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Henry Davidson

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Messiah University is a Christian university of the liberal and applied arts and sciences. Our mission is to educate men and women toward maturity of intellect, character and Christian faith in preparation for lives of service, leadership and reconciliation in church and society.
In this article we purpose writing a few thoughts on the subject of war; and we shall try to do so from a New Testament standpoint, regardless of human opinions or creeds. We are well aware that the doctrine of nonresistance is very unpopular in the world, and many, yea the great majority of professing Christians uphold war and bloodshed as necessary to the adjustment of human affairs, and justify themselves in taking part in it, even in slaying members of their own church when they are on the other side of the question. The primary cause of all this error is the mixing of the Old and New Dispensations, the result of which is like putting a new patch on an old garment or new wine in old bottles. Christ said regarding the law: "I come not to destroy but to fulfill." When a thing is fulfilled its work is finished. For instance, when a country has a protective tariff it can only increase the trade of its enemy, who may then attempt to destroy the country. When Christ came he introduced a free trade law instead of the protective (Mosaic) law which was for only one nation. He brought a gospel of universal application, that the middle wall of partition (protective tariff) being broken down there should be one fold and one shepherd. When on the cross he said, "It is finished," when "the temple's veil was rent in twain from the bottom to the top," the law ended and the gospel began. It is obvious from the illustration used that it would be unreasonable and unlawful to appeal to an obsolete law to justify a proceeding enacted in opposition to the present law, and that is just where every one places himself who attempts to justify war as a Christian privilege or duty; for the high protective tariff and the free trade law present no greater contrast than the teachings of the Old and New Testaments on this subject. In the Old Testament they are commanded, urged and helped to destroy their enemies with the sword and in some cases to show no mercy even to women or children. They are told to love their neighbor and hate their enemy. But in the opening chapter of the Gospel Statutes, Matt. 5, Christ says: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." In striking contrast to the Mosaic precept quoted, He says: "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless..."
them that hate you, and pray for
them that despitefully use you, and
them that curse you, do good to
persecute you." Following this
comes the golden rule: "Whatever
would that men should do unto
you do ye even so to them." Now,
common sense would teach us that
we did not want ourselves shot, our
wives made widows and our children
fatherless, our hard-earned property
destroyed by pillage and fire—and
yet people calling themselves Chris-
tians advocate this course in opposi-
tion to the above precept. On the
contrary, we would like them to be
kind and respectful to us, to show
proper regard for our rights and
privileges, to neither hurt nor de-
stroy our lives or property, or, in
short, to do anything to disturb our
peace of mind or body. Such be-
ing our estimate of other's duty to-
our welfare, we think that the way to
realize it is to apply just that
kind of treatment to him and the
happiest results follow. It may be
urged that this applies to individuals
only, but Christ in answering the
query, "Who is my neighbor?" gives a wider scope. The good
Samaritan seeing a fellowman in dis-
ress, in his loving sympathy, national-
ity, difference of opinions and cus-
toms are lost sight of. A brother
needs a brother's help and that is
enough. With the true Christian
there is neither "Barbarian, Scythian,
bond or free." "If any man have
not the Spirit of Christ he is none
of his." Jesus in the hour of his
bitterest agony prays for his scoff-
ing enemies: "Father, forgive them
for they know not what they do." Now,
we ask, where between the
two lids of the Testament do men
find warrant to destroy each other's
lives and property and to hurry one
another into eternity with unpre-
pared hearts? For no one can be
in a state of Gospel grace while in
the act of openly breaking its laws.
Paul says: "Love worketh no ill to
his neighbor." People don't usually
express their love by perforating
each other's bodies with bullets or
blowing them to pieces with cannon
balls. Suppose that in all civilized
lands all church members refused
to fight. No king or emperor or
president could make them. They
would either have to fight each other
(and if they did I doubt whether
they would draw blood enough to
stain their garments) or they would
have to adjust their differences peace-
ably and quietly. I am glad to note
that such settlements have been fre-
frequent of late years, and the result
has been, to some extent, "Glory to
God in the highest and on earth
peace, good will toward men." In
summing up, we draw the following
conclusions: War and bloodshed
were allowed and commanded in the
Mosaic law, for the purposes men-
tioned; second, all arguments in fa-
vor of war or retaliation must be drawn
from the Old Testament as the New
verses the order and emphatically
condemns strife and retaliation of
any kind; thirdly, they appeal to an
obsolete law, repealed by the power
who made it, and superseded by a
better, viz., the law of love, all ap-
peals made to, or arguments drawn
from, that source carrying no more
weight than an appeal to a repealed
statute of our legislatures; and last,
that subjects who appeal to, and
availing themselves of the privileges of,
a repealed statute, contrary to ex-
isting laws, become criminally liable
and place themselves in danger of
punishment by the power who made
it, whether human or Divine.

In conclusion, let us who hold
nonresistant principles remember
that it means more than refusing to
do military service. They have a
positive as well as a negative side.
"If thy enemy hunger, feed him; if
he thirst, give him drink; if naked,
clothe him." "Do all things with-
out murmurings or disputings." Let us evidence in our life the in-
dwelling of that wisdom that is "first
pure, then peaceable, easy to be en-
treated, full of mercy," etc. Better
to lose a few dollars sometimes than
to lose our peace of mind and our
influence for good. We have seen
nonresistant people sometimes who
were very combative in their fami-
lies, their neighborhoods and their
church whenever their wishes were
crossed or others did not see fit to
repeat their shibboleths. While
hurting no one's body they often
deeply wound their souls. Such re-
pel instead of attract, scatter instead
of gather, destroy instead of build
up. Specimens of such exist in
every community and while we pity
their weakness, let us profit by avoid-
ing the rocks on which they strand-
ed their usefulness. And the peace
of God which passeth all under-
standing shall keep our minds and hearts
through faith in Christ Jesus; and
we can give glory to God in the
highest and advance by precept and
example peace on earth and show
good will toward men.

F. ELLIOTT.

Richmond Hill, Ont.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.
"REGENERATION."

There is a great vagueness in the
minds of many people, and even
among preachers, as to what regen-
eration really is. The term is com-
monly understood to mean a moral
and spiritual change in man, wrought
by supernatural power. Many call
it "change of heart" or being "born
again." Some one says: "Regener-
ation can not properly be limited to
a change of mind and heart—to an
inward change,—it implies also a
change of state or relationship of
the person previously changed in
heart."

Regeneration is a process embrac-
ing both the inward and the out-
ward transformation which makes one a Christian and gives him membership in the church of God. And so baptism introduces one already changed in mind, heart and purpose into what is called the visible church. Baptism is an act of obedience to the divine command; not as producing one a Christian and gives him membership in the church of God, and the change of relation or state, and showing the “answer of a good conscience toward God.”

I maintain with the strongest emphasis that all which is embraced by the current use of the term regeneration—must take place before a Christian baptism—in its proper use, is possible. The thoughts of the sinner must be turned Godward—must be lead to an appreciation of the authority of God and of His love for men—of the divinity of Christ—His all-sufficiency as a Savior and His willingness to save him—must see himself a sinner—must hate sin and love righteousness—must love the Lord Jesus supremely and be possessed of a spirit of obedience to Him. All this must be brought about by the Holy Spirit’s working effectually upon the mind and heart of the sinner through the instrumentality of the preached Gospel.

Experimental religion produces joy and peace to those who practice the precepts of Christianity, who habitually feed upon the Word of God, meditate upon his love and goodness and commune with him in daily prayer.

But the sudden emotionalism which sometimes takes place and is not rested upon the solid assurance of God’s Word, but on the nervous condition of the individual, is entirely too vaporous to meet our need; it is far from regeneration and experimental religion.

The foregoing brief article I met with when looking through a package of papers I laid over some time ago. Whether I composed it for certain I cannot just now say, but I am inclined to believe that I did, as it was not indicated by the marks of quotations which I always use in borrowing from another’s writings. Howbeit, it agrees perfectly with my sentiments, and it is profitable to “prove all things,” and to “hold fast to that which is good.”

A. BELL.

FOR THE EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

DO IT UNTO THE LORD.

And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord and not unto men. Col. 3: 23.

Sometimes we say of our business or our employment, that we do it for the money that is in it or we do it for the bread and butter (sustenance) for ourselves and those dependent upon us. Others say we do it because we must, and under these circumstances, the flesh being weak, how wary we get! and how at times our work does gall and chafe us, and we are perfectly miserable, if you will allow the use of the expression, or, more plainly, just as miserable, uncomfortable and unhappy as we can conceive it possible for any human being to be, even under what are really quite favorable circumstances.

Such is the evil. Now for the remedy. We might dwell much more on the evil, the inconsistency for God’s children. But we hasten to the remedy and point you to our text.

We have been told of a good Christian sister whose Bible showed much evidence of her love to it in its worn and carefully marked pages. One of her marks frequently occurring was the letters T. P., over a text. They were rather mystical signs to the uninitiated, but on inquiry she beamingly said, “That means Tried and Proved.” By these significant marks she signified that she had tried the promise, and not only tried it, but her experience verified or proved its truth.

So can we say of this Scripture. We have tried and proved it, and hence as a remedy for the ills we have been describing, we can give it our emphatic endorsement. We would like to testify a little in this connection. It is not considered good theology to mix experience with sermons; our humble effort does not aim to sail so lofty, but we would like to help you as we have been helped. When led out into the complete surrender to the Lord and to work for him, our business began to chafe us. Oh, it was so irksome, and there was so much about it not pleasant. But we could not run off and leave it without at least making good our contracts and supporting the family entrusted to us, not even to carry the glad tidings of salvation. Rom. 10: 15. After suffering great things in this state we began to realize the force of this text and to find that it with many others meant just what it said. Then followed peace and now we are the Lord’s, and by his aid we shall continue to do our work “as unto the Lord.” He is our silent partner who furnishes the capital (energy, will and ability to perform our duties), and when he wills that we manipulate His capital elsewhere we hope to have grace enough to say, “Thy will be done.”

“As unto the Lord,”—that is the key to it all. Realizing His matchless, boundless love, his tremendous sacrifices for us, our unmeasurable debt to him and his claim upon us, having bought us and paid for us the price, his blood shed on Calvary, we can do anything and everything he desires of us. We would be willing to lay down our lives for him, but it is more easy to die for religion than it is to live for religion, and God does not will that we should all die now, but He wills that we shall live to His honor and glory, shewing to the world a Christian life. See Gal. 2: 20, 1 Peter 4: 2, 2 Cor. 2: 15.
I have felt for some time to give my experience in the Visitor, as I do love to read the experience of other brethren and sisters, how they had to come to the Savior and receive pardon for their sins.

As I was alone this evening with the little ones, the rest having gone to meeting, so I thought the Lord should direct my pen as I want to do the Lord's will and hope he will lead me this evening.

O it is wonderful how the Lord does strive with the children of men until they become willing to serve Him. I often think back at father's house in those prayer-meetings where the Lord was so near to me and so tenderly called me but I would not. I so often tried to hide those tears when brethren and sisters would tell what the Lord was doing for them. But thanks be to God, I yielded in my youth. I was 17 years old when the Lord called so mightily I could no longer hold out.

I just now look back and see the evening of a protracted effort that the Brethren held not far from father's home in Wayne county. As the brethren were laboring hard for souls the Spirit was striving with me to give my heart to Jesus. One of the ministers stepped off the pulpit and spoke to my sister, she being converted. The very sight of what she did went to my heart like a dart, as I well knew that she would speak to me. And no sooner had the minister taken his seat than she came to me and asked me in a few words whether I did not feel to make a start, but I could not answer a word.

But I could not shake these convictions off any longer and I could not help weeping over my condition. I still tried to hide my tears, but on our way home from meeting my youngest brother gave me a few encouragings words not to put it off any longer, so I made up my mind at once to make the effort.

So when we got home and my parents found out my determination it did not take long for them to offer prayer. They all prayed earnestly for me but it appeared I had nothing to pray at that time, but promised the Lord that I would come out in public at the next meeting. I did this but I had to break the chains of Satan. But in obeying I received strength to go on. But I labored under the burden of sin for a few days and prayed earnestly to the Lord in my trouble, and on a day and in such a way as I least expected it the Lord took away the burden of my heart. Oh, the blessedness I found in that dear Savior when He made me free from sin. I believed that Jesus could save me. Just now, Satan with all his hosts could not make me believe that I had not received peace and pardon to my weary soul. I am glad to-day that the Savior did not let me rest until I dug down to the rock, Christ Jesus, for He is able to save and help us through the trials we may have to pass through.

I have been on this good way now 22 years and this blessed Jesus has been my friend through clouds and storms and also through bright and sunshiny seasons, and I want to prove faithful to my end. Whatever my earthly lot may be, I still cling to Jesus for all my comfort.

I have reason to be thankful to God for what He has done for me, and I am determined by the help of God to make heaven my home.

I crave an interest in your prayers. C. A. HOOVER.

Mansfield, O.

Every Christian is endued with a power whereby he is enabled to resist and conquer temptations.—TILLOTSON.
ter's observations show that drinking men freeze more quickly than the sober.

Remonstrate with parents for giving it to their children and they still sweeten and feed it with a smile, saying, "We have always done so in our families and it has not hurt us"; without a thought of the brother, cousin, or uncle that has been made an outcast through such early training.

When temperance has pledged millions of total abstainers, this deceiving devil makes up a draught especially for them, under the name of "root beer" (which, indeed ought to be suspected for its patronymic), and this runs down their thoughtless throats and plays its alcoholic pranks all through their deceived organisms, and they only cry out for "more."

The Bible declares that the drunkard cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, and the drunkard himself loses all hope and desire to do so; and behold a Christian bent on devoting the one day God has given us in which specially to prepare for heaven, to the service of the saloon and the business of making drunkards.

Verily, alcohol is a lie, and it deceives and makes liars of all the people who come under its influence, whether in politics, religion or in everyday life.—Sel.

FOR THE EVANGELICAL VISITOR.
PAST AND FUTURE.

The old year with its records is past, and we can glance backward and see our failures and wish with an ardent desire that we had done more to advance the cause of Christ, in the salvation of souls and also made greater efficiency in the divine life.

But "what we have written, we have written," and, like the laws of the ancient Medes and Persians, cannot be altered.

Wonderful indeed have been the events which have occurred during the past year. When we consider the extraordinary fires, cyclones, floods, shipwrecks, railroad accidents and massacres and the general morality of the human race, which to us appears marvelous, and in our finite state we have no method to divine what the future may bring forth, yet we may reasonably suppose that before the elapse of the ensuing year, the hand that writes and the eyes that read these lines may, together with multiplied thousands, in the language of the Bible realize that "this year thou shalt die," and their souls either be associated with the angelic host or experience the pangs of the death that never dies in outer darkness.

In anticipation of the tempestuous storms awaiting us during the year we have just entered, our only safety is to take shelter under the "Rock that is higher than I," as we shall always find him a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

In view of the signs of the times, and judging from the Holy Scriptures, there are wonderful events awaiting us. Standing as we are, the world may be startled at any time by that greatest of all cries: "The Lord is coming!" What a check this shall be upon the world in its revelry! "Every mountain and island shall be moved out of their places, and the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bond man, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens, and in the rocks of the mountains, and said to the rocks and mountains, fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" Rev. 6: 14—16.

At Christ's first advent into our world, he was heralded by angels. So shall it be at his second coming. "When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that fear not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." 2 Thess. 1: 7—8.

He will gather his people from the entire universe to meet Him in the air, and so we shall ever be with Him.

Then the destiny of men and nations shall be irrevocably fixed, forever saved or eternally lost. Kind reader, as pilgrims and strangers we pass but once through this lower world, and can never return to rectify mistakes. Heaven and hell are before us; which of the two worlds will you choose to spend your eternity?

J oh n F o h l.

Chambersburg, Pa.

AT A SALOON DOOR.

In 1874 I saw my mother kneeling in the snow to pray at a saloon door, and I crept out by a side way, stepping softly in the dust ashamed of her.

That day's work cost her her life, but the saloon did not even pause, and her only child sped downward to the hell of darkness; but that nonsenset prayer persisted at God's throne through thirteen awful years, and for her importunity He could but always hear, and when I "would" He spoke to me, and speaks—and will speak on and on—until on some sweet Christmas eve I find my mother's arm again, and, leaning on her great heart, celebrate the end of the crusade.—Wooley.

The soul is in itself a world, and evil thoughts count as acts with the Eternal if not at once repelled.—Geikie.

"A single kind word may cheer a desponding heart and save a soul,"...
"I CANNOT GET AWAY FROM GOD."

Not very many years since a coachman was living in a gentleman's family near London. He had good wages, a kind master and a comfortable place. But there was one thing which troubled and annoyed. It was that his old mother lived in a village close by and from her he received frequent visits. You may wonder that this, was such a trouble to him. But the reason was that, whenever she came she spoke to him about Christ and the salvation of his soul.

"Mother," he at last said, "I cannot stand this any longer. Unless you drop this subject altogether, I shall give up my place and go out of your reach, where I shall hear no more of such cant."

"My son," said the mother, "as long as I have a tongue I will never cease to speak to you about the Lord and to the Lord about you."

The young coachman was as good as his word. He wrote to a friend in the Highlands of Scotland, and asked him to find him a place in that part of the world. He knew that his mother could not write and could not follow him, and though he was sorry to lose so good a place, he said to himself, "Anything for a quiet life."

His friend soon got him a place in a gentleman's stable, and he did not hide from his mother that he was glad and thankful to get out of her way.

You may think it was a pity she thus drove him to a distance. Would it not have been wiser to say less, and thus not lose the opportunity in season? But she believed in her simplicity that she was to keep the directions given her in the Word of God—that she was to be instant, not in season only, but also out of season. The coachman was ordered to drive out the coach and pair, the first day after his arrival in Scotland. His master did not get into the carriage with the rest of the party, but said he intended to go on the box instead of the footman.

"He wishes to see how I drive," thought the coachman, who was quite prepared to give satisfaction. Scarcely had they driven from the door when the master spoke to the coachman for the first time. He said:

"Tell me if you are saved."

Had the Lord come to the coachman direct from Heaven, it could scarcely have struck him with greater consternation. He simply felt terrified.

"God has followed me to Scotland," he said to himself. "I could not get away from my mother, but I cannot get away from God."

And at that moment he knew what Adam must have felt when he went to hide himself from the presence of God behind the trees in the garden. He could make no answer to his Master, and scarcely could he drive the horses for he trembled from head to foot.

His master went on to speak of Christ, and again he heard the old, old story so often told him by his mother. But this time it sounded new. It had become a real thing to him. It did not seem then to be glad tidings of great joy, but a message of terror and condemnation. He felt that it was Christ, the Son of God, whom he had rejected and despised.

He felt for the first time that he was a lost sinner. By the time the drive was over he was so ill from the terrible fear that had come upon him that he could do nothing else. For some days he could not leave his bed; but they were blessed days to him. His master came to speak to him, to read the Word of God and to pray; and soon the love and grace of the Savior he had rejected became a reality to him, as the terror of the Lord had been at first.

He saw there was mercy for the scoffer and despiser, and he saw that the blood of Christ is the answer before God even for such a sin as this had been; and he now felt in his soul the sweetness of those blessed words, "We love Him because He first loved us!"

He saw that Christ had borne his punishment, and that he had tried to harden his heart against God and against his own mother, and was now without spot or stain in the sight of God who so loved him as to give for him His only Son. The first letter he wrote to his mother contained the joyful tidings:

"God has followed me to Scotland, and has saved my soul!"

"Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell behold Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me."

— Watchword.

THE FIRST HINDOO CONVERT AND HIS HYMN.

Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with Krishnu-Pal's hymn.

It is the hymn beginning, "O thou, my soul, forget no more The Friend who all thy sorrows bore."

But many may not know the author as the first Hindoo convert to Christianity.

A writer in a Baptist missionary paper thus relates the story of its origin.

Dr. Carey had spent six years of toil in India, and had seen no results of his labors. He had prayed, and studied, and waited with a heavy
but not despondent heart. At length the Master granted a first token of his favor and blessing. Krishnu, while engaged in his work as a carpenter, fell and broke his arm. Mr. Thomas, Carey’s companion and fellow laborer in the mission, was called to set the broken limb, and after his work as a surgeon was done, he most fervently preached the Gospel to the assembled crowd. The unfortunate carpenter was affected even to tears, and readily accepted an invitation to call on the missionaries for further instruction. The truth took deep hold on his heart. He told the story he had heard to his wife and daughter; and they, too, were so much moved that all three offered themselves as candidates for baptism.

While the question of their reception was under discussion, on the 22d of December, 1800, Krishnu and Goluk, his brother, openly renounced their caste and sat down at the table with the missionaries to eat with them. This excited great surprise among the natives. The evening of the same day, Krishnu, his wife and daughter, went before the church, told the process by which they had been led to embrace Christianity, and were received for baptism. The occasion was one of joy and triumph. The Governor of India, a number of Portuguese, and great crowds of Hindoos and Mohammedans were present to witness the rite. Dr. Carey walked down into the water with his eldest son on one side of him and Krishnu on the other. Amid the profoundest silence he explained that it was not the water of the sacred river that could wash away sin, but the blood of atonement; and then he administered the sacred rite of baptism; breaking down the wall of separation between the Englishman and the Hindoo, and making them brothers in Christ Jesus. All hearts were impressed; the governor wept; and that evening, December 28, for the first time the Lord’s supper was celebrated in Bengal.

Krishnu was the first of a long line. When he was baptized he was thirty-six years old; and he lived for more than twenty years a faithful and honored disciple of the Lord. He became an ardent student, and wrote and compiled tracts that were eagerly read by his countrymen. He also wrote a number of hymns. The one we often sing on communion occasions was translated by Dr. Marshman. He died with cholera in 1822, universally lamented.

"O then, my soul, forget no more The Friend who all thy sorrows bore; Let every idol be forgot; But O, my soul, forget Him not."

—Dr. D. Fraser.

The sermon-criticising habit of church-goers obstructs evangelistic success. It has become usual and wont with the most regular people in our church to estimate and discuss sermons. After service they say, “We have had a good sermon,” or “a poor sermon,” as the case may be. So they praise or dispraise the preacher for his performance. We do not say the practice is wholly bad. At all events there is one thing worse than criticism; and that is the stupid indifference which cares not whether the sermon be good or bad and desires only that it be short. But it is very baffling to the evangelistic minister, who aims at quickly reaching the consciences of the audience. They—especially if they are in their accustomed pews—are by sheer force of habit examining and estimating him and his discourse, whereas he wants them to forget him and attend to his message. Alas! they are looking around to see who are present and who are not, and whether many strangers have been attracted by the placard; and when they have finished these observations and computations, they begin to formulate their opinion about the preacher—whether he is worth hearing, whether he is equal to some other mission preacher or not, and whether to-night’s address is as good as that of last night, or better, or worse. So the object of the evangelist is hindered by the criticism of himself and his discourse; and the minds of his hearers are not surrendered to the truth of God which he labors to proclaim.—

—Butterworth’s “Story of the Hymns.”

**SERMON CRITICS.**
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Abilene, Kansas, January 15, 1895.

We regret that we cannot supply any back numbers for January 1, 1895. Our supply is exhausted.

Since Brother J. H. Myers returned from Franklin county, Pa., of which we have a report in this issue, he has made a visit to Lebanon county, Pa. He reports very good meetings and a blessed time with the brethren there, but no conversions. He returned home on the 4th inst.

The meeting on the Northside is now in progress at Kirby's school-house and on the Southside at Belle Springs meeting-house.

Brother and Sister J. W. Hoover, of Ontario are expected to commence a series of meetings at the Union Church, near Garret, Indiana, about the 15th inst.

The meeting at Abilene closed on the evening of the 27th of December after continuing nearly three weeks. We had very good meetings and generally well attended. Five came out as seekers and several professed to have obtained peace. Brother Jacob N. Engle, of Navarre, Kansas, and Brother Samuel H. Zook, of Clay Center, Kansas, conducted the services. They did good and efficient work and the people seemed very much edified.

We learn from a letter received from Florin, Pa., that the brethren are holding a series of meetings at the Cross Roads meeting-house. The meeting had been held only two evenings, but they were largely attended and the interest was good. It seems, too, that the weather was favorable, with good sleighing. The writer says: "I feel like praising the Lord that he has kept those who came out last winter, and that they now come out and tell others how glad they are that they started for the kingdom, and also invite others to come." This is the place where they had such a blessed revival last winter and it seems that the fruits of it may result in the conversion of many more this winter. The meetings should continue until the work is fully completed. Very often meetings are closed when the Lord has much more to do there for his people.

We are frequently called upon to admit articles into the columns of the Visitor on different subjects, which it has been very hard for us to decide.

The great purpose we have in view, and have always aimed to accomplish, in what we permitted to be published, was to do right without fear or favor. We do not want to exclude or publish anything simply because of any objections or preferences which we may have for the writers and the church with which they stand connected, but sometimes persons feel themselves grieved because something published reflects on their church, or because of some opinions they hold which they think have been rather summarily dealt with; and the next is they must write something in rebuttal or to prove that the article they complain of is not correct. Then if the article is not published the cry of partiality is raised and we are made the subject of attack, both public and private. Now permit us to say, in all candor, we want to be generous, and we want to be candid, and we trust that we have a higher motive and a higher purpose to accomplish, than to dally to a partisan feeling; or to permit the columns of the Visitor to be filled with partisan abuse. God is not glorified by it and the cause of right and truth is not maintained by it.

Then, too, articles are sometimes admitted that we would much prefer had not been offered for publication. We admit them because the object they plead for is good. But it is directly overdone, because every one has a theory of his own to advance and the very purpose aimed at is injured in the course pursued. But if we refuse to give place to the different articles offered, the cry is partiality, or too severe a censorship exercised.

Then there is still another class of articles that we think might with propriety be left out; there can really be no harm in them only their publicity; the motive is
good and the desire is to accomplish something laudable, hence the public notice when we consider all the connections we feel like publishing them in a spirit of kindness to all. Brethren and friends, will you help us?

In the Independent of the 3d inst. there is published a review of the work of the different churches in the United States for the last year which makes very interesting reading to those who are interested in church work. The article on the work of the Brethren in Christ is from the pen of Elder H. Davidson, of Abilene, Kansas, in which some reference is had to the reunion of the different divisions of what once constituted the United Church of the "River Brethren."

On some future day we may have something to say, through the columns of the Visitor, on church union, as well as Christian union.

The woman who keeps the simplicity of her girhood, its generous impulses and quick sympathies, and who adds to her natural gifts the enlargement of study and the crown of experience, is always at her best and never past it. When the exterior attractions of form and color diminish and depart, as they mostly do, the radiance of our inner illumination will more than compensate their departure. But, in order that this may be so, her moral must equal her intellectual gain. She must be willing to learn, not only her own powers, but her own defects also, and to court the good influences which can help her to escape from the delusions of sense and the fatal tyranny of self-consciousness. She must discard the petty measures of vanity and self-seeking, and learn to love her race, her country, and the humanity which she should help to adorn.—Julia Ward Howe, in Ladies' Home Journal.

WORTH TRYING.

Dr. Pierson says: "If called upon in one sentence to prescribe the antidote for all the worst ills to which the soul of man is exposed, I should promptly say that I know of nothing so adapted to be the great panacea than this: To cultivate the daily habit of prayerful communion with God through his infallible, inspired Word."

PROPAIGNATION OF THE FAITH.

In connection with the resolutions passed at the Oriental Conference recently held at Rome, the Pope has nominated Cardinal Langenieux to be his legate in connection with the faith of Lyons. The Abbe Landrienux has been appointed vicar general to the legate. The object in view is to arrange on a firm basis the finances necessary for the carrying out of the work for the reunion of the churches.

It is also stated that the Holy Father will shortly recommend the Lyons society for the propagation of the faith to the charity of the faithful throughout the whole world.—K. C. Catholic.

WORLDLY CHOICES.

In Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord, Col. 3:16.

In singing of hymns "with spirit and with understanding" God may be worshipped as in prayer, meditation or preaching, but the way in which operatic church singers so often render these sacred songs, grinding out discordant, grating sounds, chills the spiritual heart and is a shameful libel on the hymn.

The mockery often manifested in the levity of the unconverted men and women who constitute, in part, at least, many choirs, is painful in the extreme. Their dress, personal appearance and performance resemble more the operatic display of the stage than that of meek and devout children of God.

There is no mode so harmonious and soul-inspiring as congregational singing when the sweet songs of Zion are sung to tunes that all can join in, without the silly accompaniment of jarring theatrical airs and screeching pipe-organ strains. In a New England town after the choir had rendered their piece the pastor gravely put on his spectacles and said: "Now let the people of God sing."—The Old Path.

FIVE MINUTES MORE TO LIVE.

A young man stood before a large audience in the most fearful position a human being could be placed—on the scaffold. The noose had been adjusted about his neck. In a few moments more he would be in eternity. The sheriff took out his watch and said: "If you have anything to say, speak now, as you have but five minutes more to live." What awful words for a young man to hear, in full health and vigor!

Shall I tell you his message to the youth about him? He burst into tears and said, with sobbing: "I have to die. I had only one little brother. How I loved him! I got drunk—the first time. I got angry with him, without cause, and killed him with a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it until I awoke the next day and found myself guarded. Whiskey had done it. It has ruined me! I have only one more word to say to the young people before I go to stand in the presence of my Judge. Never, never, never touch anything that can intoxicate you!"

Think what one indulgence in drink may do.

This youth was not an habitual drunkard.

Shun the dreadful cup which steals away your senses before you are aware of it, for you cannot know the dreadful deeds you may commit while under its influence.—Sel.
The above title seems large, but when we think of the vastness of the place and the many thousand human beings who are in this great city the work does not only seem great but is many hundred fold larger than the title. Opportunities present themselves on every hand to do good. While we do not claim to know very much of the details of the poverty and wretchedness of the poorer classes, yet we can truthfully say that the work here will be sufficient for many Samaritans to not only labor but to throw in their mites or of their substance to pay the bills at the inn.

We want to say a few words in favor of Sister Sarah Bert, who is here and is giving her talent and strength and also puts in of her means to help clothe the naked and feed the hungry. But how often she must feel herself handicapped for want of funds to do what her heart is often made to yearn for doing. I hope the readers of the Visitor whom the Lord has blessed will move to send liberal support to the sister so she can go from house to house, and where there is need for food, clothing, shoes, etc., to alleviate the sufferings of those who are worthy.

We want to say a few words about the sewing-school, originated by Mrs. Clark. She one day met Sisters Brubaker and Bert on the street and invited them to the sewing-school. Reluctantly Sister Bert attended the following Saturday and found about eighteen girls gathered
interested in the work and has lost but then Sister Bert became deeply interested in the work and has lost but one session. The number has grown to upwards of eighty. It is truly wonderful to see girls ten and eleven years of age never having learned to thread a needle, but are anxious to learn to sew, and many of them are apt to catch onto the work. In this school many old garments are remodeled and worked up to fill the requirements of the children in want.

The people of the city donate many garments but it requires much work to put them in shape as above named. Sister Henry Shirk is here for some time and is very much aroused in reference to the work and feels very much impressed of the need of support in so laudable an enterprise. We would say right here that this training of the girls will have a tendency to place them in positions to earn a livelihood and thereby save many from the ill-fate which befalls so many in the large cities. This article is not written at the solicitation or instigation of Sister Bert. But when Sister Shirk saw the work Sister Bert is doing and the families she visits, often finding them destitute and yet not inclined to make their wants known, she felt impressed that if others would know of the work and the sacrifices made, no doubt the Lord would impress many to donate and we would say that any and all who feel to donate for this work will please send such donations to Sister Sarah Bert, 5924 Peoria st., Englewood, Ill., and you can rest assured that all money thus donated will be judiciously applied and a correct statement given. May God in his wise providence so direct that his name may be glorified and good accomplished is the wish and prayer of an unworthy servant.

The first donation to the above fund has been made by Sister Shirk, Chadwick, Ill., of one dollar. Bro. Samuel Haldeman has contributed fifty cents. T. A. LONG.

Englewood, Ill.

SHERKSTON, ONT.

"Swift the moments fly away—
First the hour and then the day,
Next the week, the month, the year,
Steal away and disappear.
"Time is ever on the wing
While I speak, or think, or sing!
Whether night or whether day,
Time is rolling fast away!"

By the grace and mercy of God, we have again entered over the threshold of a new year, and are forcibly impressed with the shortness of time, and the truth of the verses quoted above.

The holiday season just passed has been one of enjoyment and spiritual blessing to us as a church.

Brother Noah Zook, from Talmage, Kansas, came on December 17, and continued with us till January 1. He preached the word unto us every evening in the church while special prayer and praise services were held every afternoon in private houses. Being favored with unusually good roads and fine weather for the time of the year, the attendance was good and the order and attention to the Word all that could be desired.

The brother preached the plain, old Gospel way, not耸mnning to wield the Sword without fear of favors or frowns, considering that to have the approval of God is of greater importance than the applause of man alone.

We believe the church was much edified, and many resolutions as to more devoted and consecrated lives were formed, which we hope will be carried out. The church as a whole was promoted to a deeper spirituality and a greater activity in the work of the Lord.

While the members were thus rejoicing under the blessing the fire was kindled in the hearts of some of the unsaved, as well as some who, though professing, were not enjoying salvation as was their privilege, and a goodly number presented themselves as seekers, largely made up of Sunday-school scholars. Oh, how we rejoice when we see the young consecrate themselves to the Lord, and we hope that all who thus manifested in these meetings will find in Jesus a full salvation, and being made to drink of the living water will never thirst any more for that which cannot satisfy.

As Brother Zook's time is limited to two weeks at a place, the meetings had to close, much to the regret of the church.

So the farewells had to be spoken and the brother go forth to his next appointment, carrying with him the well-wishes of those who had the privilege of an acquaintance and the blessing of the Word as presented by him.

May God bless and own the mission tour of the brother to the building up of His cause in Ontario, and may He continually baptize the brother with the Holy Ghost to the praise of His Name.

GEO. DETWILER.

DALLAS COUNTY, IOWA.

The Brethren of Dallas county, Iowa, called for laborers, and on the 8th of December Brother H. L. Trump, of Polo, Ill., came to this part of God's heritage and labored faithfully during the month in the service of the Lord. While he was here, the meetings were held mostly in two different places. He also visited, having prayer with the families whom he visited. The labors were blessed with at least one who was willing to turn, as she expressed her desire to become a Christian. She was bound by Satan's chain for sixteen years. May the Lord loosen the bonds and may she go on to victory and obtain the crown. The brother held forth the word in its purity and with power.
The attendance was good, the weather favorable and the brother's health was good. May the services here and the efforts put forth do us all good and prepare us to go forward in the discharge of our every duty. The brother started home on the 31st ult. H. H. Garwick.

Dallas Center, Iowa.

AN APPEAL.

My prayer is to all the readers of the Visitor that every minister and deacon in every district in the brotherhood of Canada and the United States solicit ten cents from every person who is willing as a free-will offering to send to Brother A. L. Myers, of the Chicago Mission, by the 1st of February, 1895, to pay the rent of his family. He is expected to receive some income, and the rent is about $15 per month. I pray God to move every brother and sister to do all he can to help him. The brother started home on the 31st ult. H. H. Garwick.

Our home ministers, Brothers B. F. Hoover and S. Whisler commenced a series of meetings in the Chestnut Grove Church, Ashland county, Ohio, on December 9th. On the 12th Brother A. M. Engle came to their assistance. He came filled with love and Gospel truth. The Lord wonderfully blessed him in preaching the Word. We have reason to believe that much good seed was sown which we hope will spring up and bring forth fruit to the glory of God. We as a church were much encouraged to labor on in the service of the Master. Truly we enjoyed the hearty admonition that we received from our brother. The meeting closed on the 30th of Dec., with three seekers. May they continue to seek the Lord until they find him precious to their souls. Let us hope and pray that many poor souls may turn to God before the close of this new year.

ANNE HURSH.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

A SURPRISE.

Saturday morning, January 5th, clouds of mist enveloped Mother Earth as with a mantle. The friends and relatives of Bro. Jacob Eshelman set out from their homes to scatter the mist from a part of Jack Frost's domain.

With good cheer and well filled lunch-baskets, they arrived, about eleven o'clock, at the home of their beloved brother.

After the surprise of the brother was calmed by friendly greetings the numerous self-constituted hostesses spread the tables with appetizing viands.

When the "fragments were gathered" and a hall in activities was apparent, Mrs. R. Ballantine turned to "our host" and in behalf of those present handed to him a copy of the Bible with these words:

"Our much esteemed ministering servant: to you has been committed the trust of breaking the 'bread of life' to these loving relatives and friends and we in return have come to your home to break bread with you and manifest our good will.

You know Jesus said, 'Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your servant.' Doubtless oft-times as you have crossed the prairie to the little brown school-house, you have felt discouragement creeping into your soul. But did not the Spirit whisper, 'In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they shall both be good? Out of the depths of our hearts we can say your labor of love is not in vain. We can partake of your hospitality a few hours, but we wish to leave something as a token of our appreciation of your efforts in our midst. Please accept it as such and not as a measure of your labor for us. We know God's Word is of priceless value to you. 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee, the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace.'"

The recipient responded with heartfelt thanks, acknowledging it as a timely gift, not as one that destroys the heart," but as an incentive to renewed efforts.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

EXPERIENCE.

Dear readers of the Visitor: I feel it my duty to write a few lines for our paper, as it is a welcome visitor to me; and I like very much to read the experience of the brethren and sisters. I was just thinking how few experiences there have been in the last few issues. While wondering why this was, the thought came to me that I was not doing my part, and I determined to write, if God would give me grace.

It is about five years since I started out to serve the Lord. I was about sixteen years old when I started and can rejoice to-day that I did so; but I often feel sorry for the many mistakes that I made in that time; still, I must think that
that is passed and cannot be changed. I still have a desire to improve my time. I think this is such a good way if we are just willing to take up our cross and follow Jesus. It is rainy and dreary looking today, but I praise the Lord for his many blessings that I have received of late. I cannot express my feelings. Today I have a stronger desire to serve the Lord than ever before. I made a new promise to the Lord when we entered upon the new year that I would serve Him more faithfully and try to do better in this year than before, let come what will. I have so many trials and temptations, and I hardly know sometimes what to do; but, thank God, when I go to him in prayer, he can take them all away. Sometimes I have been so tried and tempted that I could scarcely eat and sleep. But when I go to the Lord in prayer I always receive a blessing. I sometimes wonder why it is that we have these temptations, and then again I feel to praise the Lord for them. I think that if we did not have them we might become too careless and trust ourselves too much and not trust the Lord enough. So I think they draw us to the Lord and make us feel that we can do nothing without the help of the Lord. I think there is always a blessing for every trial if we come to the Lord in the right way and put our whole trust in Him. I feel to praise God to-day for the many blessings that I have received of late.

I am glad that I started out to serve the Lord as young as I did, and when I think over it I feel sorry that I did not start younger. If any read this who are yet living in sin, I would say, don’t put off the good work until you are older. I have heard some say that they are going to wait until they get older and then they will serve the Lord. I think youth is the time to do this. There are so many called from time to eternity, and we don’t know when our time will be. If we wait until we are older we might not come to the Lord at all, or we might not live to get much older. How sad it is to think we might be called from time to eternity without a moment’s notice! It often makes my heart ache when I see how careless people are living. I will again say, dear sinner, don’t wait until you get older. I believe that the older we get the harder it will be to turn to the Lord.

I guess I will close for this time, hoping to see more experiences of the brethren and sisters in the Vis- tor, as it does me good to see how others are getting along in this good work.

I ask all those who know the worth of prayer to pray for me that I still may improve the time. It is my desire to do better than I ever did and that I may become still more of a light to those around me.

ALICE J. LINBAUGH.
Yowminton, Pa.

VALUE OF A CHURCH PAPER.

It is astounding that some pastors and the people generally are so little interested in a worthy denominational paper. Pastors stand sadly in their own light when they fail to encourage the members of their churches to take a good denominational paper. It is simply impossible for church people to be in the least degree useful to their denomination, and to the cause of Christ, if they do not take a religious paper. There is no investment of money which will bring larger returns for the church, for the denomination and for Christianity than what is expected in procuring good religious papers. Four cents a week for the year will secure the weekly visits of a great, strong, wholesome and aloft-tier superior religious paper. The general circulation of such a paper in a church is worth to a pastor as is an assistant in pastoral work. Church-members cannot intelligently give to, or work for, denominational societies or other objects of benevolence without being familiar with the scope and manner of their observations, and such familiarity can come only from the weekly visits of a religious newspaper.

In all our churches there are many young members who were brought up outside of our denomination; there is also a considerable proportion of such as are more advanced in years. How can they know what our contemporary enterprises are, and how can they come into touch with the living present or the hopeful future unless they take a weekly denominational paper? Men of wealth could not do better with hundreds, or even thousands of dollars, than to aid the pastor in introducing a worthy denominational paper into the churches and missions. A pastor in this city a few weeks ago paid for twenty copies of such a paper to be sent to as many families connected with a mission of his church.

Could he have made a better investment of the amount?—Christian Intelli- gencer.

GET OUT OF YOUR OWN LIGHT.

He who lives without Christ is in his own light.

The child who disobeys his Christian parents is in his own light.

The church-member who does nothing for others is in his own light.

The person who has no religion in his feet and arms is in his own light.

Parents who allow the children to rule the family are in their own light.

Those who spend the Lord’s day in Sabbath desecration are in their own light.—Sel.
THE CHRIST VISITOE.

During the latter part of December, on a brisk, cool evening, Mr. Absum returned from his counting-house to the comforts of a bright coal fire and warm arm chair in his parlor at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then, lounging back in his chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow. What could be the matter with Mr. Absum? To tell the truth he had that afternoon received in his counting-room the agent of one of the principal benevolent societies of the day, and had been warmly urged to double his last year’s subscription, and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not well know how to reply.

"People think," soliloquized he, "that I am made of money, I believe. This is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription, and this year has been one of heavy family expenses—building and fitting up this house—carpets, curtains, no end of new things to be bought—I really do not see how I am to give a cent more in charity. Then there are the bills for the girls and boys; they all say they must have twice as much as before we came into this new house; wonder if I did right in building it?" And Mr. Absum glanced up and down on the ceiling and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence. He was tired, harassed and drowsy; his head began to swim and his eyes closed—he was asleep.

In his sleep he heard a tap at the door; he opened it and there stood a plain poor-looking man, who, in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moments’ conversation with him. Mr. Absum asked him into the parlor and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then turning to Mr. Absum, presented him with a paper.

"It is your last year’s subscription to home missions," he said; "you know all the wants of that cause that can be told you. I called to see if you had anything more to add to it."

This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before; but, for some reason unaccountable to himself, Mr. Absum was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man than he had been in the presence of anyone before. He was some minutes silent before he could reply at all, and then, in a hurried and embarrassed manner, he began the excuses which had seemed so satisfactory to him the afternoon before—the hardship of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, etc.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment, with its many elegancies and luxuries, and without comment took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented him with another.

"This is your subscription to the tract society. Have you anything to add to it? You know how much it has been doing and how much more it now desires to do, if Christians would only furnish means. Do you not feel called upon to add something to it?"

Mr. Absum was very uneasy under this appeal; but there was something in the mild manner of the stranger that restrained him, and he answered that though he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such that he could not, this year add to any of his charities.

The stranger took back the paper without reply, but immediately presented, in its place the subscription to the bible society, and in a few clear and forcible words reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donation. Mr. Absum became impatient.

"Have I not said," he replied, "that I could no more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end of calls upon us this year. At first there were few presented, and the sums required were moderate. Now the objects increase every day; all call upon us for money; and all, after we have given once, want us to double and treble our subscriptions. There is no end to the thing; we may as well stop in one place as in another."

The stranger took back the paper, arose, and fixing his eyes upon his companion, said in a voice that thrilled his soul:

"One year ago to-night you thought your daughter lay dying. You could not sleep for agony. Upon whom did you call that night?"

The merchant started and looked up. There seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eyes were fixed upon him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression, that awed and subdued him. He drew back, covered his face and made no reply.

"Five years ago," said the stranger, "when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died you would leave a family of helpless children, entirely unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed? Who saved you then?"

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant bent forward as one entirely overcome and rested his head on the seat in front of him.

The stranger drew yet nearer and said in a still lower and more impressive tone:

"Do you remember, fifteen years since, that time when you thought yourself lost, so helpless, so hope-
Jan. 15, 1895.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

less? when you spent days and nights in prayer? when you thought you would give the world for one hour’s assurance that your sins were forgiven you? Who listened to you then?”

“It was my God and my Savior,” said the merchant, with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling. “Oh, yes, it was He!”

“And has He never complained of being called upon too often?” inquired the stranger in tones of reproachful sweetness. “Say,” he added, “are you willing to begin this night and ask no more of Him, if He from this night will ask no more from you?”

“Oh, never! never!” said the merchant, throwing himself at the stranger’s feet; but, as he spoke these words, the figure of his visitor seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

“Oh, my Savior! what have I been saying?” he exclaimed. “Take all—take everything! What is all I have, to what thou hast done for me?”—Sel.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

FOR THE BOYS.

Recently I have felt much impressed to write a letter to the little boys. Now boys, what do you think I am going to talk about? No doubt many have heard the subject before. It has been such a sore trial and sin to me that I feel it my duty to warn them every day on the streets and we believe many mothers’ hearts are sad.

One day, as I was crossing a bridge here in the city, I saw on the opposite side a little boy trying to climb up on the bridge. As I drew near him he tried to hide something in his bosom. To my surprise, I saw it was a large pipe. I said to him: “Why, sonnie, is that your pipe?” He got very red in the face and said it wasn’t. While I talked to him and told him never to smoke, he seemed very much ashamed.

This was another Jerry Jones. The boy, or young man, makes a sad mistake when he thinks that a quid of tobacco, or a cigar, or, what is still worse, a pipe, in his mouth makes him look manly. If there is anything above another that lowers a young man in the estimation of a true lady it is the use of tobacco. What a sad experience I have had, could I but paint the picture for you. Often I have been so grieved that I have wept over it. Boys, fancy for a moment men so addicted to the use of this that they cannot do without it, only long enough to eat, engaging in worship and praise to God, talking and sleeping with it in their mouths, soiling the carpet and bedclothes, causing wife, mother and sister much unnecessary work. Isn’t that a dark picture? No doubt some older ones may think this is very plain talk and become offended before we get through. But I know whereof I speak. I am not talking at random; I only state facts. I have seen so much of this that I feel it is time to lift up my voice against this evil and try to save the boys. May those little “lips that were made for virtuous songs” never be polluted by this.

It is true there are a good many evils to be shunned, but I think this is one of the great ones. When I attempted to shake off the duty and interest myself in my Bible, I could see only these words: “The prophet that hath a dream let him tell his dream, but he that hath my word let him speak my word faithfully. Is not my word as a fire and as a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?” May all the little boys, and big ones too, say with little Robbie Reed, “I’ll never put it in my mouth.”

And you, dear brother, who are still in bondage, ask God to liberate you. His grace is sufficient. May the Lord bless and keep all the little boys, that they may live holy and pure lives, and grow up to be useful in His service. Many of your dear faces I may never see but we hope to meet in heaven.

ANNIE M. NEWCOMER.

Dayton, Ohio.

During a Christmas entertain­ment at Silver Lake, Oregon, a lamp was accidentally knocked to the floor and broken, setting the building on fire and forty persons were burned to death and fully as many more injured.—Sel.
CLERICAL SPORTSMEN.

Who can imagine the Prince of Peace roving through the land with a gun and a string of bloody birds and mangled squirrels, the life and beauty of the forest, teaching lessons of cruelty to all who witness the sight? And yet we have alleged Christians, some even in the clerical office, who, claiming to follow Jesus, represent Him in this uncanny character, and who insult His memory, deride His teachings, and defy the Creator by inflicting on His innocent creatures, wounds, agonies and death. A reverend butcher of the indispensable bird and squirrel is as discordant with Christianity as a clerical saloon keeper, a reverend pugilist or a ministerial gambler. He who teaches boys to shoot birds turns their faces towards the prison. He who buys air guns, or shot guns, does likewise. Statistics of English statistics wherein kindness to animals is taught as a duty and a decency, show that pupils so taught are never arrested for crime. Of the birds, Christ said, "Not one of them is forgotten before God." —Sel.

A man was once sitting in a saloon. He had on an old, battered hat on his head, a short black pipe in his mouth, a dirty shirt and ragged clothes and downtrodden shoes on. But he had not always been like that; he had seen better days. But he had not always been there. Deceased moved with his family to Ohio in 1852, to Illinois in 1865, to Kansas in 1875, to Arizona in 1891, from there to Sedgwick, Kansas, in the spring of 1894, which is generally conceded his home, though he spent several months in Mo. during the winter with his daughter. His age was 74 years, 8 months and 19 days. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." Rev. 3: 11. J. H. REBELEMAN.

OUR DEAD.

MUSLER.—Died, at her residence near Mt. Joy, Pa., Jan. 1, 1895, Sister Anna H. wife of H. B. Musser, aged 52 years, 10 months and 28 days. She was the daughter of Rev. Christian and Sister Fanny Herbst, and was born in Franklin County, Pa., and was married to Bro. H. B. Musser of Lancaster County. Of this union there were seven sons, all living and all at the funeral except Mrs. Zook. Sister Fauser was a faithful mother and wife and earnest Christian. She leaves a sorrowing husband, elder and children, and many friends to mourn their loss. Funeral services were held at the Cross Roads meeting house near corridor on the 5th, E. M. England and Rev. Jacob Martin officiating. Attendance was large and her remains were interred in the cemetery near by.

TEXTER.—Died, at his home near Garrettsville, Jan. 19, 1895, Edward Texter, aged 42 years, 2 months and 14 days, of typhoid fever after an illness of nine weeks. The deceased was a son of Philip and Susannah Texter, and was born in Stark county, Ohio, Oct. 8, 1854, and moved to this place in 1885, with his parents. On being called Lizzie Jover, he was a member of the German Baptist Church for many years. Especially in the last year, he confessed his love and enjoyment in the Christian religion, both private conversation and prayer meeting in regard to his faith in his Savior. He said he was ready to go if it was the Master's will, and all was well. A few days before he departed, his life he requested to be named which request was granted. He leaves a wife and daughters and many friends to mourn their loss. His absence will be felt in our Sunday-school. He had been a reader of the "Bible and Song" for many years. Services on the 26th at 2 p.m. by the home brethren from Rev. 22: 14. Interment in the Union cemetery.

RICHARD MCMONIGLE.—The subject of this notice was born in Lancaster county, Pa., March 26, 1829. He was destitute of a father's love and care, and at an early age was given to a stranger, rags and profane, to raise and educate. His privileges to obtain an education were very limited. But that of industry which was so observant in his life. He was married in Pa. to Sarah Bower, in 1845. To this union there were eleven children, six of whom survive him: Mrs. Steufer, Glendale, Arizona, Mrs. Trump, Polo, Ill., Mrs. Haynes, Lansingville, Mo., Mrs. Line, of Kingman, Kansas, A. J., Sedgwick, Kans., and S. E., Perry, O. T. His wife survives him, in feeble health. She is with her son in Oklahoma. He came to Sedgwick Saturday, Dec. 8, to see to some business and left for Perry, O. T., in very feeble health. Dec. 16 and died Dec. 15. Was brought to Sedgwick for burial Tuesday the 18th. Funeral was held Wednesday the 19th. Other obituary by Rev. Jesse Ewing, of Naval, Kans. Interment in Hildebide cemetery, witnessed by a large concourse. He was converted while living in Ohio, and united with the Brethren in Christ, and soon after entered the Christian ministry. He was diligent in business, generous and honest. It was fitly said of him by one who knew him that wherever he lived the surroundings were made better by his having been there. Deceased moved with his family to Ohio in 1852, to Illinois in 1865, to Kansas in 1875, to Arizona in 1891, from there to Sedgwick, Kansas, in the spring of 1894, which is generally conceded his home, though he spent several months in Mo. during the winter with his daughter. His age was 74 years, 8 months and 19 days. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." Rev. 3: 11. J. H. REBELEMAN.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES AT ABILENE.

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE.

UNION PACIFIC.

WEST BOUND.

No. 1.—Night Express 12:30 a. m.
No. 7.—Limited Express 2:57 p. m.
No. 12.—Stock Freight 7:30 a. m.
No. 2.—Kansas City Fast Mail 3:57 a. m.
No. 8.—Limited Express 11:30 a. m.
No. 14.—Fast Express 5:50 a. m.
No. 12.—Stock Freight 7:30 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 1.—Local Freight 10:20 a. m.
No. 2.—Mail and Express 10:45 a. m.
No. 6.—Freight and Accommodation 1:50 p. m.

RINLIA BRANCH.

Departs.

Passenger 6:55 a. m.
Freight 1:45 p. m.

Arrives.

Passenger 9:05 a. m.
Accommodation 11:10 a. m.
All Santa Fe trains daily except Sunday.

ROCK ISLAND.

WEST BOUND.

No. 6.—Local Freight and Accommodation 1:48 a. m.
No. 27.—Mail and Express 5:32 p. m.
No. 38.—Mail and Express 10:45 a. m.
No. 66.—Freight and Accommodation 6:32 p. m.

Passenger trains run daily. Freight trains only except Sunday.

MARRIED.

MARKLEY—FIELD.—Married, January 6, 1895, by Elder H. Davidson, at the residence of Joseph Cox, in Newborn township, Mr. John K. Markley, of Newborn, to Miss Elin M. Field of Abilene, and children of Abilene, Kansas, by whom she was married to Rev. Jacob Martin officiating. They anticipate making their future home in Mechanicsburg.