Evangelical Visitor- June 1, 1895. Vol. VIII. No. 11.

Brethren in Christ Church
THE CHILD OF BETHLEHEM.

BY HENRY BALSBAUGH.

In Bethlehem a Child was born,
Whose star was bright and fair;
The Wise Men saw the shining star,
And came and worshiped there.

And while the Shepherds there did watch
Their flocks there in that night;
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And told them of that light.

Good news I bring to you this night;
Ye Shepherds have no fear;
This light which has appeared to you,
Will fill your hearts with cheer.

They left their flocks and forward went,
The star did guide them through;
And when to Bethlehem they came,
Their joy was full and new.

To you is born a King to-day,
To you and all mankind;
In swaddling clothes and manger laid,
And there you Him shall find.

The angels in the skies rejoiced,
That this dear child had come;
And songs of praise they gave to God,
That sinners can come home.

And Simeon a Saint of God,
Came near and now drew nigh;
And in his arms the child did take,
Now let thy servant die.

The parents of the child were warned,
To take the child and flee;
And to the land of Egypt go,
And he from Herod free.

And from that wicked King Herod,
No murder of him made;
But he should be a Nazarene,
As prophets long have said.

The child there lived and grew in strength,
As prophets had foretold;
And in His life became the way,
And opened up the fold.

In Gethsemane we see Him,
Bowed down in sorrow there;
Praying to His heavenly Father,
That He the cup may bear.

On the cross we then behold Him,
As was prophesied;
His Father’s will there to fulfill,
He then was crucified,
To Pilate then did Joseph come,
Begged for His body there;
In linen cloth He wrapped it then,
For burial prepare.

He laid Him in His sepulchre,
Of stone a new one made;
And well secured for fear of theft,
As many Jews had said.

Now at the early dawn of morn,
There came a Mary there;
With spices sweet and to anoint,
But ah, He was not there.

She sought Him there, but He was risen,
For there He could not stay;
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And rolled the stone away.

Then came He forth with power,
As long ago was said;
Redemption’s plan is now made safe,
As He Himself has made.

Then to His Father’s home He went,
That mansion to prepare;
And now invites us all to come,
And live with Him up there.

222 S. 17th St., Harrisburg, Pa.
BEGINNINGS.

Selected by ADDIE KELLINGEB.

If you would live a noble life,
You’ve only to begin;
And now, while yet a little child,
Resist each little sin.

For from the seed grows up the tree,
Hold down by many a root;
It lifts its branches, broad and high,
To bear the flower and fruit.

O boy, with step and eye so light,
O girl, so gay at heart;
Plant now your feet in paths of right,
And never from them depart.

Choose Jesus as your guide and friend,
Be honest through and through;
Walk closely by the Savior’s side,
He’ll keep you good and true.

No evil appetite or way,
Shall gain control within;
Let boys and girls who’d end life well,
Take care how they begin.

Foraker, Indiana.

SOWING AND REAPING WILD OATS.

We will picture before us a bold and vigorous youth starting out in life to sow wild oats upon the field of his existence. Every man has a field to sow, to cultivate and to reap; and he will plant it with good or bad seed, and at best he will have some tares among the wheat, however he may sow. Death starts upon the track of this wild and vicious youth and follows him idly through the period of his lusty planting, and when he turns in middle life or old age to reap his crop death follows and helps to gather his sheaves for the grave and judgment. Sometimes the harvest is reached sooner, sometimes later; but surely the harvest will be reaped and the grave reached. How true it is of thousands,—

“Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,—
Oh, what shall the harvest be?”

This is the crop reaped by the
young man who sows the field of life with wild oats; and sometimes he begins to reap almost as soon as he begins to sow. The crop will correspond with the seed sown, and although, as in all planting, every seed does not mature for the harvest, yet it is true that in this crop the seeds sown will as nearly all come up and be harvested as any other crop which a man ever planted.

The Bible teaches the truth on this subject with all its wonderful common-sense accuracy: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap: for he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." Of this Paul says, "Let no man be deceived, for God is not mocked." If we had no Bible, in the nature of things this text would be true, for we cannot sow without reaping, nor can we fail to reap in kind the crop we sowed, or else reap the kindred consequences or punishment attached to the planting of evil upon the fields of life. However shrewd we may be, however much we may cover our tracks for others, however we may imagine ourselves fortified against results, however we may conceive that God has forgotten, or that his law has been healed of its violation by time, or that nature has outgrown its evil crop by a better culture—it is nevertheless true that we shall reap that we have sown, either in kind, consequence or punishment.

We cannot eradicate the scars upon conscience, the stains upon the heart, the blunt upon sensibility; nor can we recall the blight and the ruin we have inflicted upon others. Reputation may be restored or character repaired before men; but crimes, consequences and God's punishments await, in some form, even the man converted from the error of his sowing. God can forgive our record but he never reverses it; and he does not avert, even for the saint, at least the temporal results of depravity and wrong, if he once wasted the field of life by sowing wild oats.

He suffers, though saved, much loss, even in eternity, as well as much sorrow.

But little is required to illustrate these truths stated.

If I wreck my physical constitution, shatter my mind, harden my sensibilities, regeneration cannot repair the loss, nor can it rid me of the regrets and consequences of irreparable evil upon myself and others. Religion may divert my soul into new and higher channels of life, make me hopeful and happy in view of eternity, but it cannot restore imbecility and dilapidation, nor pluck up the roots of bitterness sown in my carnal nature.

Samson was sustained by God's grace to the dying hour and he died "in the faith"; but grace could not give back his lost character nor his lost eyes, nor relieve him of the miseries of his situation and the pangs of his folly.

God forgave David's sin according to grace, before Nathan put his parable, but did not relieve David from the bitter tears of repentance nor save him from the life-long curse of his sin, which fell in kind and kindred consequences upon his own head and house.

Haman must hang on his own gallows prepared for Mordecai.

He that digs a ditch for others must himself fall into it. You ruin some man's family and he will ruin yours. Drag down some innocent victim to ruin, and somebody will drag you or yours down. At all events the consequences or penalty of your sin sometime, somewhere, will be sure to follow you, converted or unconverted, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Jacob cheated Esau, and Laban cheated him. He deceived his father with the skin of a kid in order to get Esau's blessing, and his sons deceived him with the blood of a kid, into which they had dipped Joseph's coat of many colors and he went down to the grave with sorrow and gray hairs. "Few and evil have been the days of the years of my life," he said before he came to die. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked;" and be sure your sins will find you out and follow you up. God and nature is sure to get even with us for every violation of laws, physical, mental or moral.

Stick your finger in the fire and you will get burned. Even grace does not escape the reign of law or a rule of the present life; however it may take us from under the law for the life which is to come. God's hand is often heavier here below upon his own children than upon the wicked. Alas for such men as Moses and Saul and Samson and Jacob when they sin!

Another thing: our reaping is always more abundant than our sowing. If a man sows wheat he reaps wheat. Cabbage brings cabbage, and mustard produces mustard. But a good sowing brings forth some thirty, some sixty, some a hundred fold more than the sowing. One glass of whisky leads to the drinking of a hogshead full and a lifetime of debauchery, shame and misery. One little theft ruins a whole career; one indiscretion destroys a reputation; one lustful kiss or embrace leads to the ruin of a lifetime of virtue and honor. A little leak in the hulk of character sinks the ship of life in the mid-ocean of greatness and renown. "He that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind." None can tell what one little seed planted in evil may bring forth in the long run of time.
The young clerk steals a nickel and finally goes to the penitentiary for embezzling the funds of a bank. Benedict Arnold died the traitor of his country, and his terrible end may be traced to the beginning of crime in youth. Geo. Washington died the father of his country, and would not lie when he was a little boy.

What consequences spring from an acorn, and the Mississippi flows from ten thousand little springs. Stupendous evils develop from wild oats scattered upon the soil of vicious hearts, destroying often the grandest and mightiest lives. David the best and Samson the mightiest, fell by sowing to lust; and the consequences—personally, socially, nationally, religiously—have never been outgrown. Thousands have gone, are still going, to hell as they stumble over the sins of these men! And if they had to be judged apart from saving grace, according to their sins and the consequences of the same, their doom would be the most damnable of all men who perhaps have ever lived.

Again, we are longer reaping than we are sowing. If we reap in kind or kindred consequences, if we always reap more than we sow, it is also true that the harvest, including its growth and culture, is far more protracted than the season of sowing. It doesn't take long to sow a crop of wild oats, but oh, how long we are in reaping the superabundant crop! In fact, the lost sinner, dying in unbelief and impenitence, never does get through the harvest; and often the child of God reaps and reaps on to the day of his death, even down to old age. Diseased habits early formed become constitutional and second nature, and sometimes they have paroxysms of return in the best of men, filling life with temptations and miseries untold. Many a Christian totters to the grave under the ills of early dissipation, and many a one lives in life-long warfare with old sins which make existence useless and unhappy, and which might have been avoided by early conversion and culture. One-half of many a Christian's life is lost trying to keep down the sprouts which spring from the roots of bitterness and woe grafted by early culture and habit in evil, and nothing short of death and eternity will put an end to an otherwise needless struggle. It takes a long time to repair, if we ever do, an injury to our fearfully and wonderfully made being; and nothing short of God's grace can ever finally rid us of the sowing to sin and the devil. The harvest, however, we are certain to reap sooner or later, here and hereafter, in some form or other; and the most fearful part of the sinner's curse consists, if not cut off in final impenitence and unbelief, in having to gather the everlasting harvest of his wild sowing.

There is a diabolical argument that every man, sometime in life, must sow his wild oats. This is the subtlest lie of the devil. How few have ever sown to sin in old age who did not sow in youth! The middle-aged and the old occasionally lust, embezzle, murder, although life behind them seemed good. These men sometimes go from the church and the Sunday school to the penitentiary and the gibbet, but generally they have been sowing to sin in secret. The tree has grown up and grown old with a rotting defect in the hidden heart, and though externally symmetrical and beautiful, the mighty oak would fall of its own weight against the blast of temptation. No, no; they who do not sow wild oats in youth, they who sow to the Spirit in early life, seldom sow to evil in age, and seldom or never fail or fall.

Children, young men, maidens, why not sow NOW to the Spirit and reap life everlasting? "Remember NOW thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not." They who seek God early shall find him, and they who sow early to God shall reap early and late and always the harvest's certain to spring up in life and upon the evergreen fields of eternity. Lay up your treasures in heaven where the bank never fails, and where the cashier never steals, and where the gold never cankers. Instead of death upon your path, the angels of God will camp round about you upon the field of life, and when the sowing and the reaping are finished these angels will gather you and your harvest home. Cast your bread upon the waters of eternity, and it will be forever gathered in the endless rewards of Him who numbers the hairs of your head, and who honors even a cup of cold water given in charity. Make not the field of life a drear desert, sown with inertia and ease, nor make it a wilderness of woe, planted with infidelity or immorality. Make it a beautiful garden spot scattered with the seeds of kindness, blooming with the flowers of happiness, fragrant with the perfume of fruitfulness, rich with the harvest of eternal life. Faith alone stamps the soul with immortality, and faith alone can make immortal the character and heart of life. All else shall perish. Shakespeare will go out of print, and Homer shall be forgotten. He that sows to the flesh and dies with his dread crop on hand, writes his epitaph upon his own tomb: "I had better never have been born." God forbid that one of you should thus sow, to thus reap. And let me beg you, if you have already begun to sow, stop your planting to-day. Ere long it may be too late to stop, and already you have sown enough to terrify your soul could you only see
WISDOM AND WISDOM.

the wisest and best men that lived
such an injury against his brother
justing difficulties would be pro-

horrors and crime of crimes?

question, that war is a horror of
thoroughly studied this important
in the past who have candidly and

mankind?

the laws of Jesus Christ to commit
of a true Christian toward his fellow

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the laws of Jesus Christ to commit
such an injury against his brother
—mankind?

De we not know in common with
the wisest and best men that lived
in the past who have candidly and
thoroughly studied this important
question, that war is a horror of
horrors and crime of crimes?

If we take the New Testament and

attentively compare its cardinal Law
of LOVE, injunctions of long suffering,
forbearance and forgiveness, its
blessings on peacemakers and the
whole tenor of its teachings, with
the deeds of war and the disposi-
tions, feelings and motives which
prompt these deeds, would we not at
once recognize the utter incompati-

The Spirit of God under the first im-
pulse with the scars and calamities
of war—unbiased by the false splen-
dor with which it has been invested
uriate in the rich fruitage, fructu-
ating still of every seed you have sown
to good and to God. —Selected by
A. M. Newcomer, Dayton, Ohio.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

WAR INCOMPATIBLE WITH CHRIS-
TIANITY.

If intelligent Christian mankind
were brought face to face by the
Spirit of God under the first im-
pulse with the scars and calamities
of war—unbiased by the false splen-
dor with which it has been invested
by historians and poets, who could
doubt that in the light of revelation
and reason such a proceeding of ad-
justing difficulties would be pro-
ounced most preposterous and ab-
surd to the candor and right feelings
of a true Christian toward his fellow
man, and a gross defiance against
the laws of Jesus Christ to commit
such an injury against his brother
—mankind?

By faith Enoch was translated that he
should not see death; and was not found,
because God had translated him; for before his
translation he had the testimony that he
pleased God. —Heb. 11:5.

There is a beautiful thought in
this verse. Enoch, who walked with
God and was not, through faith in
God was translated that he should
not see death, because he pleased
God, for he had this testimony from
God himself, and it is our privilege
to have the same testimony as
did Enoch and the patriarchs and
servants of old.

Let us stop for a moment and ask
ourselves, am I pleasing God, and if
the answer comes back, no, let us
then with earnest heart and desire
plead with God for the faith of
Enoch until we receive the same
testimony.

How shall we know that we please
God. Rom. 8:16: "The Spirit it-
self beareth witness with our spirit,
that we are the children of God."
Rom. 8:8: "They that are in the
flesh cannot please God. But
through faith in God and the Holy
Spirit we will please God."

How can we please God? Read
the 3rd chapter of James, 2nd verse:
"If any man offend not in word, the
same is a perfect man, and also able to bridle his own body."

So then if we would not offend in word we must first bridle our tongue which is a fire among the members of our bodies. Then will we please God, for with it we also praise God, and speak such things that will please Him. We can please God by bearing one another's burdens, and by deeds of love and kindness to those who are in need.

Christ said the poor ye have always and can do them good; let us remember these words, for there are many poor in this world, not only in worldly things, but also poor in the spirit. We can comfort those who are in sorrow and distress. However small our deeds may be, yet God will reward them with pleasure. Let us always meet our friends with a smile and words of cheer, and thus will reward them with pleasure. Let us give ourselves wholly a living sacrifice to God, and then we will surely have the witness of God's pleasure upon us, and if we walk after the spirit of Christ, then we have the witness of God's pleasure in Rom. 8:1. There is therefore no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit, and then the spirit itself beareth us witness that we are children of God, and if children then heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ Jesus, if we suffer with Him. I desire to be one of those faithful children and heirs with Christ. Therefore I also desire your earnest prayers that I may be a faithful witness for Christ and please God in all things.

Yours in the Lord,
B. S. BRUBAKER.

Buttervant, Minn.

THE NEED OF THE WORLD.

There is nothing the world so longs for as peace, and there is nothing it really has less of. We do not mean that the nations are in a constant state of war. We have come to an age in which international conflicts such as used to devastate beautiful and fruitful lands have given place to the almost unbroken reign of peace. Men have learned that the cruelties and carnage of war are unnecessary and costly, and that they who take the sword perish by the sword.

The peace of which men as individuals have even greater need is the peace of God, the peace which Christ left with his disciples, the peace which means the end of rebellion against the Prince of Peace, the end of violation of the laws of the kingdom of righteousness, and the end of perverse defiance of the simple conditions of a successful and happy life. We get out of our prop-

er sphere when we go morally wrong; and it seems easy to go wrong, but hard to bear the results of going wrong. A railway train is designed to run on smooth and level tracks. So long as it keeps to them it runs swiftly and safely; when it transgresses the law of its limitations and leaves the tracks, destruction and death attend it. The ship is made for deep water, and its danger is not so much from its natural element as from the shores and shoals which mean wreck and ruin to it. So it is with man. He was made to glorify God and enjoy himself forever. He cannot have peace of soul unless he is fulfilling this aim of his existence. He must be right with his Maker. He must be true to the laws of his being, or conflict and turbulence are inevitable. He who walks with God has the peace which passeth all understanding, so great is the reach of its power and influence.

Peace is no stagnation. Stagnation is death. The stagnant lake or pool is dead water. The roar of Niagara is the roar of living water. Peace is not cessation from activity, but it is the result of right activity. The lightning train roars and shakes the earth as it bounds over the tracks, and yet its mission is a mission of peace. Its passage brings life and not death. War means death and destruction. When war ceases, industry and commerce become more active and prosperity marks the reign of peace.

The human race has somehow got out of its orbit. The result is confusions in our heavens. We need to get into right relations with the Sun of Righteousness. That means lives of peace and success, and the sure promise of unending bliss. Let the world come to Christ and get
his peace. "Peace I leave unto you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth I give unto you." That gives a scanty measure; Christ gives fully and unto perfection, so that if you have his peace you have his comfort. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid;" for this is the peace that triumphs over all things, even over sin and death and hell.—Independent.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
SAVED FROM THE USE OF TOBACCO.

Dear readers of the VISITOR, I have for some time been impressed with the thought that I should state through the VISITOR how I was freed from the use of tobacco, but I put it off as I thought I could not write well enough to be satisfactory. But I will try and obey my impressions. I have been a reader of the VISITOR for several years and I find a great many things in it profitable to me and I think we should profit by it. My experience in using tobacco is this:

I well remember the first time I smoked a cigar, and the first quid of tobacco I took in my mouth, but like many more I soon became a slave of the habit and it seemed I could not shake it off. I was bound by the adversary but resolved to break off the habit. I feel very thankful that it became to me a dirty, filthy habit, and it was not only once that it became so, but often. When I met a friend or a brother I felt ashamed for I knew it was offensive to many, and the smell of it was very disagreeable. I am also ashamed to say that I used tobacco for about 40 years, it was of no benefit to me but simply a gratification of a filthy habit. Oftentimes I would say within myself, I will stop, and throw it away. Some say they like it but I could not say that I did. Now dear readers of the VISITOR, this is my experience: I was brought to see the evil oft and I obtained the strength to overcome. In the morning when I would wash and prepare for my morning meal, the first thing tobacco was foremost on my mind, but the Lord gave me power to resist the desire and now I feel free from the habit and have no desire for it; in fact it has become offensive to me now, and I am very thankful to the Lord that he gave me power to overcome, and has taken away the appetite for it, and I must say if the habit is once formed it becomes an idol to him who uses it, and the Scripture tells us that, "Ye are the temple of God and what agreement has the temple of God with idols?" I will also say anything unclean is not fit for the Kingdom of God. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." from your unworthy brother.

Newbern, Kansas.

J. C. KAUFFMAN.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
FROM A MISSIONARY IN AFRICA.

Tangier, Morocco, North-west Africa, April 29, 1895.

To the readers of the VISITOR:

A little over five months ago I started from Abilene with the hope of soon arriving in Morocco, where I now am: first going to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, for the purpose of getting acquainted with Mrs. Nathan and the children. I was there a week, starting November 30, 1894, for my home in Indiana, which I left almost six years before; and right glad I was to return to the old home place again, although people and almost everything had changed since I was there. One thing it seems to me has never changed, and that is the lives of the professing Christians. It doesn't seem to me they have changed in the least. It does not seem as though they are doing any more for the Lord to-day than they were six years ago. And I fear that is the way of too many of God's children. We are not going forward, and stand still we cannot, so we must be going backward. I trust the Lord will soon, very soon, awaken such from their slumber. Oh, that we would all realize that time is short, and that if we want to do anything for the Lord now is the time.

My stay at home was a very pleasant and short. I was there only two weeks. I started from Kewanna December 14, 1894, at 11:15, a.m., and met the rest of the party the same day at 6:20, p.m. We arrived in New York Sunday, Dec. 16, and Wednesday, Dec. 19 we started for Liverpool on the Trentonic steamer, one of the largest ships made. After seven days of very pleasant traveling on water we were safely landed in Liverpool. We were there nine days, and January 4th we started for Tangier on the Ramesses steamer and again we had a very pleasant voyage, and were safely landed at Tangier. At Gibraltar we changed steamers, taking the Hercules for Tangier. We arrived in Tangier January 9. As we arrived in Tangier Bay the ship was fairly alive with Moors climbing in to secure passengers for the trip to the shore.

The quarreling men, the dark faces, naked limbs, the running and fro, was indeed a dreadful sight to behold. Great was our joy when we were welcomed to Morocco by Mr. Patrick, a worker among the Spaniards. Mr. Patrick secured boats for us and our luggage and we soon started for the shore. As we reached the pier there was a mad rush for us and in a little while we were in the thick of a desperate quarrel between the porters and the boatmen, and for a little while it seemed as if we should be crowded into the bay, but the Moors grabbed the babies and leaped up the high
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

stairway to the pier with them. For a little while we lost sight of one another, but in a few moments we were all together again and our party was soon on the way to the Victory hotel, and very thankful we were when we reached a place once more where we could rest. The rainy season usually lasts six or eight weeks, but this season seems to be much longer than other seasons, for it rained for three months and more. But it really seems as if the rain was over at last and summer rains.

Tangier is situated on the hills side sloping to the Tangier Bay. The city is walled but many live outside where it is not quite so crowded and unhealthful. The streets are very irregular and very steep in places. There are about 30,000 inhabitants, consisting of 8,000 Jews, 5,000 Spaniards, a few hundred Europeans, and the rest Moors, with a few negroes, and many mixed people. We live just outside the city walls and within five minutes walk from the big market place.

I praise God for the time I promised to go where he leads, and a happier time I never experienced in my Christian life than the night I started from Abilene.

Grace and peace be multiplied unto you. Your sister in Christ,

HEETIE L. FERNAUGH.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

THOUGHT.

Amid life's busy scenes, thoughts will arise in our minds of passing events; and while we look back upon the sad occurrences which have taken place in the human family within the last few months, the words of St. Paul comes forcibly to us, 1 Thess. 5:1. But of the times and seasons Brethren I need not that I write unto you.

 Truly it seems that we are in the days when severe trials and temptations are to be met with on our way, and that the evil spirit is trying in all possible ways to divert our thoughts from the heavenly course, which we should pursue to that of the trivial and vain things of this world; therefore it needs that we be clad with the whole armor of God, wherewith we can quench the fiery darts of the wicked one.

When we take a review of our lives, once so cold and indifferent, we would that ours had been so spared, but God is a merciful God, and we are led to rejoice in the blessed assurance that He is also long forbearing, long forgiving, not willing that one should perish, but that all should repent and live forever.

Again I remark, that at this season of the year, our hearts are stirred within us as we look back upon the dark ages of the world, when people had become oblivious to the true and narrow way; that a great sacrifice was then needed to be made for the salvation of poor dying souls, yes, by a crucified Saviour a much wider door is open whereby all may come and be washed in the blood of the Lamb; would that many might now become weary of conjectures and find an antidote for all their doubts and fears by accepting the Word of God; come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest—Mark 41:28.

Yes, my desire is to become more humble at the foot of the Cross and still endeavor to work out my salvation aright in the sight of God, and as we pass on in life let each one of us turn our thoughts away from the trifling, empty things of this world; and let us think of Him who is the fountain of all thoughts, the God of all grace and wisdom, whose spirit illuminates the hearts of men, and whose life and light irradiates the universe, is my sincere wish.

E. WRIGHT.

Stevensville, Ont., April 8.

"THE DRUNKARD'S LOOKING-GLASS.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contention? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?" The description in this verse has been called "The drunkard's looking-glass." This question is asked as if no one had woe but the drunkard. The reference is to the after experiences of him who takes strong drink until he loses all his manhood, all his self-respect; he has remorse and a keen sense of shame and self-reproach. When he comes out of a drunken debauch his conscience burns like a fire in his soul. He feels his degradation, that he has played the fool, that he is a wretched slave. He has no happiness, no peace, no pure joy. Woe is the very word to describe his experiences. He is consumed by remorse and shame.

Who hath sorrow? All have sorrow, but not that sorrow,—not such sorrow as drunkenness produces. Other sorrows may be comforted, but for this there is no consolation. Some kinds of sorrow lift one up, but the sorrow of the drunkard has no blessing in it. Fortune wasted, home torn down, and pleasant abode exchanged for a wretched dwelling-place; furniture pawned, poverty crushing, friends gone, wife, brother, sister broken-hearted, children beggared, name and character lost, manhood wrecked, degradation, dishonor, disease, shame—is there any other such sorrow as sin makes?—Geo. Sweitzer.

The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal is to believe all stories to be false which ought not to be true.
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If you do not receive the Visitor in ten days from date of issue, write us and we will send you the necessary number.

If you desire to know when your subscription expires, look at your name as printed on the wrapper or margin of the paper, and that will state the time to which payment is made. For instance, Apr92 means that the subscription has been paid up to that date. If you find any error in the date please notify us at once and we will make the correction.

To those who do not wish to take the Visitor any longer, we would say, when you write us to discontinue the Visitor, please send us also the balance due on your subscription up to the date at which you wish to have it discontinued, and it will receive our prompt attention.

Send money by Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft, to Henry Davidson, Abilene, Kansas.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office at Abilene, Kansas.

Abilene, Kansas, June 1, 1895.

Remember our terms are advance payment for subscriptions.

Elder Zook returned home from Conference at Stayner, Ont., May 23rd.

When you send your subscription always give the full name and address where received.

Elder Engle will not return from Conference until early in June. He will stop in Illinois on his return.

We need money. Please remit promptly what is due on subscription.

If you want your post-office address changed, always give the old as well as the new address.

During the summer months is the most difficult season of the year to meet current expenses of the office, and they are just as great as at any other time of the year. Kindly look at your label, and if you find that you are in arrears please remit promptly.

We have since learned that the writer of the article “Let Them Be Heard,” which appeared in the Vis­­itor, issues of April 15 and May 1, was written by A. J. Gordon of Boston, Massachusetts, and should have been credited to him at the time.

We actually doubt whether there is such a thing as a lazy Christian. If a man is serving God as he ought has he any time for lounging? How many days did Paul spend in idleness after he began to preach the Gospel of Christ? How was it with Peter? How was it with all the early apostles? They were constantly at work for the Master. There is just as much need of faithfulness now.

We have to-day received a copy of the last catalogue of the State University. By a hurried glance through its pages we notice that the institution is still progressing and expanding in all its departments. During the past year the new Spooner Library Building was com­­­­pleted and dedicated. The new Physics Building is almost completed and will be ready for use next year. There are now fifty-three in the faculty. The number of students enrolled in the various departments is 875, not counting University Extension students. Important chang­­­­­­es have been made in the curriculum, many new courses having been added. We would advise all persons interested in higher education to write to Chancellor F. H. Snow, Lawrence, Kansas, who will gladly send a catalogue free upon application.

EVERY DAY RELIGION.

Do we as Christians realize what an important work we are engaged in, and what great responsibilities are laid upon us, and how necessary it is for us to live our religion every day?

If we just stop for a moment and consider that Christ notices the sparrows when they fall, and that the very hairs on our head are numbered, we must surely believe that not one act that we do, and not one word that we say passes unnoticed by our Heavenly Father. The apostle James says: “For whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point he is guilty of all.” Oh, dear sinner friends, if the righteous scarcely be saved where will your lot be cast? The Lord himself says, “Where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.” I pray the Lord that this may not be the lot of one under the sound of my voice.

How careful and how prayerful should we then live, and ask our Heavenly Father’s guidance through this world where we are surrounded by sin on every side. I for one feel very thankful to God that he does not require all of us to be Martin Luthers or Dr. Talmages or some other distinguished persons. He has even said that if we cannot do the work of great men and women we can do the little things, we can improve the one talent the Lord has given us.

It seems to me if we as Christians could feast on heavenly manna one
day in a week, we would certainly become very learned. I praise the Lord that we can have His presence in our homes or wherever we are to help us bear the burdens, overcome the trials and temptations every day.

Of course the Lord hath said “Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy,” but does he mean then that we should be sinners the rest of the week? No indeed. Does not one of the Apostles say that all that we do should be done to the glory and honor of God. “Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.”

And to those that profess to be Christians and think that all that is necessary for us to do is to go to church on Sunday, and do the rest of the week as we like (or rather as our carnal mind would direct), you will please read the 6th chapter of Romans.

Although a man may seem to be voyaging heavenward during the holy Sabbath day, if during the following six days of the week he is going toward the world, the flesh and the devil, he will never reach those happy mansions that the Lord has prepared for us.

My friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is something worth talking about with a glad heart. The Apostle says, let us be joyful in the Lord, and let us all remember that there is a record kept in heaven of all that we say and do. We read in one place, “They that feared the Lord spake often one to another and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written,” and we will all have to answer to that account, whether it be good or bad.

Let us make every day a Sabbath and every meal a sacrament, and every room we enter a holy of holies.

We all have work to do; let us be willing to do it.

We all have sorrows to bear; let us cheerfully bear them.

We all have battles to fight; let us courageously fight them.

If we want to die right, we must live right, our heaven must begin here.

MRS. F. D. WINGER.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONVERT’S FAITH.

A little band of Christian converts in South Africa once met on a Sunday morning in the center of a village, to hold the early prayer-meeting before the services of the day. They were scarcely seated, when a party of marauders approached from the interior, whither they had gone for plunder, and determined to attack this Coranna village on their return. Moshew, a converted chief, arose and begged for the people to sit still and trust in Jehovah, while he went to meet the marauders. To his inquiry what they wanted, the appalling reply was:

“Your cattle; and it is at your peril you raise a weapon to resist.”

“There are my cattle,” replied the chief, and then retired and resumed his place at the prayer-meeting.

A hymn was sung, a chapter read, and then all knelted in prayer to God, who only could save them in their distresses. The sight was too sacred and solemn to be gazed on by such a band of ruffians; they all withdrew from the spot without touching a single article belonging to the people.

That was a cool procedure on the part of the chief. It showed a readiness to endure the spoiling of his goods for Christ’s sake, and a calm reliance upon God for reimbursement, and provision for his people.

Prayer is the “trusty weapon,” potential in both its Godward and manward reference. It opens heaven, and floods the earth with blessings. Would that the Church better understood its mightiness—we had well nigh said almightiness.

But centuries have written out brilliant annals, and more and more in these modern years. Neither men nor devils can resist its power. It brings the resources of eternity into the fight to give victory to the praying saint when foes are thickly gathered in his front. No wonder the infuriate ruffians were awed, as they beheld the chief and his people on their knees.

Let us rise higher in our conceptions of the overcoming might of holy prayer.—Selected.

DUTY TOWARD THE PRESENT.

“Duty and to-day are ours.” Yet there are those who seem to think no more of “to-day” than as a time for dreaming, or doubting, or disputing about the future, or lamenting over the past. There is no duty apart from the duty of to-day. We must do our best now, be our station high or low. For every hundred persons who are anxious about the great unknown future, not more than two or three are anxious to be at their best in the present. It is recorded of General Grant that “he never felt one responsibility more than another. He felt it his duty to do his best under all circumstances, and after that he did not care. So he never thought he did one thing better than another. It was the duty idea that ruled him.” To say that this commander “did as much as his best when he was a farmer as when he was a lieutenant-general” is to give the reason why he showed both ability and magnanimity as a military leader. So long as one is in the business of a farmer, or merchant, or mechanic, or in any other business, he must do his best, or he will never be likely to do well in any employment more congenial to his tastes and aspirations.
I love to read the experience of others and sometimes wonder why there are not more given through the Visitor. There are many of our friends and neighbors that are not permitted to attend the experience meetings like many of us; there may be a number of reasons why we do not write; one excuse may be, as some one has said, he would not be humble enough to sign his name to it, but do we not sometimes pray that God should make us humble? And if we are in an experience meeting do we not want to know who is speaking? I praise God that I have become willing to testify for Christ. When we think of God's love should it not awaken us to a sense of our duty? I praise God that a new convert became willing to write his experience in the Visitor as we noticed in the April number. When I read it, it reminded me of the time the Lord forgave me my sins. I felt as free as the birds flying in the air; then I felt that I must be baptised; if I would cross a stream of water, I thought if I could only be baptised I felt so willing, but when the time came to go into the rolling stream, I had a conflict with the enemy. After I was baptised I thought I was as it were led into the wilderness, yet I did not meet with so many temptations as I have since then. It seems strange how God does lead us, in order to try our faith; we can truly say God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform. How often we say we want to do the will of the Lord, and when there is an opportunity here and there we are too busy to go to that neighbor, or to that tired mother as Lilia Bon has said, or here are some neighbors who came to our meetings but it would seem out of place to speak to them about their salvation, when at the same time we feel sorry they are not a follower of Christ. "Many, many" are the excuses satan brings to us.

When I think of the golden opportunities that are wasted for worldly honors I cannot help but weep. "Oh, that we would be rid of self" and become willing to be an humble follower of Christ, and say as Paul said: "I count not my life dear unto myself," Acts 22:24, but I feel thankful that God is ever able to keep us, and He does not tempt us above what we are able to bear, neither does he ask us to do anything we cannot do.

"Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Eccl. 9:10.

There are lonely hearts to cherish.
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls that perish.
While the days are going by.
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue.
Oh, the good we may do.
While the days are going by.

Abilene, Kansas.
MARY LENHERT.

If God will direct my pen I will try to give some of my past experience. I had been afflicted for six years so that I was confined to bed for five months at a time, trying one physician after another. But it seemed of little avail, only giving relief. This winter on the 19th of December I was confined to bed again, and I still sought help from man, as I was in great suffering. At times there would a voice come as though the Lord was telling me that he was keeping me afflicted until I would give up all trust in man and trust him alone. I still trusted that the Lord would help me to put my whole trust in him if it was his will that I should. As I read God's Word and saw the promises we have if we are but willing to give our will in subjection to his will, I sometimes felt condemned as though I was a sinner before God just because I was not willing to give up taking medicine and have faith in God that he would do just what he promises in his Word. But, praise the Lord, his grace is sufficient for us when we surrender all. Then God will bless us body and soul.

On the 15th of March we had a meeting in the evening at Brother Garman's house, where I have been staying. I had been suffering worse that day. During the time they were having the meeting down stairs I felt God's convicting power again wonderfully. I made up my mind that evening that I would trust the Lord for my healing. I asked them to have special prayer for me that I might put my whole trust in God, and oh, what a blessing followed! I felt much better that night. Next day the Brethren had meeting here in town and in the afternoon two of the ministering Brethren came to my room, read some of the many promises we have in God's Word and had prayer. During prayer I felt God's power so wonderfully that I knew he was able to help, as he is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. After prayer I arose and dressed and went down stairs. I have been so wonderfully blessed in health that tongue cannot express the wonderful works of God. We have a series of meetings here and I have been attending them.

Oh, why should we not be willing to give up all for Jesus? For,—

"We never can prove the delights of His love
Until all on the Lord we lay.
For the mercy he shows, the joy he bestows
Are for them who will trust and obey."

I have been made to feel sometimes as though this not trusting God fully, though small it may seem, might have separated me from God if I had been called to eternity, because God had so powerfully
convicted me in this that I should put all confidence in him.

Oh, what a merciful God that he pleads again and again until we are willing to obey.

I hope that this may come to the notice of others who have not yet fully trusted God and His Word, and that it may be of benefit to them soul and body.

Oh, may the Lord help us that we may ever strive to follow his Word in all things whatsoever he hath commanded us, that we may be born not to the will of the flesh, nor of blood, but of God, when we become fully consecrated, as in Romans 12:1-2. Then God can heal our bodies. If we lack let us do as in James 1:6-8.

May the Lord guide and keep us in all his ways, for his ways are ways of pleasantness, and his paths are paths of peace.

REBECCA LAUKER.

HARRISBURG, PA.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

PRIDE.

Oh, my people, they which lead thee cause thee to err, and destroy the way of thy paths.

—Isaiah 3:12.

I have been moved in my spirit to say a few words about pride, because I was told that a certain preacher had a revival meeting and told his people that it does not matter what people wear or how they dress, even if they go in silk, if they can afford to do so.

O my christian friends, brothers and sisters, our text saith: "O my people, they which lead thee cause thee to err and destroy the way of thy paths."

My dear christian friends, read 1 Tim. 2:9, in like manner also that women adorn themselves in modest apparel with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair or gold or pearls or costly array.

Whoso adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plating the hair and of wearing of gold or of putting on of apparel. But let it be the hidden man of the heart in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price.—1 Peter 3:3,4.

Moreover the Lord saith because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go and making a tinkling with their feet.

Martial pride looks down on industry.

Pride goeth before destruction.—Prov. 1:6.

Pride that dines of vanity sups on contempt.

And those that walk in pride he is able to abase.—Daniel 4:37.

All pride is abject and mean.—Johnson.

Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.

D. B. BRUBACHER.

A LIGHT TO WALK BY.

A hard working missionary in Eastern Canada was traveling between his home and that of a parishioner.

Having to pass through a dark forest, he carried a lantern with him to show him the path. It was winter and a good deal of snow lay on the ground. As he was about to enter the forest he remembered that, as the snow was falling, the footprints of those who had passed along that way would be filled in, and he was a little anxious.

To his great joy he found fresh footprints showing that somebody had just gone before him. Had he been without the lantern he would not have seen the footprints, and so would have had much difficulty in getting home. He afterwards found that the footprints were those of a friend who had gone before him to his own home.

Have we not in this simple, common incident a very helpful illustration of the fact that we can only see the footprints of the blessed Jesus when we carry the Bible—the Light unto our feet and the Lamp to our path—in our heart and in our hand?

If the young who set out in life to journey to their home in heaven, would only trust to the lantern of God's Holy Word and simply follow by its aid in the footsteps left by the Saviour, how steadily would they journey and how safely would they go straight on to the heavenly Canaan!

False lights glitter on either side of the way, and many are led to destruction by their means; but to a faithful follower of Christ it is quite easy to tell the false from the true, the narrow way which leadeth unto life from the broad road which leadeth to destruction.

The Bible not only testifies of Christ, but in a very real sense it leads us to Christ.

THAT TRIP EAST

May be for business or pleasure, or both; but pleasure comes by making a business of traveling East over the Santa Fe route as far as Chicago.

Thirty miles shortest line between Missouri river and Chicago; that means quick time and sure connections.

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Inquire of nearest agent or address W. T. Black, A. G. P. A., Topeka, Kansas.
CHICAGO MISSION.

With this in brief I will submit to the readers of the Visitor the report of the mission for the period between the 15th of April and the 15th of May as follows:

EXPENSES.

For Board. $ 26.75
For Hall Rent. 12.00
For Oil. .45
For Car Fare. 4.41
For Sunday School Supplies. 5.20
For Wood. 1.00
Total. $ 49.81

DONATIONS.

B. B. Engle and wife, Donegal, Kas., $ 2.00
Sister Reeter, Dako, 111., 1.00
William Reeter, Dako, 111., 1.00
Rosebank S. S., Kansas. 3.75
Sarah Doehner, Shippensburg, 111., 5.00
Moses Myers, Faulkner, Iowa., 2.00
Magdalena Hunsberger, Moline, Me., 1.00
Barbray Shubert, Erie. Ill., 1.00
John Garwick, Morrison, Ill., .50
Henry Haldeman, Fairhaven, 111., 1.00
Two Sisters, White Pigeon, Ill., 1.00
Jacob Haldeman, Morril, Kas., 1.00
Brethren of Fordwich, Ot., 2.25
A brother of Nottawasaga, Ont., 2.00
Sister Charles Baker, Nottawasaga, 1.00
Mary Ann Gingery, Waterloo, Ont., .75
Louisa Gingery, Waterloo, Ont., .50
Our Sunday School, Englewood, Ill., 3.75
Total Income from April 15th to May 15th, $29.75

We are glad to note that Bro. Jesse Engle on his way to Conference stopped with us a few days and had two meetings, also Brother Samuel Zook on his way home from Conference stopped and preached to us, for which we were truly glad; as we need encouragements, so with this we do ask your prayers that the Lord may keep us true in our calling so that we may let our light shine as we go along through life.

Englewood, Ill.

A. L. MYERS.

Sewing-School and Relief Department.

The donations to the Chicago Mission Poor Fund for the month of April were as follows:

Mary Ann Myers, Shippensburg, Pa. $ 2.00
Brethren of Pleasant Hill, Ohio, by Samuel Cassel, 1.00
Mary Ann Myers, Shippensburg, Pa. 2.00
Emma Carbaugh, Chambersburg, Pa. 1.00
Martha Hoffman, Donegal, Kansas. 1.00
Abilene Collection, 1.75
Reiley Bremnan, Abilene, Kansas, 5.00
Thomas Lewis, Clarence Center, 2.00
Mother Shape, Moline, Michigan, 1.00
Bertha Climenhagan, Buffalo, N. Y., .50
Katie Breneeman, 2.00

Total. $ 19.75

Expense for Poor and Sewing School.

Boys Suits, Etc., $ 4.18
Shoes, 3.42
Needs for Sick, 2.32
Dry Goods, 3.98
Other Supplies for School, 1.40
Total Expenses, $ 15.28

Our school is not as largely attended since it has become so warm as formerly, although we have no reason to be discouraged with the work. The children go to school every day, and when we consider what little time they have for outdoor exercise, we think they are doing well, and some are indeed worthy of praise for their regular attendance and improvement in sewing.

We are glad for the interest they are manifesting to become useful in this line. We trust that this and all other work that may be done through us, as weak instruments, may be done to His honor and glory, and for the upbuilding of His cause and kingdom. We trust that all readers of the Visitor who have the Lord's work at heart, will lift us up at the throne of grace; we realize that we need much grace from God that we may ever stand boldly for Him. Your Sister in the Faith,

SARAH BERT.

6924 Peoria St., Englewood, Ill.

It is the crushed olive that yields the oil; the pressed grape that gives forth the wine; and it is the injured rock that gave the people water. So it is the broken, contrite heart that is most rich in holiness, and most fragrant in grace.

Live right, and death has no terror.

MISSION TRIP COMPLETED.

I thought perhaps it would be more satisfactory to all concerned if I would give in full our trip of last winter, the four months wife and I were away from home.

My last communication was from Garrett, Indiana. From there we went to Elkhart county, Indiana. Here we met Bro. E. F. Hoover, who was holding meetings in the Union church. Brother Hoover left for home Thursday and I continued the meetings until Sunday evening.

From this place we were taken by Bro. and Sister Rellinger to Bro. Michael Sherka, where we began a series of meetings in the Butz schoolhouse on the 12th of February and closed on the 10th of March. There has been an account of this given, so I will pass on.

On the 11th of March Brother and Sister Fulmer took us to the train at Elkhart, and we left for Canada. We would say to the Brethren of Indiana, many thanks for your kindness. May God bless them, is my prayer, and may those dear converts that started during those meetings prove faithful until God will take them home.

After leaving Brother and Sister Fulmer at Elkhart, Ind., we came to Lansing, Mich., where we stayed two nights and one day, visiting relatives.

From there we came to Huron county, Kipper station. At this place I visited my sister and made arrangements to have meetings in the Methodist church, and also to see Bro. Geo. Whitmore at Busick, Hay township. This was the first time I had the pleasure of seeing Brother and Sister Whitmore as they are somewhat isolated here. But I feel to say they seem strong in the faith. We had two meetings in their house, Saturday evening and Sunday morning. There were
not very many present, but those that came seemed to enjoy the meet­
ing and several took part. May God bless Brother Whitmore and his family in this part, and may he be useful to His honor and glory.

On Sunday evening March 17th, I had meetings in the Methodist church at Kippen. We had three meetings at this place. On the 18th I arrived. She took the train in the morning and I con­tinued the meeting that evening and left the next morning for Fordwich, Ont. Arrived at Brother and Sister Whitmore’s in time for them to take me to Brother Snider’s for prayer-meeting. Brother Snider was very poorly, but the house was filled with sympathizing friends. I remained over night with him, and the next day made several calls, visiting Getha and J. Reichard, and having two meetings in the church, and visited all the Brethren just around there (I think). The last night I stayed with Brother and Sister Shafer. In the morning Brother Reichard took me to Bro. Shrigley’s where I enjoyed a short visit and took dinner.

From here I was conveyed to Lestwell by Brother John Shafer. I arrived home on the same evening about 9 o’clock. I found all well. I had been away from home four months and two days, and held meetings nearly every night. May God have all the glory.

J. W. HOOVER.

South Cayuga, Ont.

HELPFUL PEOPLE.

"The unselfishness of the modest, helpful people makes them willing to do the hard work and the obscure work, and often the disagreeable work for the solid satisfaction of doing good. If they invite an peni­tent friend to a prayer meeting, or talk with him about the interests of his soul, they are listened to with respect for their sincerity. When they say a few words in a social meeting their words weigh a pound apiece, for behind their lips there stands a noble, consistent life. They are the mainstay of their church in times of revival; they are too solid to volatilize into mere excitement. It is not brain power that gives them weight; it is heart power. They love Jesus and they love their fellow­men, and this gives them a prodig­i­ous momentum. They move others by it. They constitute the most ef­fective force in all our churches. Sadder and more loving tears I have never dropped over a coffin than when I looked into the silent face of that noble and unselfish helper whose right hand is now for the first time motionless."—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

To-day, says a writer, I saw a bright-faced girl of sixteen reading with intense interest a book not fit to be in the hands even of men or women. A feeling of sorrow passed over me as I saw her quick­ening breath and flushing cheeks. What could better destroy her child­like confidence, lower her standard of morality, and inspire such unholy views of the marriage tie, as the reading of such books?

Why are so many boys inmates of our reformatories? A glance at the flashy covers of the dime novels will answer the question. Why do so many fair girls go downward? Why are so many divorces applied for? Why do so many men and women fall into shame? and why are our orphan homes and foundlings filled to overflowing? An examination of the novels read by our young people will furnish an answer to these questions.

If you wish your children to grow up in the belief that there is a pre­mium on dishonesty, that wickedness and licentiousness are marks of geni­us, and that human nature is wholly depraved and selfish, you have but to allow them to read the works of many of the novelists of the day, and the work is done. Let parents carefully watch their children’s read­ing, and crush out the style of books which are earthly, sensual and devil­ish. Teach the children to love good reading. When the demand for vile literature stops, the supply will cease. The children of to-day will be the men and women of 1900. Let us do what we can to make them what they should be.—The Rockies Magazine.

THE TRUEST MARTYRS.

One of the stones cut out for Sol­omon’s temple seemed to have no place in the building. They tried it one place and another, but it did not fit, and finally they threw it to one side. During the years the temple was building it became covered with moss and rubbish, and was the laughing stock of the workmen as they passed by. But when the tem­ple was almost completed, and the multitude were assembled to witness the dedication, inquiry was made for the top stone, the crowning beauty of the whole. They found it in this despised and neglected stone; they lifted it to its place amid shouts of joy, and it became the crown and glory of the temple. So it was with Christ. So it will be with the doc­trines and principles of Christ. So, too, the greatest heroes will be found, not on historic fields, but on the si­lent battlegrounds of the heart. The truest martyrs are often those cruci­fied on unseen crosses.

HOLY DEFIANCE.

Chrysostom, before the Roman emperor, was a beautiful example of true Christian courage. The emperor threatened him with banishment
Our very doors.—Sel.

or to conspicuous self-sacrifice the loving? Oh, we are looking to find the kingdom when these means are at our disposal. It is for hastening the Master's life clearer, nobler, freer and more precious than that, in order to hasten up so integral a part, what can be the kingdom of the Master is to precisely what we mean by it? If the enemy. He laughs to scorn the impotent rage of dawn at last upon us, as assuredly dwells in Castle Invincible—he is there."

"Nay, that thou canst not," was the retort; "for in the first place, I have none that thou knowest of. My treasure is in heaven, and my heart is there."

"But I will drive thee away from man, and thou shalt have no man left."

"Nay, and thou canst not," once more said the faithful witness, "for I have a friend in heaven whom thou canst not separate from me. I defy thee; there is nothing thou canst do to hurt me."

The Christian is a "conqueror, and more than a conqueror."

What can man do unto him? He dwells in Castle Invincible—he laughs to scorn the impotent rage of the enemy.

THY KINGDOM.

Thy kingdom come, we pray, but do we ever pause and ask ourselves precisely what we mean by it? If the kingdom of the Master is to dawn at last upon us, as assuredly it will, amid this homely, common life of which your life and mine make up so integral a part, what can be plainer than that, in order to hasten it, it belongs to us to do anything and every thing that will make that life clearer, nobler, freer and more loving? Oh, we are looking to find in some romantic call to distant climes, or to monastic renunciation, or to conspicuous self-sacrifice the means for hastening the Master's kingdom when these means are at our very doors.—Sel.

Dear Editor:—

I am a little girl nine years old. I would like to write for the Visitor to tell what Jesus has done for me. I was a little girl six years old when I gave my heart to the Lord. I felt that I had been naughty some times, and the Lord showed me that I had some things to make right with mamma. I did so and was happy. When I was eight years old I took sick. I had the scarlet fever and with that I took rheumatism. I had such pain they could not touch me without giving me great pain; the doctor could not help me. Then I asked mamma to send for a faith doctor; she said that I should pray. So I did and was happy. Then I prayed all night and felt the pain leaving me. In the morning I felt like a new girl. Then they lead me. Then I knew Jesus had helped me. Then the last winter we had such good meetings that I felt that I should be baptised. I was baptised today, April 28, 1895, and am happy. I wish to go on in this way. I hope other little boys and girls will try and follow Jesus.

Anna May Bert.

FROM A MOTHERLESS CHILD.

Dear Editor:—

I will try and write a few lines for the Visitor and for little folks to read. This is the second letter I have written for the Visitor. My home is still with J. W. Hoover, South Cayuga, Ont. I stayed with my grandma this winter for four months while pa and ma Hoover were away to do union work, and when they came home they brought me here again. Since then my grandma died. She died on the 16th of April and was buried on the 18th at Rainham Center, services in the Baptist church conducted by Rev. J. Trikey, assisted by J. W. Hoover. It seems so sad that I have no mother or grandma any more. But I like my home here. I go to Sunday School to learn of Jesus. I hope more little girls will write in the Visitor, and especially those that have lost their ma and pa. But God will provide for his children if we only trust him. I want to be an angel and with the angels stand.

Jessie Hoover.

South Cayuga, Ont.

Reader, be thankful to God, who, in pity to thy weakness, has called thee to believe and enjoy, and not to suffer for his sake. It is not for us to covet seasons of martyrdom; we find it difficult to be faithful even in ordinary trials; yet, as offenses may come, and times of sore trial and proof may occur, we should be prepared for them; and we should know that nothing less than Christ in us, the hope of glory, will enable us to stand in the cloudy and dark day. Let us, therefore, put on the whole armor of God; and, fighting under the Captain of our salvation, expect the speedy destruction of every inward foe; and triumph in the assurance that death, the last enemy, will, in his destructions, shortly be brought to a perpetual end.—Clarke on affliction.

Sometimes God calls us to the mountain tops and then allows us to go down to the lowest depths of the valley. This is true of almost every one who has had any Christian experience, and illustrates to us another of the many ways God has of trying our stability and consistency.—Sel.

The Dunkards are colonizing North Dakota. 400 settlers arrived there recently from Indiana. Their strongest colony in that state now numbers nearly 1,000.
Supposing that the readers of the Visitor would like to know the reason why I have not written lately, I will give a few items in the line of my experience in the last fifteen months.

In Dec. 1893 I became strangely affected with what the doctor calls "The Convulsive." The symptoms are, a great trembling, or rather a shaking of the limbs of my right side, insomuch that I must use both hands for guiding the pen when I write. Also in other respects it affected both my bodily health as well as my mind. In December, 1893, I wrote a short piece for the Visitor, giving briefly the state of my mental condition at the time, which Brother Davidson declined to publish by reason of its unsuitableness.

And, at the rate I was then growing weaker, I thought I could not live more than a few months at most. But then light again sprang up, and I could lay hold of the promises of the children in the house of God. This is not well pleasing to the Lord, and is a stumbling-block to many who make no profession at all. We have attended holiness churches where the little ones were allowed to run across the room, thus making a disturbance during reading, and to bow the knee in prayer, but that the "stranger within the gates," be asked to observe the same rule.—Selected.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

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(4) English diction is clearly exploited at all points, and its faulty Diction department in the Appendix is peculiar to this work among dictionaries.

(5) Its syntax, as also its grammatical classification, is less faulty than that of any other dictionary.

(6) Science is better brought up to date here than in any other work of its kind. Here is more and truer natural history, technology, and all other science than elsewhere in lexicography.

These are but a few of the points of general interest as to which the Standard's scholarship excels.

The Standard Dictionary is sold exclusively by subscription at the following prices: Half Russia, single volume $12.00; in two volumes $15.00. Full Russia, single vol. $14.00; in two vol. $17.00. Full Morocco, single vol. $18.00; in two vol. $22.00. For agency apply to Funk & Wagnells, 30 Lafayette.

1. In common with other people, printers need the most accurate information as to (1) word-meaning; (2) etymology; (3) discrimination of words and their applications; (4) diction, or proper selection of words; (5) syntax, or proper grammatical association of words; (6) scientific progress, as indicated by classification and terminology. The Standard supplies this better than any other work.

(1) Its definitions are clearer and more truly definitive than any others, and especially useful in giving the commonest present-day sense first.

(2) Its etymological statements are, without exception, up to the limit of attainable accuracy.

(3) In synonyms it is far in advance of other works, especially in the clearness of its discriminations as to application. It gives lists of antonyms or oppositions, and in all necessary cases the prepositions properly usable are given.

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**Love Feasts**

JUNE 1 and 2, at Martinsburg, Blair county, Pennsylvania.

June 1, Blackchere, Welland county, Ont.

June 1, Howick, Huron county, Ont.

June 5 and 6, at Jonas Kreider's, near Azalea, Lebanon county, Pa.

JACOB D. BOOKS.

June 8, at Brother Daniel Geiger's, New Hamburg, Waterloo county, Ont.

JOHN WILDFOOG.

June 8, Waf↖́sket, Welland county, Ont.

June 15, Clarence Center, Erie county, N.Y.

June 8 and 9, at Highland church, Miami county, Ohio.

June 9 and 10, at the Brethren meeting-house, Union twp., Elk hart county, Indiana.

June 1 and 2, at the Franklin meeting house, Whiteside county, Ill.

June 4 and 5, at Brechbill meeting-house, Railroad station, Green Village, on the W. M. R. R.

June 8 and 9, at Belle Springs, Dickinson county, Kansas.

A cordial invitation is extended to all those attending conference to remain over the Love Feasts. H. R. REES.

Victoria Square, April 4.

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**Ours Dead.**

FIKE.—Died, near Lost Springs, Marion county, Kansas, May 8, 1895, Roy Clews, infant son of John and Mary Fike, aged 7 months and 16 days. Funeral services were conducted by Bros. John Mellinger and D. D. Steckley. The remains were interred in the cemetery near by. What a blessed immortality awaits those who die in the Lord.

P. FIKE.

MILLER.—A letter to the Reflector contains the sad news of the death of Mrs. E. E. Miller, formerly of Abilene, at Kansas City, May 14th, of the result of the operation mentioned Tuesday, aged 31 years, 2 months, 21 days. Her maiden name was Fannie C., daughter of Abraham and Sarah Brubaker. She was born in Franklin county, Pa., and moved with her parents to Morrison, Ill., immediately after which they moved to Abilene where they lived until Feb. 15, 1895, when they moved to Kansas City. For the last five years she has been a great sufferer. No one but herself knows the amount of pain she was obliged to endure, but she bore it bravely, and was loving and kind to all who knew her. During her recent sickness she seemed to realize that her end was near and was willing to meet it. When all other hopes of her recovery had vanished she was taken to All Saints hospital and operated on at 10 o'clock a.m. Tuesday. Seven hours afterwards she rallied and spoke a few words to her husband and the doctor, then fell asleep and quietly passed away, breathing her last at midnight. The remains were taken to Morrison, Ill., by her husband for burial, this being her request before she died. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved husband who bitterly mourns her departure.—The Abilene Daily Reflector, May 15, 1895.

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**Railway Time Tables at Abilene.**

**Union Pacific.**

NORTH BOUND.

Passenger. . . . 5:50 a.m.

Accommodation . . . . . 12:56 a.m.

SOUTH BOUND.

Passenger. . . . . 9:15 a.m.

Accommodation . . . . . 2:25 p.m.

**Salina Branch.**

Departs. . . . . 6:55 a.m.

**Arrives.** . . . . . 1:45 p.m.

**Road Island.**

NORTH BOUND.

No. 65.—Local Freight and Accom. . . . 1:48 p.m.

No. 27.—Mail and Express . . . . . 5:32 p.m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 26.—Mail and Express . . . . . 10:43 p.m.

No. 65.—Freight and Accom. . . . . . 5:32 p.m.

Passenger trains run daily. Freight trains daily except Sunday.