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SALUTATORY.

UNEXPECTEDLY, and without coveting the position, we became connected with the Visitor last October as Office Manager. We recognize the fact that “we are the Lord's” and have yielded ourselves to Him for service, with the desire to do our best as we have understanding and ability, and now that by the decision of the Conference the Editorial duties are entrusted unto us we feel that we are in need, firstly, of the wisdom and understanding that comes from above, and secondly, the sympathies and prayers of our friends and Brethren. Quoting from what a previous editor said the following words are appropriate now: “We are aware that there will be minds of wide extremes to deal with. There are those who have sacrificed all by an unreserved consecration, opposed to which are minds steeped in formality and worldliness. There are those whose highest ambitions seem to be a final salvation when they die, opposed to which are such who live under present assurance in hope of the promised kingdom of God.” This being at least measurably true as to the wide extremes of individual beliefs and experiences, conditions and hopes we can only make the effort to lift up the standard of truth and right, advocating the truth as it is in Jesus, speaking the things that pertain to the salvation from the guilt and power of sin as well as the power of God to keep us amid all the efforts of Satan and his emissaries to overcome us. To entreat all men to become reconciled to God and be ready and look “for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify us unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works.”

Being conscious of the fact that there is much confusion among Christians now on account of the many new and distinct phases of experience claimed and advocated, which are widely divergent and confusing to the ordinary mind, we will endeavor to avoid that which is largely speculative and confuse ourselves to that which may be for edification and instruction in righteousness.

We hope our former correspondents with many others will take an interest in the work, and furnish original articles from which we may select for the interest and instruction of our readers.

The work is the Lord's and we accept it as a position of responsibility and importance and it is our desire that the Visitor may be a blessing in the homes where it goes, instructive and encouraging as well as interesting to the individual readers, helpful in preserving the unity of the Brotherhood, and an exponent and advocate of that which is true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, gracious, virtuous and praiseworthy, and that through it all the Lord may be glorified. Amen.

Brethren pray for us.

THE SAVING GOSPEL.

THE Gospel of Christ has lost none of its power and efficacy since the days of old. At that time it was the power of God unto salvation, and as its power then was manifested in the transformed lives of those who believed, it still manifests that same efficacy in the lives of those who become, and are truly, believing. It is easy to profess to have faith in Jesus Christ, but it must be the faith that becomes active, and works by love. There is much religious activity now, but much of it is prompted by the thought and desire of merit, as if it would add so much to the credit side of God's ledger in His account against us. Salvation is all of grace, and the transformed lives attest to the power of this Gospel.

Many parents rather their children would die than be foreign missionaries.

"The women of America pay a great deal more for artificial flowers than the whole church for missions.
LAUNCH OUT.

Have you toiled all night near the shore in vain?
Push away from the shore, launch out;
Where the flood is deep cast your nets again,
Push away from the shore, launch out;
There a blessing waits for your soul to take,
Haste away from the barren strand,
Toll no more in vain where the sargens break;
Launch out is your Lord's command.

CHORUS.
Launch out, launch out,
Push away from the shore, launch out,
God's grace flows free, like a mighty sea,
And the Master calls, launch out.

Have your souls grown faint with the vigil long?
Push away from the shore, launch out;
Put your trust in Christ, He will make you strong,
Push away from the shore, launch out;
Be no more content with a meagre share
From your Father's abundant store;
Ask Him largely now, He will hear your prayer,
And give till you want no more.

Jesus bids today every weary soul,
Push away from the shore, launch out;
Hear His loving voice, He will make you whole,
Launch out on His grace and live.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
A BIBLE LESSON.

Dear Brother:—

Under the Patriarchal dispensation God had His people. Seth, Enoch and Noah stand out prominently for their piety in the Holy Scriptures as beacon lights. Enoch under the first dispensation and Elijah under the second were honored by translation. Evidently to prove to us what our condition would have been had it not been for the introduction of sin into our world. God sent the deluge upon the world to show His utter detestation to sin. Shem, one of the sons of Noah, lived five hundred and two years after the flood, (Gen. 11:10,11) and in our opinion, was the Melchisedec spoken of in the 7th chapter of Hebrews, and was called the priest of the most high God. Abraham being called out of the land of Ur, became the father of the faithful, and recognized as the head of the Jewish church, and his grandsons became the twelve tribes of the children of Israel. God having chosen Moses their deliverer from the bondage of Egypt and leader of the journey through the wilderness, Aaron the brother of Moses was chosen as the highpriest, and in virtue of his office, Nadab and Abihu his two sons assumed the priesthood, but by an act of disobedience, fire came down from the Lord and devoured them. (Lev. 10:1,2.) On their arrival in the promised land each tribe received its inheritance, save the tribe of Levi which was set apart exclusively for the priesthood and was not entitled to any real estate but was supported by tithes given by the eleven tribes. As a nation God designed to govern them by judges, and administration of the priesthood. Eli, the priest, ruled a considerable time and we suppose was a good man, but like many in our age who assume the office of the ministry had never learned to rule his own house. Hophni and Phineas his two sons were very wicked and the judgment of God fell upon them and were both slain in one day, and resulted in the death of their father under whose tuition the noble son Samuel was reared, and chosen by the Lord as a prophet, and became one among the most devout and exemplary men that ever lived. He saw plainly that the tendency of the children of Israel, as they increased in number and wealth, was to wander away from God, by wishing as churches do now to be popular, saying give us a king as other nations. But Samuel the man of God plainly portrayed to them the consequences. But they heartened not saying give us a king and having their own choice, like many of the backslidden churches in our age. "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways."—Prov. 14:14.

Saul was chosen as their king and according to the account given in the 10th chapter of 1 Samuel gave promise for a time to reign in righteousness. But among their first wars when the lad David slew with the sling and a stone the great champion of the Philistines, and received a greater eulogy than Saul, jealousy which is cruel as the grave, prompted him to seek the life of David, and thus he drifted away from God, until he fell upon his own sword on Mount Gilboa, and died, after which David ascended to the throne as king, who sought the Lord and became very acceptable to the entire nation but owing to many mistakes his reign was probably more perplexing than any monarch that ever ruled. At his death his son Solomon reigned as king. His wisdom and riches excelled all other kings that ever lived, and for a time reigned with great prosperity. But he was human and soon gave evidence that he had lost sight of the glory of God, and died in the vigor of manhood leaving that great nation in a deplorable condition.

Rehoboam, his son assumed the throne at which time a delegation of fathers and no doubt the most pious of Israel called upon the young king with the request that he should be more lenient than his father had been in his reign. He dismissed them with the request that they should return in three days. In the mean time he took counsel with the young men who grew up with him who were probably as proud and vain as himself. At the expiration of three days the fathers returned to hear the report, and the young upstart, had the audacity to say to those venerable fathers, "My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions."—1 Kings 12:11. As a result ten tribes revolted, and there was no doubt weeping and lamentation among the people. The state of the children of Israel then will apply to church and state now, as many of our young Americans are very fast, and are ready to rule or ruin. Thus there was a succession of kings, some of whom ruled in the fear of God, while others disregarded the true worship and set up idols and worshiped them.

"Ahab sold himself to work evil in the sight of the Lord."—1 Kings 21:20. And being prompted by Jezebel, his wife, he sought to kill Elijah who had prayed that the rain should be withheld, and it
six months, and terminated in a great famine, and by an agreement between Ahab and Elijah that the test should be made, that the God who would answer by fire should be the true God. Elijah the man of God was alone whereas there were four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal who were supported by the king and flattered by the people in their sins as blind leaders do in our age. Their altars were built, and their sacrifices were prepared and the time for prayer allotted to each party, and in answer to the prayer of Elijah the fire came down and consumed the sacrifice and burnt the altar and licked up the twelve barrels of water that was in the trench and when the people saw it they fell upon their faces and said, “the Lord He is the God, the Lord He is the God.” And in the failure of the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal according to the contract they were taken to the brook Kishon and were all slain. It is marvelous when we reflect upon the degeneracy of the children of Israel, that Ahab and those four hundred and fifty false prophets claimed to be the legal descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. In view of their wickedness we may readily imagine the moral corruption of the Jewish nation which was a period of about nine hundred and fifty years before Christ. It is written that Asa the king was a good man, and his heart was perfect with the Lord all his days. He was so zealous for the cause of God, that he commanded “whosoever would not be put to death whether small or great, whether man or woman.”—2 Chron. 15:13.

Hezekiah the king was also a good man and is reckoned a reformer. “He cut down the grove and brake in pieces the golden serpent that Moses had made, for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it.”—2 Kings 18:4. That piece of brass in the shape of a serpent was preserved for seven hundred and twenty-seven years, and held in great veneration as an idol. Jehu the king was raised up to subdue idolatry. In and by his relentless energy a great many perished, owing to the wickedness of the different kings the true prophets, and their followers suffered great persecutions. The Apostle Paul in referring to the former dispensation gives us a summary of their sufferings in the 11th chapter of Hebrews, “others had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea moreover of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted they were slain with the sword, they wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented of whom the world was not worthy. They wandered in deserts, and in mountains and in dens and in caves of the earth.”—Heb. 11:36-38.

Thus we have the historical account of the rise and fall of kings and their subjects during that period of the world. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel prophesied; who were considered as the leaders in the prophetic school and were indeed men of God and could not be bribed by the world. After them the minor prophets appeared in their regular order. Malachi was the last called under that dispensation who prophesied three hundred and ninety-seven years before the birth of Christ, which is supposed to have been the darkest age the world ever witnessed. When the Jewish church became so polluted with idolatry and were not considered worthy of being honored in having an inspired prophet during that interval the books of the Apocrypha were written giving us an historical account of that succeeding dark age. Those books were never received into the canon of the Holy Scripture as they were not written by inspiration. Nevertheless dark as the age was God had His people. “Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another and the Lord hearkened and heard it.”—Mal. 3:16.

Malachi in concluding his prophecy spake of John the Baptist in the name of Elijah who was a type of the forerunner of Jesus Christ as all the figures and types concentrated in Him as our Savior. Yours as a true believer in the Holy Scriptures, JOHN FOHL.

Chambersburg, Pa., April 18.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

WILL A MAN ROB GOD?

These words have been impressed upon my mind for some time. Though much can be said on them that we would not be able to draw out, yet I'm so glad the Lord blesses us even in little things. While He has placed us here for a noble purpose, gives us time and many precious opportunities to work for Him, how important, that we are dutiful, lest in this way we rob God, and not only that, but will be void of the power that we might have otherwise. May God help us to be awake to our duties, that we may work while 'tis called today, not from a sense of duty alone, but out of love toward God and man, Jesus said, "if ye love me keep my commandments," "This is my commandment that ye love one another, as I have loved you." What a consecration to give up all for Jesus, but how blessed, and how closely it brings us in question when we examine ourselves by the Word of God. "For every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard lest at any time we should let them slip. For how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"—Heb. 2:1-3.

Some people look at this way as being a hard one, but what a mistake, it is so easy when we give up our own selfish will. It pays to serve Jesus, I speak from my heart, He'll always be with us if we do our part. There's naught in this wide world can please us so, there's no room for selfishness when we're serving the Lord.

May this be the sentiment of every believer, and that we may not be robbing God. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove me now, herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Mal. 3:10.

May I have the prayers of God's people. LIZZIE CASSEL.

Boyd, O.
For the Evangelical Visitor.

E-V-I-L.

Ye have weared the Lord with your words; yet ye say, wherein have we weared Him? When ye said everyone that doeth evil is good in the sight of the Lord, and He delighteth in them. The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, who can know it?

The unregenerate heart is a fountain of evil "filled with all unrighteousness."—Rom. 1:29-32; Mark 7:21-23. "Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground, yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward."

"The Lord is not slack concerning His promise—but is long-suffering; waiting to see if we will turn from our evil ways. "Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel."

With what is the Lord weared, why "with your words." Ye which profess His name and do not walk in His statutes. O how much liberty we want to take to ourselves and to our good friend, who is not one of those narrow-minded Christians: afraid of a little harmless amusement or having a good time occasionally, who sees no harm in innocent sports and pastimes and covers with a mantle of charity, the works of the flesh and the lusts thereof and say, every one that doeth evil is good in the sight of the Lord."

Those very kind and liberal ones will say there is no harm in the church fair, the social of many names where young people get their first lessons in gambling; the oyster supper, or even the poverty social or charity ball, if it is to benefit the Lord's work. We can form some idea of what the Lord would have us think and do with evil when He reminds us of it in His sacred Word more than five hundred times, which should always be written in large capitals—beginning with a d—D.E.V.I.L., which gives you the origin, source and character of all. The old serpent has blown his slimy breath over many professors and wrapped them up in his coils that they are not able any more to divide the evil from the good and so take it for granted that the Lord delighteth in it all.

But what saith the Lord? "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished; but the seed of the righteous shall be delivered." "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." These two elements are always in direct opposition to each other. The good is of God and bears His stamp wherever it is found. "Let not then your good be evil spoken of." It becomes a Christian so to order his life in all he does, that no one can truthfully speak evil of him. He cannot expect otherwise but to be misrepresented even at his best effort in his christian work, for evil persons will try to bring reproach upon his character. But praise the Lord if he is true to God and pure in his life, the reproaches only prove to be blessings. The Christian must bear reproach for Jesus' sake. He cannot expect to get along in this world better than his Lord, who said "the servant is not greater than his Lord; if they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." The Christian is encouraged to right living and doing from the many precious promises that are his for faithfully performing his duty in all things. There is no promise of reward for neglect of duty or of being overcome of evil.

But evil must be overcome with good to have the victory. If the child of God is well equipped with those three graces, Faith, Hope and Charity he is prepared for every good work, even to the entertaining of good and pure thoughts. 1 Cor. 13:4 8. The child of God must not retaliate. Jesus said, "Resist not evil" i. e. do not repel one outrage by another. He that does so makes himself precisely what the other is. He must not be slothful (lazy) in business, neither hasty in his actions, when forbearance would be a virtue and an oath a breach of trust which he should have reposed in God. "Let your communications be yea, yes, nay, nay." A positive affirmation, or negation according to knowledge, not produced by his own depraved imagination, but that which is according to and substantiated by the Word of truth. "For whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

What then shall we say of evil and how shall we prepare to meet it. LOOK WITHIN. Jesus said, "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts." Matt. 15:11-19; Mark 7:14-23. Evil thoughts are the parent to every evil thing which a man does in all his life. The child of God must not, dare not entertain evil thoughts against his fellow man lest he sin. "For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." "When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin, and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death." Evil society leads to evil conversation and evil acts. Evil conversation produces leanness of soul and deadness of true spiritual life. Why do we hear it said that the prayer-meeting is so dull, and why are we not ready to take our place and help to make it interesting to all who attend. Is it not often because our conduct and conversation has not been as it becometh Christians if the day, and especially the Sunday, has been spent in idle gossiping and laughter and unbecoming and often untruthful remarks of each other, while associating with and entertaining the unconverted, who look for and expect better things of those professing holiness. Is this not then the cause of that inward fear and guiltiness before God and man, lean in the spirit and slack in the service, when they appear in the testimony meeting. Having a form of godliness but silently denying the power. Why should we do those things that are to our hurt and cause our angel messengers who have watch over us (Heb. 1:4; 1 Cor. 11:10) to cover their faces with their snowy wings and turn sorrowfully away. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

O that our dear young people would only be true to God in all their endeavors and show a beautiful example of true christian piety in every association in life. With your beautiful plain attire a lovely outward christian adornment, which excels the fashion of the world as far as good excels evil, or light excels darkness. Then let purity of
heart and life be your motto. Show to the world a true christian character and "adorn the doctrine of God our Savior in all things." "Be not deceived evil communications corrupt good manners." "Awake to righteousness and sin not." "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth but that which is GOOD TO THE USE OF EDIFYING, and let the peace of God rule in your hearts." Then the spirit will bear witness with a spontaneous testimony. 

D. V. HEISE.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

"PRAYE YE THE LORD."

I will sing praises to my God while I have my being.—Ps. 104:33.

SOME time ago I did a good day's work considering my poor health, and when my husband returned from his work at night, I expected a great deal of praise, and as I was waiting for it, how forcibly it came to me, why don't you praise God? And then this verse comes to me, "My goodness, and my fortress; my high tower and my deliverer; my shield, and He in whom I trust, who subsdeth my people under me."—Ps. 144:2.

My dear reader, do we praise God enough? When we see our folks come home tired and footsore from a hard day's work, should we not praise them for the effort they have put forth to provide for us? When we see our pastor and teachers burdened with the care of the church, should we not praise them? I think you will all say, yes. Then should we not praise our heavenly Father when He watches over us and protects us from day to day, when He heals us and strengthens us and provides us with our daily needs, and forgives our sins? Yes, we should praise Him for all things. But do we? Do we think of Him who shields us from life's sorrows and alarms? Do we think of Him who made us heirs of His abounding love? "Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised and His greatness is unsearchable. One generation shall praise Thy works to another, and shall declare Thy mighty acts. Every day will I bless Thee and I will praise Thy name forever and ever."—Psa. 145:2,3,4.

Let us pray that we may not be found wanting in this manifestation of our thankfulness to God.

Yours with love.

IRENE CLENDENIEL.

1011 10th St. Des Moines, Ia.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

PROMISES AND REWARDS.

Rev. 2:10,11,12.

WHAT rich promises God has given us, and what grand reward He has promised us, if we only endure to the end.

"Because thou hast kept the word of my patience," hung on, trusted Him, taken Him by faith, at His word, He says, "I will also keep thee from the hour of temptation. What a hiding place, so safe from all danger, kept safe in the Savior's arms, but, let us not overlook the conditions in order to be kept there so safely, they do not allow any stepping over on the enemies ground, nor, giving a listening ear to any of his lies, by saying this is not necessary, or the cross is too heavy or you cannot understand the Bible, you are weak and faulty.

Christ don't ask you to stand alone, all He expects is for you to keep watching and praying, and He will do the rest. Not some godly friend, not your minister, not yourself; but He the King and Lord of all, He who loved us and gave Himself for us. He says, "I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation:" Oh how blessed. No matter how hard the trial or test, He will keep, and what power can prevail, when Christ is doing the work?

"And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." What a promise to us who are His; let us thank Him for the testing times; it shows us our weakness and makes us seek for strength and grace from the throne, so we may be found watching when He comes. (ver.11) "Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." I think I hear some one say, Oh no one can take my crown; let us stop and see if this can be done: if it were impossible why did our Master give such a solemn warning for us to hold fast? There are souls who need to be rescued over there, perhaps we put of dealing with them and someone else goes and wins them to Christ, then we have lost our crown to a certain extent; another has stepped in and won our reward. Oh when we stop and think how easy it is to neglect our duty, and to have the devil rob us of our blessings, it behooves us to do as the Savior tells us in Matt. 26:41. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

(Ver. 12.) "Him that overcometh," that indicates a struggle, a fight, a strong power, if there were nothing to fight against we would not have needed this word of encouragement and warning.

In 1 Peter 5:8 we are told what we are to overcome; and we have a Savior who wants to help us to overcome our enemy the devil; "him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God." That he shall have an abiding residence in God's temple above, and forever remain a monument of His grace.

"And he shall go no more out," among the busy worldly throng, but be ever with the Lord. "And I will write upon him the name of my God, and what grand name that will be, let us press forward and receive it.

Yours in Christ,

MRS. F. W. RADCLIFFE.

93 Hertle Ave, Buffalo, N. Y.

God's holy displeasure is more kindled against your resistance to have your sins removed, than against your sins. He is not as angry over you that you are a sinner as He is because you resist His grace and decide to remain in sin. Who then, can say, that God is too hard or unjust a master? Is it not the other way? Man is the hardest against himself.—Nasj.

Faith is to believe what we do not see and reward of this faith is to see what we believe.—Augustine.
A TERRIBLE PICTURE.

IT MAY not be generally known that India ordinarily suffers what might be called a chronic famine, affecting some 40,000,000 people, who, according to that eminent statistician and historian, Sir William Hunter, never know what it is not to be hungry—who eke out their miserable existence in a state of perpetual starvation. You see India is a very thickly populated country. On its more than one and a half million square miles, not less than 300 million people are crowded together, and of that amount some 275 million live in the agricultural districts, existing exclusively on agricultural products. In the majority of districts a large portion of the working people are paid in grain and buttermilk. Twice a year when harvest is gathered, the head man of each village divides up the grain among the families according to their earnings. If you approach an Indian village in the early morning between four and five o'clock, you will hear the women busy in their huts turning the grindstones and preparing their supply of grain for the day's use. With the poorer classes the flour thus made is boiled in buttermilk, plentifully diluted with water, and the outcome, a sort of thick gruel, serves as breakfast, dinner and supper for the family.

The famine is caused by the failing of the rainy season. The rain in India comes with great regularity. You can reckon that on the 5th of June almost to a day—anyhow, within a week—the first showers of the monsoon will fall. If a week passes without the welcome drops, terror strikes the heart of India. Anxious faces seek the horizon daily. Gradually every hope dies from the weary eyes, and the country retires down in the stupor of dumb despair. The grass withers and dies; the scorching sun glares from a cloudless heaven on its rapidly progressing work of devastation. Then wells dry up. The cattle fall here and there, unable to withstand the ravages of hunger and thirst. Their carcasses strew the barren desert. Vultures and jackals begin a ghastly carnival; they crowd nearer and nearer around the villages as if waiting for the country to become a carrion pit. The people roam aimlessly about, mere bags of bones; children crowd around their parents in mute application; the families grow smaller and smaller, as first one, then another sinks down and gives up the hopeless struggle. And then to crown it all the black scourg of disease sets in, intensifying the agony; pest, cholera, plague attack the miserable remnants of humanity, finishing up the work so well begun. Oh! a famine is terrible, terrible!—Commander Booth Tucker in War Cry.

LOST.

SOMEWHERE between sunrise and sunset. One precious hour decked with sixty precious jewels (minutes) each ornamented with precious sets (seconds). No reward is offered for the return of the same for it is in eternity. It is lost. It is gone forever. I feel the sense of lostness for I know I will have to give an account for it at the judgment bar of God.

My brother and sister let us from this time forward improve every little minute. Let us live every day as though it was our last day. Let us use every hour in such a manner that it will be put on record as giving glory to our Redeemer.

LOST!

An opportunity to speak a word for Christ. There was a precious soul for whom our Savior died, a soul in trouble, halting between two opinions, longing for some word of cheer or comfort, a soul having an inward struggle, who is convicted by the Holy Ghost, who is tempted by Satan, a soul striving for self mastery, striving to obey his own conscience, striving to follow the leading of the Spirit of Christ. I saw an opportunity to speak to such an one or to offer a prayer in his behalf. Brother, I let that opportunity pass. What is the result? A soul is lost for eternity. Oh! think of it. What a record to meet! I had a chance to speak a word, an opportunity to influence a soul for the right. But now it is too late. Brother, sister, let us not lose another opportunity.

Did you ever stop and think what an influence we exert for right or wrong?

Did you ever stop and think what an influence we exert for right or wrong?

Some time ago in a revival meeting I saw a young man some 20 years old who was under deep conviction. I went to him and spoke to him about his soul and asked him to come to Christ and seek salvation. He stood there trembling and said he didn't feel like it. I said, My brother, I believe the Spirit of Christ is pleading with your soul and you have an opportunity tonight to find your Savior and the peace and joys of full salvation. But with tears running down his cheeks he said, No, not tonight. He wanted to come but the trouble was he was with an ungodly woman who did not want him to go.

After the altar call I asked all who really wanted to be Christians to rise to their feet. This young man started to get up but she touched him on the arm and he kept his seat. Then I asked all who wanted the Christians to pray for them to raise their hands. She looked at him and shook her head for him not to raise his hand. The poor boy sat there with tears in his eyes and he really wanted to go but she had some secret power, some influence over him and she kept him back.

I think I never saw a person convicted deeper than he was. There were five or six at the altar that night and perhaps a dozen arose, others raised their hands for the prayers but this young man was convicted deeper than any.

Some time after I spoke to him about his soul and he said he had never felt any conviction since that night. He said, Oh, if I could feel the desire to go forward as I did that night. I would give the world for another chance but the Spirit of God has withdrawn from me. I feel that I am doomed. I wanted to go that night and I ought to have gone. But I let the opportunity pass. Satan had to work hard to
keep me but now I feel that my soul is lost. This took place five years ago. The young man is living in this county now. He is lower in sin than he ever was. I say, what an awful account that woman will have to meet in the judgment.

The Bible says, he who is not for work is against me. Then let us be working for Him.

Your brother and co-worker in Christ.—L. D. Slagton, in Golden Reed.

GOSPEL OF GOD.

GOD manifests His mercy as much in what He refuses to reveal as in that of which He informs us. Christ could have flashed light upon scientific subjects and have surprised and startled the world with the knowledge that "puffeth up." But He confined His discourses to the themes of redemption and Gospel revelation. He could have filled His hearers with amazement by portraying the splendors and glories of Paradise, but nothing is known of even the object of His interview with Moses and Elijah on Mount Tabor at the transfiguration. We do not get a glimpse of one of thousands of things which would gratify curiosity, but there is an ample exposition of all that pertains to salvation. What a brief and cursory account did Moses give of the creation. The wisdom of this world would have demanded a far more elaborate description of the creation of the world. But nothing exceeds the niceness and minuteness with which he describes the construction of the Tabernacle. This shows how much dearer and more important in the mind of God is His instituted religion among men than all the material earth. The Scriptural account of creation does not enrich the science of geology, of geography or astronomy; there is no mention of the diameter of the earth or of the zones thereof, or of the magnitude and distance of the stars, but the pattern of the Tabernacle mentions the measure of every separate part; every board, curtain and fixture, and all the furniture are described with great exactness. Little is said of the "new heaven and the new earth," but the dimensions of the "New Jerusalem" are mentioned minutely. The methods of divine grace are the all glorious theme of the Gospel of God.—Vanguard.

PAYING THE FARE.

WHEN Jonah took it into his foolish head to run away to Tarshish "from the presence of the Lord," he went on board an outward-bound vessel, and "paid the fare thereof." That was an expensive excursion. He lost his money. He lost his time. He lost the approval of his conscience and smile of God. He would have lost his life but for a miraculous rescue, and he returned to Joppa a sadder and wiser man. When any one attempts to run away from God, he is sure to be overtaken, and when any one chooses a seductive path of sin he pays dearly for the folly.

I see it announced in the daily journals that a certain heart-broken young wife has been divorced from a worthless husband for "cruelty and desertion." It was all in vain that her parents besought her not to intrust her heart and her happiness to one who hid a rotten character behind a handsome face and polished manners; she took the reckless risk, and has paid the fare thereof. In all my life-long observation I have almost never known a marriage contracted in opposition to the wishes of loving parents that has not turned out badly. The wages of filial disobedience are apt to be death to happiness.

Not long ago I met a man whom I had known in his better days; he was reeling along under the escort of a policeman towards the station-house. Poor creature! he was paying the toll on the devil's turnpike. The heartless saloonkeeper who sold him the poison will be required to pay his when he reaches the judgment bar of a righteous God. Let the young understand that every pathway of sensual indulgence—whether it leads to impure books, or salacious scenes in a theater, or any gratification of sensual lusts will sooner or later encounter a tollgate of retribution. Can any young man or maiden take hot coals of fire into the bosom and not be scorched?

Roads to gross sins that pollute the body and soul are not—the only perilous ones. There is a pathway to political preferment, into which bright and ambitious young men are pushing; if in name for the service of the people, yet too often only for party or self-advancement. The "fare" they pay is constant worry, a temptation to trick and intrigue, a readiness to descend in character in order to ascend into high office, and a wretched demoralization of conscience. Civil offices ought to be accepted as an honorable and sacred trust; but unfortunately the atmosphere of "practical politics" in our country is so contaminating that few clean men stay in long without a stain on their reputations. Whoever chooses that road of ambition, let him count his cost.

Over in yonder city streets today are thousands of men mad to get rich. That appetite grows by what it feeds on. "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver," and they who determine that at all hazards they will win wealth must pay the penalty. Gold is an excellent servant when held in trust for God and good men; it is a cruel master when it owns its possessor. "How do you feel today?" was asked of a millionaire who at fourscore was tottering along feebly for an airing. "I feel better," was the pitiful reply, "I feel better today; stocks are up!" The poor rich man was almost in sight of eternity; yet he was hugging his money-bags as a drowning man hugs a plank. Whoever travels the thronged road of covetousness must "pay the fare thereof."

I could multiply illustrations; but they would all point to the one great solemn truth that sin is about the costliest thing in God's universe. However smooth its tongue and bewitching its promises, the wages it exacts is death! It always "finds us out" and Christians need to remember this as much as the most worldly-minded slave of Mammon or the most impure slave of sensual appetite. It was one of God's prophets who fled from the path of duty into the path of inclination, and paid the "fare thereof." Even some min
Isaiah have been overtaken on the road to Tarshish, and have been glad to get back penitently to their right field of labor in Nineveh. The "meek will He guide in His way."

Is not a life of godliness costly too? Yes, but in quite another way. The straight road toward heaven by the redeeming love of Christ Jesus hath a "fare thereof" also. Repentance and faith are demanded at the entrance gate. "If thou wilt enter into life," says Jesus, "keep my commandments. He that would come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." All the richest graces, all the noblest deeds of love for others, all the grandest achievements for the glory of our blessed Master are costly. Crosses are the price of unfading crowns. There is this mighty difference between the "fare" on the two roads to eternity. On the one, the wages are paid—in hell! At the end of the other, the reward is paid—in heaven! — Theodore L. Cuyler.

Glorify God in your bodies.

In His temple every thing saith glory.—Ps. 29:9. R. V.

In these bodies of ours which Christ has purchased with His own blood to be the temples of the Holy Spirit, can it be truthfully said that every thing saith, Glory? Has every part been thoroughly cleansed and given over to be an habitation of God, or are there certain reserved portions for our own use? These are questions that we are not competent to answer ourselves. Our vision is so blinded, and our judgment so warped that we can only receive the answer, when we throw open the door and pray "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Thank God, it is not any righteousness of our own that is to perfect us, but Christ's righteousness imparted to us; but why should we allow ourselves to miss the joy now that He desires us to have, by His continued indwelling and fellowship? — 1 John 1:4-10. — Faithful Witness.

I would gladly hope that no friend, who attempts by voice or pen to mould the thought of the church, undervaluest that body of truth which passes for evangelical belief. For such truths bear a necessary relation to an experimental knowledge of Jesus Christ. These doctrines are found in every orthodox creed, simply because the most spiritual in all ages of the Christian church have so read the Word, and because the practical results of their acceptance have proved their divine origin and their right to live. They have been demonstrated in the victorious lives and on the triumphant deathbeds of the saints from the day of Pentecost until now. They are in crystalized form for safe keeping and convenient handling. This is eminently apostolic. Paul charges Timothy to give "attention" to them; to "maintain" them; to "hold fast the form of sound words;" "sound speech that cannot be condemned."

These essential doctrines do not admit of any material change of statement to suit the taste or modified thought of any man or any age, for the die in which they were molded was cast by the Holy Spirit.

I say "essential" doctrines, without meaning to disparage any portion of God's truth, and yet there is a difference between that which is vital and that which is only relatively important. Surgery, in our day, is removing organs that at one time were deemed indispensable, but there is a limit beyond which the knife cannot go without taking life. No one will ever presume to take away the heart, however troublesome that organ may become. It is a vital organ, and attack upon it would give just occasion for alarm and protest.

To make the application: 1. The inspiration of the Bible as an authoritative revelation from God on the great questions of ruin and redemption, is an essential doctrine. To throw discredit upon its authenticity is to sweep from under us the entire foundation of our faith. 2. Another vital truth is the moral disability of our race through inherited depravity. Merely to admit the presence of sin is not enough. Somewhere along the line there has been a moral disaster that has disturbed our equipoise and given men a bent to sinning. Deny this, and we cast discredit upon the system of apostolic teaching. 3. Again, there is the doctrine of atonement through the blood of Jesus Christ, and salvation by faith in its efficacy. This is the heart of hearts in the body of saving truth, and yet I can but observe that the modern statements of the Atonement are notably silent about the blood. But if Jesus Christ was not the Lamb of God, in the sense of a sin-offering, and if the scarlet thread does not run through the whole Book in one line of consistent teaching, I have utterly failed to read my Bible aright.

I can never forget how mysterious this doctrine was to my girlish mind, and yet I thank God that I had been taught it. It meant no more to me as a means of salvation than a brazen serpent could have meant to the reason of the bitten Israelite. Rationalism cannot explain the efficacy of either, but life depended on looking at the serpent, and life depends on faith in the blood. Hence, it is of vital importance that our utterances be unmistakably clear on this point. There came a time when to my broken and surrendered heart the uplifted Redeemer was revealed by the Holy Ghost, and then I knew He died for me. I felt myself as truly a witness of it as if I had stood beside His cross. Portions of the Word about the blood came in quick succession to my mind—texts that were meaningless before—and the precious doctrine was experimentally ingrained into my spiritual life. The love of God was shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost, and I loved my Savior as I love the dearest personal friend. It was not a sentiment awakened by the contemplation of love unto the death, of a sacrifice such as a martyr endures for a cause. It was a revelation of Christ in the supreme hour for which He came.

This experience, in its essential features, has been duplicated in millions of instances since this evangel was first preached, but I venture to say such a definite work of grace has never been wrought.
under a minister that has taught the sacrifice as something other than an exception. It is a very significant fact that the Holy Spirit witnesses in this way to this doctrine as it appears in orthodox creeds, and to no other. This sounds dogmatic, but I challenge its successful contradiction. I grant that there is a kind of moral and spiritual culture and a Christian refinement of character that is beautiful—that is often found in those who deny the blood; but when it comes to the keen edge of a positive experience and the power of the Holy Ghost, they are always absent.

Nor have these doctrines, which the living membership would guard with jealous care, been accepted merely on authority or by tradition. They are deliberate convictions drawn from the teachings of the Word and from the attestings of the Holy Spirit to the consciousness.

It seems to me we ought to encourage doctrinal preaching as an especial need of our times, but let it be after the type of Christ and the Apostles—in the concrete—never divorcing the tree from its fruit. Our mistake has doubtless been to teach too exclusively the one or the other, and so it often seems to me that truth has, in a measure, lost its balance and is trying to regain it.

I would that we might have the clearest doctrinal teaching from both ministry and the press, leading sinners to the atoning cross of Christ for new hearts, and perfecting the saints in an all-around, practical Christianity.—E. T. B. in American Friend.

THE IDEAL FATHER.

Writing of the ideal father and ideal home-training, in the May Ladies' Home Journal, Frances Evans refers to the home-life of a well-known writer "who considers no affair of greater importance than the direction of his four boys' minds. His boys run in age from ten to seventeen, but even the little lad of ten is admitted to the family talks, which are teaching these boys to think for themselves. Instead of telling the children to 'keep quiet' at the dining-table, both parents, with wise kindness, promote and direct the natural talkativeness of youth into fruitful channels. The father brings home the news of the day, and each boy is encouraged to express himself on these current topics when they dine at night, provided he is willing to think about what he is saying, not deliver some careless, ignorant opinion, then obstinately stick to it. Argument is encouraged, and frequently started by the father. Each boy may give free reign to his opinion as long as he keeps his temper and argues his best. No slovenly habits of thought or expression are permitted in this family. The topic in hand may be anything from football to the latest scientific discovery."

A PERSECUTED SEVASTOPOL PASTOR.

Pastor Vasili Pawloff was lost to sight, and it was only known that he had been exiled by administrative process to Siberia. Few men in modern times have endured more, suffered more, or sacrificed more, for the Gospel of Christ. He is but forty-four years of age, but the varied experiences of his life, if fully told, would make a story of thrilling romantic interest. A native of Tiflis, in Transcaucasia, he was converted and baptized at the age of sixteen; persecuted by his parents first, and trained for a preacher of the Gospel at Hamburg, Germany, under the personal direction of the late Pastor Oncken, by whom he was ordained. He afterwards returned to Russia and spread the glad tidings through faith in Jesus Christ throughout the regions of the Don and the Volga, and over the Caucasian mountains to the borders of Persia and the Caspian Sea. Hundreds of converts were won to the Lord Jesus, and many churches were established by his labors.

By his arduous and extended and successful service he became widely and well known to the Russian officials, who watched him with jealous eyes, and in 1887 he was suddenly banished from home and sent to Siberia, simply for the crime of preaching the truth as it is in Jesus. Even in that land of exile he continued to preach the Gospel during his first term of four years. At its conclusion he returned to his home in Tiflis. But a few weeks after his return he was called before the officials and commanded to sign a document pledging himself to preach no more. He refused and was arrested without process of law and thrown into prison. For some time his friends and family knew not what had become of him, but at last learned that he was in prison at Tiflis. Soon he, with another was taken by secret ways to the station to be again transported to Siberia. Notwithstanding the care of the officials, it was learned that he was to be taken away, and a great multitude thronged the railway station on his departure.

On this second period of exile his family soon joined him, but sorrow was to be their portion. In less than a year one daughter was taken from him by drowning and the mother and three children carried away by cholera, leaving the sorrowing exile alone with but one of his family, his son, remaining. His preaching of the Gospel continued during this second term of exile, and many converts were won. At the end of this second term of four years the church numbered one hundred and fifty members, and has since grown to more than three hundred.

On his second return from exile Mr. Pawloff found that it was useless for him to attempt to longer preach the Gospel in Russia. He had become so widely known that his movements were under constant surveillance of the secret police, and so he at last decided in sorrow to leave his native land, and located himself at Tultscha, in Roumania, just over the border, where he has been joined by many Baptists who have suffered from exile in Siberia.

Mr. Pawloff has recently been visiting the Russian Mennonite and Baptist churches in America, and assurance of support has been given which will enable him to carry forward with vigor the great work which he is still able to do in Roumania. He speaks Russian, Roumanian, Bulgarian, Turkish, and
German, but converses only with some difficulty in English. He is preaching the Gospel, and bears upon his body the marks of the Lord Jesus.—Faithful Witness.

MINISTER'S PAGE.

THE ART OF PREACHING.

MY SYMPATHIES are always with the preacher. Having tried a few times in my life to preach, I have discovered for myself how difficult a matter it is to preach well. It is more difficult than it is to lecture, for the lecturer is occupied only with the matter of either entertaining or instructing as the purpose of the lecture may be. It is more difficult than pleading a case before a jury, for in that case one is almost sure of a hearing, all the parties being interested. It includes, not only the presentation of facts for instruction, but the enforcement of these facts upon the mind of the hearers. These facts are not always such as the hearers are pleased with, but they must be presented, nevertheless, and the preacher alone is eminently successful who shall be able to present them in such a way as to “not only convince the judgment, kindle the imagination, and move the feelings, but also to give a powerful impulse to the will.” Even those things which are distasteful and sometimes repulsive to the hearer must become, in the sermon, a “Savor of life unto life,” if the full purpose of preaching is to be realized. Designed as it is by the gospel, to accomplish so much for humanity, the sermon should be the highest literary product of which the preacher is capable.

The reason for emphasizing this phase of the subject may be found in the too prevalent, hap-hazard preaching of the present. Too many preachers stand up before their congregation on Sunday morning and feel that they are without a message but are under the necessity of speaking. The preacher being without a message, the people are uninterested and the preaching hour becomes the dullest hour of the week.

But the man with a message is always heard. The people are eager to listen to him. They hang upon his words. His speech may not be fluent, his language may be at fault. His literary ability may be below par, but if he has a message, it will be heard. To have a message is not merely to have something to say. Much can be found to say. Too much, quite often. Because the preacher has occupied an hour in the delivery of his sermon, let him not think, consequently, he delivered a message. And let him that is able to speak only ten minutes, feel happy if his message has indeed been given. To deliver a message in the spiritual sense of expression, is to speak to your fellowman that which moves your own heart. It will affect him as it affects you.

If your heart has not been moved, you have no message. If a truth stirs the heart and makes it burn, and the preacher realizes the need of the people for that same truth he is prepared to deliver a message. How then shall a message be obtained? It takes labor. No lazy preacher need apply. Long, earnest, prayerful contemplation of well-known and common-place truth often reveals to the patient thinker, new phases and applications. Often it does even more than that. It reveals to us a thought which we understood before, but which was only dim and indistinct. Meditation sharpens the outlines, intensifies the details and presents it before the mind in new colors. Furthermore, we may continually explore regions of thought which are new to us, and which, on account of their freshness in our minds, enable us to present them with freshness and vigor to the people.

The book of Nature, the book of Revelation are open to all. Shall we grasp with firmer hold, the truths which are about us? Shall they be suffered to take possession of us? Shall they, like an invigorating food cause us to be strong and to speak with such strength as to awaken others from the slumber of sin? This is at the foundation of the “art of preaching.”—The Consecrator.

Some modern ministers might take instruction from the following words uttered by John Wesley near the close of his life:—After having served you between sixty and seventy years, let me add one word more. I am pained for you who are rich in this world. Do you give all you can? “Nay; may I not do what I will with my own?” you reply. Here lies your mistake. It is not your own. It can not be unless you are Lord of heaven and earth. Who gave you this addition to your fortune? Do you know that God entrusted you with that money for his work? “But I must provide for my children.” Certainly, but how? By making them rich? Then you will ruin them. “What shall I do then?” Lord, speak to their hearts, else I speak in vain. Leave them enough to live on, not in idleness but honest industry. And if you have no children, upon what principle can you leave a great behind more than enough to bury you? What does it signify whether you leave ten thousand pounds or ten thousand boots and shoes? Haste! haste! Send all you have before you go to the better world.

A minister who lived to see all his children coming to the Savior says: “I once thought I was doing God service in opposing the reception of young children into the church, and was most thoroughly and touchingly corrected by our own first-born. At the age of ten she told me of her conversion, and desired baptism. ‘My darling child,’ I replied, ‘you are young and your gay companions may lead you into the world.’ ‘My father,’ she said, ‘am I too young to love you and my mother, and ought I not to love Jesus before all and above all?’”

—R. Fuller.

Preachers should carefully study how to manage a meeting to secure the best interest. No part of the service should be dull or uninteresting. The preacher should preach with interest, not too long, nor too short. He should know how to manage the after meeting with interest, and how to make his announcement in a clean-cut manner, without unnecessary explanations or exhortations.—Exchange.
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 pulse."—Psalm 144:12.

UNLESS YOU TRY.

You think of taking a journey some day;
You have talked it over years and years:
Yet somehow or other you make delay.
Until farther and farther away appears
The beautiful goal; and I tell you now
To bind yourself with a solemn vow
To cross the Rubicon. Pluck up heart!
For you'll never get there unless you start.

There looms before you from day to day
A task that you dread to undertake,
So it hangs like a cloud upon your way.
Through which the sunshine can never break.
And I tell you no: that the better plan
Is to do the work as quick as you can;
Over your fears a victory win,
For you'll never get through if you don't begin!

With the bravest and busiest keep abreast,
Nor thine love of indolence lose your place.
For in each endeavor to do your best
You raise the hopes of the human race.
Be not content to grovel below,
But rise to your duties with faith aglow!
Let your aims be high, and strive to excel,
For he that does better must first do well!

The heart that gives way to its doubts and
fears,
That idly dreams when there's work to do,
Will find itself, before many years,
Beggared and bankrupt through and through.
There are journeys to take and tasks to be done,
From early morn till set of sun,
And triumphs to win, as none can deny,
And you'll never succeed unless you try;

CARE OF THE BABY.

WHEN a baby begins to fret, ex-
amine it and see what is the matter. Do not allow it to scream and cry for it will soon learn that it must cry for anything it wants. There are many causes from which the baby cries that might be removed; tight bands, pins, indigestion, damp clothes, coldness, heat; etc. The baby's make-up is like that of the adult; and should receive the same attention in regard to food, clothing, and care of body. When it is screaming with colic do not force it to take more food, but try to ease and comfort it.

Have stated times to feed it and when hungry do not let it wait for its meal. A fretful, tired, or frightened baby cannot digest food. Try to divert its attention and quiet it before nursing it. An adult cannot digest food while in a passion or when tired, much less an infant.

Never allow the baby to go to sleep crying; it makes it restless and its sleep is not good. A mother once said that when her baby was well it only nursed once during the night but when it had the colic it nearly wore her out nursing. Its little stomach was already full of gas and fermentation. The wonder is that these babies live, with this continual forcing down of food on the already overcrowded stomach.

A baby was crying frantically with colic pains, and it was found that its band had slipped up till the lower edge came over the middle of the abdomen. The accumulation of gas above and below made the abdomen appear as if it had been blown up. When the band was loosened the little one breathed a sigh of relief and by gentle rubbing was soon a cooing baby.

Do not let the little one form the habit of suction, which creates gas on the stomach and keeps it uncomfortable. As soon as it has finished its meal, if inclined to put its fingers in its mouth, gently take them away and divert its attention by a bright object and it will soon forget its desire to suck something. Especially keep its fingers out of its mouth, for this is a filthy as well as an unhealthy habit, and one that is not easily broken when once formed.

Babies that use a bottle are fed too fast. Keep them in a natural position and hold the bottle for them, giving them a minute now and then to rest. When lying down the milk runs too fast and they are compelled to swallow or choke. Do not allow it to suck on the nipple of the bottle or let it chew on anything. When four or five months old, the salivary glands begin to come into action and if excited will make an increased flow of saliva, requiring the uncomfortable habit of wearing a wet bib, and causes a diseased condition of the salivary glands, and if this habit is not broken, when older will call for chewing gum, cigarette, cigar, pipe, and drink.

Do not trot or rock a child. Think of how your digestion is disturbed by the rocking of a boat or violent exercise. The action is the same on the little one. Don't say this all seems too much, for if once begun the baby will know nothing of any other way of living and will be such a comfort to you. It will not expect to be always handled, and with care will have nothing to make it become an irritable peevish child and will be happy and sunny.

Perhaps you say, "My baby is too old and has already formed these habits, what can I do?" With the grace of God in your soul and patience you can shortly overcome this and have your child under perfect control. It is worth while to take the trouble (w) as it will tell on the child's life and afterwards make burdens and cares lighter. Remember babies thus taken care of will not require constant handling; will feel more comfortable without it and will be healthier. A properly fed, clean, warm, dry baby with something to play with will prefer playing alone. You will be paid for your trouble in the gratefulness and happiness of your child. —Mattie E. Arendell in Vanguard.

THE TRUE REMEDY.

ORANGES and apples, eaten freely, diminish the craving for alcoholic drinks. A fruit diet is a great help to the hard drinker in overcoming his habit. A glass of olive oil will do much to "sober up" an intoxicated man.—The Temperance Cause for January 1900.

Our temperance friends are just finding a true remedy for drunkenness. They cannot win on a flesh diet. It has been tried long enough and has failed.

When I was young I was sure of many things. There are only two things of which I am sure now. One is that I am a miserable sinner, and the other that Jesus Christ is an all-sufficient Savior. —John Newton.
TEMPERANCE.

"Temperance is the moderate use of all things helpful, and total abstinence from all things harmful."

HEAVEN OR HELL.

PERMIT me to relate," says a writer, "the incident which changed my whole life's course and turned back my soul from that awful place called hell. On the 3rd day of July, 1862, it was my painful duty to assist in the laying away of a young man, who had been almost a brother to me. This young man had a praying mother and a godless father. Together we traveled over a great part of this country, together we shared the bread of prosperity and the crust of adversity. Time went on, and he was brought low by that awful disease known as delirium tremens, or alcoholism. We had been dissipating at a rapid rate for sometime. This was the result of it all. This was going to close the last chapter of what might have been a life of usefulness had not the demon of rum prevailed. This boy's life on this day was to go out in utter darkness, on account of an evil that is taking the best blood from this nation today and is being maintained by the votes of professing Christians.

Note the awful words that closed the life of one among many of the lost souls who pass into eternity every day, and then ask yourself the question: 'Would I like my life to go out thus without warning and my soul to spend eternity in such a place?' Listen and heed, unsaved ones. They are written on my heart, as well as on this paper. They are recorded in the great roll book of the Judge of the quick and the dead. After speaking to his parents, this young man said to me: 'Harry, my boy, the doctor says I am going to die and while I am rational I want to talk to you. I wish I had my life to live over again. I wish the flight of years would turn backward, it is too late, too late. They'll not open the gates to such as I. There was a time in my life when I loved God, but I spent my time in riotous living, and now the door is shut, I am lost!

The next morning, unsaved reader that boy's face became purple and fairly livid with terror. His eyes started from their sockets, his body quivered with the agonies of death, and while blood flew from nostrils, mouth and ears, he fell back on his bed cursing every one around him, and screaming, 'lost! lost!' he expired, and his soul passed from the wreck of a once noble boy to the account of Almighty God.

I saw that boy carried to his last resting place, and all the way I heard or seemed to hear that parting wail of the passing soul, 'lost! lost!'

Oh! dear unsaved one there is a place called hell. I beseech you to go the other way, the way of the cross of Christ."—Selected.

LITTLE MARY VANCE.

Mr. Jones was a very wicked man. He made and sold the strong drink which is just like poison to those who take it; and besides he drank it himself, and was often seen reeling through the streets. He was very violent in his temper, so that almost everybody was afraid of him.

Once as he was staggering along the village street, he met little Mary Vance. Mary was the minister's little girl, and was going with her father and mother to the Wednesday afternoon prayer-meeting. They did pray for him, and the drunkard rose. "I have a few words to say," he said, "I wish you'd pray for me, for I'm awful wicked."

The people looked at him, and seeing him half drunk, were really frightened lest he should do some strange, bad thing; and they began to move away from him, some this way and some that, until he and Mary sat alone in the middle of the church. He noticed this. "See how they all hate me," he thought, "because I am so wicked. And perhaps God will forsake me, too. Oh, how dreadful!"

The thought took such hold of him that he began to cry, and rose again, and said, "Won't you pray for me?"

They did pray for him, and the dear Saviour pardoned his sins and gave him a new heart. He went home a different man, gave up his wicked business, left off drinking, and began to serve God. And he always loved little Mary Vance for leading him in her sweet, childish way, to the house of prayer that Wednesday afternoon.—Congregationalist.

It takes 2,000,000 boys every generation for raw material for the saloons.

God tells us to love reproof. I don't know anyone who took reproof better than Eli. "It is the Lord!" When Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man," he did not flare up as Herod did. No. He said, "I have sinned," and went away to write the fifty-first Psalm.—A. Bonar.
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.

"His Workers."

"One more day's work for Jesus,"

Trilled a little maiden sweet,

As laden with fragrant roses

She passed through the dusty street.

"One more day's work for Jesus,"

She carried the blossoms rare
To the sick, the poor, the lonely,
And they breathed a blessing there.

"One more day's work for Jesus,"

"One more day's work for Jesus,"

The thought of that fountain free
And the ransom throng who gather
By the shining crystal sea.

"One more day's work for Jesus,"

A weary one whispered low;

Her work to patiently suffer
Through the long years' ebb and flow,

"One more day's work for Jesus,"

She counted each spent day gain;

For each brought her one step nearer
Release from sorrow and pain.

"One more day's work for Jesus,"

Twas a grisy laborer's song;

He was bowed and aged and toil-worn,
He had borne his burden long.

"One more day's work for Jesus,"

Though the least among earth's poor,
He was an heir to life eternal
And a heavenly home scene.

"One more day's work for Jesus,"

Rose the faithful preacher's prayer
As with fervent heart he labored,
Girding with zeal to his rare.

"One more day's work for Jesus,"

A blest work to him was given,
To bear to the weak and erring
The message of grace from heaven.

"One more day's work for Jesus,"

Oh, grant us, our Father, to see
That the work that is done "for Jesus"
Is hallowed whatever it be,
That the weary day-long duties
Are as dear to the Master above
As sermon, or incense of roses,
Thou measurest our deed by our love.

A Boy's Changes.

I wonder, my boy, if sometimes you think that you haven't a fair chance in life that you were handicapped at the start? That somehow you didn't start even with other boys?

Well, now; put that idea out of your head. You have as good a start as any other boy. There is nothing in your place in the race to discourage you. There was a boy about sixty years ago who started in life: what even the most hopeful boy would have considered heavy odds. And he was no "story paper boy," either, he was a real boy, with a temper and disposition pretty much like your own. He couldn't speak a word of English, and that was against him. And he was born in Africa, and that was against him. And he was a young heathen, and that was bad for him. And he had no education, no manners, no morals, no decency, no clothes. In a fierce war between his father's tribe and some other savages, this boy was taken prisoner. He was made a slave. His master sold him for a horse, and it wasn't a very good horse, either, because the heathen who got the horse came around with him and made the other heathen trade back. The next time the boy was sold it was for a keg of rum. The worse this was, the better the heathen liked it, so he didn't go back on the trade, but the fellow who bought the boy, said he was cheated, and that the boy was no good at all, so he brought him back. The savage who had sold the boy had drank up all the rum, so he bought the boy for a small bale of tobacco. The boy was consider to be worth less than nobody wanted him. But he was sold once more—this time more cheaply than ever, to a Portuguese slave-trader, who bought him for a few beads, some looking glasses and a few cheap trinkets.

Down in the close, foul hold of a slave ship, the boy lay packed in with other slaves, and you couldn't blame him if he had begun to think that things were running against him. But an English man-of-war was cruising up and down the seas, looking for just such ships. A big gun ran its ugly black muzzle out of a port-hole; a British gunner squinted along the tube; a sheaf of flame, a puff of smoke, a defiant roar, and a solid shot screamed "stop!" right across the slaver's hawses, and naturally she stopped. The Englishman rescued all the slaves. This boy, ignorant, ill-mannered, penniless, half-naked, who had been sold four times, who was considered worth less than a yellow dog, was taken to England. He was educated, he was brought lovingly under patient and faithful Christian influence, and when he became a man, he went back to Africa—Bishop Crowther—a Christian gentleman, educated, refined, respected in the Christian world, a noble, great-hearted, useful man.

Now, my boy, until you have been treated worse than Bishop Crowther was, until you have been sold five times, and each successive time sold more cheaply—until you have had to look such black chances as his in the face, don't you ever let me hear you say that you haven't a fair chance.—Robert J. Burdette.

Boys That Mean Business.

A Boy Of Great City daily was speaking a few days ago about the service of his office boy. "I don't believe there is a person in the building who has anything against the boy," said he. "Arthur is always on time, always ready and quiet, and thoroughly reliable."

Some one who stood by took occasion to ask a question: "Is it really true that a boy who is responsible and willing is always noticed?""Oh yes," said the editor: "noticed almost at once and all over the office."

"But what are his chances about being promoted? In a large office I should think there would be really little chance, yet one continually hears it stated that reliable boys are sure to be promoted."

The editor answered with decision: "The chances are almost certain. A boy who is reliable and willing to work, and who shows a disposition to do his best, is sure to be promoted as fast as he deserves to be. Of course, in our office we have all sorts of boys—boys who are shiftless and have no interest in their work, who stay a short time and drift away. That sort of a boy doesn't count. But now Arthur has been with us two years. In all that time he has been keen and business-like, ready to do anything always pleasant and prompt and capable. The boy before Arthur was much the same sort of a boy. He stayed after hours and practiced on the typewriter till he became thoroughly skillful with it. That boy is now the business manager's stenographer. The two boys before him are clerks in the counting-room. Still others are at work, in the building in good places. It is entirely true that a boy who means to make the most of himself can do it. We're looking for just those boys."—Selected.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, asks the following pertinent question: "Do you know that boys are more particular who they go with than girls are? You may think it a strange statement, but it is so. A girl will go on the streets in open day with a boy that gets drunk, but the minute a boy finds out that a girl gets drunk, he won't go with her. I wish our girls would be as particular with whom they go as boys are."—Christian Observer.

"Sinners spend more for whiskey in forty-eight hours, than all the churches give to missions in a year."
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

A Semi-Monthly Religious Journal,

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.

Subscription, $1.00 per year; six months, 50c. Sample Copies Free.

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4. 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.

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

Abilene, Kansas, June 1, 1900.

ADRESSES OF MISSIONARIES.

Mrs. Elizabeth Engle
Miss H. Frances David
Miss Alice Heise
Miss C. Cress
Isaac O. Lehman
Miss Barbara Hershey
Inanda Mission Station
D. W. Zook and wife
J. Eber Zook
Mrs. Amanda Zook
S. H. Zook
Misses Fannie L. and Elmina Hoffman
Khamsgon, Berar, India.

FRANK J. W. O. BAKES, Louisville, Ky.
GEORGE DETWILER, Abilene, Kansas, Editor.

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Mrs. A. S., New Carlisle, O.
A. C., Boyd, O.
O. U., North Hampton, O.
A. C., Dayton, O.
H. E. C. Boyd
L. H., Englewood, O.
E. S., Newton, Kan.
J. E. S., Plainfield, Ind.
P. D.
H. E. F., Iowa.

LOVE-FEASTS.

Pennsylvania.

Lykens Valley, at the home of John A. Keefer, R. R. station Millersburg, June 9-10
Air Hill, Stations, W. M. R. R. Culbertson, C. V. R. R. Scotland, June 6-7
Ohio.

Ashland and Richland, June 9 & 10
KANSAS.

Nottawa, Simcoe
Wallaeb, Welland
Waterloo, at the home of Eld. John Wildfong Hespeler.

INDIANA.

TIPPER.

Near Nappanee, Brethren's m. h. June 9-10
Maryland.


We have forwarded the Minutes of Conference to the various addresses as ordered. Copies may be had by addressing this office and enclosing three cents each in stamps.

Our readers will bear with us for being a little late with this number. A week's absence at Conference, and pushing the publication of the minutes of Conference ahead of the paper is the cause. We hope to be on time in the future.

A few of our readers have expressed themselves as desirous of obtaining a bound volume of the Evangelical Visitor for 1899. The increase in expense of binding makes it impossible to furnish it for less than $1.50 per volume, and we would ask all who may decide to procure one to kindly inform us at once so as we do not wish to have more bound than are needed.

During conference a goodly number of our subscribers paid us money for the paper. We have so far as we know kept account of it all, but for fear that some mistake should occur, we will give a list of names and money paid in connection with the same, on the last page, which we request all to inspect and if any one paid money whose name is not in the list we would desired to be informed, so there be no error. This does not refer to the India Famine Fund, as we give the initials of the donors with P. O. in the regular report.

We have been sending a roll of Visitors for free distribution to different Missions regularly as we had them to spare. Among the number is the "Door of Hope" Mission, formerly at Fort Worth, Texas, and more recently at Ardmore, Ind. Ter. conducted by S. Wiley. Recently we received an appeal, in behalf of this Mission from W. G. Airhart, for help in order that a tent may be procured for the work, so as to lower the expenses of hall-rent etc. The writer speaks of the self-denying labors of Bro. S. Wiley since his being saved 12 years ago; of the benefit to hundreds of souls in salvation; and in order that he may do more unhindered and effectual work appeals to the generosity of God's people everywhere to forward to him such contributions as they may feel prompted to send for this purpose. The address is S. Wiley, Ardmore, Ind. Ter.

The report of Elder Engle in this issue is, no doubt, the last from his pen. We received a private communication from him dated March 27 which most likely was about the last of his writing, so that we would call especial attention to that part of the report, which speaks of the importance of the work, and of the attitude of the church towards it. Then, in the communication of March 27 he expresses his concern about the Mission, forecasting some probable changes and results in consequence thereof, he expressed his wish in these words: "I wish the Lord would raise..."
up some brother of middle age who is well established in grace, and blessed with business talent, as well as for spiritual work. Such a brother, who has the foreign work at heart would prove invaluable in connection with the Mission if it is to become, and shall be carried on, on the self-supporting principle. As for myself it would be a step. There was not much ceremony and the kindest entertainment. The delegates and visitors commenced to all strangers found a very hearty welcome and the kindest entertainment. The delegates and visitors commenced to all strangers found a very hearty welcome and the kindest entertainment.

The Conference of 1900 has passed into history and we hope the work done may tend to the prosperity of the Brotherhood. The attendance was quite large, as much so as could be expected at any point outside of the more thickly settled districts of Pennsylvania. Delegates were present from the different states as well as from Ontario. The Brethren of the Dayton dist. had made very complete arrangements for taking care of the large numbers which would attend. The section of country where Conference was held is beautiful and there are many evidences of thrift and prosperity, and all strangers found a very hearty welcome and the kindest entertainment. The delegates and visitors commenced to arrive on Tuesday morning and by evening the number was quite large. The first service was held on Tuesday evening conducted by a few of the elders, and it was already evident that the Holy Spirit was hovering over the meeting. On Wednesday morning Eld. H. Davidson addressed words of welcome to the delegates and in suitable words opened the Conference for business. The organization resulted in Elder M. H. Oberholtzer being chosen moderator with Elder S. Zook and Elder Chas. Baker, assistants. There were seven sessions held, it becoming necessary to hold one evening session. It was pleasant to note the spirit of love and forbearance which seemed to prevail. Although there were some critical questions to dispose of, there was carefulness exercised, and it was felt that the Lord graciously took care of the meeting, and its deliberations and decisions. The Conference Minutes will give a full account of the work done. Locating the Evangelical Visitor at Abilene, Kans., for another year was rather a surprise to some of us. We hope it is for the best.

Our own connection with it in the new capacity brings more responsibility and for that reason would have been well satisfied to stand in the shadow of Elder Zook, but he is still available for advice and counsel. We hope by another Conference the Des Moines, Ia. Mission question will be in shape that a final disposition of it can be made and that the church may be able to launch out more fully in mission work both at home and in Foreign lands. The devotional services during the Interims of Conference were inspiring, and the Saturday meetings, love-feast in the evening, were largely attended, and much enjoyed. On Sunday morning the attendance was much beyond the capacity of the M. House, and the service was much enjoyed. In the afternoon a children’s meeting was held, and a number of those in tender years decided for Jesus. The last meeting was held on Sunday evening, which was again largely attended. The out going missionaries addressed the congregation as well as others, and closing with “God be with you till we meet again.” On Monday morning the final farewell was spoken and the parting hand given to loved ones, companion and others, and with some sadness bid goodbye to the pleasant surroundings, some going east and others west, north and south, perhaps not to meet until it be at Jesus’ feet. We can only speak in words of praise and appreciation of the royal entertainment given to us as strangers in attendance, and we pray that the Lord may vouchsafe unto the Brethren of the Dayton dist., a blessed outpouring of blessing and revival of His work in the hearts of His people, and the gathering in of many of the straying ones. We reached Abilene safely on the afternoon of May 22. We found excellent accommodation on the different R. R’s. going and coming via, the U. P., the Wabash, and Vandalia lines. We praise the Lord for all His goodness and care voucheted to us, as he said: “You ain’t my friend. I never had any friends, and I don’t want any.”

I reached out, at arms length, the fruit I had brought him, and stepping back to the doorway, I asked him if he remembered his mother, hoping to find a tender place in his heart, but he cursed her. I asked him if he had a wife, and he cursed her. I spoke of God, and he cursed Him. I tried to speak of Jesus and His death for us, but he stopped me with his oaths, and said: “That’s all a lie. Nobody ever died for others.”

I went away discouraged. I said to myself, “I knew it was no use. The next day I went back again, and went every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude of a dog. At the end of that time, I said: “I’m not going any more.” That night when I was putting my little boys to bed, I did not pray for...
the miner as I had been accustomed to do. My little Charley noticed it, and said: "Mama, you did not pray for the bad man." "No," I answered with a sigh. "Have you given him up mamma?" "Yes, I guess so," I said. "Has God given him up, mamma? Ought you to give him up till God does?"

That night I could not sleep. That man dying and so vile, with no one to care.

I got up and went away by myself to pray, but the moment I touched my knees, I was overpowered by the sense of how little meaning there had been to my prayers. I had no faith, and I had not really cared, beyond a kind of half-hearted sentiment. I had not claimed his soul for God. Oh, the shame, the shame of a missionary soul! I fell on my knees until Calvary became a reality to me. I cannot describe those hours. They came and went unheed, but I learned that night what I had never known before, what it was to travail for a human soul. I saw my Lord as I had never seen Him before. I stayed there until the answer came. As I went back to my room, my husband said: "How about your miner?" "He is going to be saved," I said. "How are you going to do it?" he asked. "The Lord is going to save him, and I don't know as I shall do anything about it," I replied.

The next morning brought a lesson in Christian work I had never learned before. I had waited on other days until the afternoon when my work being over, I could change my dress, put on my gloves, and take a walk while the shadows were on the hill-sides. That day, the moment my little boys went off to school I left my work, and, without gloves or shadows hurried over the hills, not to see "that vile wretch," but, to win a soul.

I thought the man might die. There was a human soul in the balance, and I wanted to get there quickly. As I passed on, a neighbor came out of her cabin, and said: "I'll go over the hills with you, I guess." I did not want her, but it was another lesson for me. God could plan better than I could. She had her little girl with her, and as we reached the cabin, she said: "I'll wait out here, and you hurry, won't you?"

I do not know what I expected, but the man greeted me with an awful oath; but it did not hurt as it did before; for I was behind Christ, and I stayed there. I could bear what struck Him first.

While I was changing the basin of water and towel for him, things which I had done every day, and which he had used, but never thanked me for, the clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air like a bird note. "What's that?" said the man eagerly. "It's a little girl outside who is waiting for me." "Would you mind letting her come in?" said he, in a different tone from any I had heard before. Stepping to the door I beckoned to her, and then taking her by the hand, said: "Come in and see the sick man, Mamie." She shrank back as she saw his face, and said, "I'm afraid," but I assured her, "Poor sick man, can't get up; he wants to see you." She looked like an angel; her bright face, her eyes tender and pitiful. In her hand she held the flowers she had picked, and bending towards him, she said: "I'm sorry for a wicked man Will you have a posy?"

He laid them on the plump hand of the child, and the great tears came as he said: "I had a little girl once, and she died. Her name was Mamie. She cared for me. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been like that kind of women. Women! Oh, boys, you don't half believe it, or you'd cry; you couldn't help it. Boys, raise the cup. I'd like to go to a meeting" once. I never went to one of them before. So we planned a meeting, and the man came from the hills and the mines, and filled the room. "Now boys," said he, "get down on your knees while she tells 'bout that Man that died for me."

I had been brought up to believe that a woman shouldn't speak in meeting, but I found myself telling the simple story of the cross. And she said: "Oh, boys, you don't half believe it, or you'd cry; you couldn't help it. Boys, raise the cup. I'd like to go to a meeting." So they raised him up and between his short breathing and coughing he told the story. He used the language he knew,—"Boys," he said, "you saw the water runs down the sluice boxes, and carries off all the dirt, and leaves the gold behind. Well, the blood of that man tells about, went right over me, just like that; it carried off 'bout everything. But it left enough for me to see Mamie, and to see the Man that died for me. Oh, boys, CAN'T YOU LOVE HIM?"

Some days after there came a look into his face that the end was near. I had to leave him, and I said: "What shall I say to-night, Jack?" "Just good-night," he said. "What will you say to me when we meet again?" "I'll say 'good-morning' up there."

The next morning the door was closed, and I found two of the men sitting silently by a board stretched across two stools. They turned back the sheet from the face of the dead, and I saw his face, which seemed to have come back nearer to the "image of God," "I wish you could have seen him when I met him," he said. "Tell me, tell about it." "Well, at one time he brightened up 'bout midnight, and smiled," he said, "I'm goin', boys. Tell her I'm goin' to see Mamie.
Tell her I'm going to see the Man that died for me, and let it be known it was done.

Kneeling there, with my hands over those poor cold ones, that had been stained with human blood, I asked to come to understand more and more the worth of a human soul, and to be drawn into deeper sympathy with Christ's yearning compassion, "Not willing that any should perish."—Mrs. J. K. Barlowe.

CHURCH NEWS.

PHILADELPHIA MISSION.

DONATIONS.

Financial Report for April,

Balance on hand .......................... $55.50
Arizona .................................. 1.00
Campbellstown, Pa. ..................... 5.00
Canton, O. .............................. 5.00

Total .................................. $66.50

EXPENSES.

Rent .................................... $10.00
For Poor ................................ 9.20
Shoes for Poor ......................... 3.10
Sundries ................................ 4.00

Total .................................. $24.30

Balance on hand ........................ $42.20

PETER STOVER.

Philadelphia, Pa. 3428 North 2nd St.

PHILADELPHIA CHURCH BUILDING FUND.

Formally reported ....................... $1747.48
Peter Stover, Philadelphia Dis. ........ 36.00
Tena Reichard ........................ 20.00
Henry Kreider, Palmyra ................. 17.00
J. N. Martin, Donegal .................. 40.50
Noah Hess, Pequea ....................... 28.00
Ellie M. Engle, Manor .................. 48.40
A. D. Wingert, Calberton ............. 18.25
A Sister from Kansas .................. 14.25
Daniel Engle, Hummelstown Dis. ...... 25.00
J. L. Kreider, Annville Dis. ........ 144.50
B. F. Hoover, Richland and Ashland District ........ 21.25
Ellie M. Engle, Manor District ....... 2.00

Total .................................. $2129.72

A. B. MUSHER, TREAS.

A LOVE FEAST

THE love-feast at this place was duly observed. Brethren were present from Nottawa, Markham, Wainfleet, Black creek, and Buffalo.

The meetings were largely attended, and all enjoyed a love-feast in the true sense of the word.

Bro. Noah Zook and wife were with us on May 5th and it being the busy season no meetings were held till Thursday. We learned many blessed lessons from them, and may the good Lord abundant-
purposes, but should that be used as a
means of protest against the cause, or
for the same reason withhold their sup­
port from true workers? We believe how­
ever that many, did they know the real
situation of the field, their attitude
would be very much changed. If the
kingdoms of this world, shall become the
"kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ," my
dear brother and sister would you not
like to help it about? Remember
my christian brother the true Chris­
tian Church is linked together as a well
organized family, and to retain order,
and progress each member of such family
has an important part to perform, and
much more so in the family of Christ,
and if you cast yourself into the balances
of the Almighty you will find that there
is something to do for you, which if you
will neglect will bring you as a guilty cul­
pit before the tribunal of God. "Work
while it is day," says the Savior, "for the
night cometh when no man can work."
The social condition of the Mission
is considerably changed, since the death
of our Sister. Firstly brother Cress con­
templates going home as soon as the way
fully opens. Then again Bro and Sister
Van Blunk, to whom reference has been
made in former reports, have felt that
their time has come to move on out of
more definite personal work. They have
today moved to Bulawayo, where I am also at
this present writing. They have no
doubt been a blessing to us while located
with us at the Mission. We are glad to say
that they are real zealous workers and
while they are not at the present aiming
to establish a permanent mission, are
doing evangelistic work, sowing the
Gospel broadcast through the land. We
pray that at least the fourth part of the
seed may fall into good ground and pro­
duce fruit in abundance.
May great grace rest upon all the
Israel of God, as also fervent prayers be
continued for us.
Yours in hope of the resurrection.
JESSE ENGLE.
IN MEMORIAM.

ELDER Jesse Enge, who died at
Matoppo Mission, Bulawayo, South
Africa, was the son of the late Rev. Henry Enge,
deceased, of Donegal, Lancaster county, Pa., and
was converted at an early age about 11 years. We remember the first
time we met him at the home of his
brother, Jacob M. Enge, his father hav­
ing died previous to that, which wasshort­
ly after his conversion. He was pointed
out to us as having a good start in the
christian life and showed signs of deep
purity and earnestness. He was married
to Elizabeth, daughter of Jacob Njesly
deceased, at the age of 20 years, and
moved to Cumberland county, Pa., where
he soon afterwards was elected to the
ministry. Bro. Enge's talents soon made
him prominent in the ministry and hav­
ing the confidence of his district he was
at a very early age elected to the elder's
office, perhaps the youngest Elder the
Church has ever had, but he filled the
place so creditably that he won the con­
fidence of all with whom he came in con­
tact, and of him it might well be said,
"Let no man despise thy youth" because
he truly filled the conditions expressed
in 1 Tim. 4:12. In the spring of 1878 at
General Conference held in Montgomery
county, Pa., he was chosen to be ac­
companying elder to preside over a col­
ony of members which organized in
Pennsylvania to locate in Kansas and in
the spring of 1879 he with his family and
the colony named moved to Dickinson
county, Kansas and located about 10
miles south-east of Abilene. It was there
where we formed the most intimate ac­
quaintance with him. His co-workers have successfully labored,
the account of which was published from
time to time in the VISITOR. Brother
Engle's labors among the natives were
certainly very successful and the future
prospects of the Mission are certainly
very encouraging both spiritually and
financially, but alas, on the 9th of April we
received the sad intelligence that death
had made an inroad upon the little com­
pany of faithful workers at Matoppo
Mission by claiming for its victim our
dear Sister, Mrs. Sara Cress who in com­
pany with her husband and Bro. Isaac O.
Lehman joined the band about a year
ago, and while our hearts were sad, how
little did we think that at the same time
Bro. Engle too was sleeping the sleep of
death. On the 24th of April a cablegram
was received at the VISITOR office, and
although composed only of a few words,
yet it said in language unmistakable
"Elder Engle died April 3 — Appolloy."
This is all we knew, we can not get par­
ticulars by mail or special couriers. The
news came with a wonderful shock and
many no doubt were the thoughts Why
why should it be so. Surely in the death
of Elder Jesse Engle the cause of the
Church has lost a very able and efficient
worker and the Church one of its ablest ade­
crates. Bro. Engle truly was a man of
unfaltering faith and in full harmony
with the faith and doctrine of the Church.
The sister, Bro. Engle's noble wife, de­
serves the sympathy of the entire Church
—surely this is a sad bereavement and we
pray that God may pour into her wounded
heart the oil of consolation such as He
stands only to God. John H., Aaron,
Ezra, one daughter, Mary, married to
Bro. Anthony Heise. He also left at the
time of his death three brothers and
two sisters, Elder Jacob M., who died
just five days after him; John B. of Cum-
berland county, Pa.; and A. M. of Dickinson county, Kansas; Sister Mattie, widow of Bro. John Stauffer of Abilene, Kansas, and Sister Annie married to Bro. Samuel Shirk of Sedgwick, Kansas. The particulars of Bro. Engle's death will be published as soon as they are received by mail after which a memorial service will be held at at Belle Springs Church on the 10th of June.

In conclusion we want to say, we need pray much that the Lord may comfort the bereaved family, and that while Bro. Engle has fallen in the front of the battle that the Lord may raise up some particulars of Bro. Engle's death will be stated here. The Association also wishes to announce that a change has been made in the rate of child support. Instead of this being $25.00, as formerly, it is changed to $30.00 per year. The reason for this change are various and too lengthy of definition to be stated here. Those who have sent support according to the old will be credited in conformity with the new.

We are able to offer to our subscribers a good COMBINATION BIBLE with the Evangelical Visitor at a small cost. For $3.25 (IN-DEX, FIFTY CENTS EXTRA) we will send the Bible prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada, and the Evangelical Visitor for one year. This offer holds good for renewals as well as new subscribers.

The special feature of this Bible is that it gives the Authorized and Revised Versions of the Bible in one volume, without increasing Size or Weight, or Diminishing Size of Type. It is Self-Pronouncing.—A Teacher's Bible which, without omitting a feature or disturbing the Text, points out all the words and passages wherein the two versions differ, giving the Revised Version at each foot of Page.
FAREWELL THOUGHTS.

The sad hour of parting has met us at last; the Conference is over the love-feast is past; we soon will be parted to meet here no more. Till we meet in the land where all partings are over, what sweet blessed seasons we had in this place, what times of refreshing, and showers of grace; to water our souls and strengthen our heart, but duty now calls us dear brethren to part.

What e'er has been good, let us carry away, let the wind blow the chaff wherever it may. Let the time be our sweet sleep, and may the dreams which come to us be near and swell, may our homes: be near, and behold the morning stars together.

God's children have nothing whatever to dread, for days yet to blow; let the wind the chaff wherever it may. Let the time be our sweet sleep, and may the dreams which come to us be near and swell, may our homes: be near, and behold the morning stars together.

In the place He prepared in the sweet home of the blest, at Jesus' dear feet, God bless you. God keep you until we shall meet in the land where all partings are over. May God bless this union to His own glory.

OUR DEAD.

MYERS—Abraham Myers was born in Letter-Kenny, Twp., Franklin Co., Pa., July 7, 1812, and died at the home of his son Abraham near Reynoldsburg, Ohio, April 26, 1890, being 78 years, 9 months and 11 days old. Feb. 14, 1839 he was married by the Rev. C. Hoover to Maria Wingard, who died seven years ago. They were both received into the fellowship of the River Brethren church in 1841, to which brotherhood they both remained true to the end. There were born to them five sons and five daughters of whom three sons, John, Abraham and Daniel, and one daughter, Margaret, remain. There are also thirty-three grand-children and forty great-grandchildren. In 1847 the family moved to Truro Twp., Franklin Co., Ohio. The life of "Grandpa Myers" was one of those unobtrusive, unoffensive, unselfish lives which won for him the friendship of a host, and the respect of all who knew him. His long, intensely religious life found its fitting close at his home, near Reynoldsburg, Ohio, April 26, 1900, his last words being "Jesus, Jesus," and he expired the next morning, April 27, at 9 o'clock. He left two daughters: 2 sons and 1 daughter preceded him to the Spirit world; 5 children survive.

KEEFER—Died near Millersburg, Pa., May 19, 1900, Esther Keefee, aged 85 years, 2 months, and 23 days. She was the widow of the late Elder Jacob Keefee, her maiden name was Book, and the last one to survive of the once large Book family; was married to Jacob Keefee on Dec. 24, 1835, of which union there were born 8 children, 4 sons and 4 daughters: 2 sons and 1 daughter preceded her to the Spirit world; 5 children survive: Elizabeth, married to Benj. Gish; Barbara, widow of Geo. Gingerich; Mary married to Jno. Clay; John and Joseph, the former living on the old homestead farm which was purchased by the late elder Joseph Keefer in 1830 and has remained in the Keefer name ever since. At the latter's place she died. 15 grand children 8 great-grand children survive. She was converted soon after her marriage; was a member of the "Brethren" church for about sixty-two years; her life was an exemplary one, of a meek and quiet spirit, and contended for the old plain and simple way in non-conformity to the world. Her Bible was her close companion during her declining years, very often when alone she resorted to secret prayer, but so earnest were her prayers that they were openly heard by others of the family. Her death was caused by grippe followed by apoplexy. The church has lost a mother in Israel, the children a kind and devoted mother, her trust in God is her eternal gain. Funeral services in Keefer's church by Elder J. K. Kreider and Simon Shumberger, Text, Phil., 1:21; burial in the nearby cemetery.

LIST OF MONIES RECEIVED ON SUBSCRIPTIONS AT CONFERENCE.

J. W. Olinger, $3.00; David Yarde, $2.00; John Brechbill, $2.00; John Miller, $1.00; H. L. Kreider, $1.00; D. B. Wenger, $1.; J. L. Heisey, $1.; J. J. M. Dunn, $1.; E. M. English, $1.; A. Martin, $1.; Jona. Wert, $1.; Emma C. Wingert, $1.; G. Louttsenbaker, $2.; J. C. Ohl, $1.; Peter Hummer, $1.; George Miller, $1.; Ep. Brenneman, $2.; J. A. Stump, $1.50.; Clay Engle, $1.; S. E. Bomh, $1.; D. F. Wagner, $1.; Dan Myers, $2.; J. Kissel, $3.; Rebe. Wingert, $2.; J. C. Dick, $1.; J. B. Niesley, $1.; Sax. Bowes, $1.; Rev. J. H. Smith, $1.; L. S. Hoke, $1.; J. M. Urey, $1.; Frank Garris, $1.; Wm. H. Long, $1.; Eliz. W. Detwiler, $1.; H. H. Garwick, $1.; J. A. Asper, $1.; S. B. Longenecker, $3.; E. P. Groff, $1.; W. K. Shirk, $1.; Lydia Oemel, 50c; S. L. Herr, $1.; Anna Cuelzel, $1.; Eld. Engle, $18.; A. Hutchison, $1. D. S. Wenger, $1.