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The grace of God

Grace is defined to mean "gift" or "favor." To receive a gift from or to suffer the favor of some friend is man's greatest delight. It stirs to gratitude, strengthens mutual bonds, enhances the affections, and frequently is the germ from which springs an affinity which is life-long and remains unbroken. These are consequent conditions in the human even while being encompassed by, and pressed with, earthly environments; yet even as such, they indicate to us in unmistakable tones the extremities of God's character and attributes. This is our only reasonable conclusion; for, "in the image and likeness of God made He man."—Gen, 1:27; 5:1. Not with His nature (for He only hath immortality, 1 Tim. 1:17; 6:14-16); nor necessarily with all His attributes (for God alone is omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent); but in the image and likeness of His character.

But it is the grace of God which we have chosen as our topic. What is it? What does it include? Whom does it affect? The "gift" and "favor"! who can fathom its depth? Paul says (Tit. 2:11—margin) that "the grace of God which bringeth salvation to all men, hath appeared." And this "gift" or "favor" appeared through Jesus Christ—through Him alone; "for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" than that of Jesus Christ.—Acts 4:12. This truth can scarcely be sufficiently emphasized in these days of spiritual apathy and gross darkness. Men fail to comprehend that salvation is a gift—yes, they comprehend it as a gift in a certain sense; for soon we fall into line with the spirit of the "harlot which sitteth on many waters," and, as the Galatian zealots, "having begun in the spirit we will become perfect in the flesh." Then ere we are aware of our condition we have lost sight of "the liberty where-with Christ has made us free and are again become entangled" in the yoke of form and ceremony and the enslaving traditions of men.

O, the wisdom and love of God, who lifts us out of earth's environments, over and above dispensational transitions, to see the breadth of the salvation which comes through the grace of God!

Again, What does this favor imply? It is nothing more or less than the restitution or the re-instatement of Adam's posterity into favor with God. A social down-step and the loss of a righteous government is what Adam forfeited; and with this went his communion with his Maker. The fact remains that the only avenue for communion to be restored between God and man is through Jesus Christ. He, as the Logos (expression of God), was made flesh. Vainly do men try "penance" and "works" or seek to approach God through "The Virgin." It is through Jesus that this great "favor" has come; and it has not yet appeared unto all men. But the "Day" is dawning and the "Last Trump" is being heard by those who are not deaf because of the bustle and commotion of the terrestrial. Jesus came not only to establish again communion; but He came also to give to the human race a mighty social up-lift and to re-instate permanently the righteous government which Adam proved himself unfit for and unworthy of. This grace has brought a "new head" to our race. A re-instatement of these things is the finale of the grace of God.

Where do we stand on the elaborate stage? What part do we play in the mighty drama? How is our attitude relative to "dispensational transition?" Who is serving his own generation by the will of and according to the purpose and plan of God? Mighty as the conflict may seem to be, it is unquestionably upon the world to-day; and it is only through the pangs of a "new birth" that the finale of God's gift will be reached.
LOST NAMES.

"Those women which labored with me in the gospel, and . . . other my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the book of life."—Phil. 4:3.

They lived and they were useful: this we know, and naught beside;
No record of their name is left to show how soon they died;
They did their work, and then they passed away,
An unknown band, and took their places with the greater host
In the higher land.
And they were young, or were they growing old,
Or ill, or well, or lived in poverty or had much gold?
One only thing is known of them—they were
Faithful and true Disciples of the Lord, and strong through prayer
To save and do.

But what avails the gift of empty fame?
They lived to God, They loved the sweetness of another name, and gladly trod the rugged ways of earth that they might be helpers of friend, and in the joy of this their ministry Be spent and spend.

No glory clusters round their names on earth; And there is given to God's Heaven Is kept a book of names of greatest worth, And there is given A place for all who did the Master please, Although unknown, And their lost names shine forth in the brightest rays Before the throne.
Oh, take who will the boon of fading fame, But give to me A place among the workers, though my name Forgotten be; And if within the book of life is found My lowly place, Honor and glory unto God redound For all His grace!

For the Evangelical Visitor.

THE MIND OF CHRIST.


YOU say the written Word is fallible; only the living Word is reliable. What do you know about the living Word but through the written Word? You insist that in all your aberrations you followed the leadings of the Holy Spirit. First, one of us; then a Progressive; then Adventist; now aloof from all churches, contending that the dispensation of the Spirit has nothing outward in sacrament, or worship. And yet you bow the knee in prayer, which is as symbolic of a lowly heart as baptism is symbolic of death to sin and resurrection unto life.

Paul was "exceedingly zealous," even to "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," but afterward finally acknowledged that it was all blind delusion. The same is possible still.

You left your first home because there was too deep and wide a gulf between the church and the world in the matter of dress. Then you left your new fraternity so that you might preach freely the immediate Advent of the Son of Man. Then came that monstrous absurdity mis-called Christian Science. Now you have grown so spiritual that you affiliate with those who discard all the ordinances of the Gospel, a regular ministry, and everything but the contemplative mood of the Book-hist. Not because you can produce Scripture to sustain your creed, but because a religion in which the Holy Spirit is the sole administrator must be minus an objective order of observances. "What saith the Scripture?" is of more significance than all human speculations, or ecclesiastical decisions.

You cannot believe in a spiritual church more profoundly than I do. I yield to no one in the absolute necessity of spirituality of life in order to salvation. The ordinances never saved anybody. But they are none the less directly appointed symbols of the great realities of redemption. The original Pentecost is as valid and essential to-day as when it was visibly inaugurated. When Peter was filled with the Holy Ghost he spoke the exact mind of Christ for all time.—Acts 2:38, 39. When Christ uttered John 13:14, 15, 17, He did not put in an except for you, or me, or any one else to the end of time. When Paul wrote 1 Cor. 11:26 he was the amanuensis of Jesus Christ. Where is your authority for ignoring these external representatives of Divine Truth.

Your strong and vehement advocacy of spiritual religion I heartily accept. You cannot insist too emphatically on this cardinal requirement. There is too little of it everywhere. But will this abrogate the objective Christ? Was it possible for God to redeem man without becoming man Himself? You may "kick against the pricks" as you please, God needed a tangible, material Christ to ransom man; and we need a tangible, material Bible, and a glorified human Intercessor, and a visible church with visible ordinances. Christ's humanity does not interfere with His divinity, but is the medium of revelation and atonement. This is the fundamental fact of Christianity. In all this the Spirit is the controlling agent. The genesis of Christ was by the Holy Ghost.—Luke 1:35. He was developed into manhood by the indwelling Spirit.—Luke 2:40. He was endowed for His ministry by the power of the Spirit.—Luke 3:22; 4:14. "Through the Eternal Spirit He offered Himself without spot to God" in His sacrificial death.

—Heb. 9:14. In His Resurrection He was "quickened by the Spirit."—1 Pet. 3:18. From beginning to end it is a Spiritual salvation. Does this justify our denial of the external and symbolic? Ordinances without the Holy Ghost are as useless as the Body of Christ without inmmanant Diety.—John 6:63. Without the Blood there is no atonement.—Heb. 9:22. Without the resurrection of the material body there is no salvation.—1 Cor. 15:17; Luke 24:39. All this is typical of the Christian dispensation. We have no right either to add or subtract.—Rev. 22:18, 19. Every time you open your Bible and consult the letter, you violate the principal for which you contend. The letter is as truly an ordinance as the Lord's Supper.

By all means strive to be as God-like as possible. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."—Heb. 12:14. No person can be a Christian in whom Christ does not dwell by faith through the Holy...
But do not forget that the most spiritual Being that ever lived was Jesus Christ, and He observed and instituted ordinances, not because His Divinity required them, but because of human necessity. Not in this world will we outgrow the use of object lessons, nor our obligations to divine authority. He who institutes also has the right to abrogate. Let us “worship Him in Spirit and in Truth,” but not think it inconsistent with the spirituality of religion to bend the outward knees, and attend to outward symbols. Christianity is God in the flesh.

C. H. BALGRAUGH.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

PURE RELIGION.

We read in Jas. 1:27, “Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, and to keep himself unsullied from the world.” In the first clause of this verse is the injunction to visit the widows and fatherless in their afflictions; and in Jas. 1:17 it is said, “Seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.” In other parts of God’s Word we are told to judge not: but in this verse it means that we are to use judgment, and if they are deprived of the necessities of life we should relieve them by supplying their needs. If we did nothing to relieve them we would be as is said in Jas. 2:15-17, “Faith without works is dead;” and the words of Jesus are, “What ye have done unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done unto me.”

We have also the example of Jesus. He sought to relieve suffering humanity by comforting them in their sorrows. At the grave of Lazarus He comforted the sorrowing sisters; and again He raised the widow’s son; and many other things did Jesus. If all that our Savior said and did had been written, the world could not contain (or comprehend) the books. Only those who have passed through trials as the above can fully realize what it is to be comforted in the midst of trials. I remember how a dear friend came to our home when I was about to part with a dear father, and said: Put your trust in the Lord. How those few words bore me through trials and temptations! Again, the advice of kind friends, when a soul is sad and stricken, what a balm for the weary soul!

Pure religion implies “to keep unsullied from the world.” One thing is to bridle the tongue, Jas. 1:26, “If any man among you seem to be religious and bridled in his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man’s religion is vain.” We are also commanded to avoid foolish talking and jesting; for, “he that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil and his lips that they speak no guile.”—1 Pet. 3:10; 2:22. Again, we are to present our “bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God; and be not conformed to this world;” “as obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance.”—1 Pet. 1:14.

It is not sufficient to present our bodies only long enough to get filled with the Spirit of God. It does not require to put on the fashions of the world in everything in order to get unsullied from the world; but how often are little things indulged in by those who adorn themselves with plain clothes. It is just enough to spoil their Christian garb and liberty; read Gal. 5:13 and 1 Cor. 8:9-13. There is to be a giving up for the sake of others. Talents differ one from another; but keeping unsullied from the world is for every child of God. We cannot cleanse our own hearts, but it is accomplished through faith in the atonement of Christ “who gave Himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works,” (Tit. 2:14) “that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish.”—Eph. 5:27.

Although we are not to be saved by works, yet works are to be the light of the world.

NANCY E. BRILLINGER.

Bethesda, Ont.

OLD LETTERS.

This may seem a strange title for an article in the Visitor; but it is the most suitable one I can find. There has been a period in my life when I had a very extensive correspondence. Even from my boyhood, on account of living hundreds of miles from my relatives, letters have been the only bands that have held us together. Ministers, especially, receive many letters from places where they have labored in revival work. These precious tokens of friendship in time accumulate to such an extent that it becomes a question of the “survival of the fittest.”

I don’t know how others dispose of their old letters, but I dare say we all feel bad to consign them to oblivion, a few letters of course excepted. Once in a great while on some rainy day, I get the impression to go over my old letters and weed out the superfluous ones. Ah! that is the point. Which are they? The final result being a large package kept over.

I pick up a letter with an English stamp on it. What feelings it awakens! It is from my dear old grandmother with whom I lived when a little boy. She tells how glad she feels that I am converted and laboring in the ministry. In her simple language she recounts the history of her own conversion when a young woman over 55 years ago. The Methodists, then a poor, persecuted people, but full of the Holy Spirit, preached near her home. She was led to the Cross where “the burden of her heart rolled away.” Vividly do I remember the parting scene thirty-seven years ago when leaving England. Her last words were, “Fred, don’t forget to read thy Bible.” She passed away two years ago at a ripe old age; and I praise God for her teaching and example. This letter is safe from the stove.

Here is a letter from Eld. Peter...
Well! Well! we are in a practical world and we dare not yield too much to the sentimental or every day life would soon become a museum of antiquities. So, reserving the most precious, we watch them going to ashes, rejoicing that “True friendship is eternal” and hoping to meet the writers “beyond the river, where the surges cease to roll.”

Dear readers, I hope you will bear with my wandering remarks a moment longer. If this meets the eye of some boy or girl far from home, don’t forget the “Old Folks at Home.” How gladly the old father and mother hail a letter from their darling boy or girl. Dearly prize their kind and loving epistle: for you don’t know but it may be the last you may ever get, and you know how we treasure up “last words.”

Dear brother or sister, don’t forget the old worn out minister whose earthly toil is done. Write him a letter. It is not much for you to do, but it means much to him; and you owe him a debt you can never fully repay. To the old and sick it is a great consolation to know that they are not forgotten. To feel that in the hearts of their more active comrades there is a warm corner for them, makes their lives brighter and sweetens their “bitter herbs.” Write letters, Brethren! Write much and often. Above all, follow the leading of the Spirit.

If you feel impressed to write to that poor girl or boy who have lost their father or mother; that lonely mother who is bereft of her child or her dear companion; that poor brother with his motherless little flock; or that poor, wavering brother or sister who needs the cheering Word—O, I say in the name of Jesus, Write! Perhaps you have had similar experiences and can pour the oil of healing into the wounded heart.

Dear young Brethren and Sisters, write nothing but what you could freely face if it were written on the sky in letters of fire. In the glory world letters will be unknown, for there shall be “no more sea” (separation); but many redeemed souls will be there who will praise God forever for moving one to send them a letter that would melt their heart and led them to Jesus. The paper may have been consumed, but the message is stereotyped in unfading freshness and eternal beauty.

Yours in Him, F. Elliott.
Richmond Hill, Ont.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

EXPERIENCE.

BELOVED in the Lord:—“Thou hast made known to me the ways of life; thou shall make me full of joy with thy countenance.”—Acts 2:28.

For some time I have felt led of God to write of His dealings with me; and by his grace I will obey, praying that I may not say one word that would not be to the honor and glory of God.

When I was very young, the spirit of God began working at my heart and as the years went on, the more strongly I was convicted of my sins. Many a time I awoke in the night and then, when all was still, God would speak to my soul. Sometimes I would feel as though I were on the brink of hell, and oh, what anguish I felt! How my soul hungered for salvation, but I was not willing to pay the price (which is the condition of so many sin-burdened hearts to day.)

At the age of eleven I joined the church, but I did not know what it was to have real Bible salvation. I was honest in my motive, but yet I was not any more right with God after I had been baptized and joined the church than I was before, as baptizing and church-joining alone will never save anyone, but true repentance and faith in God will. Halleluiah! Many think baptism is meant to wash away our sins, but “if one goes down into the water a dry sinner he will only come out a wet one; the blood of Jesus Christ alone can cleanse men from sin.

After I had joined the church the Spirit still called after me. Finally, I was so convicted of my sins and so felt my lost condition that I began to call on God for mercy. I was so miserable I could not enjoy anything. The world had lost all its charms, and the main object of life was then to follow Jesus. As
soon as I began to seek God, my past transgressions loomed up before me, and the only way to get rid of them was to confess them to God and man. Many things came up before me that I had committed long ago and had forgotten all about, and I had to go through on the Bible line, the only line upon which the Holy Ghost leads a soul through. He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.”

Pro. 28:13.

Previous to this, I only had a historical faith in Christ, but now the time had come when I was to receive that faith which believes to the saving of the soul—when I was to accept Jesus as my personal Savior. God had made me so miserable in my sins that I was glad to say “yes” to His voice and obey Him at any cost that I might find peace in Him, and He gave it. I was truly converted; there came a complete change in my life, a new nature was implanted in my heart. Hallelujah! I can truly say the things I once loved I now hate, and things I once hated I now love. Thank God!

After my conversion, I had real peace in my soul, the “peace that passeth all understanding,” but still there was something in my soul that was not satisfied, something that caused an acheing void, and I cried out to God day and night. I then got the light on entire cleansing from sin, sanctification. I heard sermon after sermon preached on the subject, but it seemed I could not grasp it, but finally one night I came to a deciding point. I felt that if I did not go through that night I never would, and I believe would have been lost, for God said “Go through now.” I fell on my knees, made the final consecration, laid hold on the promises of the Word, and by faith accepted the blessing, and God came in mighty power and witnessed that the work was done. Hallelujah! Then that acheing void was filled, the Comforter had come. Praise God!

Ever since I gave my heart to Christ, I have been so graciously led and kept by His own blessed Spirit, and now I do thank Him for it! I was saved in the winter of ’97, and the next fall God called me out from home and loved ones, to take the old, despised, faith track, to work only for Him and precious souls and trust him for all my supplies. Many might think this would be a wonderful cross and consecration. But my consecration had already been made, and I simply said “yes” to my Father’s will. He pushed me out like Abraham of old, “Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house unto a land that I will show thee.” Then he so plainly showed me that he wanted me at the Hephzibah Missionary Home at Tabor, La., and I obeyed, although many thought it strange and fearful. I was being led by some spirit other than God’s. Since at the Home God has wonderfully blessed my soul, and has given me a place there in the printing office, to help girdle the globe with salvation with the printed page. How I thank God for this place. I am learning such precious lessons at the Master’s feet. I know this work has been started of God and may He grant that many more such places may be raised up for the preparation of workers. I can truly say the past year has been one of constant victory, the grandest of all my life. I have found it so grand to trust God for everything, and He has so graciously supplied all my needs; I do not call Him for it. He does not call everyone to take this track, but He does call me, and I must obey. It is not that I choose such a life myself that I am on this line, but it is the one God has laid out for me for the present, and therefore I rejoice in it. Many times Satan tempts me and says how nice it would be if I were not on the faith line, but I have no time to listen to Him; my business is to obey God.

I do not know where God will yet lead me, but I have settled it in my heart to follow Him all the way, even though He takes me to the darkest corner of the earth to shine for Him.

“Jesus calls me, I am going, Where He opens up the way; And where He leads me I will follow, I’ll go with Him all the way.”

Jesus said “Ye are the light of the world,” and oh, how I do thank Him for the privilege of being a part of that light—I deem it not only my duty, but a privilege to shine for Him, and it is my delight. Praise the Lord! So many are enduring the cross because they think it their duty to bear it, but it is so grand to get to the place where it is our delight. Praise the Lord!

We find a great many people in the world to-day who think it impossible for young people to keep saved; they think it impossible to have their hearts cleansed from all sins. But let me say to the ones who believe this, “There is no respect of persons with God.” He will cleanse the hearts of the young people, save them from the world, the flesh, and the devil as well as older ones. Hallelujah! I from my own experience have found “It is good for a man that he bear the yoke of his youth.”—Lam. 3:27. It does not take a little of the world to satisfy the longings of my heart, but I do feel perfectly contented when I am swallowed up in the will of God, obeying Him in everything. Then I enjoy real satisfaction and peace in my soul.

“There is no thirst for life’s pleasure, Nor adorning rich and gay, For I’ve found a richer treasure, One that fadeth not away.”

Glory to God!

At one time I had great aspirations to gain a place of reputation in the world, but now my highest zeal and aspirations are to follow God in all His ways, and lend a helping hand in rescuing the perishing. Oh, the Lord has need of many consecrated men and women, young and old, to go into the harvest fields; for “they are white already to harvest.” There is a place for each one in God’s vineyard and no time for idle scorning, for time is precious and souls are going down on every hand. Brother, Sister, will you not lend, nay give a helping hand to rescue them? If God does not call you out into active service for idle scorning, for time is precious and souls are going down on every hand. Brother, Sister, will you not lend, nay give a helping hand to rescue them? If God does not call you out into active service, nor call you to give your prayers and according as He has prospered you of your means to help in seeking out the “diamonds in the rough.”

“Let none hear you idly saying, There is nothing I can do; While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you;”
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be,
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, send me!" send me!"

Yours only for souls,
RHODA M. ZOOK.

Taboa, Ia.

[NOTE.—Sister Zook is a daughter of Bro. Noah and sister Mary Zook, Evangelists; and considering her age, but 17, it would seem that every excuse for young people not entering; into the spirit of consecration and self-sacrifice should forever be swept away.

—Ed.]

PURITY'S GREATEST Foe.

NUMBEROUS are the foes purity's defenders have to face, for the allied armies of lust and liquor have many a hidden recruiting station which White Ribbon workers are bringing into view, in order to destroy. But the chief base of supply of the first named forces is rarely reported to the public ear, and even our great organization has not yet had the courage, or the united conviction, which would lead it to lift up the definite standard of right, that in itself would prove a deadly entering; into the spirit of consecration and self-sacrifice should forever be swept away.

The Patriarch knew that it was God's commandments by the help of whom their son would rise up even as Isaac, that "So long as unrestrained licentiousness is practiced in wedlock, the transmission of lust is as certain as though such prostitution were sanctioned by law." These parents did not live as chaste lovers except in and so far as parentage was mutually and definitely desired. They did not realize as one thoughted and godly mother did, that there was nothing in all human life so sacred as bringing into existence a soul high as heaven, and whose port of destiny is determined, to a large degree, by its parents before it ever sees the light. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

These parents also fail to comprehend the limit of God's purpose in instituting marriage, which was: First, for loving companionship, "And God said it is not good for man to be alone." Second, for mutual helpfulness, "I will make a helpmeet for him." Third, for the perpetuation of the race; and for this third purpose they were given special godlike powers, which were to be preserved for this object alone, and the exercise of these divine forces for mere sensual pleasure is a gross perversion of natural law, which has brought wide-spread misery and ruin to the race.

Mrs. Belle H. Mix in the Vanguard.

—NO BLIND FAITH.

THERE is an expression in vogue to the use of which Christians have a right to object. Men speak of a "blind faith." There is no such faith. There is faith and there is superstition; but the difference between them is not less than the difference between light and darkness. If men will call a prompt, obedient, heroic trust in God "blind" they slander it. Such was Abraham's faith; but it was not blind—it was reasonable. God constantly supported and reassured him upon every occasion of more than ordinary trial, appearing to him and renewing the promise some nine or ten times. . . . Such a promise fully justified the most implicit and self-sacrificing trust in its Author.

The Patriarch knew that it was God who spoke to him; that with such a warrant he could afford to go anywhere; and that nothing could be more reasonable than such a venture. When it is said that Abraham offered up Isaac, "accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead," the literal sense is, "he reasoned with himself"—exercising the highest faculty of the mind. It is not "a thing incredible with him that God should raise the dead." He walked in the way of God's commandments by the help of a light sufficient to make the path plain immediately before him; and was willing to wait for more till he needed it. For let it be borne in mind, that God supplies this commodity step by step, and in no other way. Room is always left for doubt and occasion for trust, else there were no faith. God will force no man to believe. He will give light enough, but none to waste. Accordingly Abraham went, not knowing whither he went, but perfectly satisfied in knowing his guide.

—L. D. Huston.

"We seek God when in the mood, and then wonder that our own strength fails in trial."

46
WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

THIS is the supreme question; not for any one people or any one age, but for all people and all ages. This was the momentous question in Palestine eighteen hundred years ago, when Jesus of Nazareth went through the regions of Galilee, Samaria and Judea, healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom of God.

Other questions lose their interest with the lapse of time; not so this question. It seems to grow in weight and importance as the centuries roll on. It confronts our own century, without having lost any of its interest. Yes, in our time this is an especially burning question. It has gained an added interest; for we live in the age of the critic, particularly in the field of history. With renewed interest men ask: Who was this Jesus of Nazareth, who was born in the manger of Bethlehem, who grew up in little Nazareth, who was baptized in Judea, who, three years later, died on the cross of Golgotha, and who by the artless word of His preaching, has revolutionized the world?

The answer to this question is not only of interest, but is also of the first importance. For it will fare with each one of us very much as we answer it—it has so intimate a bearing on our living and doing, on our hoping and dying.

Jesus himself was neither a son of His people nor of His own time. He was in the fullest sense of the word what He claimed to be, the Son of Man. He is the perfect pattern for all men, in all ages and under all circumstances. Who was this person, this Jesus of Nazareth, who stands out so uniquely from among the millions of the children of men, to whom they all shall look up, but to whose moral stature they can never attain?

As marvelous as the character and life of Jesus is also His work, the outflowing power of His word. Truly marvelous! In an obscure corner of the earth, almost two thousand years ago, amid the meanest surroundings, a man was born, who in his thirtieth year stood forth publicly as a teacher. As such He labors for three years and a half, apparently without plan and method. He produces no sublime work of art, He composes no learned writings—not once does He inscribe a single word of His doctrine. After a little more than three years of labor, He dies the death of a malefactor. And to-day, nineteen hundred years after, the name of this man is exalted above all earthly names. Millions bow to Him the knee; thousands have rendered to Him their lives for the confession of His name, thousands are ready to do the same to-day. By others He was hated and reviled not less deeply. Only one insult was spared Him—indifference. At its last move, everything turns about Him; for His cause has become identical with the cause of the kingdom of God. Every great question of the age stands in close relation to this revelation in time. To-day He has become even more manifestly that which John von Muel ler declares of Him: "The Key of the World's History."

When Jesus appeared on earth mankind stood on the brink of destruction. "The best men of that period knew of no help. Inasmuch as matters could go no further they looked for the end of the world, despairing of humanity. The outlook was hopeless." Statesmen, philosophers, artists and poets saw the misery in the world and sought to relieve it. But all was in vain. They were too weak for the herculean labor and the world sank ever deeper. Then came Jesus, with the entire fulness of His moral power and might, as the only deliverer; and through His simple word of truth He destroyed more of the old and calleth into being more of the new than all the statesmen of Rome and philosophers of Greece combined. Without weapons and armies, He has conquered more millions than Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon; without the learning of the schools, He has given us more light on questions spiritual and divine, than all the wise ones of earth taken together; without Himself, so far as we know, having written a single line, He has set more pens in motion, given titles to more books and themes to more addresses to hymns, than the entire multitude of great men of ancient and modern times. Born in a stable and having died on the cross, He controls to-day the destinies of the civilized world. Never was there a life which in its outward aspect was so lowly, modest and unassuming, and yet was fraught with consequences so momentous for all nations and all generations, as the life of Jesus of Nazareth. All history knows of no other example of such unparalleled results, in spite of the lack of all material, social and literary resources, which, to an ordinary mortal, are absolutely essential for the attainment of the desired end. In all these respects, Jesus stands alone among the heroes of history, and presents an insolvable riddle if we are not willing to concede that He was more than a mere man.

Let us hear some witnesses to this remarkable one; and in the first place, the witness of Jesus Himself. What does Jesus say of Himself? He was conscious of His central place among mankind, and of this fact He made express declaration. "Never man spake like this man," said His enemies at one time, and they said true. Jesus sees in himself the Redeemer of the world, the sole Judge of all, the King of kings, the Source of all comfort, the Son of the Highest, from whom He came forth and to whom He should return. This consciousness was clear and abiding. Not even that mysterious spiritual conflict in Gethsemane was able to overwhelm it. He himself calls himself the way, the truth and the life, and says that no man can come to the Father but by Him. He calls himself the "bread of life,"—and millions of famishing souls He has already nourished. He says, "I am the light of the world," and the rays of his Divine truth have enlightened mankind. Has ever man spoken like this man?

What say his friends of him, they who stood nearest to him and knew him best? Peter confesses in the name of the disciples: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living
God." Mary says substantially the same. Nicodemus comes to him by night, for fear of the Jews, and confesses: "We know that Thou art a Teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him." In all the subsequent centuries, multitudes of the most ingenious men have witnessed a like confession, and thousands have sealed that confession with their blood.

Yet what do his enemies say of Him? They also may be brought in as evidence. Judas, the betrayer, casts down his money in the temple with the words: "I have betrayed the innocent blood." Pilate washes his hands in the presence of the people and says: "I find no fault in this man." His wife sends, to him and adjures him: "Have thou no more to do with that just man." Herod clothes Him in a white garment, as a symbol of his innocence. The centurion confesses at the cross: "Truly this was the Son of God."

Likewise many men in the centuries following, who were not friendly to Christianity, were constrained to bear noteworthy witness to the exalted moral character of Jesus.

Flavius Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, who lived at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, makes mention of Jesus in these words: "At this time lived Jesus, a wise man, if indeed one may call Him a man, for He wrought wonderful works,—a teacher of such people who received the truth with joy."

Who was this mysterious founder of the Christian religion? Either He was a deceiver, a fanatic, an imposter; or he was what He claimed to be, "God manifest in the flesh," the Savior of the world.

If to us Jesus is no imposter, then what is He? He cannot be other than that which He gave himself out to be, the Messiah of the Jews, the foretold of the Prophets, the Savior of the world, the incarnate Son of God. To this His teaching bears witness, for never has any man so spoken; His miracles, which even His enemies were unable to deny; His resurrection, the greatest and most certain of all miracles; His ascension, with which He crowned His loving, laboring life: and the victory of His Church, wherein one can see the very workings of God. Above all, in Him was nothing incomplete. He was in every particular the perfect man. And yet it remains true, that it is not principally the humanity of Jesus, however perfect that is, where His sublime greatness is to be seen; but it is His Divinity, which radiates from His whole being as the brightness of His Father's glory and the express image of His person. This His disciples confess when they claim: "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."—The Friend.

THE STILL HOUR.

MARTIN LUTHER once said that he had so much to do that he could not afford to spend less than three hours a day alone with God. Do you understand the significance of such a statement? Ponder it well if you do. There are thousands of busy rushing Christians who complain that they are so occupied in the struggle for a livelihood that they have "no time" for regular morning devotion, and "no time for many of the services of the church. They have "no time" to be alone with God. They know nothing of the uplifting helpfulness of the "still hour alone with God."

And yet those who daily find time to be alone with God will assure you that it is the sweetest and best part of their day. The young Christian should make it the fixed rule of his or her lifetime to find time for a still hour in which to be alone with God every day of the year.

Let this hour, if possible, be early in the day, that the certain strength and helpfulness to be derived from this communion with God may carry you through the trials and duties of the day. Then, too, one's concentrative powers are stronger early in the day. It will be easier to fix your thoughts upon the theme you choose when both mind and body are refreshed and alert. It is not easy at all times to concentrate one's thoughts on holy subjects. The human mind is a wondering vagrant thing at the best, and difficult to keep in subjection. The power of the world is mighty over it, and it is easier to think of things earthly than things divine. But if you wish to do it you can fix your thoughts upon God for a little time every day of your lives. You can have your "still hour," you can, and will, be alone with God for at least a few minutes every day.

No one rises to the loftiest heights of spiritual exaltation without this "still hour." No great blessings or victories ever come to those who are never alone with God.

Meditate upon God that your actual work for Him may be under His guidance. It is only by meditation upon Him that God seems real and actual to us. When Samuel Rutherford, that staunch old Scottish Christian, was in jail for preaching what he felt to be the true faith, he said that he thought of Jesus until every stone in his prison cell shone like a ruby! He knew what it is to be alone with God.

And we may have, if we will, the same sweet realization of God's actual presence in the "still hour" of our lives. He will come so near to us that our hearts will thrill with joy. We shall have an uplifting consciousness of His presence that will make us strong and radiant and happy in Him. But this joy will never come to those that have no "still hour" in their lives.—J. L. Harbour, in Christian Endeavor World.

It may be that God used to give you plenty of chances to work for Him. Your days went singing by, each winged with some enthusiastic duty for the Master whom you loved.

* * * You can be idle for Him, if so He wills, with the same joy with which you once labored for Him. The sick-bed or the prison is as welcome as the harvest-field or the battle-field, when once your soul has come to value as the end of life the privilege of seeking and finding Him.—Phillips Brooks.
WHEN Jesus saw the great company of hungry men coming to him he asked Philip where bread was to come from to feed them? "Five thousand hungry men—oh, the amount that these can devour!" Philip, somewhat puzzled, began to make his calculations. But the means to buy for so many is not in sight. "There is a lad here which has five loves and two fishes, but what are they among so many?" "Wasn't it splendid that the lad did not refuse the fishes? Jesus and he fed the multitude. The lad was insignificant when alone. He could have ministered to the wants of but few of that vast multitude of people. But becoming a copartner with Jesus he met all the necessities of the hour, and twelve baskets of unused fragments were gathered after all were satisfied.

Oh, the preciousness and fruitfulness of a life governed by the principle of copartnership with Jesus—My Jesus and I! Jesus said to His Father, "I know that thou hearest me always." If the Spirit of Jesus abides in us, and his name is linked with our petitions, there can be no unanswered prayers.

"The Father hears him pray, His dear anointed one; He cannot turn away The presence of His Son."

It is the petition of "My Jesus and I," and while His is the glory the blessing is mine.

So with the difficult problems we have to solve, the burden we have to bear, and the work we have to perform. We are the ciphers; He is the integer. Write ciphers all across the page, they represent nothing. Place an integer on the left and at once the row of ciphers partake of a value undreamed of. I am nothing, less than nothing; but united with Him I share His infinite love, His infinite power, His infinite wisdom, His infinite resources, and am capable to meet any demands which He makes on me. "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."—From an Address by Rev. G. C. Grubb.

**RULES FOR KILLING A CHURCH.**

2. If you do come, come late, Psa. 84:10.
3. If it is too wet or dry, too hot or too cold, don't think of coming. Psa. 122:1.
4. Don't imagine the front seats are intended for you, people might think you are conceited.
6. Don't for the world ever think of praying for your pastor or church.
7. Don't sing. 1 Cor. 14:15.
9. Don't encourage the pastor, but tell his faults to others. Gal. 6:1. If his sermon helps you don't let him know it; it might make him vain.
10. If you see a stranger in the audience, don't offer to shake hands or invite him to come again; people may think you bold. Heb. 13:2.
12. Don't believe in missions.
13. Don't give much to benevolence. 1 Cor. 16:2.
14. Let the pastor do all the work.
15. See that he never gets assistance. 1 Cor. 9:14.
16. If he doesn't visit as often as you think he should, treat him very coolly. He has nothing particular to do, and could come oftener.
17. Don't take your denominational paper.
18. Try to run the church. Mark. 10:44, 45.
19. If you see any one willing to take hold and help carry any of the church work, be sure to find fault and accuse him of being bold and forward. Eccl. 9:10.
20. Never speak to another about Christ; your pastor should do all such work. Jas. 5:20; Dan. 12:3.
22. Don't be particular how God's house looks inside or out, but keep your own home looking nice. 1 Kings 6:21, 22.

23. Insist on your views being adopted on all questions brought up before the church, and don't give in for the majority. Matt. 23:12.
24. Don't join any of the church societies. Mal. 3:16.
25. When sick don't send your pastor word; he is supposed to find out himself. But tell all your neighbors how he neglected you during your illness. John 11:3.
26. If you think everything is working harmoniously, try to start up something to endanger strife. James 3:14-16.—D. S. Lehman in Gospel Messenger.
that is, has been converted—cannot henceforth steal. The reclaimed drunkard, converted—who hates the smell of liquor—cannot drink intoxicants. The cruel man, tendered by the merciful, gentle spirit of Christ, cannot make others suffer pain. The reason is, conversion toward God as the object of love and trust; and toward justice and love of man, in spirit and conduct, has changed the bent, altered the will, and the once possible is now impossible.

The fully saved man by the Holy Ghost conversion, after the rule of the Holy Word, differs from the man regulated by religious commands. He is converted. The identical man who existed in sin has passed into a new state, named from the Spirit Who has introduced him into it—is "spiritual," and he who lives in the spiritual sphere cannot do the actions of the carnal, even of the religiously carnal men. Have you been converted? Are you in this condition?—Reality

READ THE BIBLE SLOWLY.

SLOW reading is essential for the mastery of books. Rev. F. W. Robertson says: "I never knew but one or two fast readers, and readers of many books, whose knowledge was worth anything. I read hard or not at all, never skimming, never turning aside to merely inviting books; and Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides, Sterne and Jonathan Edwards have passed like the iron atoms of the blood into my mental constitution."

Harriet Martineau says herself: "I am the slowest of readers, sometimes a page an hour." But then, what she read she made her own. We must read slowly with deep thought, earnest prayer and help of the Holy Spirit in order to get the treasures of divine truth which are incorporated even in the shortest and seemingly simplest sentences of the Word of God.

We must put away even good books which stand in the way of reading the best book of all—God's Book. A college professor used to startle his class by saying: "Young gentlemen don't waste your time over good books." Of course, the boys ask: "How can there be such a waste?" But deeper thought would show them that if anyone gives time even to good books at the cost of neglecting the best there is a deplorable waste.—Sel.

TEMPERANCE.

A TERRIBLE CHARGE.

(PY TALLIE MORGAN, SCRANTON, PA.)

PRISONER at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death shall not be passed upon you?

A solemn hush fell over the crowded court room, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for an answer to the Judge's question.

Will the prisoner answer?

Is there nothing that will make him show some sign of emotion?

Will he maintain the cold, indifferent attitude that he has shown through the long trial, even to the place of execution?

Such were the questions that passed through the minds of those who had followed the case from day to day.

The judge still waited in dignified silence.

Not a whisper was heard anywhere, and the situation had become painfully oppressive, when the prisoner was seen to move, his head was raised, his hands were clenched, and the blood had rushed into his pale, care-worn face. His teeth were firmly set, and into his haggard eyes came a flash of light.

Suddenly he arose to his feet, and in a low, firm, but distinct voice, said:

"I have! Your honor, you have asked me a question, and I now ask, as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through.

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the willful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard, and a wretch; that I returned from one of my prolonged debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect.

"While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful, cowardly and inhuman deed, I have no right to complain or to condemn the verdict of the twelve good men who have acted as jury in this case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence.

"But may it please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife."

This startling statement created a tremendous sensation. The Judge leaned over the desk, the lawyers wheeled around and faced the prisoner, the jurors looked at each other in amazement, while the spectators could hardly suppress their intense excitement. The prisoner paused a few seconds, and then continued in the same firm, distinct voice:

"I repeat, your honor, that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife. The Judge on this bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers within this bar, and most of the witnesses, including the pastor of the old church, are also guilty before Almighty God, and will have to appear with me before His Judgment Throne, where we all shall be righteously judged.

"If twenty men conspire together for the murder of one person, the law power of this land will arrest the twenty, and each will be tried, convicted and executed for a whole crime.

"I have been made a drunkard by law. If it had not been for the legalized saloons of my town, I never would have become a drunkard; my wife would not have been murdered; I would not be here now, ready to be hurled into eternity. Had it not been for the human traps set out with the consent of the Government, I would have been a sober man, an industrious workman, a tender father and a loving husband. But to-day my home is destroyed, my wife murdered, my little children—God bless and care for them—cast out on the mercy of a cold and cruel world, while I am to be murdered by the strong arm of the state.

"God knows, I tried to reform, but as long as the open saloon was in my pathway, my weak, diseased
will-power was no match against the fearful, consuming, agonizing appetite for liquor. At last I sought the protection, care and sympathy of the church of Jesus Christ, but at the communion table I received from the hand of the pastor who sits there, and who has testified against me in this case, the cup that contained the same very alcoholic serpent that is found in every bar-room in the land. It proved too much for my weak humanity, and out of that holy place I rushed to the last debauch that ended with the murder of my wife.

"For one year our town was without a saloon. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and children were supremely happy, and our little home a perfect paradise.

"I was one of those who signed the remonstrances against re-opening the saloons in our town. The names of one-half this jury can be found today on the petition certifying to the good moral character (?) of the rumsellers, and falsely saying that the sale of liquor was 'necessary' in our town. The prosecuting attorney on this case was the one that so eloquently pleaded with this court for the licenses, and the Judge who sits on this bench, and who asked me if I had anything to say before the sentence of death was passed on me, granted the licenses."

The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of those present, and many of the spectators and some of the lawyers were moved to tears.

The Judge made a motion as if to stop any further speech on the part of the prisoner, when the speaker hastily said:

"No! not your honor, do not close my lips; I am nearly through; and they are the last words I shall utter on earth.

"I began my downward career at a saloon bar—legalized and protected by the voters of this Commonwealth, which has received annually a part of the blood money from the poor, deluded victims. After the state had made a drunkard and murderer, I am taken before another bar—the bar of justice (?) by the same power of law that legalized the first bar, and now the Law-power will conduct me to the place of execution and hasten my soul into eternity. I shall appear before another bar—the judgment bar of God, and there you, who have legalized the traffic, will have to appear with me. Think you that the Great Judge will hold me—the poor, weak, helpless victim of your traffic—alone responsible for the murder of my wife? Nay, I in my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition, have murdered one, but you have deliberately and willfully murdered your thousands, and the murder-mills are in full operation to-day with your consent.

"All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty's truth. The liquor traffic of this nation is responsible for nearly all the murders, bloodshed, riots, poverty, misery, wretchedness and woe. It breaks up thousands of happy homes every year; sends the husband and father to prison or to the gallows, and drives countless mothers and little children into the world to suffer and die. It furnishes nearly all the criminal business of this and every other court, and blasts every community it touches.

"This infernal traffic is legalized and protected by the republican and democratic parties, which you sustain with your ballots. And yet some of you have the audacity to say that you are in favor of prohibiting the traffic, while your votes go into the ballot box with those of the rumsellers and the worse elements of the land in favor of continuing the business! Every year you are given the opportunity of voting against this soul-and-body destroying business and wash your hands of all responsibility for the fearful results of the traffic; but instead you inform the government by your democratic or republican ballot that you are perfectly satisfied with the present condition of things, and that they shall continue.

"You legalized the saloons that made me a drunkard and a murderer, and you are guilty with me before God and man for the murder of my wife.

"Your honor, I am done. I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution and murdered according to the laws of this state. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open your blind eyes to the truth, to your own individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic." —Farmer's Tribune.

**A CONTRAST.**

A MAN once said to Sam Jones:

"Jones, the church is putting my assessment to high."

Jones asked, "How much do you pay?"—

"Five dollars a year," was the reply.

"Well," said Jones, "how long have you been converted?"

"About four years," was the answer.

"Well, what did you do before you were converted?"

"I was a drunkard."

"How much did you spend for drink?"

"About $250 a year."

"How much were you worth?"

"I rented land and plowed a steer."

"What have you got now?"

"I have a good plantation and a pair of horses."

"Well," said Sam Jones, "you paid the devil $250 a year for the privilege of plowing a steer on rented land, and now you don't want to give God, who saved you, five dollars a year for the privilege of plowing horses on your own plantation. You are a rascal from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot."

**DEFINITIONS OF A FRIEND.**

The essence of pure devotion.

One who understands our silence.

One who smiles on our misfortunes, frowns on our faults, sympathizes with our sorrows, weeps at our bereavements, and is a safe fortress at all times of trouble.

One who, in prosperity, does not toady you, in adversity assists you, in sickness nurses you, and after your death nurtures your widow and provides for your children.—Sel.
HEALTH AND HOME.

"That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."—Psalm 144:12.

TRUST YOUR MOTHER.

"Trust your mother, little one. In life's morning just begun You will find some grief, some tears, Which perhaps may cause you tears; But a mother's kiss can heal Many griefs that children feel. Trust your mother; seek to prove Grateful for her thoughtful love.

"Trust your mother, noble youth. Turn not from the path of truth In temptation's evil hour; Seek her ere it gains new power. She will never guide you wrong; Faith in her will make you strong. Seek your mother; seek to prove Worthy of her fondest love.

"Trust your mother, maiden fair. Love will guide your steps with care. Let no cloud e'er come between— Let no shadow e'er be seen— Hiding from your mother's heart What may prove a poisoned dart. Trust your mother; seek to prove Worthy of her faithful love.

"Trust your mother to the end. She will prove your constant friend. If 'tis gladness wings the hour, Share with her the joyful shower. Or if sorrow should oppress, She will smile and she will bless. Oh! be trustful, loving, true, That she may confide in you."

—Selected.

REPROVING A CHILD BEFORE COMP.

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ROBABLY most parents, even very kindly ones, would be startled at the assertion that a child ought never to be reproved in the presence of others. This is so constant an occurrence that nobody thinks of noticing it; nobody thinks of considering whether it be right and best or not. But it is a great rudeness to a child. I am entirely sure that it ought never to be done. Mortification is a condition as unwholesome as it is uncomfortable. When the wound is inflicted by the hand of a parent, it is all the more certain to rinkle and do harm. Let a child see that a mother is so anxious that she should have the appro-

bation and good will of her friends that she will not call attention to his faults; and that, while she never under any circumstances allows herself to forget to tell him afterward alone, if he has behaved improperly, she will spare him the additional pain and mortification of public reproof; and, while the child will lay these secret reproves to heart, he will still be happy.

I know a mother who had the insight to see this, and the patience to make it a rule; for it takes far more patience, far more time, than the common method.

Once I saw her little boy behave so boisterously at the dinner table, in the presence of guests, that I said to myself: "Surely, this time she will have to break her rule and rebuke him publicly." I saw several telegraphic signals of rebuke, etiquette, and warning flash from her gentle eyes to his; but nothing did any good. Nature was too much for him; he could not at any time force himself to be quiet. Presently she said, in a perfectly easy and natural tone: "O Charley, come here a minute! I want to tell you something." No one at the table supposed it had anything to do with his bad behavior. She did not intend that they should. As she whispered to him, I alone saw his check flush, and that he looked quickly and imploringly into her face; I alone saw that tears were almost in her eyes. But she shook her head, and he went back to his seat with a manful but very red little face. In a few moments he laid down his knife and fork, and said: "Mamma, will you please to excuse me?" "Certainly, my dear," said she. Nobody but me understood it, or observed that the little fellow had to run very fast to get out of the room without crying. Afterward she told me that she never sent a child away from the table in any other way.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

CHEW YOUR FOOD.—The amount of food required to preserve life and maintain health is much less than is usually consumed by children or adults. A large percent is wasted because of improper mastication. This, however, is of little con-

sequence compared to its effect on the general health. Those who enjoy the greatest freedom from disease are those who masticate properly. Take small mouthfuls. That is, do not gorge the mouth with food, either by an enormous quantity at one time or too frequent repetition. Do not drink until the mouth is empty. Let the saliva moisten the food when moisture is required. Food washed down will not assimilate. In eating meat, corn, beans, berries, or any compact of food, let the teeth do the work; do not depend on the digestive organs to separate the particles. In all cases masticate slowly. The epicurean as well as the physician will appreciate this. The pleasures of the table are greatly enhanced by so doing. Most people masticate only on one side. Use all of the teeth. Clean them thoroughly and often. Avoid hot food or drink. Watch them carefully, consulting a good dentist as soon as decay appears.—Healthy Home.

A SANITARY ALPHABET.

As soon as you're up shake blankets and sheets; Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet; Children, if healthy, are active, not still; Damp bed and damp clothes will both make you ill. Eat slowly, and always chew your food well; Freshen the air in the house where you dwell. Garments must never be made to be tight; Homes will be healthy if airy and light. If you wish to be well, as you do I've no doubt, Just open the windows before you go out. Keep your rooms always tidy and clean; Let dust on the furniture never be seen. Much illness is caused by the want of pure air, Now to open your windows be ever your care; Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept. People should see that their floors are well swept. Quick movements in children are healthy and right, Remember the young cannot thrive without light. Soap and rough towels are good for the skin; Temperance suits the body within. Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain. Very sad are the fevers that come in its train. Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue. Xerxes could walk full many a league. Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep. Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.—Australian Health Society.
OUR YOUTH.

CHARACTER IS MORE THAN REPUTATION.

"But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—Prov. 4:18.

[Note.—The “Bible Study” of this department is conducted by Bro. Geo. Detwiller, of Shekerston, Ontario, to whom all communications relating thereto should be addressed.]

The Bible Study Topics for February will be “Fruit Bearing—A Test.”—Matt. 7:16-29; Col. 1:5-6; Jas. 3:12-14. Let the readers look up also other passages in their Bibles bearing on this subject.

Yours in love,
Geo. Detwiller.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

Instead of looking at the mote
That's in another's eye,
Suppose you clear away the beam
That in our own doth lie.

For when the beam is all removed,
Perhaps then it may seem,
The little mote we saw so plain
Was our reflected beam.

John Sterling.

A MESSAGE TO CHRISTIAN GIRLS.

W HAT is the most attractive thing in a woman? This question was asked a year ago by a New York paper, and thousands of answers were sent, mostly by men. This was not a religious ‘paper, but represented a great multitude of the men of the world, and perhaps many of them were not good men. But it was wonderful to find that when the votes were counted the majority agreed that the most attractive quality in a girl, and the thing which a man would want to find first of all in his intended wife was not beauty nor brilliancy, nor the charm of manners, nor some great accomplishment, such as music, literature, or art, nor even an affectionate and cordial nature that could be easily approached and won, but honesty.

It was indeed a wonderful testimony from the world to the bright jewels in a woman’s adornment, that which the Bible calls “the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God is of great price.”

If the writer were asked to give the best results of his observation and experience for fifty years in connection with Christian living, he would name in a single word the quality in which we all most frequently fail, and the quality which is most valuable both for our own happiness and the happiness of others, it would be expressed in that one word, disposition. A sweet, kind, gentle spirit is a source of continual comfort to the person who possesses it and unspeakable pleasure to all with whom we are associated. Beauty tires, brilliancy becomes common by close and long association, but a sweet, unselfish, cheerful and kindly disposition is like the morning light; the pure air and the colorless water—something we never get tired of and that never wears out.

Charles Mackay has said of it,

“There is not a cheaper thing on earth,

Nor yet one half so dear;

Tis better than distinguished birth,

Or thousands gained a year.

Look around upon the people that you have most frequently associated with, and I am sure that you will conclude that the qualities you most esteem in people, and those which give you the greatest comfort in association with them are qualities of disposition. A disgruntled, grumbling, peevish, fretful, irritable, scolding and gloomy nature will make everything blue in the brightest day of June; and a sweet, simple-hearted, kind, unselfish woman will light up the dullest day in December, thaw out the wildest blizzard of the winter and make the humbliest home a palace.

This is the girl that makes a good and happy wife, a blessed mother, a priceless sister, a heavenly saint. Ask God for a sweet and Christ-like disposition. It is the fruit of the Spirit, which is “love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, temperance, faith.” You will notice how all these fruits are forms of love and sweetness of disposition. They come to us by putting on Jesus, and putting off our old nature and letting Him train us by many a testing in the sweetness of Christian living. We shall often have to watch against our own mean self, but if we really want to be sweet, loving and Christ-like, we can be. If we will choose, He will give us the grace to make it real. Dear girls, more than brilliant culture, high education, personal beauty, study, seek and claim from Him the Christian temper, the meekness and gentleness of Christ.

There is another quality which belongs to the commonplace things of life, but is equally valuable and indispensable with those that I have mentioned. It is expressed by the simple Saxon word, sense. It is extremely valuable and often rare. The Proverbs of Solomon are a fine exposition and illustration of this quality of sense. It is not common sense, because it is most uncommon. It is divine sense received from Christ and cultivated by watchfulness and self-discipline. It is the opposite of what Solomon so frequently speaks, “a fool,” and its synonym is the word “discretion” which he so often applies to woman. It is not so much knowledge as wisdom. It is not so much knowing a lot of things as knowing how to make practical use of them, and especially knowing how not to.

A sensible woman will avoid saying and doing a thousand little things into which an indiscreet one will be blindly led.

The exquisite quality goes with this gift. It is not incompatible with the sweetest disposition. One may be deeply spiritual and yet thoroughly practical; the heart in heaven and the eyes looking around with a clear circumspection and the hands engaged in the practical work of life.

A witty Scotch minister was once asked which of two characters he preferred, Martha or Mary. He said he preferred Martha before dinner and Mary after. But the true ideal is the blending of both types in a life which is both sweet and sensible, spiritual and practical.

How can we have these qualities of character? They are all summed up in that beautiful picture of the true Christian in Paul’s Epistle to Timothy, “God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.” It is the spirit of a sound mind rather than the character of a sound mind. It is not the result of education but of grace. It is the indwelling Christ received by the Holy Spirit and lived out by all the situations which come to test us and to afford us opportunities of showing forth “the excellencies” of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvelous light.

“Great works are performed, not by strength but by perseverance.”

“Guard well the door of your lips that no unchaste word, jest or story, no slander or cutting remarks, no irreverent or untruthful statement, shall pass out.”

Dr. Gibbons says: “Tobacco impairs digestion, poisons the blood, depresses the vital powers, causes the limbs to tremble, and weakens and otherwise disorders the heart!”

“Be but yourselves; be pure, be true And prompt to duty. Heed the deep, Low voice of conscience; through the ill And tumult that surround you, keep Your faith in human nature still.”
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.


For the exposition of true, practical piety and devoted to the spread of Evangelical truths and the Unity of the church.

Published in the interest of the church of the Brethren in Christ.

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H. N. Engle, Editor.

Elder Samuel Zook, Treas.

All communications and letters of business should be addressed to the Editor.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

To Subscribers:—Our terms are cash in advance.

1. When writing to have your address changed, be sure to give both old and new address.

2. The date on the printed label will show to subscribers when their subscription expires.

3. If you do not receive the Visitor within ten days from date of issue, write us at once and we will send the number called for.

To the Poor,—who are unable to pay, we send the paper gratis on the recommendation of others or upon their individual requests. Individual requests must be renewed every six months as a matter of good faith.

To Correspondents:—Articles for publication should be written on one side of the paper only. Write all business letters on separate sheets.

2. Communications without the author's name will receive no recognition.

3. Communications for the Visitor should be addressed at Harrisburg, Pa., to ensure speedy delivery.

Send money by Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft, to H. N. Engle, Abilene, Kansas.

Bro. Charles Goddard deceased.

Mrs. John B. Sims, in the January Ladies' Home Journal, presents an interesting chapter on "The Sleeping Room on the Farm." It is suggestive, practical, and worth the reading by all who are privileged of having access thereto.

Elder Zook writes from Glendale, Arizona, under date of January 20th, that the Brethren of that place purpose holding a Love-feast on the 11th and 12th of February. He expects to remain over the Feast, leaving for Kansas on the 12th.

As Bro. Noah Zook and wife will be laboring with Bro. and Sister Cress until the departure of the latter to Africa, no communications will be submitted from them. Bro. Cress will undoubtedly report regularly as to their whereabouts and labors.

As an item of news, we clip from the Central American Bulletin relative to the missionary move of W. H. Torrence and wife (see, Sarah Cassel) the following:

Puerto Cortez, Honduras, Dec. 22.—We arrived here to-day about noon. We had a very rough passage, and the water was very rough a part of the way. Baby was the best sailor of all. As we steamed up to the wharf we were made glad to find Bro. Bishop waiting for us.

A recent issue of Sentinel of God contains the following item: "A card and note from Mr. T. J. Long, written Dec. 26, to the Faith Home, tells of her arrival at Honolulu, where the S. S. would remain in harbor for a few hours and then continue her voyage to Japan. She writes that she has had a delightful voyage so far, has not been the least seasick, for which she gives God the glory, and has had an opportunity to witness for Christ on board the ship.

We have in an earlier issue called the attention of our readers to The Young People's Paper, published at Elkhart, Indiana. We can recommend it as a periodical worthy a place in every home. It is attractive, interesting, and clean. Many of our subscribers will receive samples of several numbers. Do not fear to take and read them. They come to you free. As stated before, you can subscribe through us, by paying $1.50 in advance for both it and the Visitor. The Publisher's price is 75 cents.

SECRECY.—In a recent issue of Leaves of Healing, Dr. Dowey sets free Masonry forth in the right light, and exposes it as being in league with the powers of darkness and laps of iniquity. He indicates that it is not only a non-Christian Institution but positively anti-Christian, and evidences that "His Satanic Majesty's" death-struggle will strengthen itself by joining the intrigues and forces of Masonry andPagacy. That the political atmosphere of the world is fraught with just such conditions is hardly a question to the thinking individual. The Pope seems to have been pressed into the necessity of removing the ban from Masonry; and when it comes to our knowledge that the highest officers of our own country are members of that order, it need not seem so strange that many of the political moves of the day are hard to explain. A portentous event indeed is it when Protestantism, Mohammedanism, Masonry and Catholichism can join hands without apparent disturbance.

RELIGIOUS UNREST.—Some one is moved to ask, Why is all this unrest in religious and church circles? Our immediate, spontaneous answer is, Because the people are not satisfied with what they have and find in religion. As a rule people live on what they eat, and they generally eat what is dished out to them. Can it be that the prime factor in all this unrest is a consequence of improper intellectual or spiritual diet? If the religion of Jesus Christ does not satisfy,
it is time that it be banished from the earth. But it is clearly stated that "the Truth shall make you free." The Truth—Present Truth—does make free; it imparts a hope to the being of which he need not be ashamed. Hence it becomes our portion, not to speedily banish the Christian religion, but to investigate the facts and see whether we have for our faith's foundation the Truth of God, or the sentimentalities and beliefs and convictions of men. As long as any organized body lays restrictions and binds with cords the liberty of thought and freedom to act out candid convictions of right of its members, so long will turmoil exist and new reformatory eruptions take place; and who has the power to quell. The Pope could not quell the freedom to act out candid convictions of men. The Pope could not quell the "self-righteous refracting" phase of Missionary efforts; because God's Word sent forth will never return again to Him void.

AN APPEAL.

I am requested to make an appeal to the dear Brethren and Sisters through the columns of the E. Visitor in behalf of the dear ones in Christ in Custer county, Okla., for some aid in building a small house of worship which they very much need. The Brotherhood is not large and in limited circumstances. They have raised all that they feel able to pay toward the house and lack about $75.00. Their dwellings are small, mostly dug-outs, so that they cannot hold their public meetings in private houses. Any assistance on this line will be thankfully received. Please send your donations to the Editor who will credit your offerings through the columns of the Visitor and forward the amount to them. They expect to build at once and should have the help now.

SAMUEL ZOOK, Eld.

BUFFALO MISSION.

SINCE our last report the Lord has abundantly blessed us. We had a continued meeting for several weeks and a goodly number were to the altar of prayer. Some who have been drunkards for number of years. But praise God! they have they work for. Any one wishing to labor in the Mission should support themselves. Missionaries should not stop long; though workers are needed, yet they should not cast the burden for support upon this home.

Pray for Bro. Stover and workers that they may keep to the feet of Jesus. Pray also for myself and family.

Your brother in Christ,

C. S. LESHER.

CHURCH NEWS.

LOCAL CHURCH NEWS.

WORK IN PHILADELPHIA MISSION.

GREENCASTLE, PA., 1-14-'99.

Dear Bro. H. N. Engle:—

For the benefit of the readers of the E. Visitor I feel to pen a few lines, as I had been at the Philadelphia Mission for a week. The Mission is being conducted in some of the rooms of the house occupied by Bro. Stover.

There is real stepping out boldly on the Lord's side. Bro. Stover's wife, daughter, and others are among the number. Many have asked us to remember them in prayer.

The Sabbath School is increasing. The number of scholars last Sabbath was 96. total 115. Bro. S. Engle is superintendent. Bro. Stover and others are teachers and helpers in the work. The Mission room is small—too small. The infant class is taken into the kitchen, and that is too small. There should be steps taken to provide for more room for the Sabbath School.

I feel to praise the Lord for the simplicity in which the work is conducted. They have done away with Lesson Helps, using the Word alone, and they are receiving blessings. This Mission needs plain doctrine, plain teaching and plain preaching, as do also all others.

I am glad that there are constantly such who are willing to supply their needs, both temporal and spiritual, through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, ministers and all. They have a supply of ministers for their special meetings through the present winter season.

Bro. Stover, wife and children all labor with their hands for a livelihood. All they have they work for. Any one wishing to labor in the Mission should support themselves. Missionaries should not stop long; though workers are needed, yet they should not cast the burden for support upon this home.

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Your brother in Christ,

C. S. LESHER.
for the winter; also fuel. Regarding the
donations we feel to express thanks for
the many gifts, and pray God to bless
give to.

A large lot of clothing for the poor was
sent in by the Brethren of Markham,
Ontario. Sister Mary Doner is looking
after the poor and is gaining many
friends. She is adapted for the work of
missions. Indeed her calling to Buffalo
has not been in vain.

The Sewing School is well attended,
as is also the Sunday School.

Our Financial Report from Dec. 12, 1898
to Jan. 17, 1899 is as follows:

EXPENSES.

Fuel, Provisions, etc. .......... $ 49.46

CREDITS AND DONATIONS.

Balance on hand .......... $18.14
Markham S. S. .......... $ 5.00
Monthly offering .......... 1.00
Collection from Gormley 1.86
Collection from Gormley 2.14
Markham District, Ont 11.57
Bro. Clemenhaga, Ont 1.00
Bro. Clemenhaga, Ont 50.00
Offering .......... 1.00
A young man! 25.00
Sister Johnstone, Buffalo 1.00

Total ....... $ 43.46

Don Mission .......... $ 5.00

Yours in the work,

J. W. HOOVER.

25 Hawley St., Buffalo, N. Y.

CHICAGO MISSION.

Financial report for the month ending
Jan. 15, 1899 is as follows:

DONATIONS AND CREDITS.

Balance on hand .......... $ 1.75
Bro. Nayor, Talmage, Kas 5.00
Bro. Zook, Kas 5.00
Bro. B. Berl, Kas 2.20
Bro. Misenheder, Chicago 1.50
Bro. Zook, Morrison, Ill 1.00
Sister Damker, Chicago 50.00
A Sister, Ohio 1.00
Sister Hershey, Abilene 5.00
Bro. Dodson, Ill 1.00

Total ....... $ 31.15

EXPENSES.

Groceries .......... $ 6.46
Oil, etc. .......... 1.00
Coal .......... $ 5.50
Rent .......... 12.00

Total ....... $34.96

Balance on hand .......... $11.19

R. L. AND E. H. BRUBAKER,

9021 Pecora Street, Englewood, Ill.
God only!—Jno. 5:34. God has been doing a work worthy of our most sincere reverence; and all that is left us is to honor the glorious work wrought by our blessed God, which He alone has committed to us. Then the question will be asked, From which source is the money to come for the building of a house in Philadelphia? The only answer we know is to say, From the source whence come all things. Yes, but we must have money. Hear what God says,—"The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts."—Hag. 2:8. Oh to be as the prophet of old, who sat upon the watchtower to hear what the Lord says unto us.—Hab. 2:1.

Then Brethren and Sisters, what have we to call our own if God explicitly says that the money is His; also, if we do not use it for its design, what reward can we expect? After all we must give unto Him the things that are His; otherwise our reward will be one of dishonor. God has favored the Brethren with the care of millions upon millions; and there can be no such thing as failure in building a house to His honor at a place where there is such great need of the simple story of the cross. As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so Brethren and Sisters, let us lift up the cross in the wilderness, so Brethren help to lift up Christ in our 'church-ridden' city.

The story of the humble Nazarene needs to be told in simplicity, and the workers can be helped so much by only a small portion of His own returned to Him for His own use. The mortgages and debt that would be created by this building of a meeting-house are payable in heaven at one hundred per cent interest; some to mature immediately, others tomorrow, the longest wait will be but a few years, but all will be payable at the Throne. We ask God (who has ever taken care of His own, and of His we are, for He has said that Israel was His inheritance) to put it into the heart of some Brother or Brethren to whom He has given a larger portion of His wealth to be guardian of, to look into the urgent and immediate need of His work and see that Philadelphia gets a sanctuary in which to meet His people. Now, does it even require a sacrifice as it would only need a portion of our abundance. Come Brethren and Sisters and all that love the Lord, let us be equal to this need. My prayer is that I may see the beloved Brethren bodily stepping to the front. Who will be the first to obey the call of God?

PETER STOVER.
3428 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The pulse of life beats fast or slow according to the divine impulse behind it."

FROM THE FIELD.

LETTER FROM BRO. CRESS.

SCOTLAND, PA., 1-17-99.

DEAR Reader:—"The joy of the Lord is our strength." Amen. In this strength we held six services in the Air Hill m. h., Franklin Co., closing on Jan. 4th. We are filled with gladness for what God is doing for the Brethren at this place. While some speak evil of things that they understand not, yet the assembly as a whole is_longing after the deeper things of God and manifest an earnest Missionary spirit.

On the eve of Jan. 5th we attended a meeting in a private house near Newburg, where we held forth the Word to a small but attentive audience. Jan. 6th we came to Center, where we held one service in the U. B. m. h.

Jan. 7th we held services in Mowersville. Here we held two services in the Brethren's m. h. We feel that we are certainly obeying the command, "As ye go, preach." And with the ability that God giveth we speak the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, not shunning to declare the whole counsel of God.

Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday evening services we attended a revival at the Otterbein Chapel near Mowersville. Here the truth was spoken in love by Bro. Noah Zook, saint and sinner receiving his portion in due season. Truly God maketh His ministers a flame of fire, so that we do not marvel that carnal professors of religion are astonished at the doctrine of full salvation in Jesus, when they hear it taught by one having authority, and not as the Scribes (manuscript readers) and Pharisees (self-righteous teachers.)

Jan. 11 we came to Mongui. Here we held two services in the U. B. m. h. The weather was inclement, yet the house was crowded the first evening and well filled the second, many coming miles through rain and sleet to be in our Missionary meeting. Truly the Lord is good to us in thus permitting us to meet so many dear ones who with one accord promise to remember us in prayer to God when we are far away over the billowy sea in distant darkest Africa. Our present and traveling needs are abundantly supplied through the instrumentality of God's people. May means thus given be as bread cast upon the water which shall return after many days to enrich the giver, proving the truthfulness of the promise, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

Jan. 13th we took train at Shippensburg for Siloam where we had the privilege of using the Zion (Brenizer) church near Chambersburg. Fog and rain prevented a large audience yet there were present those who said "Amen" to the truth and readily testified to the power of Jesus to save, sanctify, and keep the obedient believer who is willing to walk in the Light. We have often in this season proved that "Not to the strong is the battle; not to the swift is the race," but that the willing and obedient eat the good of the land.

Jan. 14th we were conveyed to the Pleasant Hill m. h., where father addressed the people in the evening. Jan. 15th was a beautiful day and a large concourse assembled both morning and evening, to which your servant gave two Bible readings. In the forenoon the theme was "Sanctification and Holiness," and in the evening "Christian Perfection." Surely unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain who build. So the Word spoken will profit nothing unless mingled with faith in them that hear.

Jan. 16th we met by special appointment in the U. B. m. h. in Scotland. During all these meetings and services, mother and father Zook have accompanied us, assisting us to get from place to place, and taking the responsibility of arranging appointments, etc., upon themselves. They are also assisting us to make our final arrangements before sailing. The reality of leaving home and native land, journeying half way around the globe, entering a strange and foreign land, where people, climate and seasons are just the reverse of our own, calls for an expenditure of money and an amount of labor that very few can realize; so that while father and I write, visit, and preach every night, our wives are busy with needles and shears. Thus we are spending a few weeks together in sweet fellowship and labor, which no doubt will be the last until the trumpet sounds and we rise to meet the Lord in the air, to join in singing the song of the redeemed: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." Yours in Him,

G. C. AND SARA CRess.

MISSIONARIES TO AFRICA.

MISSIONARY.

"The field is the world."—Matt. 13:38.
"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark 16:15.
"I have been commissioned to proclaim the word of God to them that are in the wilderness."—Zech. 6:10.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."—Ps. 121:1.
as we look at the immense hills of rock surrounding us, the majesty and strength of which so fitly and yet imperfectly portray the omnipotence of their Creator. Imperfectly, because these massive rocks are continually crumbling and will soon pass away, but God and His Word shall endure forever.

Well, dear Brethren and Sisters, it is now a little over a year since we left the shores of the home-land to go to the place which we felt confident the Lord had ready for us to work in. It is nearly two years since that day in the classroom at McPherson when the Lord so powerfully and unexpectedly took hold of me and stripped me of everything but my Bible and made me realize what a blessed privilege it would be to tell of our wonderful Savior to those who had never heard that dear name. Although this work is quite different from any of my own planning, yet praise His name that the Lord can use even me to go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, and that He spoke to me in such unmistakable terms as to leave no doubt in regard to His will for me. Some of the dear readers of the Visitor may have wondered at my long silence; but you have been kept so well informed of the Lord's dealings with us, that necessity did not seem to be laid upon me. At the earnest request of your Editor, however, I write, trusting you will pardon me, if I unknowingly repeat some things which have already been written.

The Lord has wonderfully cared for us in going before and opening the way; He has provided for us a place to stay in, and above all has lavished His spiritual blessings upon us so that we feel constantly humiliated with a sense of our unworthiness. Where we looked for opposition, behold encouragement; for danger, behold security; for deprivations, behold comforts; for distrust, behold confidence, Praise Him who alone could so work upon the hearts of men!

Since the school work has been left in the hands of Sister Heise and myself, it may be well to dwell at length on that department of the work. We realize more and more that it is no unimportant branch of the Mission. We scarcely expected to begin the work so early, but the desire of learning seemed so great on the part of some of the natives that we felt it to be duty to heed the call. We fully realize the danger of enlightening these people; for if Christ does not early become an anchor in the soul they will become all the more powerful tools for Satan. But they should be able to read God's Word for themselves, if they are to become strong Christians in the midst of their unfavorable surroundings, and if they are to deliver the message to others. As the 11th of Oct., on which we were to open the school, approached the burden of the work rolled heavily on our hearts. Never did we feel so utterly helpless in the line of teaching as when we stood before a few heathen children who did not know anything of letters. We realized to its fullest extent that earthly wisdom availed nothing. How precious at such times is the promise (Jas. 1:5), "If any of you lack wisdom," etc. Oh! my dear Brethren and Sisters, this is a work of which eternity alone is to reveal the fruits. Will you not cry mightily unto the Lord that we may constantly keep out of sight, and that Christ in His beauty and loveliness may alone do the work through His unworthy servants?

There are forty children enrolled, but the attendance at present is very irregular, owing to the fact that this is the busiest season of the year. Not only is the soil prepared and seed planted, but we feel that it would be doing injustice to the children. We feel that the Lord wants us to teach them to enjoy, occupy the time. In learning the Creation and of the Son of God. There are forty children enrolled, but the attendance at present is very irregular, owing to the fact that this is the busiest season of the year. Not only is the soil prepared and seed planted, but we feel that it would be doing injustice to the children. We feel that the Lord wants us to teach them to enjoy, occupy the time. In learning the Creation and of the Son of God.
which was repeated twice. When they were told what it was, the effect was such as to rejoice the heart of every Christian and confound the infidel. They were all from twelve to sixteen years of age and it was indeed impressive to hear their tender exclamations of "Ahi!" "Muhle!" (nice or good) and to see them bend lovingly over the chart and gently touch the word with their hands. I can scarcely think of that scene without tears. Oh, the power there is in that Precious Name! God grant that not only the name but the Lord Himself may dwell in their hearts richly by the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit!

These people seem to accept the Gospel readily, but the chief obstacle is that they do not feel that they are sinners. They stoutly affirm that their hearts are "white," "pure," and do not realize that they do not let the Sun of Righteousness shine in and show them their true condition. They have more excuse than a self-righteous man in a Christian country, for these may have lived, up to a self-righteous man in a Christian country, for these may have lived, up to this point in the grass is growing rapidly and rains. It is the part of wisdom for us, ourselves, not to be too much exposed during a few hours in mid-day, as the rays seem somewhat treacherous—an experience not familiar to those living in the Temperate Zones, as in those latitudes it is never known that your only shadow is underneath you.

Our hearts are frequently made glad by cheering communications from friends and Brethren and Sisters of the home-land. I have been frequently impressed to give the names of our correspondents, but well know that this would occupy too much of our busy time, and is accompanied with considerable expense; nor have we yet been able to personally answer all requests made by dear friends before we left America.

To relieve my mind I will however refer to some letters sent us with kindly donations, not giving names, only the localities. The sender may thereby consider the same receipted. From Louisville, Ohio; Chicago; Arizona; Highland, Ohio; Abilene, by the hands of the Editor. We have also received a few very encouraging letters from Canada, as well as from various other places. All were highly appreciated and found a welcome in our midst, and are usually read with eyes dimmed with tears. We would encourage liberal correspondence, even though we may not be able to reply. Though we are in this distant land, we are "flesh of your flesh" and "bone of your bone. And we hope that, if never on the shores of mortality, we shall yet meet on the shores of immortality, there together to enjoy the inheritance with the "saints in light."

At this writing I am at Ft. Usher, while I arrived last night with the "transport cart," having the favored privilege of riding with transport conveyance to Bulawayo, as business calls me there. This is much more comfortable than to make the round trip on foot, as a sixty mile walk is no special luxury for a youth of three-score.

We shall however never forget the sustaining power of God, and the verifying of His promises to His little ones. Faith, "Faith is the victory that overcometh the world." As the transporters are soon ready to leave, we close. May add a few lines at Bulawayo before mailing the letter. Yours in the hope of glory,

Jesse Engle.

P. S. — Arrived safely at Bulawayo between 800 and 900 o'clock p.m. Morning of the 21st finds nothing special to further report.

FROM BOMBAY, INDIA.

BY CULLA, DEC 15 -'98

My Dear Brother, H. N. Engle—

This afternoon I will note a few lines. We are well at this time of writing. Came to Bay of Bombay on the night of 30th but did not land until Sunday morning. Were on a slow boat from Liverpool; thirty days sailing. Had a number of storms and high seas, except about ten days. At one time in the Indian Ocean we were about one mile from a tornado (water spout). It came down in a black coil and when near the ocean it took a large body of water and whirled it around furiously. Where the ship was we had a straight wind and rain storm. No harm befell us. Our God kept us safe and comforted our hearts; so we will praise Him for His protecting hand.

We had very good accommodations on our ship. A fine set of officers. The crew were nearly all Hindoos and Mohammedans. There were thirteen missionaries on the ship. Had Sunday services each Sunday, and sometimes prayer meetings during the week.

The Mediterranean and Red seas only look small on the map, but it takes quite a while to sail the length of them. The two together are over three thousand miles long.

The weather is warm like June in Kas. We sleep with all windows open and then only a thin sheet for cover.

In my first drive through the city I had to weep to see the condition of the people. Some small children were running on the street without a stitch of clothing on them, and many people only about half dressed. In the better part of the city there are fine buildings, and there the people are well dressed. Many horrible sights are to be seen. The missionaries come home, but they cannot describe it so the people can understand or comprehend it. The streets are full
of people; many beggars with the hardest kind of distress written on their counte­rances. They run after the people for money (Bocksk). Tonight I will accompany Bro. Frank­lin into the country about 100 miles to their Mission Station. Several days next week will go with Bro. Fuller about 400 miles north to some other Stations. Then I will help them move. They are going to another house which will give them a better place and more room. There would be all kinds of work here; but we lack the knowledge of language to speak to the people. Many are con­victed; but they are afraid to come out on account of the persecution, which is sometimes very severe.

JERUSALEM. DEC. 21, '98.

I expect to visit a number of Missions in India this winter before the hot weather sets in; then will in quiet­ness wait and hear what God will have for me. The needs are much here and it seems that the people are hungry; but they are afraid of the awful persecution they will get by breaking their caste and coming out for Christ. Some of the Missionaries are looking for a great change in the people soon. They look for a break, and that many will turn to God, when castes, superstition and fear will be thrown aside. * * God has been very gracious to me in blessing me with good health; and if it were not for His abiding Spirit I would get very lones­ome. My eyes sometimes fill with tears when I get letters from home. * * * This week I purpose making another visit north into the Gosaretta district.

Yesterday I met Bro. Sherman, of St. Louis, Mo. In January I may visit the Brethren (David and Eber Zooks) in Calcutta. The weather is quite warm here. We need only light clothing. It is like June weather in Kansas.

DEC. 24th.

The Great God kept us all in good spirits on our journey and left us set our feet on the soil of India, all of us in good health.

In several drives through the city of Bombay our eyes were filled with tears to see the condition of the people. The low class have fallen into deep sins of the flesh. Some children are seen on the street without any clothes on. In the better part of the city, where the rich live (the high caste Parsæes) with their large mansions and at night light up very brilliantly with their idol worship and without God in spirit and truth.

On Dec. 16 all the Missionaries in our party had been assigned to their differ­ent Stations. Sister Fannie Hoffman with two other ladies of the party have been stationed for the winter months at Amritara, four hundred miles inland from Bombay, and have now taken up the Marratta language.

The writer has made a visit to Ked­gaum, 180 miles south-east of Bombay, the place where Sister Pandita Ramabai's Marathon (salvation) home is for orphans and widows. At this home the wonderful fulfillment of God's gracious promises can be seen in answer to prayer. Ramabai is a widow that has passed through many hardships and poverty, having been deserted, rejected and per­secuted by her earthly friends, with nothing of this world's goods except two rupees. She started out to gather up orphan children and young widows in the great famine in India and make a home for them, trusting in God to supply all her needs. She asks no one for money, simply makes all her requests known to God. The Government gave her 120 acres of land which is almost worthless without water. She went in prayer to God for thirty thousand rupees, but was rewarded by receiving eighty thousand rupees in one year's time, (rupee 32 cts. U. S. money). To this date all needs have been supplied. At the present the expenses are about seven hundred and fifty rupees per day. About eighty mechanics are employed at this time in con­structing the buildings, which are nearly all finished.

She has one building around a court or inner yard, four sides 160 feet each by 22 feet; one 480 feet by 22, with wings on each end; one 160 by 30 feet. All are divided into rooms and built of fine lime­stone, well finished masonry. Has also completed two large wells, twenty feet across, at a cost of three thousand rupees, from which water is drawn for irrigation and other purposes, with teems of eight bullocks each. On the farm she started oranges, lemons, bananas, mangos, pome­granates, and other kinds of fruits. She raises her own food, such as is needed. Nothing but pulse is eaten at the home. Rice, grain, potatoes, pumpkins, etc., are prepared. They have no furniture or tables. All sit on the floor to eat, and use the forks (fingers) God gave us to put the food to our mouth. We enjoyed it and thanked God for the privilege.

During my four days visit there I had the blessed privilege with them to partake of the "unleavened bread" and drink of the "cup" in remembrance of Christ's death till He come. The services were conducted in a Christian-like order. After this an hour was given for testi­monies, and fully two hundred of them gave a clear testimony that they were saved by the Blood of Christ. As many as six were on their feet at the same time to wait for their turn. Six were baptized and there are now three hun­dred and forty in the homes; most of them are Christians.

An hour before quitting time of work, all the laborers (about one hundred) are called together and the gospel is preach­ed to them in the Marratta language. They then return to their homes.

In my visit here I could realize that nothing was to hard or impossible with God. He can raise up a woman with the simple trust in God to gather, feed, and clothe hundreds of poor children in a land and at a time of great distress and famine. Ramabai is the sole manager. She can be seen in field, workshop, wait­ing at meals, and sometimes washing dishes with the girls. She is of a quiet dis­position and of a Christ-like or Madonna appearance, and in prayer is a mighty power with God.

* * * *

MARRIED.


OUR DEAD.

NISLEY.—Died, Jan. 13, 1899, in Florin, Lancaster county, Pa., Barbara, wid ¬r of Christian H. Nisley deceased, aged 73 years, 1 month and 11 days. She was highly re­pected in her community; was a good and kind mother, and a consistent member in the Meenonite church. Her sickness was of short duration, which was La gripe and pneumonia. She was fully resigned to meet death in hope of future bliss, and leaves five children—Christian and Eli, Mrs. Jacob G. Hershey, Mrs. Henry Meekeley and Mrs. Levi R. Nisley. Twenty-three grandchildren and 12 great grandchildren also survive. Services were held on the 10th at the Cross Road meeting house, conducted by Ephraim Nisley, Jacob N. Brubaker and Jacob Mar­tis. Text 2nd Tim. 4:1-4.

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