandering others. So he asked her to do a very strange thing—to go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance plucking the bird as she went.

The lady did as she was directed, and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction.

"Retrace your steps," said the minister, "and gather up, one by one all the feathers you have scattered."

"I scattered the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my daughter," the minister replied, "so it is with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back, now, if you can. Go, sin no more."
For the Evangelical Visitor.


day, faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is
to God. Arouse from a spiritual

Christian reader, How many of
our Master's teachings heed the ex-
ample taught in this lesson? How
often we hear it said, "Oh, if I could
only do some good in the world."

It is not the deeds of notoriety
and fame that our humble Redeemer
is demanding of His children; but
He asks of us genuine hospitality,
kindness, generosity and love toward
our poor fellowmen. Are we will­
ing to deny ourselves of the plea-
sures of this life in order to aid or
speak kindly to some poor suffering
one that may chance to cross our
pathway? "A merry heart doeth
good like a medicine, but a broken
spirit drieth the bones." Prov. 17:22.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love,
joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness,
goodness, faith, meekness, tempera-
ence against such there is no law." Gal.
5: 22, 23. Are we not, as Christin
people, too ready to con­
demn and criticise the faults and
failings of our neighbors? We are
all fallible mortals. "There is none
righteous, no, not one." Our Sav­
or was meek and lowly, mild of
temper, not easily provoked or irri-
tated; He was given to forbearance
and gentleness. We read, "Take my
yoke upon you and learn of me, for
I am meek and lowly in heart; and
ye shall find rest unto your souls." Matt.
11: 29. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the
earth."

At the present time, do we all,
who profess to be God's servants,
make good use of our talents? Are
we not too slothful in administering
to the wants of mankind in the way
of comfort and consolation in time
of need? What is the fate of a

slothful servant? "But he shall say,
'I tell you, I know you not, whence
ye are. Depart from me, all ye
workers of iniquity.'

Then how important a matter it is
that we be up and doing, diligent,
growing in grace, looking forward
to the promise and the reward that
is to be given to those who are faith­
ful to His Word. "And beside this,
giving all diligence, add to your
faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowl-
edge; and to knowledge, tempera-
tence, patience, godliness; and to
goodness, faith, meekness, tempera-
ence against such there is no law." Gal.
5: 22, 23.

The Lord has promised us in His
Word, if we are faithful and put on
the whole armor of God, as we see
the time approaching, that He will
reward us. "Wherefore beloved,
seeing that ye look for such things,
be diligent that ye may be found of
Him in peace, without spot and
blameless." Again, He says, "His
lord said unto him, Well done, thou
good and faithful servant; thou hast
been faithful over a few things, I
will make thee ruler over many
things; enter thou into the joy of
thy lord. MRS. GEORGE H. MILLER.
Chadwick, Illinois.

The Lord has been very good to
me and very patient with me. I
praise Him for His goodness and His
wonderful love which He has shown
toward me. I was often convicted
of sin but was not willing to yield;
yet I could not find any rest, and my
burdens became so heavy that they
became unbearable. But when I did
turn to the Lord, Oh, what a change
came over me and how willing He
was to receive me! I realized that
whom Jesus makes free he makes free
indeed. I had for a long time been
made to feel the need of a Savior.
I thought I could serve God at home
without making a public confession,
and I believe it is possible, if there
is no possibility to confess Him open­
ly; but then Jesus says: "Whosoever
will not take up his cross and follow
me, cannot be my disciple." And I
was led to see that it was my duty to
confess Him openly. When I did
this, how I was strengthened in my
efforts to do His will, and those temp­
atations that I had to contend with
before did not have the same power
over me." A. M. MINNEY.
Martinville, Pa.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

God's Message to Man.—Coming to
Judgment.

In presenting this subject for con-
sideration, I would sound a note of
warning to the shepherds: Be watch-
ful and earnest; be true and faithful
to God. Arouse from a spiritual

MADn FREE.
sleep; let the trumpet sound abroad; proclaim the word of God; be mindful of what our Lord said in Matt. 24: 24, “For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect.”


Ver. 26: “Wherefore if they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth; behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe it not.”

Ver. 27: “For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.” Luke 17: 24.

Christ said, “Behold, I have told you before.” He speaks the same to us to-day. There are many professing Christians to-day, but let us read the word of God carefully whether it corresponds with their walk and conduct. Prayerless and idle talk among themselves, selfish and carnally minded, they have a form, but the love of God is not there; their actions speak for them. Let us be careful and walk in the light, for God is light. “And Jesus answered and said unto them, Take heed that no man deceive you.” Let us love one another in spirit and in truth, and be in prayer to God.

B. C. B.

THE WHITE FEATHER OF PEACE.

A family of Quakers from Pennsylvania settled at the West in a remote place, then exposed to savage incursions. They had not been there long before a party of Indians, panting for blood, started on one of their terrible excursions against the whites and passed in the direction of the Quaker’s abode; but, though disposed at first to assail him and his family as enemies, they were received with such open-hearted confidence and treated with such cordiality and kindness, as completely disarmed them of their purpose. They came, not against such persons but against their enemies. They thirsted for the blood of those who had injured them; but these children of peace, unarmed and entirely defenseless, met them only with accents of love and deeds of kindness. It was not in the heart of the savage to harm them; and on leaving the house, the Indians took a white feather and stuck it over the door to designate the place as a sanctuary not to be harmed by their brethren in arms. Nor was it harmed. The war raged all around it; the forest echoed to the Indian’s yell, and many a white man’s hearth was drenched in his own blood; but over the Quaker’s humble abode gently waved the white feather of peace, and beneath it his family slept without harm or fear. The blood of Jesus Christ is our eternal shield and sign. As in the days of old the blood sprinkled upon the door-post was a sign and token that saved the Israelites from that last terrible plague, the Lord passing over them; so to us the blood of Jesus sprinkled over our hearts is an eternal sign of salvation and peace. “Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life; and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.”—Sel.

A MOTHER’S DYING CHARGE.

In Dr. Dabney’s sermon on “Parental Responsibility,” in the first volume of his “Discussions,” is found a striking incident. A gentleman past middle age, who had lived an ungodly life, came before the session to join the church. Being asked what sermons aroused him, he answered, none; but that his change was due to his mother. Every one was astonished. She had been dead more than forty years. She had died when this man, now seeking the church, was but six years of age. He stated that the truths she taught him, and especially the dying scene, were the human instruments which brought him to Jesus. Then Dr. Dabney, in his own graphic and pathetic language, thus writes:

“When this young mother was about to die, she had gathered her little flock at her bedside, covering like a cluster of frightened birds before the mighty hunter, Death; had prayed for and blessed them, and as she laid her dying hand upon his brows, had charged him, her first born, to fear his mother’s God, and remember her instructions. That hand had been upon his head ever since, through the long years of his worldliness; he had felt its touch in the haunts of business as well as in his hours of solitude; in his hunt as he was hewing his hounds after the fox; on the race field as he cheered his winning horse; and it was this which at last brought him back to God.—Presbyterian.

Hold fast to the Bible as the anchor of your liberties; write its precepts on your hearts, and practise them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.—U. S. Grant.

Christianity requires two things from every man who believes in it; first, to acquire property by just and righteous means, and, second, to look not only on his own things, but also on the things of others.—Henry Van Dyke.

Whatever may be the mysteries of life and death there is one mystery which the cross of Christ reveals to us, and that is the infinite and absolute goodness of God.—Charles Kingsley.
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A Semi-Monthly Religious Journal,
For the exposition of true, practical piety.

In the interests of the church of the Brethren in Christ, commonly called, in the United States, "River Brethren," and in Canada "Tankers.

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In the absence of sufficient good original matter to fill the columns of the Visitor we had to resort to selections from exchanges and we are glad that this source did not fail us. While we do obtain from this source some very good reading matter, yet we sometimes find it difficult to find just what we want, as is Chauncey M. Depew's address before the University of Virginia at its commencement. While the address is very good and may be to some just what they think we ought to publish, yet the latter part savors rather too much of smashing political machines to suit some of our readers; and had we noticed it more particularly before it was in type we certainly would have excluded at least part of it. We will, however, promise our readers that if they will furnish us with more suitable original matter we will establish entire prohibition. There is only one way left, and that is to the solution of the liquor problem. We cannot do unless we are supplied from some source. Will you help us?

WHAT IS THE SOLUTION OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

In answer to your question, "What is the solution of the liquor problem?" my reply is, that, to me, there is only one way, and that is to establish entire prohibition.

The traffic in alcoholic drinks, as a beverage, is unnecessary to the welfare of society. It is only evil, and that continually.

The nearer any community comes to its entire suppression the less there is of immorality, vice and crime. Every attempt by the public to suppress it is resisted, often violently, by the whole liquor interest. That resistance must be overcome by a united movement of all who desire the welfare of the whole community.

Restrictive measures everywhere have resulted in lessening the demoralizing influences of the traffic upon inebriates of mature years and keeping young men from entering upon the road to destruction. The latest form of restriction, that adopted by South Carolina, has proved the truth of this assertion by the unwilling confession of many of the

BENEFICIAL FUNDS.

Dertha Keller, $1.00.

"And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire: and he had in his hand a little book open: and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth: and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices. And when the seven thunders had uttered their voices, I was about to write: and I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered, and write them not." Rev. 10: 1-4.
opponents of the dispensary laws of that state.

Close the saloon and the people will soon find a way of ending the reign of the liquor interest in the great centers of our population.
—Hon. William Clayfin.

VENTILATING THE BED ROOM.

The ventilation of the bed room at night, as well as when it is occupied through the daytime, is of much importance. It is said that the body emits about one and one-half pounds of poison in twenty-four hours. Much of this is carbonic acid gas, which is odorless, but a small proportion is of a much more deadly character, and is called organic poison. It gives to the room that musty odor which one often notices on going into an ill-ventilated bed-room early in the morning. At every exhalation three cubic feet of air are rendered unfit to breathe, and if the room is small, it takes but a short time for the air to become very impure. If it were a ten by twelve room ten feet high, it would take less than twenty minutes for one person to render it unfit to breathe again. Were the room air-tight one would die in a very short time, but there is a certain amount of air constantly finding its way through the walls, around the windows and doors, but this is practically very little. An ordinary lamp uses up as much oxygen and gives out as much carbonic acid gas as a person, and a candle, one-half as much; hence in ventilating a bedroom we must allow for the air used in this way.

No doubt many of the head-aches and bad feelings that people often complain of can be traced to the sleeping room. Colds, too, are often the result of breathing air laden with poisons—more frequently, perhaps, than the result of exposure from open windows. In order to have plenty of air it is not necessary to throw the windows open and leave them so all night, nor to open them half that distance, in order that the air blow in like a hurricane. On the contrary, one should be shielded from drafts. This may be done by placing a screen of somekind between the head of the bed and the window. There should be two openings for air,—one to let pure air in and the other to let impure air out. If there are two windows, it is well to open one at the top and the other at the bottom, an inch for every person and an inch for the lamp. If the wind is blowing very hard it is not necessary to open it even as far as this, since more air comes in through less space.—Pacific Health Journal.

MY BIBLE.

The late Dr. Tyng, of Philadelphia, says: 'I once called to visit a dying lady in this city; I had knelt often with her in prayer. Her husband was an atheist, an English atheist, a cold hearted English atheist. There is no such being beside him on the face of the globe. That was his husband. On the day on which that sweet Christian woman died, she put her hand under her pillow, and took out a little well-worn tear moistened Bible. She called her husband, and he came and she said, 'Do you know this little book?' And he answered, 'It is your Bible.' And she replied, 'It is my Bible; it has been everything to me; it has converted, strengthened, cheered and saved me; now I am going to Him who gave it to me, and I shall want it no more; open your hands.' And she put it between his two hands, and pressed them together about it. 'My dear husband, do you know what I am doing?' 'Yes, dear, you are giving me your Bible.' 'No, darling, I am giving you your Bible, and God has sent me to give you this sweet book before I die. Now put it in your bosom. Will you keep it there? Will you read it for me?' 'I will, my dear.'

'I placed,' said Doctor Tyng, 'this dear lady in the tomb behind my church. Perhaps three weeks afterwards, that husband came to my study weeping profusely. 'Oh, my friend,' said he, 'my friend, I have found what she meant—it is my Bible, every word of it was written for me. I read it over and over by day and night; I bless God it is my Bible. Will you take me into your church where she was?' 'With all my heart.' And that once proud, worldly, hostile man, hating this blessed Bible, came, with no argument, with no objections, with no questions to unravel, but binding this Word on his heart of memory and love. It was God's message of direct salvation to his soul; as direct as if there was not another Bible in Philadelphia, and an angel from heaven had brought him this.'

Have you such a book, dear reader? One you love and study and clasp to your heart, and say, this is my Bible? We all need just such a book.—Sel.

The Christian constantly needs to watch and pray that he enter not into temptation. Especially does this apply to his easily besetting sin. This is a sin which is close to him. He gives it more or less quarter in his heart. Therein lies danger. In some unguarded moment thought will issue in act and the result will be an actual, outward transgression. Unless one keeps his heart with all diligence the feelings which are indulged therein will sooner or later emerge into the outer life. Such a result is almost inevitable. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is," The heart must be kept pure if the outward life would be kept pure.—Sel.

"Real Christian character is something that the devil's mud won't stick
THE MECHANISBURG LOVE-FEAST.

According to announcement, Cumberland district love-feast was held in Mechanicsburg on Saturday and Sunday, June 9th and 10th. The attendance was very large, specially so in visitors from surrounding districts. During all the services the church was filled to its utmost. Brothers Martin Oberholzer and Jos. Detweiler as elders, and John Brenneman and Samuel Brehm as ministers were with us and, with our home brethren, broke to us the word of life.

Four persons were received into full membership and baptism was administered. Three more applicants were found worthy, who desired the ordinance administered in their home neighborhoods. One soul, many years bound of Satan, broke the bands sufficiently to witness for Christ and to step out on the Lord's side. May he grasp the full plan of salvation and spend his declining years in the enjoyment of the blessed realization of that for which his Savior died that we all might attain—life eternal. (John 17: 2, 3.)

A special feature was the experience and testimony meetings, all the time from beginning to closing, being very closely taken up, a moving of the Spirit prevailing so that all acknowledge that spiritual life was the ruling power; and that not only outward formality, as we sometimes fear is too often the case.

The Sabbath-school hour was made an interesting children's meeting. Our feast has passed into history and will long be remembered by many present.

We could hardly unite upon a time to hold our love-feast, and when Saturday and Sunday were named by those who fixed the time, it took not a little self-denial on the part of a goodly number to help hold a love-feast on Sunday, believing that a number of the associations connected with so large a gathering on Sunday, especially in a town with Sunday trains, is not for the best. They do not set the example our outward appearance demands of us to set. Their influence is not that which holds up to the world and to our sister churches which we sometimes call the "fashionable churches," forgetting "judge not," etc., the sacred, hallowed observance of this holy day, which men and women, "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," (Tim. 11: 3, 4) and even professing Christians, are doing much to disgrace and make a day of rioting instead of a day of sacred devotion. We should be careful that we do not aid or support in any way the manifold institutions which are making the Sabbath a day of rioting and pleasures instead of a day for God; and that the influence which our actions—our goings and our comings—and all the influence that our lives have on those of our fellowmen, be on God's side of the question. We all have an influence and are influencing to a greater or less degree those with whom we come in contact and who see us, nor can we get away from its stern, awful responsibilities. A. Z. MYERS.

Mechanicsburg, Pa.

GOSPEL TEST.

Since the 11th inst., the date of our last report we have been continuing the work of bringing the word of life before the people, and while the multitude have not accepted the word unto life, yet, to the praise of God we can say, there have been a few whose hearts the Lord opened to give heed unto the calling of God from sin unto salvation. While the congregations were not so large as we would have wished to see them, yet the interest seemed to deepen, and we felt that the Lord was recognizing our united efforts (for we can say we, the workers, are a unit in this work), and in one of our afternoon meetings there were six young souls came out to seek the Lord, and some of them at least give evidence of the Lord hearing their cry and setting them free, to which they bear witness. We are glad it has been our privilege to weep with those who weep, and also now to rejoice with them in the blessed hope of eternal life.

There have been in all, so far as we know, nine souls that have come out publicly to seek the Lord during these meetings, and some have told us privately that they will turn to the Lord, and may the Lord be very gracious to all of them that all the vows made may be carried out to the salvation of their souls, and to the glory of God.

One of these converts, a young lady of nineteen years, was received into church fellowship and was baptized on Sunday afternoon the 24th. She is the first of a large family and her coming out thus we hope and pray will be blest to the salvation of the entire family. Let all hearts be lifted up to God for that end. Her mother has come out publicly and a sister older than herself solemnly promised us that she would seek the Lord. May she soon find peace in believing and become an humble follower of the Lord Jesus.

According to arrangements, we closed our meetings here last night. We had quite a good attendance and we trust that good impressions may have been made. And now that the meetings are closed, and while we look upon our work as being very imperfect, yet we spared no ways or means to try to bring before the people all the words of this life, and may the Eye that never sleeps watch over the precious seed sown until much of it will bear fruit unto eternal life. And we have all confidence that the word of the Lord will not
return void or unfruitful, but that it will accomplish the design of the Author, whether it prove a savor of life unto life or of death unto death. We are next going to Junction City for a stay of two weeks or more, as the Lord may direct, where all our communications should be sent until further notice. We have had several heavy rains here of late, but we have been kept safe and dry in our humble abodes. We are all enjoying good health, for which blessed bounteous Giver of all earthly and spiritual blessings. We wish to be thankful to the Lord.

Yours for the kingdom.

Clay Center, Kans., June 23.

NOAH ZOOK.

SUMMER BIBLE SCHOOL.

The third Annual Summer Bible School and Missionary Conference of the Kansas Gospel Union, will be held at the old place, Bismarck Grove, Lawrence, Kans., July 24—Aug. 2.

Tents will again be pitched free of charge, and straw furnished for bed-ticks. A rate of one and one-200 miles of Lawrence, including Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo.

Tents will again be pitched free of charge, and straw furnished for bed-ticks. A rate of one and one-half fare round trip has been granted by the railroads, to points within 200 miles of Lawrence, including Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo.

The object of this gathering is to get a better knowledge of God's wonderful Word and plans, and as far as possible, stir up a Missionary interest. A number of teachers acquainted with the Scriptures have been secured. Mr. W. H. Frost, of Toronto, in charge of the China Inland Mission work of this continent, writes that he will come, if possible. Rev. T. C. Horton, of St. Paul, Minn., Pastor E. E. Drake, of Manhattan, Chaplain Gillespie, of Fort Leavenworth, Nathan, the Jew, soon to be in Morocco (D. V.), A. E. Bishop, instructor at the Abilene Institute and Geo. S. Fisher, are fully expected; also Roy G. Coddington, lately from the Soudan, and H. A. Ham-
EXPERIENCE.

I have often felt impressed to write a little of my experience, especially of that part of it when I first started in God's service; and I have found that these impressions became lighter and lighter as I delayed. And this afternoon I was again vividly impressed to delay longer was only to sear my conscience to the dictates of the Holy Spirit.

I was brought up by Christian parents, in a community of Christians, consequently under Christian influences. Even while a boy I felt the wooings of the Holy Spirit; in fact, I cannot say that I had any long seasons that I was not warned of my condition. But often when in meetings where God's Spirit was manifest, I would feel very uneasy in my condition and would wish I were among the brethren and could share the good feeling which they appeared to have.

But from lack of courage I would keep putting off attending to the wants of my soul until a more convenient season which never came. About six or seven years ago, while attending a series of meetings in Morrison's Cove, Pa., I very much felt the need of a Savior. But then I had just come to the age when I was most busily engaged sowing my "wild oats." With a great company of young associates around me enjoying themselves in the pleasures of the world, I thought there was no use trying to serve my Master, as I would only fall back again. At this meeting I had a mighty struggle, especially since I had promised a cousin of mine to go to the altar for prayer if she did. She was sitting in the seat in front of me, and while they were in prayer, she asked me and I hardly thinking her to be in earnest, I promised to go with her. Arising from prayer she went forward, which filled me with the greatest condemnation. But she proved to be in earnest, and I believe she is yet.

Oh, how many pangs and heart-aches would have been spared me and how much farther I would be on the way had I yielded then!

But through the goodness of God I was spared until two years ago last December, when Brother Noah Zook was holding meetings in Morrill, Kansas, which I attended several nights. One night especially the way was shown very plainly to me.

The brother was trying to make plain to the unconverted what it was to accept Christ, and said, "It is simply submitting your will to the will of God." This sentence made an impression on my mind which I could never shake off. Not being willing to submit I spent a miserable season that winter and the next summer. I had no pleasure with the world nor with the children of God. I would look forward to the time when I would become a child of God and could see the pleasure and peace that would follow. But it was out of my reach, I could not grasp it. I thought the Lord would have to set my stakes ahead when I would ask God's children to pray for me and I would then begin to do his will. But that was my way and not the Lord's. When Brothers Book and Sheets opened a meeting in the Brethren's house near Hamlin, in January, 1893, I thought, "This is my last chance." I had also predetermined to "break through," at this meeting. Circumstances permitting me to attend but a few meetings, I resolved to grasp those opportunities, and went to three meetings. The devil having now put it into my heart that the Christian professors of to-day were far from the line of duty, and were only acting the hypocrite, I felt miserably wretched and undone. But I found that I must get right before God and then set others right. No one who has not had that experience can imagine one's feelings. Nevertheless I would have asked the prayers of the brethren the last night I was there, but I could not arise from my seat. So I left that meeting with feelings I cannot express not expecting to attend any meetings after that. I arrived at my brother's home where I was staying, about 9 miles distant, the next day about noon. I went upstairs to exchange clothes and for the first time I knelt down to my bed to try to pray and no words came but gushing tears. I arose and went down stairs and with tears flowing copiously I wrote my cousin a letter asking her to ask the prayers of the church in my behalf.

I now look back to that day with joy, though it was not a happy day. It has brought me many happy days since, yet not until I began to pray earnestly for myself. The 380th hymn in "Spiritual Hymns" tells my experience for the few weeks following, better than I can express it.

It was only after I had almost given up in despair and could see no way of escape but to rely upon the precious promises of God's Word, and accept the righteousness of Christ as the only hope of my salvation, that I found perfect peace. But the struggle had not ceased very long until duties came up before me, which I was not so willing to perform. And I also had to pray for a will to perform them. As I was obedient, peace followed. I feel to praise the Lord for what he has done for me, and I earnestly desire an interest in the prayers of all God's children that I may be more faithful in the future. Your unworthy brother,

Sabetha, Kans.

S. D. STONE.

S. B. STONE.

PRAYER FOR SINS FORGIVEN.

Dear readers of the Visitor: By the help of God, I will tell you what the Lord has done for my soul. I
was called when young. I had pious parents who early taught the ways of God to me, and I often felt the good Spirit at my heart, but was not willing to yield. Satan always told me it was such a hard way to serve God, that is what kept me back. He promised me pleasure but never gave it to me: but then he is a liar from the beginning. I always had a condemned conscience and knew if I would die I would be lost forever. I never believed I could repent on my death bed; I think it is a poor time. Oh, how I longed for gay dress and the pleasures of the world, but my parents restrained me, and I thank God for it. The Lord only knows where I would have got to.

It is now past forty years since I was converted, and I have ever tried to be faithful. How glad I am that I started while young. It is a good way; it is no hard way to serve God, but it is very hard to serve the devil, and he is a hard master. We do not get tired serving the Lord when we get old; we love it still more, if we only trust and obey. We must obey the Spirit or else the way will close, and we will do it ourselves. I wish to give my body a living sacrifice, to serve God with body, soul and spirit. Then we have a peace the world can never give, nor take away. Praise the Lord for a religion that makes soul and body happy. Yours in love.

CATHARINE KOHL.
Grater's Ford, Pa.
For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

WITNESSING.

I often was impressed to write my experience for the Visitor, but among my little ones it is somewhat of a task for me. It is now a little over fourteen years since I gave my heart to the Lord and I am not weary on the way but pray God to give me grace to go on to perfection. When I started out I thought I would walk perfectly before the Lord but now when I look back over my short pilgrimage I see so many crooks that I have made and all that I can do is to come again to the dear Savior and pray him to forgive me my imperfections and give me grace to go on in the good old way. Oh, how happy the good Lord is to hear and answer our prayers! Oh, what power in the love of God! How happy we are when our prayers are turned to praise! Oh, what a change it made in me. I could in truth say, "Old things have passed away, behold, all things are become new."

When I was a girl at home with my dear mother, I had united with the Brethren Church and can say it was a good time to start. Now I have a family of six children living and two gone to that heaven above where we long to meet by and by.

Pray for us all that we may be so happy as to meet again. When I was converted I thought my time here would soon be over. I longed to go home to be ever with the Lord, but it was not the Lord's will. He had something for me to do in his service. I often feel to say, when I see how some trifle time away, what manner of person ought I to be to serve my God aright. I must often pray God for patience to discharge the duties that this life enjoins. Let us, as dear brothers and sisters, come humbly to the throne of grace, without a doubt, and pray God in faith according to His will, whatsoever we need and He will answer our prayers. Oh, how humble and childlike we are when we feel the nearness of our Lord.

Before the Lord pardoned my sins I promised that if he pardoned my sins I would tell to all around me of his wondrous love. But while I talked to many, I feel I am not done yet, and if the Lord strengthens me I want to live closer to him.

Pray for our dear editor that he may discharge his duty, and we as a body may be willing to send him religious articles and experiences, which feed the soul and may reach the heart of many, probably, who do not enjoy such privileges as we.

LEORA KNODE.
New Enterprise, Pa.
MR. WESLEY'S GREAT DELIVERANCE.

One of Mr. Wesley's friends communicated the following experience, which was substantially printed in the Arminian Magazine:

'The night before that in which my deliverance came, I fell asleep, but was suddenly awakened as if some person had spoken to me in the following words: 'Why will you sleep in such imminent danger? I immediately rose from bed to pray. After some time spent in prayer I lay down on the bed again; but slept no more that night. All next day I spent in prayer for mercy, but got no deliverance; and when night came on I retired, weary and heavy laden, to bed. After lying thus some time I thought there was no mercy for me, and that God would not be gracious. However, about two o'clock in the morning, I rose to pray, being strongly drawn by an inward impression thereeto. I threw myself down by the side of the bed, and cried with all the strength of soul and body: 'Lord, if it be Thy will that I should perish, let me perish at Thy feet. If not, grant me Thy mercy, that I may know that I am Thy child.'

"My heart instantly began to melt and tears to flow. I saw myself viler than the dust under my feet. Thus I remained for a few minutes, when with strong cries and tears I added: 'Lord, I am vile, give me to know thee.' In a moment it appeared as if my eyes were opened, and I beheld my Savior dying for me. I felt this love spring up in my soul, and my eyes overflowed with tears of joy. I knew that my sins were forgiven; unbelief was done away, I had not a single doubt; I felt my soul was united to Christ, and I could not help crying aloud, 'Oh, what has Jesus done for me! How shall I glorify my Savior! Oh, the dearness, the sweetness of Jesus to my soul! He hath taken me from a fearful pit, out of the mire and clay, and hath set my feet on a rock, and established my goings.'

"After I rose from prayer, I read the sixth chapter of John. In reading it, I had an affecting view of the singular love of my Redeemer to poor sinners. Oh, adorable Redeemer! how shall I glorify my Savior! Oh, the dearness, the sweetness of Jesus to my soul! He hath taken me from a fearful pit, out of the mire and clay, and hath set my feet on a rock, and established my goings.'

"Inward I blush with sacred shame, And weep and love and bless His name, Who knew not guilt or grief His own, But bore it all for me!"

"Astonishing grace! I hear the glorious sufferer tell How, on the cross He vanquished hell, And all the powers beneath."

"O Savior why so lavish of Thy blood? Why so profuse in Thy favours?"

"Twas Thine own blood that made Thee bleed! That nailed Thee to the cursed tree!"
July 1, 1894.

**EVANGELICAL VISITOR.**

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS.**

**HOW THEY FOUND THE SAVIOR.**

"Girls, suppose we go to the revival to-night?" exclaimed Helen Wade, turning from the piano.

"The revival! Why, Helen Wade! Of all things," said a chorus of voices.

Helen laughed lightly, but said nothing. In a moment they began:

"You really do not mean it," said one; and, "What is your idea in going?" said another.

"Why, Helen, have you forgotten that the Social Hour Club meets in your parlor to-night?" said voice number three. Helen's face grew suddenly grave.

"I cannot answer you all at once, so I will take you in turn. "Yes, Josie, I do mean every word of it; but Maude, I do not think I can tell you my idea, for I scarcely know myself. As for the Club, Jennie, I have not forgotten it, but I shall propose that we suspend the rules, adjourn until next week, and go in a body to the church. Girls, I am tired of my hollow, empty life."

"But, Helen," said Jennie, "what has started your thoughts in this channel? I never saw you so serious before."

"No, you never did; for I never thought of it seriously until a week ago. You know I had a sore throat, and one evening I went into the library to look for a book. Papa had a caller in his study. I could hear their voices, and knew it was the new minister. On the table were some new books which Mr. Holt had borrowed, and just brought back. I took one and began to turn the leaves, when it slipped from my hands and fell to the floor, and a piece of white paper fluttered out. I picked it up and read these words: "Whether your years are few or many is of no consequence. What has your life been? will be the great question in eternity." Why, girls, I was dazed. Mechanically, I picked up the book, and, placing it upon the table, I turned and left the room. When I reached my own room, I found that I still had the slip of paper in my fingers. I read it again, and then began to question myself. I tried to see my life as it had been, and I can tell you I felt small. I was in a perfect tumult for hours."

The next evening I astonished papa by asking him to take me to church. I assured him my throat was quite well, so he took me. The subject was, 'Christ's Sermon on the Mount,' and for the first time I began to realize what it is to hunger and thirst after righteousness. Since then I have been to church several times, and to-night I want every member of the club to go. What do you say?"

"Say!" exclaimed Jennie Lodell.

"Why, that you will carry out your plans as you always do. Every member of the club will follow where you lead."

"Then, may God help me to lead them aright," said Helen softly.

The evening proved that Jennie was right, for every member of the club was there. They made a goodly procession, and as they filed into the church the minister devoutly exclaimed under his breath, "Praise the Lord!" The sermon was from the text, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." At its close the choir sang, "Almost Persuaded," and then an opportunity was given for inquirers to rise. There was a hush as Helen Wade arose. She hesitated a moment, and then said:

"I have been almost persuaded for nearly a week, but would not surrender. To-night I am fully persuaded: pray for me!"

Six months later we again see Helen Wade seated in the same parlor where our story opened. What wonderful changes have been wrought during those six months! But let us listen to their conversation:

"Girls," said Helen suddenly, "it is the night for our prayer-meeting again."

"Yes, and Harry Lane is to be leader," exclaimed Jennie Lodell joyfully. "Oh, Helen, how happy I am, and how thankful! Six months ago we did not think it possible to give up our club. Now, it has been literally transformed into a prayer-meeting."

Kissing her friends good-bye, Helen went out thoughtfully humming the words:

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing, Only as led by His hand; A messenger at His gateway, Only waiting for His command."

—Guinnie Leigh.

**OUR LETTER BOX.**

**Dear Editor:**—

This is my favorite hymn that I love to sing when I'm working for my dear mamma. I think my work goes so much better when I sing it. I hope the little boys and girls will try to learn to sing this beautiful hymn. I want to be strong, I want to be true, I want to do right, I want to be good, I want to do all as a Christian should—For I'm never too young, never too small, To serve my dear Redeemer.

I want to be meek, I want to be mild, I want to be known as a Christian child—For I'm never too young, never too small, To serve my dear Redeemer.

Dear Savior, draw near and help me I pray To know Thee and love Thee and serve Thee each day—

For I'm never too young, never too small, To serve my dear Redeemer.

Harrisburg, Pa.

—EUSTA PH. MINTZ.

"Good thoughts are blessed guests, and should be heartily welcomed, and much sought after. Like rose leaves, they give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory."

"When we devote our youth to God, 'Tis pleasing in His eyes; A flower, when offered in the bud, Is no vain sacrifice."
A young man named Thorpe, who afterward became an effective minister of that Gospel which he at first ridiculed, was one of Mr. Whitefield’s most insulting opposers; and, possessing unusual talent for mimicry, he not only interrupted his sermons in public, but ridiculed them in private in convivial theatrical circles.

On one occasion, at such a gathering for revelry, he and three of his companions laid a wager for the most effective imitation and ridicule of Whitefield’s preaching. Each was to open the Bible at random, and deliver an extemporaneous harangue from the first verse that presented itself, and the audience, after the profane exhibition, were to adjudge the prize.

Thorpe’s three competitors each went through the game with impious buffoonery, and then it came his turn. They had the table for their rostrum, and as he was about to step upon it, Thorough exclaimed, “I shall beat you all.”

When he opened it the invisible provoker exclaimed, “I shall beat you all.”

They handed him the Bible, and he went through the game with impious buffoonery, and then it came his turn. They had the table for their rostrum, and as he was about to step upon it, Thorpe exclaimed, “I shall beat you all.”

He handed him the Bible, and he went through the game with impious buffoonery, and then it came his turn. They had the table for their rostrum, and as he was about to step upon it, Thorpe exclaimed, “I shall beat you all.”

The word, and never returned to that society; but, after a season of deepest distress and conflict, passed into the full light of the Gospel, and at length became a most successful preacher of its grace. Dr. Cheever.

Our Dead.

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