
Henry Davidson

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

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For the Evangelical Visitor.

THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

Our wandering time will soon be o'er,
Then we will leave this sinful shore,
By faith and hope to dwell above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.

If we obey our Lord below,
We shall with Him to glory go,
And there with joy our voices raise
With thankful songs and joyful praise.

And then behold our Jesus there,
Who there a glittering crown doth wear,
In robes of majesty divine,
The sun on earth it will out shine.

The Christian has a warfare here,
Before his front and in his rear,
The devil tries with all his might
The Saints of God to scare and fright.

Although our sins are scarlet red,
The blood of Christ for us was shed,
Whiter than snow, washed in His blood
To make us clean and pure and good.

And if the mountains hem us in
The wall and giants high in sin,
We'll take the rod and smite the foe,
As Moses did long time ago.

Christ Jesus is our rod and staff,
To scatter all our foes like chaff,
To bury them deep in the sea,
Like Pharaoh's hosts there dead may be.

Then we'll pass on in hope and faith
With the assurance of God's grace,
We'll pass our foes and leave them all,
When our dear Master us doth call.

Here is a wilderness of woe,
We're traveling through both high and low,
But Canaan's land is fair and bright,
Just o'er the river and in sight.

And when our work on earth is done,
And our career and race is run,
Then we shall hear our Savior's voice,
Come up to me, with me rejoice.

And when we reach our Father's home,
To see our Jesus on His throne,
Then we can sing His praises there,
And there the golden crown to wear.

HENRY BALSBAUGH.
222 South 17th St. Harrisburg, Pa.
For the Evangelical Visitor.

"WHOSE I AM."

Whose I am and whom I serve.—Acts 27:23.
We are the Lord's.—Rom. 14:8.
And ye are not your own.—1 Cor. 6:19.

It is a good thing to know whose
we are and where we belong.
This is specially so in the trying
time, and the trying time comes at
sometimes to everyone. If not in
this life there is a very trying time
to come in the future for those
without Christ. It was a trying
time for Paul and his companions
when the memorable words we choose
for our subject were uttered.

In the first place, Paul was a
prisoner. This in itself is a great
trial. To the human heart without
some other source than our own
manhood for strength, this one fact
alone when we consider all the cir­
cumstances, remembering that at
the termination of this voyage he
was to be ushered into the presence
of the imperial Caesar, to be judged
by his whim, which would most
likely be affected by colored reports
of his accusers, it was sufficient to
make us clean and pure and good.
Imagine yourself in these circumstances, and
see if you will not need a very great
measure of stoicism not to be deeply
moved.

But this is not all. Nature, men
and demons seemed to have con­
spired to wreak vengeance on Paul,
and with him the company in whose
custody he was. Few more eventful
voyages are recorded. Everything
seems to go contrarywise. From
the very inception of the voyage
there was trouble, contrary winds
changed the route. Then winds re­
fused to blow at all, and schedule
time was nowhere made; at every
turn something went wrong. The
delays lasted until the season of
safe voyaging with the craft they
possessed was past and the keen
foresight of Paul quickened by a
power we shall shortly notice becom­
ing very powerful, proposed sub­mitting to the terms apparently dic­
tated by nature and wintering at
Fair Haven. But who did not have
Paul's prophetic insight ruled just
then, and on they go into greater
dangers, an experience which beg­
gars description. That fearful
Euroclydon, (storm from the east)
carried the ship away, no power being able to control it.
Everything the sturdy mariner knew
to do was done to aid in their safety.
Undergirding, striking sail, tumbling
cargo overboard and then the
tackling. No sun to be seen, no
moon, no stars, no cheer, all hope
taken away. Amid the excitement no food taken for a fortnight. Surely this was a trying time. Paul, have you any courage left in you? Wouldn't it have been better for you to have been less radical and pacified those Jews? Wouldn't it have been better to have the brethren take up a collection and buy off Felix? Human reasoning certainly would have suggested these queries. But let us see how Paul endures it all. How has he been spending the time? What was he doing all this while, when the great excitement was up and such awful fear had taken hold of all the company. We see him helping when help was needed with his hands for the histrigrapher tells us that they cast out the tackling with their own hands. Between the lines we read that he spent much time in prayer and supplication to his God, because we are told that God sent His angel to stand by him and who told him what should come to pass. See how calm he is. See him give directions to the master of the ship. He the prisoner, suddenly becoming officer of first rank. See the desperate measures he takes, and how his word is implicitly obeyed. Why all this?

Why be so calm amid this terrible strain? What is the secret of the power by which he assumes command? It is because he has a God, whom he served and whose he was. That is not all. He believes his God. “For there stood by me this night an angel of God whose I am, whom I serve—Wherefore, sir, be of good cheer for I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me.”

He believed. Angels visits, Bibles precious promise and all avail us nothing unless we believe them. It is a great thing to have such a confidence in the trying hour. This confidence is not of men nor can it be obtained through man. Holy men of God moved by the Holy Ghost can do much to help us get into the close relationship like Paul, but we can after all only get it when given by God which he will do as a result of careful prayerful Bible study and hours spent in communion with God alone. God loves that earnestness that will not receive a “No” when our own souls or the welfare of others souls are at stake.

It is a grand thing to have a God like Paul on this occasion. Oh, how we pity the poor souls in distress and agony, suffering bodily or mentally or perchance both, bereft of friends, honor, reputation, property or what not, sinking into the depths of despair and with no God to comfort and console. Oh, how we would like to reach down and help them, and point them to Paul’s God and to our God. He can comfort. He will sustain. There is nothing too hard for Him.

Then again we must belong somewhere—to someone. Are you God’s? Or are you in the power of the wicked one? Paul knew where he was. He knew on which side he was and therefore his bravery and his assurance which proved by the sequel not to have been an idle boast. There could be no doubt. He had tried sin. He had tried a religion without divine direction, but he found it very hard and finally would not go at all. He had also tried His God and hence he could say with a sublime confidence born of faith “I believe.”

The report was favorable, and we were received into conference as one of fewer years than any of the entire body consisting of about one hundred members. At the close the venerable bishop arose and read out the allotments for the ensuing year. In the meantime we sat shaking like Belshazzar. His “knees smote one against another,” but we shook all over. Just as we anticipated, we were assigned to Clearfield circuit. Alone, we wept like a child; while some of our aged brethren gathered around and laid their hands on our head, commending us to God, saying, “Don’t be discouraged, Brother Johnny.” We replied, “Not discouraged, but who is sufficient for these things?” In a few days we bade farewell to parents, an only little brother, and sisters, and traveled north over the rugged mountains about one hundred miles, reaching our first appointment at Bro. George Goss’s home, March 27, 1836. We preached as best we could. In the afternoon we met another congregation about eight miles distant at the house of
Bro. George Snell. On the following day we had a long ride to meet our Monday evening appointment. Though it was in the latter part of March, it was in the Allegheny mountains, so the snow was deep. In some places we had neither road nor path. We got into a snow drift. We were furnished with an excellent horse, the gift of a kind father. The drift became deeper and deeper, with a heavy crust. Our faithful beast became discouraged and came to a halt, and even under the whip could go no farther. Now the question was, What shall we do? Seeing a cabin at a distance, we left our beast and baggage and plunged into the snow and ran on the crust to the cabin to procure a shovel to extricate our beast. We reached our appointment in the evening. Without a pilot we succeeded in making our first round. Part of our path lay through a dense forest, and we were guided by blazed trees. We had three streams to cross, which in the spring season had become swollen and their banks overflowing. We did not see or meet a person. We were guided by blazed trees. We noticed a grass lot near by and declared that neither of them could easily serve and were very tired. Her sympathy seemed aroused, and she told us to dismount. They had no shelter for our hungry horse, but we noticed a grass lot near by and remarked to her that by her permission our beast might graze in that lot, to which she consented. In the meantime her husband came home. He was a bright young African about twenty-five years of age. Supper was prepared, and the outwards man being weary and hungry, we ate heartily. After supper we sat around a huge fire. We enquired if they could sing and they answered that neither of them could read, but they had committed to memory several hymns, which they sang. We then inquired if they had any objections if we sang a hymn and offered a prayer. They readily consented. Just as we knelt down a heavy rap at the door was heard. In view of the falling rain and the dense forest in which we were lodged, the noise at the door startled us for the time being and we arose to our feet. Then in came a large colored man about forty-five years old. Not a word was spoken. We remarked that as we had been disturbed we would now kneel down. While we led in prayer we heard our visitor walk across the cabin. He procured a tallow candle which he held before our face while leading in prayer. After we arose he called out our host in the rain and then called out his wife. We heard considerable noise and we supposed there was a conspiracy, perhaps to take our life. We opened the door and meekly inquired what was wrong. The old man fell upon us in great rage, saying, “You are a kidnapper,” and declared that he would break his hands in the blood of a kidnapper if he knew he would hang for it the next hour, and that we came to capture his son-in-law and daughter. Here we learned that he was the father-in-law of our host. We told him he was greatly mistaken; that we were sent into that mountainous country as a minister to win souls to Christ. He said that he didn’t believe a word of it, and that we only used it as a disguise. He was so engangered that we found it impossible to reason with him. We then said that supposing we were a kidnapper, any colored man of ordinary strength could easily overcome us, as we were but a youth. This seemed to appease his rage, and he came out of the rain and inspected us from head to feet. When he saw that we were but a youth he apologized, saying, “I judged you too fast; I wonder I did not strike you.” We invited him to come up to the fire and dry his clothes that were saturated by the falling rain.” He then remarked again, “I wonder I did not strike you.” The evening being far spent, we purposed to seek rest on the hard floor, to which they objected, saying I must take the bed. It was the only bed in the cabin, which was 15x18 ft. In doing so we invited the old man to take part; not that we were anxious to have him as a bed-fellow, but to get into his good graces more fully. He replied: “I will take the floor with the rest.” After the candle was extinguished he said: “Bless your stars that I did not strike you.” We now learned the reason why he held the candle before our face while engaged in prayer. It was to see whether we
were a white or a colored man. There was murder in his heart, and we verily believe that the same Omnipotent hand that saved Daniel in the den of lions saved us from that enraged African. Praise the Lord! At that time Clearfield county had denser forests than any county in Pennsylvania, and it was the refuge of fugitive slaves. In the cabin in which we lodged there had been a fugitive secreted for two weeks, whom they called Sam. He had gone out the day previous and was captured. The old man had come at that late hour to bring the news that Sam was kidnapped. The young man with whom we lodged was also a fugitive and was detected two months after that time and was taken from his wife and carried south and was not heard from during our stay in that country. This was but a faint item of the "sum of all villainy."

With all our exposure our health continued very good, and we were so abundant in labor that we did not find time to visit our parents until the close of the year.

Owing to our long rides we had to do our principal reading and study on horseback, and being cut off from our ministerial brethren we at times became depressed in spirit, and feeling the great responsibility resting on us a youth, would weep as a child, and to seek comfort would often get upon our knees under some of those lofty white-pines and tell our sorrows to Jesus and implore his sustaining grace, which we are happy to say we found sufficient.

By a little effort we succeeded in holding a camp-meeting in the month of August. The tents were made of small pine logs and covered with clap-boards, which presented rather a novel appearance, and so far as we have any knowledge it was the first camp-meeting ever held in Clearfield county, Pa. The attendance was good and the order was excellent. A number of souls were won to Christ. The managers decided that there should be no promiscuous sitting. A certain lady violated our rule by sitting on the male side, and when told kindly to change her seat she refused, saying, "I have heard so much about camp-meetings, and if anything serious should occur I prefer being near my husband."

At that early date we had but one church (log) on that large field of labor. Our meetings were held generally in cabins, with church, parlor, dining-room, sleeping apartment and kitchen all combined. Frequently several large dogs claimed the right of way and were sure to be under the table while we were feeding the outward man.

The love of souls prompted us to increase our appointments, large as our work was. By request we secured the court-house in Clearfield to hold a series of meetings. A number of souls were converted to God. At the close of the meeting six or seven of the converts made application for baptism by immersion. Fortunately we were authorized to perform the ordinances of the church. The west branch of the Susquehanna river ran through the midst of the town. The day for baptizing was appointed, and the banks of the river on either side were lined with people. One of the candidates was a very large colored woman. Here we met with one of the greatest trials of our life, being naturally timid and inexperienced and no one to lean upon but the arm of Omnipotence. With a trembling heart we entered the stream, leading one after another; and we seemed endued with supernatural strength to perform our duty, and a halo of glory seemed to characterize the entire assembly. Praise the Lord for victory!

At that age of the church the salary allowed a single preacher was $80.00, yet being absorbed in preaching Christ and the resurrection we gave no heed to finances, knowing that "our bread should be given us and our water should be sure." So that when we were about to close our labors, in taking our departure from that dear people whom we tenderly loved, they gave us $81.00. The surplus dollar we paid over to conference. Thus closed the labors of "Our First Circuit," sixty years ago. Praise the Lord!

Your fellow-laborer in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Chambersburg, Pa.

JOHN FOHL.

WOUNDING CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIENDS.

THE strongest argument for Christianity is a clean, courageous and useful Christian life. Creed is to be interpreted by character and conduct. On the other hand the severest blows which Christianity has to bear are not dealt by its opponents, but by its professed friends who are false to its teachings and spirit. This puts a tremendous responsibility on everyone who claims to be a friend of Jesus Christ.

"I call you not bond-servants," says the loving Savior to us, "for the bond servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends. To this he adds that we are his witnesses, or representatives. This lynx-eyed world never sees Jesus Christ except in the persons of his followers; it has been well said that a genuine Christian is the world's Bible.

A poor laboring man, whom I had accidentally overpaid, came back to me and refunded the money, when I had no means of detecting the mistake. The man who might easily have robbed me got a great hold on my respect by that transaction, and
I said to myself, "Ought I not as a Christian to be getting a hold on men's confidence by practicing the strictest rules of Bible-honesty?" And if I violate those rules in my dealings with others, I not only shake their confidence in me but I shatter their confidence in the religion I profess. As the representative of Jesus Christ I have betrayed him; and I may never be able to undo the terrible mischief that I have done to the soul of the man whom I had wilfully wronged. My dishonesty would have prejudiced him against the very name of Christian; and if I should venture to invite such a person to the church I belonged to, or to exhort him to become a Christian, he might very justly retort, "No sir; I don't desire to be such a man as you are."

We must remember, brethren, that the outside world will not judge us by the prayer-meeting standard. It is very easy to rise to a high pitch of enthusiasm in the warm atmosphere of a devotional meeting; and we are in danger then of overestimating our loyalty to our Master. The standard is not a sufficient one. To pray, to praise, to sing, to exhort, and to feel a glow of devotion in that warm precinct is all right; but out in the frigid atmosphere of the world we are required to rise to the strict and stern requirement of the Golden Rule and all others of Christ's commandments. The professed disciple of Jesus who kisses his Lord in the prayer-meeting and betrays him before the world in dishonorable dealings, plays the part of Iscariot. The stronger our claim to be Christ's friends the stronger is our claim on us for fearless, uncompromising loyalty. I believe in the doctrine of "Christian assurance" when it is well-based; but were we to use when that assurance is built upon transient frames of devotional feeling, and not upon a life of obedience to our Lord's commandments.

What we have said in regard to wounding Christ by deeds of dishonesty will apply to every deed that is contrary to the pure code of Bible morality. That code requires practical holiness. "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." Every violation of Christ's code wounds him in the house of his friends. When we place a temptation—such as a decanter of intoxicating drink—before a company of guests we commit a three-fold wrong. We wrong them by exciting a dangerous appetite; we wrong ourselves by tempting others; and we wrong our Lord who commands us not to put a stumbling-block "or an occasion to fall in a brother's way." When we harbor or repeat a slander on a good man or woman we wound our Master. A Christian's reputation is Christ's property. We are bound to defend the good name of our brother as well as to protect our own. The best way to do this latter thing is to live so clean a life that no mud of defamation will stick to us. It is the Christian's sinfull deed that kills character; that is the cruel poniard that pierces our blessed Savior's heart.

If what his professed followers sometimes do grieve him who bought us with his precious blood, what they neglect to do is equally wounding. When Jesus was encountering the powers of darkness in Gethsemane he expected barbarous treatment from Pilate's train-bands; but he did not expect his three favorite disciples to fall asleep during his agonies. How their ears must have tingled with the rebuke, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" If our hearts suffer most from the ungrateful neglect of those we love, so is our blessed Master's heart made exceeding sorrowful by our neglect of him. Our interests are inseparable. What touches us touches him; if he promises to be our helper he is also present to behold any unworthy act or cowardly desertion. Jesus Christ always with us—is full of glorious consolation; Jesus Christ always with us—is full of solemn admonition.

Sometimes when we sit alone and dejected, his loving countenance draws near to us and whispers, "Let not your heart be troubled; trust also in me." When we are tempted to sin, that face rebukes us with the words, "Wound me not in the house of my friends." And when we have come back ashamed and disgraced from some cowardly desertion of the right, how that look upraids us as he seems to say: "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Every call of charity is really a call from him. There is not a struggling church that knocks at our heart, or a hungry beggar that knocks at our door for relief; there is not a lone widow that asks a pittance to warm her shivering frame, or a neglected child running in rags and recklessness through broken Sabbaths, but ever the same voice is saying to us, "Help them, for my sake; inasmuch as ye do it to the least of these ye do it unto me. Wound me not in the house of my friends."

It is an infinite privilege to be a friend of the Son of God. It brings forth great blessings; it secures great promises, and it involves great responsibilities. To us Jesus Christ gives his name. To us he intrusts the interests of his kingdom. Us he makes his witnesses before the world. What sin involves more ingratitude, or works more mischief than for Christ's blood-redeemed followers to betray their Lord? The word "traitor" is a hateful word. Brethren, let us never turn traitors to our Savior! Treason is a hateful thing; let us pray that the love of Jesus may rule our hearts with such power, and the honor of Jesus be so dear in
our eyes that we may never betray him! You and I can never perform any brilliant deed that will live in history; but we can be true to our colors. King Harry, on the evening of the battle of Agincoart found a standard-bearer dying on the field with his flag grasped in his bleeding hand. The king knighted him on the spot. When we come to die, may the banner of Christ Jesus be found in our hands, and may we hear from our Lord the sweet assurance: “I was once wounded on the cross for thee; but never hast thou wounded Me!”—T. L. Cuyler.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

BE UP AND DOING.

B ELOVED in Christ Jesus: may the grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ rest upon you all. Praise the Lord. My heart is full of praises today for the wonderful works and ways of our Lord, especially for the way he has been leading his people out of late. But on the other hand I am made to feel sad when I see so many dear souls perishing. And oh I fear we are not doing our duty by sitting on the stool of idleness and not doing the little which is required of us to do. Oh I fear some of our hearts are too full of the world that we have no room for Jesus, and if we would give him all the room, we would get the mind of Jesus, and do much more to spread the Gospel.

We find Jesus was the greatest missionary of all, and we are to be his followers, and why can’t we obey and “only take him at his word.”

Do we ever stop and think of the great suffering he endured for our sins on the cross in order that we might inherit eternal life? And besides he never tried to save himself in order to save others. Are we not willing to forsake all and follow him after he has even died for us? Can we not lay down our own lives in order to save others? For one soul is worth more than the whole world. I often wonder if we stop and think of what we are doing toward the everlasting eternity which is so fast approaching; can we stand up against that great day and have some one say, “You never told me so?”

Oh let us be up doing what we can, and if we can do nothing more than carry a cup of cold water to a laborer in the “great harvest field” why let us obey, and try and help those along that are out in their field of labor and may we not try to be a hindrance in the way of those dear little ones whom he has called and are willing to follow him. We do know the work is great, and the time is near when our dear Jesus will come again to receive unto himself all the saved. Hallelujah! But “Woe unto them that sleep in Zion.” I am afraid the sleeping ones will not hear the voice of the trumpet if we are not awake and watchful. Oh let us be careful and make use of the beautiful gift which he has given us. For if we don’t and try to keep it all for ourselves it is very apt to become as a small pond which stands still, and soon becomes foul and stagnant, and then if no more flows into it it soon dries up and there is nothing left but the outward form, but we can see there was water in it at one time. Oh let us put away formality and attend to the spiritual gift which he has put within us and strive to break the power of sin which is ever near us.

Can we not say with the poet:

“See o’er the world the open doors inviting,
Soldiers of Christ arise and enter in!
Brethren awake! our forces all uniting
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.”

“Why will ye die? The voice of God is calling
Why will ye die? re-echo in His name
Jesus hath died to save from death apalling,
Life and salvation therefore go proclaim.”

Do we not love so much the last words of some dear friend who has left this world, and don’t we try to do and remember these words? Then why can’t we obey the last words of our dear Jesus when he went to his home on high to prepare a place for us and left these words: “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel, and lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” Praise His name forever.

Your Sister in Christ Jesus,

AMANDA WITTER.

Enterprise, Kansas.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

MARRIED.

That ye should be married to another, even to him that is raised from the dead, that ye should bring forth fruit unto God.—Rom. 7:4.

The above words are chiefly spoken to those that are without the law (Christ). But if we were to take the word married in a natural sense it seems all would be ready to accept the invitation at once. They do not stop to consider the cost—whether they are able to fulfill the requirements of the married life or not. But we believe that all at some time or other during life would accept.

We believe also that it is right, for God has plainly said in the creation of man that it is not good for man to be alone. Therefore, he said, “I will make him a helpmeet.” Gen. 2:18.

But the words of our text are: “Be ye married to another, even Christ,” meaning all the unsaved. We would deem it a blessed privilege to be invited to the marriage of the Lamb. This Lamb (Jesus) we believe to be holy, undefiled, separate from the world.

We would still say, “Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.”—John 1:29. We can plainly read and understand in God’s Word that all are born under sin. We are as lost sheep, having no shepherd and without God or
hope in the world, whereof we speak.—Rom. 3:10. It is written that there is none righteous, no not one. We might perhaps say that had not our forefathers taken of the forbidden fruit we would have had no sin. But all these excuses, I think, are very poor ones, because Adam tried to lay the blame on Eve his wife. Who will we have to blame if we are lost and unsaved? No one but ourselves; for as by one man’s disobedience sin came into the world, so by one man’s obedience can he be made righteous. I say can be, not must be, for God will not save anyone against his wishes. Some may say they will come at a “more convenient time: God will not say harden not your heart, for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”—Luke 12:32.

Yours in Christian love,
CHRISTIAN SIDER.

THE VIRTUE OF KEEPING ONE’S MOUTH SHUT.

The superintendent of a large and flourishing Sunday-school in a suburb of New York, who takes an interest, not only in the spiritual prosperity of the members of his school, but in their physical welfare as well, gives the school some excellent advice each year at the commencement of cold weather in regard to the importance of keeping their mouths closed and breathing through their noses while out of doors, especially on going out of heated rooms into the open air. He tells them that breathing cold air through the mouth suddenly chills the throat and lungs thereby largely increasing their chances of acquiring colds, pneumonia and other pulmonary troubles, while breathing through the nose permits the air to become partly warmed, and nearer the temperature of the body, before reaching the delicate surfaces of the lungs and throat. This fact is not as well known among children as it should be.

What a rare accomplishment it is to be able to keep one’s mouth shut!

I young man once applied to the proprietor of a large business house in New York for a confidential position. Upon being asked what his capabilities were, he replied that he did not know, without a trial, whether or not his work would be satisfactory to the proprietor, but he did know two things—he knew he was perfectly honest, and he knew he was abundantly capable of keeping his mouth shut. The proprietor, appreciating how important were both these traits, engaged the young man at once.

Many a man’s success in business has been limited by a too free use of his tongue concerning his own business or those of his employer.

But if it is important to keep one’s mouth shut in a physical sense and from a business standpoint, what a positive virtue does such an accomplishment become in a spiritual sense? David understood this when he prayed, “Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.”—Psalm 141:3.

What a vast amount of tongue-wagging we should save ourselves, and how much sooner we should come to know the intrinsic value of golden silence, were we only to resolve, when speaking of other people, that unless, forsooth, we could say something good of them, we would keep our mouths shut.

The tongue is indeed an unruly member, and if we cannot completely tame it, we can at least accomplish a great deal in that direction by the conscientious practice of keeping our mouths shut at such times as we are tempted to give utterance to words of “anger, wrath, malice, railing, shameful speaking.”—Henry C. Ware.

The man of genius must be a man of wisdom or else he may be wrecked by his brilliance.—Southwestern.
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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, July 15, 1896.

BENEVOLENT FUND.

W. C. Baker, Adeline, Ill., $1 00

Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God and besides me there is none other.

—Bible.

This is the time that our people who are in arrears should not fail to remit at once the amount due. Please do not forget that we need it now.

We do need money to pay current expenses of the Visitor, and we hope those who have not paid up will kindly remit at once. Will you please see to it now?

We are very much in need of original matter for the Visitor, and if selections are used to fill up space we hope our people will think we have not much else to choose from.

We very much need good reading matter. That is, good original articles for the Visitor, and we hope our old correspondents will continue to contribute during the few mouths that we have charge of the editorial department of the Visitor. Please do not neglect this.

Bro. H. L. Shirk and wife have removed from Chadwick, Ill., to the Chicago Mission and have taken charge of the work there. Their address is 6028 Peoria street, Englewood, Ill. They are both good workers and in connection with those already there we predict good and successful work for the Mission.

At a meeting of the operating board of Foreign Missions held in the Visitor office, June 25, 1896, Elder Henry Davidson, of Abilene, Kan., was elected chairman, Elder Samuel Zook, of Abilene, Kan., treasurer, and Elder Jesse Engle, of Donegal, Kans., secretary. All communications in reference to Foreign Missions should be addressed to Elder Jesse Engle, Donegal, Kan.

HENRY DAVIDSON,

JESSE ENGEE, Chairman.

Secretary.

We are glad for the correction made by Bro. Engle in reference to the appointment of the committee of publication. We have no wish to continue the subject, yet we think that when he states that the appointment was confirmed by Conference there is some mistake; and while it was stated what the board had done, there was no action taken by Conference in reference to the appointment made. But unless there should be a necessity for further explanation, we hope the matter will drop here. We do not like controversy, and yet we think great care is necessary in what we do.

A CORRECTION.

NASMUCH as in the editorial of the Visitor of July 1 there appeared a censure against the new Board of Publication for appointing the Publishing Committee separate from the Publication Board, which requires explanation and vindication; admitting that the records of General Conference are sometimes indefinite, and that may in some respects be true of the minutes of last Conference, notwithstanding by referring to the first article on record of Thursday morning's work, the following appears:

"On motion it was decided that a publishing committee of three members be appointed by the Publishing Board. Names of Committee of Publication: H. N. Engle, of Kansas, editor; Samuel Zook, of Kansas, T. A. Long, of Pennsylvania, advisors; Samuel Zook to act as treasurer this Conference year.

This minute, being ratified by General Conference, justifies the action of the Publication Board; hence their action is valid. That Conference failed to formally repeal the decision of former actions, must not be charged to the Publication Board.

JESSE ENGEE.

DEAR SAINTS: "Mercy unto you, and peace and love be multiplied." Amen. I felt led this morning of the Holy Spirit to write of what the Lord is doing here in this land of darkness and heathendom. At this time the Lord gives us sweeping victory in our souls.

Hallelujah! He gives the victory

For the Evangelical Visitor.

A LETTER FROM JAPAN.
over the world, the flesh, and the
devil. Bless His holy name! And
such wonderful things as we feel in
our souls are indescribable. Only
those that have felt the abiding
Comforter in their hearts, know
what we feel in our soul. How

glad we are that we ever heard of
this blessed Holy One that will take
up his abode in our hearts, if we
will only open the door and let Him
in. Oh, dear one, if you have not
yet received this blessed spirit into
your heart, open the door and invite
Him in. Then you will have victory
in your souls continually. Then
you will have no more of those
fightings within to contend with,
but they will all be without. All
that we then need to do, is to stand
still and see the salvation of our
God. The temptations will then
have no power over us whatever,
and that wicked one toucheth us not.
Praise the Lord!

Not until then can we have true
faith in God, but our faith will be
wavering. Many think that they
receive the Holy Spirit at conver-
sion, and many of our readers teach
it that way, but it does not accord
with the Bible. If any one will, I
wish they would point out an inci-
dent in the Word where one was
converted and received the baptism
of the Holy Ghost at the same time.
Everyone of the prophets, before
they were ready to prophecy, re-
ceived the baptism of the Holy Spirit.
And the apostles before they went
forth to preach tarried at Jerusa-
lem till they were baptized with spirit of
power. If such be the case, how
much more we need the baptism of
the Holy Ghost in these latter days
when the enemy is arrayed in all his
armory of deceitfulness against the
children of God. I don’t know what
we would do in this heathen land
without this power. What wonder-
ful provisions our God has made for
His children! Hallelujah!

The work of the Lord is not only
manifest in our own hearts, but also
in the hearts of our pupils. Last
Wednesday (10th) evening four
confessed Christ. You cannot im-
agine how we felt as they came for-
ward for instruction and prayer.
Three of them were Chinese and
one was a Japanese. Praise the Lord
that there are still a few more that want
this Savior of ours as their Savior.
We are looking to the Lord for a
real breaking up among this people.
We also had those that have been
saved to give in their testimony.
One of them testified something like
this: “Before I became a Christian
I did many bad things, but since I
am a Christian I have no desire to
do them any more; I am very happy,
and I want my friends to become
Christians.” Testimonies were giv-
en both in Chinese and Japanese
languages. Although we could not
understand them, yet we could feel
the Spirit in their talk. Our meet-
ings are all well attended. Our
house is generally well filled, and
we have good order. Even those that stand
outside are very quite and listen
very intently to the Word as it is
preached.

We have also been lengthening
our cords and strengthening our
stakes. We have now opened a
mission in Japanese town. The
Lord has given us a Chinese inter-
preter so that now we will have these
meetings here at this house more
for the Chinese. Of course anyone
will be welcome that comes. You
perhaps remember of my writing
some time ago of opening a class of
one hundred men at another police
station, also that it did not open just
at that time. It has now opened,
and instead of there being one hun-
dred men, there are one hundred
and twenty. We are expecting that
there will be still more by and by.

We expect as the Lord opens the
way to also teach the Bible unto
them, which is our main object. I
receive no salary, but expect the
Lord to reward us with souls. Hal-
lelujah!

We are not idle, but are doing all
we can to get the gospel to darkened
hearts.

We ask all our dear readers to
help us with their prayers. We
know that you have been praying
for us, for we feel the power of your
prayers. We do not forget to pray
for you. We receive many encour-
aging letters also from America
which do us much good. We are
always glad to hear from any that
feel led of the Lord to write.

We are as ever your Brother and
Sister in the war for souls,

KATIE and D. W. ZOOK.

Yokohoma, Japan June 15, 1896.

CHURCH NEWS.

PLEASANT HILL GROVE, PA.

The meeting at Pleasant Hill
Grove, Pa., on the 27-8 of
June was a success, regardless of
the wet weather. We had good
meetings on Saturday evening, Sun-
day morning in the school-house
with the Sunday-school, and in the
afternoon and evening in the woods.
We had good sermons from Revs.
Long and Myers, and strong admon-
ishing from Sisters Myers and Huff-
man. We had very attentive audi-
ences.

We feel satisfied that the Savior
will not refuse to bless his people,
even in a woods meeting, when they
come in a proper condition. There-
fore we mean to invite them back
for a series of meetings during the
month of August. J. W. HEISEY.

CHICAGO MISSION.

Sewing School and Relief Department.

Report for the month of June is
as follows:-
To the saints and loved ones: May the blessing of the Lord abide with you all. Amen. The Lord is good and greatly to be praised. Hallelujah! As it is now nearly two months since we have left home we can but look back and see how wonderfully the Lord has been leading us on our journey and how He has so wonderfully verified His promise. He has really been with us all the way and abundantly supplied all our needs. Praise His name forever.

As we started on our mission Monday, May 12th, our first point was with Bro. Groves, Caldwell, Kansas. According to appointment we had meeting there on the 15th. From there we went to Bethel Saturday evening, and Lord's day noon the attendance was very large, that in the afternoon we went 8 miles northeast of Medford, where we held meeting till Friday night; at this place there were seven that followed the Lord in the rolling stream, all of which gave bright evidence that the spirit had wrought the new life in their hearts.

From there we took our leave of the loved ones on the 22nd, and went 6 miles southeast. We stayed at this place and had meeting till the 27th, when the spirit seemed to say we should go toward the south.

On the evening of the 28th found us at Bro. Kerns, where we visited and held meeting over Sabbath, on Decoration Day we held a street meeting at Blackwell, where a large crowd gathered to hear the Word. We found this an open field; many entreated that we should stay, but the Lord led us on. From here we went to Oklahoma City, where we found a few of God's little ones striving to do His whole will. Oh, our earnest prayer is that God may continue to lead them, and keep them, and help them, to let their lights shine in that dark city. First when we came there the Lord permitted us to go through a very severe trial. But praise His name it was for our good.

We also found it very difficult to get the people out to hear the Word. Being led of the Lord on the morning of the 14th to go to the north Enid Methodist church, not knowing what the Lord had for us to do, at this place we took the position assigned us, when a man filled with ambition preached a wonderful discourse, in which man was set forth very high with very little or no Christ in it, after which an opportunity was given those of the congregation to speak who wished to. The Lord laid on my companion a little message which met the amen's of the aged of the congregation, which the minister took very calmly. With a little appology, he said he meant just the same, only worded it different. I trust the Lord may let the light into his heart. Having filled our mission at this place the Lord laid it on our hearts to come to G. where we are at present. Before we came here we heard the Brethren did not want this wild fire, which the devil used to scare for a moment. Having prayed the Lord that we might stand firm for him we opened our mouths and the Lord has wonderfully helped us to speak forth the word of life, but to our great surprise (having heard the report) it was just what they were praying for, give God all the glory. There has been a great deal of conviction, but no real breaking through till last night. It seems the load got so heavy some could not bear it any more. A number stood up for prayer; one Bro. was pricked to the heart and in the presence of the audience humbled himself before some of his Brethren confessing his wrong. We hope and pray that he may really get down to right with God, our Jesus saves from sin. Hallelujah. But now being made free from sin and become converted to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.—Rom. 6:23.

Yours for the lost,

S. A. AND S. L. ZOOK.

OKLAHOMA MISSION.
should have. But, praise the Lord, since I am here I am convinced that the Lord wants Bro. and Sister Eisenhower and I to labor with those people this summer. Glory to His name! We feel happy while we are out only for souls.

We left our homes on the 10th of June, coming south as far as Harvey county, where we stopped over the following Sabbath. Leaving Bro. J. Eshelman’s, we started for Oklahoma. On our way down the good Lord was with us. However, we met with some things that were not so congenial to the flesh. One night as we were camping out on the prairie with our wagon a great storm with heavy rain came up. We knew that the Lord was our only refuge, so we took hold of Psalms 90:11, and the Lord has wonderfully kept us, while there was much damage all around us. It gives much comfort to our hearts to trust our God, for he is a great God.

We arrived at our field of labor on June 20, and at once started a meeting at the school-house where we held our last meeting last fall, 13 miles northwest of Medford, Okla., where we thought we would have a few meetings and visit the converts of last summer. But the Lord ordered it different (and we are not our own). We are having meetings every evening, and through the day go around visiting from house to house, praying with the people and urging them to accept Christ and come to meeting. But oh, how our hearts are moved to sympathy as we step into their houses and see their great poverty! They have hardly enough to sustain life. But we lift up a Jesus to them that can save them from their sins and prepare them for a mansion in Heaven where poverty cannot come. We are very much encouraged with our meetings. They have been increasing in interest and attendance ever since we started. The last few nights the school-house was crowded and not near all could get in. We can hardly understand where the people all come from. Nine souls have arisen for prayer. Five seem to be in real earnest. Besides that, many church members are getting right with God. Even preachers are breaking down and making their confessions. It is really wonderful how the Holy Ghost is shaking this people. But I must say righteousness was laid to line and judgment to the plummet. A real death, resurrection and separation from the world is preached. We pray the Lord that he may continue to carry on his work, and to keep us very humble so that many souls may be born into the kingdom.

Yesterday three of the last-summer converts were baptized, which was a solemn occasion. It was a new scene to most of the people in this neighborhood. A large crowd was present, and the exercises were respected. We are confident that there was a lasting impression made on many. Oh, how astonishing how few people are really out for God; and how much wisdom we need in these last and evil days!

Our meetings have been continuing here two weeks. We cannot tell when we will close the meeting here, but as soon as the Lord leads we will follow. Remember us in your prayers.

Yours for Souls,
D. H. BRECHBILL,
A. L. EISENHOWER,
AND WORKERS.

FROM THE HARRISBURG HOME.

A FEW words to the readers of the Visitor. Since our last writing the Lord has been very gracious to us and has blessed us far above our expectations.

Our regular prayer-meetings continue to be a source of comfort to us, and the Bible-readings are a very great help in way of more fully understanding the Scriptures.

The home has recently been purchased for $10,000, which has removed all the anxiety incident to building, moving, delay in work, etc. The next thought presenting itself is the securing of funds for paying for the property and carrying on the work. And while we believe much in exercising faith, yet we feel sure that real aggressive work along with faith makes a good mate and harmonious actions.

Our love-feast here at the home was well attended and was a real feast to our souls. The ministers who broke to us the Bread of Life were: Elders Jacob Krider, of Lebanon county, and Jonathan Wert, of Cumberland county; also Bro’s John H. Myers, Cumberland county, John Wolgemuth and Aaron Martin, of Lancaster county. In addition to the home Brethren present were: Bros. Koons, Brehm and Hostetter. The weather was all that could be desired, and the meeting was certainly one that should long be remembered. Sister Lizzie Gram of this city was baptized and Bro. S. R. Smith, wife and three daughters were received by the right hand of fellowship.

The home has at this writing three children and three adults. One is an invalid, one a cripple (a lady) and one aged mother four score years old. A number of applicants will be considered next Tuesday, and from present indications there will be no need of soliciting inmates, and we trust that the Lord will move many hearts who have the welfare of their fellow-beings at heart to throw in their bounties to clothe, feed and shelter the uncared-for. It has been suggested to
start a fund on the saving fund plan. I will therefore make mention of it here, and outline the plan as follows: Let every father and mother who wish to raise their children for usefulness instruct them to lay by as God prospereth them any amount you feel warranted to name for each one—father, mother and children, say. If each one can only spare one penny per week you need not care for that for God may and we believe will bless the widow's mite as much or more than many large sums given where the motive is not as it should be. But those whose income is greater God may lay it upon their hearts to give according to their means. We will therefore arrange a register and all who feel inclined to help in this laudable work will please send in the names of themselves and children and name the amount each one will set apart for the work and all such names reported will be registered, and every quarter or twelve weeks the amount will be forwarded by each family and the proper credit will be given. While this may seem a new plan and a very slow way to raise a fund, yet we believe it will be effectual, and no one will miss it. As a matter of fact many of the greatest enterprises of our land and many of the finest buildings and statues have been reared by small amounts accumulating. To our minds one of the grandest features of all in way of pushing this project is in teaching the young to save for a good purpose, and also to give, and impress on their minds the words of the Savior: “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” We will very briefly review the general tendency of the young in our days. There is no want for a desire to make and give money, but the great trouble is in expending wisely. To illustrate. Many children earn quite a snug sum every year, and also give much—but what for? Some for cigars, tobaccos, candies, peanuts, and many sweetmeats. In many cases the indulging in these luxuries is between meals or when the body has had all that is good for it, and in many cases the enjoyment of those things only go to hurt and destroy the vitality of the body. It is so conceded by many of the highest medical authorities. Hence the saving on those lines would put many in possession of an accumulating fund that would go to help clothe the naked, feed the hungry and shelter the homeless; and no one thus engaged in saving and giving to help provide for the poor will ever need go through the painful experience of being conscience stricken, while many have felt and will feel the painful stings of remorse who indulge in many of the above-named luxuries to their hurt.

I will further state that a report will be made of the fund as it progresses. Last but not least we wish to solicit the heartfelt prayers of God’s people for the work and workers, as the prayers of the righteous avail much.

I will here correct a wrong impression that has come to our notice. That is the fact that Bro. S. R. Smith is the secretary for the corporation and board of directors for the home, and the writer is the corresponding secretary for the home. Therefore it will be understood that all business touching the board of directors will be addressed to S. R. Smith, Box 108, Harrisburg, Pa., and all business regarding the home will be addressed to T. A. Long, Messiah Rescue and Benevolent Home, Bailey St., Harrisburg, Pa. Any and all persons coming through or to Harrisburg wishing to visit the home only need enquire for Bailey street, and when once on it anyone can direct the stranger, as the street is short and the home at one end of it.

With many good wishes to all of God’s little ones, I am as ever your servant for Jesus’ sake,

T. A. Long.

As an instance to prove that sincerity wins, the following story is related:

A brilliant speaker was once addressing a religious meeting in which there was a young man for whose conversion many present had long prayed. The speaker was very effective that evening, and his audience was strangely stirred.

There was a brief testimony meeting at the close of the address, and when a call for converts was made, the young man mentioned came forward and knelt at the altar.

“It was Mr. B’s wonderful talk that brought you to take this step, wasn’t it?” asked one of the young man’s friends afterward.

“No, it was not,” he replied.

“What was it then?”

“It was what poor old Mrs. Crane said.”

“Mrs. Crane?”

“Yes; I’ve known her for years. She has had poverty and sorrow all her life, and when she got up and said so quickly and simply, ‘I love God, and I thank him for all his goodness and mercy to me,’ I knew she meant every word of it. I don’t know just how or why, but I suddenly had an overpowering conviction of my own sin and ingratitude—I, who have always been well, strong and happy. Something in poor old Mrs. Crane’s simple words impressed me as I have never before been impressed. It may have been because of their absolute sincerity. I longed for the love she spoke of. I believe I owe my conversion to her more than to any other earthly agency.”—Sel.

“The vice which finally ruins a man is the one whose growth he has cultivated most diligently.”
OUR DEAD.

SHROCK.—Rev. Elias Shrock was born May 16, 1830, and died of chronic pneumonia May 28, 1896. He was born, raised and died near Smithville, Wayne county, Ohio. His age was 67 years and 12 days. He was married to Elizabeth Stutsman, and they raised three adopted girls which, together with his companion, are left to mourn a dear husband and father, the neighbors a kind and willing helper always willing to help those in need, and the church has lost a good and faithful worker ever trying to do his Master's calling. His faith in Christ was strong, even upholding the Word in its love and purity, standing firm on the rock of Christ. His sickness was lingering. He was in feeble health all last winter and was confined to his bed the last ten weeks of his life. He bore his sickness with Christian fortitude, and a few hours before his death he said he felt such a joy and happiness. He was buried at the Union church at Paradise, where death cannot come and sadden our home where there are no more partings, and there is joy unspeakable ever after. We hope to meet him again in that happy home where there is no more suffering, pain and woe, but there is peace and joy forever and ever.

A sadness over our life is cast,
Our home is dark without thee
We miss thy kind and willing hand,
Thy fond and earnest care,
Our home is dark without thee
We miss thee everywhere.

Farewell, grandpa; farewell, dear;
Thou art gone to courts above,
Waiting around the throne of love,
When we look with tearful eyes,
There to meet thee in our prayers
Among the angels bright and fair.
Not as thou wert here below
So full of suffering, pain and woe,
But from thy trials forever free,
How happy thou wilt ever be,
Farewell grandpa, fare thee well.

GOD-GIVEN DAYS.

OUR days are like the beautiful summer fields, as God gives them to us. The minutes are lovely, blooming flowers and silvery grass-blades and stalks of wheat with their germs of golden foliage, or vines with their blossoms—prophecies of coming purple clusters. Oh, the possibilities of the days and hours and minutes as they come to us from God's hands!

But what did you do with yesterday? How does the little acre of that day look to you now? Is it waving with beauty? Are there no waste spots upon it? What did you do with the seven days of last week? How does that seven-acre field appear to you as you view it from the hilltop of the holy Sabbath? Are there no wasted minutes, no squandered hours?

God has a definite life plan for every human person, girding him, visibly or invisibly, for some exact thing, which it will be the true significance of his life to have accomplished. Away, then, O man, with thy feeble complaints and feverish despondencies! If God is really preparing us to become that which is the very highest and best thing possible, there ought never to be a discouraged or uncheerful being in the world.

If you do not wish for His kingdom don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it.

UNCLE SAM'S CLOCK.

At the Naval Observatory at Washington stands the clock that regulates time for the whole country. It is not beautiful like many lovely French clocks that noiselessly tick upon the parlor mantel. In fact, it is large and tall, with plain face, and body of dark wood, and without ornamentation. It is much like the old-fashioned clock that stood in grandmother's kitchen. It nowhere touches either the floor or the walls of the building, but it is securely fastened to a stone pier, which rests upon a solid stone foundation, so that it may not be affected by any motion of the building or ground. Rain may descend, floods come, winds blow and beat upon the house, but the clock feels it not, for it is built upon a rock.

It is a splendid time-keeper. At the present time it gains at the rate of .48 of a second per day.

In order that the people all over the country may have uniform time, so important for railroads, steamboats, and other public conveyances, at three minutes before twelve each day this clock is connected by means of a galvanic battery with the wires of the Western Union Telegraph, which extend into the room containing the clock. All other messages, however important, must give way for these three minutes, and in every town and station, from Maine to California, where there is a telegraph operator, as the pendulum of the clock ticks, each second a tick is recorded by the telegraph, and at the instant of twelve two clicks are given.

At the same instant a huge black ball, which is drawn up a few minutes before, descends upon the dome of the observatory; and hundreds all over the city stand with watch in hand to see it drop, to keep, as we say, "ball time." Thus, when this ball drops, a click in every large town in the land tells the hour of twelve.

This clock it also connected with the wires of the fire-alarm in this city, and the time is sent to the central office, and then sounded by three church bells that give the fire-alarm.

So, while the clerks at Washington are watching the ball, the rest-
less school boy in Minnesota is waiting to hear the big clock on the town-house sound its merry peal, the signal for dismissal, and the tired factory girl at Lowell listens for the same sound.

But you must remember that only cities on the same meridian with Washington have, after all, the same time. The sun, in passing around the earth, which is divided into 360 degrees of longitude, every twenty-four hours, must pass through one degree, which is about sixty-nine miles, every four minutes. So, if the sun rises in Boston at seven o'clock, it will not rise in New York, two hundred miles west, till twelve minutes past seven, or seven o'clock will not come to them till twelve minutes after it has reached Boston. Neither will it be twelve o'clock till twelve minutes later than in Boston.

So, while I tell you that all towns receive the click of twelve at the same time, you must remember that in places situated in longitude east or west from Washington, the number of minutes it takes the sun to pass those degrees must be added or subtracted from twelve to give them correct time.

Another thing in the room where the clock is would interest the boys that are delighted with anything that pertains to a ship. This room may be termed a government depot, for here are some two hundred ship chronometers. These are simply large-sized watches, and are furnished to every government sea-going vessel. Here they are kept several months to be regulated, and their accuracy tested.

When a government vessel is ordered to sea, this officer takes them with all possible care to the vessel, protecting them as far as possible from all sudden jars or violent jolting.

When on the cruise the captain also rates daily the time kept by each chronometer. This he does by lunar observations. He marks the time between the moon and the star by his quadrant, which he verifies by his nautical almanac. One was seen at the observatory that had been absent three years with an Eastern squadron, and had varied during the whole time but a few seconds.

OBEDIENCE IN THE HOME.

The Parents who ask guidance of their heavenly Father, and exercise common sense remembering the experiences of their own childhood, and adapting their methods to the character of the child, will succeed the best in family government.

It is necessary that the parents should respect and honor each other, and comport themselves in a Christian manner before their children that these may have examples of self-control, which is the spirit of true obedience.

The fountain cannot rise higher than its source, and it is unreasonable to expect children to be better than their parents.

The theme of obedience may perhaps constitute the Sunday afternoon talk between the parents and the children, and they then can be told that they give to Him joyful, unquestioning obedience even when they can not understand all of His plan for them, and that it is the child's duty to thus obey God, and also in the same manner to obey his parents.

Having explained the theory of obedience to the children, let the parents see to it that the practice of it is carried out in their households.

It has sadly fallen into disrepute and neglect in some homes.

Let it be an understood thing from the first that obedience must be prompt, and almost always unquestioning, because it is right, because it is lovely, and because it is manly.

Sometimes the child will be rebellious and their will a conflict between him and the parent, very painful to both, but in this case the parent must firmly but lovingly administer the needed discipline to redeem the dear one from his evil self, and stand as his mighty friend to bring in the needed self-control.

Such conflict will be exceedingly rare in well-governed families.

As I write a vision comes up before me of a dear friend.

She was a robust woman of much decision of character, but she was also very gentle. She belonged to the Society of Friends, and the "light within" is a cardinal principle with them, and this mother had learned self-control by silence waiting for the guidance of the light.

At an afternoon visit once she requested her little daughter Mary, a child of eight years, to not stay to tea because Aunt Hettie was having more company to tea than she expected. As her mother tied on her bonnet Mary objected strongly, but the mother was firm but very kind.

Mary went to the door, then turned and said with some passion:

"Mother, I am going to stay and take tea with Aunt Hettie!"

"No, daughter, mother wishes thee to go right home like a good child."

"But, mother, I am going to stay."

"Very well. Little girls who don't mind their mothers cannot go the next time they are invited out."

Mary felt sure that her mother would keep her word and she remembered that she had an invitation to a children's party the next day, so she stood thinking for a minute, when she said in a rather sad tone:

"Farewell, mother," and turned and went out of the door.

At another time her little boy of ten years was disobedient and stubbornly resistant, and one of those rare conflicts occurred of which we
have spoken. The mother pleaded with him, but he would not yield, and discipline was necessary. She said:

"Very well, my son. Thee must go up to thy bed, and there thee must think about thy disobedience, and I cannot say farewell to thee until thee is mother's good boy."

The child went to bed, and there while thinking, repentance came, until the mother thought him to be so naughty that she could not say farewell to him! He got out of bed and leaning over the railings at the stairs he sent forth the lamenting cry, "Farewell, mother—for ever, mother." From below came the answer, "No, my son, something else is necessary before mother can say farewell."

Then there was heard a sound of sobbing, and from the midst of it the little fellow sent forth a cry, "I am sorry, mother."

In an instant the mother flew up the stairs. She knelt and threw her arms around her little boy, and they mingled their kisses together while she said cheerfully:

"How happy mother is that thee has been able to dismiss the bad temper, and I feel sure by the looks of thee countenance that thee is happy with the peace within! Now come back to thy bed, and mother will tuck thee up warm, and kiss thee and say farewell."

We were present in that home when this mother was conversing with her eldest son, a young man of nineteen years. As they stood together at the end of the room it could be seen that he was a head taller, but he had his mother's golden hair and glad eyes.

There was such a glad look in the mother's face, and such a bright, loving glance in the son's! He was displaying to her some new clothing which he had purchased for himself, and she commended his taste and showed a lively interest in the matter, playfully bantering him the while, and as I looked on at the pretty tableau these words of Holy Writ were borne in upon my mind: "Take this child and train it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."—Mrs. E. B. Davis, in The Advance.

SECRET PRAYER.

Oh what relief in secret prayer.
I thank God for the great privilege to come daily to a throne of grace in secret prayer. My tongue cannot express what relief I have found in secret prayer when tempted and tried. Tis there we can pour out our heartfelt petitions and wants with the assurance to have our petitions granted, if asked in faith believing. Tis there we find relief from a world of care. When we have sorrow and lonely seasons to pass through, we sometimes grow weary of life's toilsome day, and long and sigh for the land of rest. What a comfort it is to have a sympathizing Savior to whom we can go in secret prayer and find relief. Oh, then let us approach with boldness and thankful hearts to drink out of that always overflowing fountain as much as we need, that we may be able to prove faithful unto the end, and receive a crown of life.

An unworthy Sister,
Mansfield, Ohio.

JE稣 IN THE HOME.

A LITTLE girl went on an errand to an elegant house. The lady was proud of her home, and she showed Jenny the carpets, pictures, ornaments and flowers, and asked, "Don't you think these things are lovely?"

"They are pretty," said Jenny. "What a beautiful home for Jesus to visit! Does he ever come here?"

"Why no," said the lady.
"Don't you ever ask Him?" asked Jennie. "We have only a room and a bed-room, and we have no carpets or pretty things, but Jesus comes and makes us very happy."

The lady told her husband what Jennie had said, and he replied: "I have often thought that we ought to thank God for his goodness and ask him to come and live with us."

They became Christians, and Jesus came to live with them and made them happy. Jesus blesses every home to which he comes.—Little Learner's Paper.

Whatever else holiness may do or may not do for the individual it will give to him or her a loyal love for the Bible and the salvation of souls. There may be many theories on holiness, but unless the professor thereof shows himself to be committed to a labor of love and self-denial, to have a symmetrical religious system, such as does not exalt into prominence some isolated virtue, or does not make a sanctifier of some particular observance, and neglects the whole heart—all such profession goes for little. Holiness will beget an ardent, undying love, for a supreme loyalty to Jesus; an all-consuming desire to see the people have clean hands and clean hearts; a looking forward to see the realization of Jesus' prayer, that God's will be done on earth as in heaven; a zeal to run to and fro in the land to induce the children of men to give up a life of sin and serving the world and enter upon a life of holiness.—Selected.

"Tobacco, its use—"When I was a young man," said President Finney, 'almost every young man used tobacco,' and I among the rest. After I was converted I continued to use it. The practice was so common that the question as to whether it was right did not occur to me. I
was innocent as a baby about it. But once when I was holding revival meetings in New York city, I was one day filling my tobacco box from a paper I had just bought, when the gentlemen in whose house I was staying, came into the parlor and said: ‘Brother Finney, do you think it right to use tobacco?’ Right? Of course it isn’t right. Then I said: Here, you take this tobacco and keep it until I call for it.’ The minute the question was presented to me I knew it wasn’t right, and I have not touched tobacco from that day.” —Selected.

**HARVEST MEETINGS.**

August 1, Paradise, Wayne county, Ohio.
August 8, Sippo, Stark county, O.
August 16, Valley Chapel, Stark county, O.

**MARRIED.**

CASSEL—HOFFMAN.—Married, in Glenendale, at the home of B. M. Byer, on June 29, 1896, Bro. Jacob G. Cassel to Sister Susan L. Hoffman, of Navarre, Kansas, the undersigned officiating.

J. H. BYER.

**OUR DEAD.**

HEISEY.—Died, in West Donegal, Lancaster county, Pa., May 23, Henry B. Heisey, aged 87 years, 8 months and 27 days. He died at the home of his son Daniel. The funeral was held on Tuesday, May 26, at the house, by Rev. Jacob Martin and the writer, Interment in the Pleasant Hill burying-ground, where rest the remains of his wife and several of the family. He leaves two sons—Jacob W. and Daniel W.—and three daughters: Mrs. Joseph E. Brenneman, living in Kansas; Mrs. John B. Longanecker, of Florin, Pa.; and Mrs. Cyrus D. Stauffer, of Elizabethtown, Pa. He was a consistent member of the River Brethren church for about 65 years. He read much in the Bible until his last years when his eyesight failed. For the last four or five years he was entirely blind, but he could repeat whole hymns and passages of Scripture very correctly until his end. He never made trouble in the church.

J. H. BYER.

THUMA.—Died, near Troy, Miami county, Ohio, of heart disease, Lizzie E. Thuma, aged 46 years, 4 months and 15 days. She was born in Chambersburg, Franklin county, Pa., Feb. 1, 1860. She was united in marriage to Benjamin Thuma, Nov. 10, 1887. To this union were born four children. One daughter preceded her to the spirit land. She left an affectionate husband, one son and two daughters to mourn their loss. She with her husband removed from Pennsylvania to her late home in 1875. In 1880 she united with the church and lived a consistent Christian life until her death. Interment in the Highland cemetery. Services were conducted by the writer and Rev. Ephriam Eby, from Rev. 7:14.

Dearest sister, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deeply feel; But ‘tis God that hath bereft us. Yet again we hope to meet thee. When the day of life is fled, Then in Heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

A. M. ENGLE.

MULLIN.—Died at Wolf creek, Josephine county, Oregon, the evening of June 17, 1896, Anna C. Mullin, aged 89 years 6 months 3 days. Sister Mullin had been suffering from a stroke of paralysis since 1888, and has had several light strokes from that date to the time of her demise. She done her work and also in the garden up to bed time, and proceeded to prepare to retire. She knelt at the foot of her bed and offered up her evening sacrifice and got into bed. Upon the arising of her husband, L. H. Mullin at day light the morning of the 18th found her dead. And from the position she fell asleep. Her maiden name was Anna C. Mickey, born Dec. 14, 1826, was married to Conrad Kohl in 1849 in Burkes county, Pa., having three children one preceded her to the spirit world, and L. M. Kohl now of Chicago, and Sarah Miller of Wolf Creek, Oregon, with whom Sister Mullin lived at the time of her death. Her husband died 1854. In 1864 she was married to Bro. Levi H. Mullin from Cambler county, Pa., having two children, J. H. Mullin of Wolf Creek, Oregon, and M. L. Mullin, of Washington county, Kansas. Her husband and four children, 16 Grand-children, three Great Grand-children remain to mourn her loss. She was converted when a child and never wavered from the faith, being a faithful worker for her Master, and loved by all who came in contact with her. She was a member of the River Brethren church for the past 26 years. The week previous to her death the Free Methodist held a camp meeting close to her daughter’s house, and she attended regular, and was continually rejoicing in the Lord. Manifestations in shouting and praising God. She was buried at the Wolf Creek cemetery. Sister Martha Brown (Free Methodist) officiating. Text Numbers 28:16: “Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His.”

When you contemplate making a journey, whether east, west or south, consult the nearest Santa Fe agent for rates and time of trains. For Phoenix, Glendale and the Salt River valley of Arizona, California and Texas points the Santa Fe route is the most direct line. A new edition of “Salt River Valley for Health” has just been issued and can be obtained by addressing the undersigned also literature on New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma and California. W. J. Black, Ass’t Gen’l Pass. Agt., Santa Fe route, Topeka, Kan.

No family in the Brotherhood should be without the VISITOR.

**RAILWAY TIME TABLES AT ABILENE UNION PACIFIC.**

**WEST BOUND.**

No. 1.—Night Express.................. 12:45 a. m
No. 5.—Limited Express................ 5:20 p. m
*No. 12.—Freight...................... 3:45 a. m
No. 11.—Freight...................... 4:50 a. m

**EAST BOUND.**

No. 2.—Kansas City Fast Mail..... 3:33 a. m
No. 4.—Limited Express................ 12:05 p. m
*No. 14.—Freight...................... 4:30 p. m
No. 12.—Stock Freight............ 7:30 p. m
*Daily except Sunday.

**ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE.**

**NORTH BOUND.**

Passenger..................... 5:50 a. m
Accommodation................. 1:15 p. m

**SOUTH BOUND.**

Passenger..................... 10:32 p. m
Accommodation................. 2:15 p. m

**SALINA BRANCH.**

Departs.
Passenger..................... 5:56 a. m
Freight...................... 1:45 p. m

**ARRIVES.**

Passenger..................... 10:23 p. m
All Santa Fe trains daily except Sunday.


**ROCK ISLAND.**

**WEST BOUND.**

No. 65.—Local Freight and Accom. 1:40 p. m
No. 27.—Mail and Express........ 5:32 p. m

**EAST BOUND.**

No. 26.—Mail and Express........ 10:40 a. m
No. 66.—Freight and Accom. ....... 4:53 p. m
Passenger trains run daily. Freight trains daily except Sunday.