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George Detwiler

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Evangelical Visitor.

The Earth Shall Be Full of the Knowledge of the Lord, and the Waters Cover the Sea.—Isa. xi. 9.

―Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.‖—Psa. xx. 7.

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How Prohibition Prohibits in the Indian Territory.

Recently a number of leading citizens of a town in the Indian Territory were tried and convicted for introducing liquor. Among others figured the vice-president of the First National Bank, who was also president of the Board of Education and a leader socially and financially. He was upward of sixty years old and had the outward appearance of a bishop. He was sentenced to the Federal jail at Fort Smith for one hundred days.

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl eight years of age approached and said: "Please, mister.

"What, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here, and we'll carry every bit of coal to the man-hole, and let you rest while we're doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way, but meeting with pleasant looks he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said: "Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheel will help him."

The crowd swarmed about the cart, and a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart off the spot with one effort.—Baltimore Christian Advocate.

Does the blue X have reference to you? Look and see. If it does we would like to hear from you without delay.

The minimum Christian is the man who is trying to get to heaven at the cheapest and easiest rate possible. He attends all of the church's Sunday and mid-week services, unless it happens to be too cold, or too hot, or it rains, or he has the headache and is indisposed.

"No pelting rain can make us stay, When we have tickets for the play; But let one drop the pavements smirch And: "Its too wet to go to church!"

Love is the supreme missionary motive.

"Be not disheartened, brother, Though weary the task you try, Strength will come with the toiling, You will finish it by and by.

When the day's long course is run, Will sound the voice of the Master, And his word of praise. "Well done!"

Be not disheartened, brother, Though you lose your precious things, Though the gold you gained so slowly Fly as on swallow's wings.

There are better than earthly riches, And loss is sometimes gain; Wait for the Lord's good hour, When he'll make the meaning plain.

Be not disheartened, brother, In the dark and lonesome day, When the dearest and the truest From your arms is caught away;

The earth may be bare and silent, But heaven is just before, And cry with joy, "I come!"

Be not disheartened, brother, However you may fare, For here 'tis the pilgrim's portion, But the song and feast are there; There, in the dear Lord's presence, There, in the balm of home, You will one day hear him call you, And cry with joy, "I come!"

Be not disheartened, brother, For every step of the road Is under the eye of the Father, Who measures the weight of the load. He cares for the boy and the man, And how much more for you? Look up, and never doubt him. His promises all are true."
EVANGELICAL VISITOR


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EDITORIAL.

Christ's Desire.

In his High Priestly prayer, John 17, Jesus expresses the desire that those whom the Father has given him be with him where he is, and that they may behold his glory. When he was on the earth he was here in human form, "made like unto us, yet without sin;" he "emptied himself," "made himself of no reputation," "became obedient unto death.

"When he lived on earth abused, Friend of sinners was his name; Name above all glory raised, He rejoices in the same.

But he had glory with the Father before the world was, and now the time of his humiliation is nearly over, and soon his exaltation to the right hand of the Father will be an accomplished fact. As he prays this prayer he is close to his hour of suffering, Gethsemane is just before him, and he is close to his hour of suffering.

That purpose of his we are confident he is able to carry out. He is going to the Father—he will ascend before the presence of his glory and he is able to accomplish that which he purposes.

He said, "I go to prepare a place for you;" "I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also.

When the first Christian martyr, Stephen, was being stoned to death he saw heaven opened and Jesus "standing at the right hand of God." He went to be with Jesus; Paul, as he came to the close of his wonderful life of devotion and service, could say, "I am now ready to be offered up; I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, I am going to be present with the Lord," "I will be at home with my Savior." "I will now 'behold his glory.'" And what is true of Stephen and Paul is true of many more who since then have been ushered into the presence of the glorified Lord.

"Father, I will * * * that they be with me where I am." Yes, he wills, and shall he not accomplish? Is there anything too hard for him? Nay, he will not fail in his undertaking; not one of his little ones—those whom the Father has given him—will fail of being with him where he is, be like him, and behold his glory.

This then is for your comfort, weary pilgrim. The Savior and Lord himself is interested in you: it is his eternal purpose that you shall be with him where he is, and behold his glory. You will be permitted to enjoy the society of the redeemed. Jesus speaks of sitting down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God—that they would come from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South. And this company of redeemed ones will sing "unto him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." They sing, but not of what they have done, only of what He has done. Then those who hope to get there through self-merit will surely be disappointed.

There is a "being religious" which is vain (James i. 26), and we do well to see to it that our righteousness is better than that of the scribes and Pharisees. That, with the poet our

"—hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; (We) dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name. "On Christ the Solid Rock (we) stand, All other ground is sinking sand."

"O Christ, he is the fountain, The deep, sweet well of love: The streams on earth I've tasted, More deep I'll drink above: There to an ocean fulness, In Immanuel's Land."

"O, I am my Beloved's, And my Beloved's mine. He brings a poor vile sinner, Into his house of love: I stand upon his merit. I know no safer stand, Not e'en where the stream dwelleth, In Immanuel's Land."

Kansas comes to the front again in supplying five candidates for the African Mission field. Two of those who lie buried at Matopos were from that State, and it looks as though she would hold first place in filling up the depleted ranks of the workers in that dark land. We believe Sister Davidson's visit among the churches in the homeland, both East and West, has had far-reaching influence, and the church can never stand again where she stood ten years ago unless she proves recreant to her trust. With the going of Sister Davidson, accompanied by the band of new recruits, the work in Africa will become larger and broader, and the responsibilities resting on the home church will be largely increased. We are pleased to learn that the Foreign Mission Board is alive to the importance of the situation, and has decided to meet for preliminary council, with Sister Davidson attending, the day previous to the convening of Annual Conference. Sister Davidson has now finished her itinerancy in the East and feels the need of a complete rest from all public labor for April, so that she can give herself to undisturbed prayer and meditation and communion with God, that she may be prepared to act when the time is here for her to do so.

We make mention elsewhere that the Foreign Mission Board will meet for business the day preceding the convening of General Conference. It has been suggested that it would be desirable that the Home Mission Board, and including the workers at the different city missions also meet on the same day for a general survey of the
By referring to Art. 56, of Conference of 1904, it will be noticed that a permanent Conference Secretary was appointed, "to whom all petitions, questions and applications for consideration of Conference shall be forwarded immediately after May 1, preceding General Conference, as well as all Foreign and Home Missions reports.", Secondly, that he (the Secretary) "shall tabulate petitions and questions in proper form for action of Conference, and present them in the form of resolutions, thereby expediting the work of General Conference." Address all such correspondence to S. R. Smith, Conference Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa., 36 North Cameron street.

If the blue X hits you by mistake, don't get offended, but write us and tell us of the mistake and we will make correction.

As chairman of the Home Mission Board, the editor feels prompted to make a statement and appeal in behalf of the Des Moines Mission support, since Conference rather laid the matter on the Board. It will be seen by referring to the report in last Visitor, that considerable of a deficit is sure to meet Conference, and past experience has taught us that such a condition is usually a source of unpleasantness. Now, are there not a sufficient number of friends of the Des Moines Mission who will rally for its support and immediately wipe out the deficit so that its report to Conference will be clear and clean? We make this proposition and appeal: Let there be five persons who will give ten dollars each; ten who will give five dollars each; twenty-five who will give two dollars, or two and a half, each; and finally, fifty who will give one dollar each. Let every one do it immediately and we are sure the hearts of the workers will be wonderfully lightened. The cause is a worthy one, and all prejudice should be laid aside.

The Brethren of Stark county, Ohio, have appointed their love feast at Valley chapel, May 13 and 14 (just preceding the convening of General Conference) with the hope that some of the brethren and sisters going to Conference will be able to come earlier and tarry with them over the love feast. Hearty invitations to attend the love feasts as announced are extended to all.

Lest you forget we will remind you of what we said in a recent issue, all goods that are to be sent with the outgoing missionaries to South Africa, should reach the Messiah Home, 1185 Bailey street, Harrisburg, Pa., not later than May 1. Mark all boxes, Missionary Goods.

"Not on apostles alone fell the burden of responsibility for souls. Deacons like Stephen and Philip exercised themselves for the salvation of souls as much as the apostolic twelve, and Priscilla moved here and there, having ever uppermost in their thoughts the salvation of the lost;"

"God be merciful unto us and bless us and make his countenance to shine upon us. That thy way may be known upon the earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Bro. S. R. Smith has something to say on page 12, of general interest. Read it.

The hands that tend the sick tend Christ; the willing feet that go on errands of love work for Christ; the words of comfort to the sorrowful, and of sympathy to the mourner, are spoken in the name of Christ—Christ comforts the world through his friends. How much have you done for him? What sort of a friend have you been to him? God is working through his people. Christ is succoring through his friends—it is the vacancies in the ranks of his friends wherein the mischief lies. Come and fill one gap. Arthur F. Winnington Ingram.

If using tobacco is your weight, look to Jesus by faith. If an evil temper is your weight, look to Jesus by faith. If neglect of the week night prayer-meeting is your weight, remember you promised the Church and God that you would attend every means of grace and support every branch of it, look to Jesus for an increase of zeal and love, by faith. If you have not got rid of the "old man," he is a dead weight, and you will fall by the wayside before the race is half done. Look to Jesus by faith and he will kill and bury the "old man" for you. After you have got rid of that weight, run the race with patience.

The best help is not to bear the troubles of others for them, but to inspire them with courage and energy to bear their burdens for themselves and meet the difficulties of life bravely.
We Will Never Grow Old.

Oh, have you not heard of that country above,
The name of its king and his infinite love?
His children are deathless and happy, I'm told;
Oh, will it abide, will we never grow old?

CHORUS:
It will always be new, it will never decay,
No night ever comes, it will always be day;
It gladdens my heart with a joy that's untold.
To think of that land where we'll never grow old.

That wonderful land has a city of life,
Ne'er darkened with anguish, nor dying, nor strife.
Its temples and streets are all flashing with gold;
Oh, can it be true, will we never grow old?

A mansion of wonderful beauty is there,
And Jesus that mansion has gone to prepare;
It's bright jasper walls, how I long to behold.
And join in that song that will never grow old.

They tell me its friendships are changeless and pure,
Its joys never die and its treasures are sure;
And loved ones departed, so silent and cold.
Will greet us again where we never grow old.

—S. C. Wise in Church Advocate.

For the Evangelical Visitor. "Fishers of Men."

No. II.

How to Fish.

(a) Catching the fish.
You see the fish, but how to catch one is the question. In other words the great difficulty is, how to begin. A few suggestions may be helpful. First of all, you need wisdom. You may have it, Jas. i. 5; "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." You should ask God for wisdom and guidance, and expect him to grant it. Remember the condition, "But let him ask in faith.

The next thing to do is to begin a conversation with the one you wish to reach, and the way to begin is to begin. This may be done in various ways. One way is by handing a tract to the person, with a well-chosen remark. You can say, "Have you seen this?" or "This is interesting," or "This has helped me," or "What do you think about this?" While the person reads, keep praying. Do not use long tracts. Something short and to the point, that can be read in two or three minutes.

Often it will be best to dispense with the tract and ask a direct question, such as, "Are you saved?" or "Are you right with God?" or "Are you a Christian?" Many times it will be necessary to engage the person in a general conversation and gradually lead around to the great question. The conversation once begun, you have caught a fish.

(b) Playing the fish.
This requires patience, tact and perseverance. Once the conversation is begun, find out as soon as possible the condition of the one with whom you are speaking. You can do this by asking such a question as, "Are you a Christian?" or better still, "Are you saved?" If the answer is "No," then say, "Well, if you are not saved, you must be lost. Is that true?" This will lead to the confession, "Yes, I am lost."

Then ask, "Do you want to be lost eternally?" The answer will doubtless be, "No, of course not." Then say, "Well, then, you want to be saved?" If the answer is, "Yes," and it usually will be, say, "You can be saved," and then turn to Luke xix. 10 and have the person read the verse. (Whenever it is possible have the person with whom you are dealing, read the verse of Scripture that you wish to use. It is much more effective than to quote the verse from memory or to read it yourself. Remember this. It is important.) When the verse has been read, ask, "What does this verse say that Christ came to do?" There can be but one answer. "He came to seek and save the lost." Then say, "Well, my friend, you say you are lost, so this just fits your case. Jesus Christ came to save you. Are you willing to be saved right here, and now?" If necessary, follow this with John vi. 37, last portion. When it has been read call attention to the fact that Christ promises to receive all those who come to him, and then say, "He is willing to receive you, are you willing to receive him?" Then use John i. 12. Follow this with the question, "Will you receive him as your personal Savior, now?" Hold to an immediate decision for Christ, and look to God to give the victory.

(c) Landing the fish.
Next show the necessity of making a public confession of Christ. For this use Rom. x. 9, 10. See to it that the convert does confess Christ then and there, or, if for any reason this is impossible, as soon after as it can be done. Do not neglect this. No conversion is satisfactory without this, and to omit it is a poor beginning.

Before leaving the new convert show him what he gets by believing in and receiving Jesus Christ. For this purpose use Acts x. 43 and I. John v. 11, 12. Also show the necessity of constantly confessing Christ (Matt. x. 32); daily Bible study (Ps. cxix. 11; I. Pet. ii. 2); and much prayer (I. Thess. v. 17; Heb. iv. 17; Isa. xl. 31). And a good text to call particular attention to is Isa. xli. 10.
Dying Without Light.

The night is dark. The clouds hang low and heavily, and the wind sighs through the trees with a pitiful sound. Nature herself seems to have taken on a gloomy aspect, and a strange, solemn feeling steals over one as he beholds it. But listen! There is the sound of a low, faint moan, sounding like someone in great suffering whose life's candle is almost extinguished.

We follow the sound, and find it emerging from a rude mud hut with a low thatched roof. In the dimness of being carried away by devils. His only a few more moments until his quickly leave this stage of action. It in beads. He is dying. Though only of the glimmering light from the emerging from a rude mud hut with life's candle is almost extinguished.

Beloved, will you not send them the Light? RHODA Z. MARTIN.

Raghunathpur P. O., Manbhum Dist., Bengal, India.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Greeting to all. May peace, love and unity abound. “Submitting yourself to one another in the fear of the Lord.” “This is a great mystery...” (Eph. v. 21, 32).

I desire to contribute, or cast, a few mites into the Lord’s treasury concerning “Christ and the Church.” To some many things are great mysteries, but the Apostle at another place says, “But God has revealed them unto us by His Spirit.” It is not my intention to speak about mysteries this time, but to touch on simple things that are generally overlooked by the worldly wise. I will right here state some of my early experience in the Lord's service. I was, as nearly all children are, inquisitive; also when I was born into the kingdom I tried to dive into the deep things of God. But I soon found, through the light from above, that I was exposing myself to unnecessary temptations, and so I stopped, when it was revealed to me by His Spirit. And it may have been one great cause that the Lord saved me from the many delusive doctrines by which many were entangled. Thanks be to the Lord for victory.

I wish, however, to speak concerning, “Submitting one to another” in the fear of the Lord, and the church. Christ, in his teachings took such parables that people understood at that time, being much more familiar with them than we are in general at present. However, the illustration and picture that Paul wishes to teach the Ephesian church and us, we can understand as well as any, namely the relation and duty between husband and wife, children and parents, servants and masters. It was the object of the Apostle to present a glorious church, and it was necessary to teach to start at the right place, and, not only start at the right place, but to continue therein to perfection. Therefore, he gives perfect instructions to all the members of the family, and if observed, it will constitute a church nucleus; the husband loves the wife as himself, the wife is subject in all things and reverences him, the children see the good example of the parents, they obey and respect the parents; masters and servants love one another, as we have a good example in Boas (Ruth ii. 4). No contention, no strife, but a brotherly wellwish to all members of one family, namely a church nucleus.

Then they can have their regular prayer-meeting or family worship at home, and, if circumstances are such that will not permit to go to the regular weekly prayer-meetings, they can have (as a minister said at a love-feast) love-feast three times a day; or as an old brother and grandfather said, “I was glad when the day was past so that I could have prayer with my family.” Then it is no burden or cross, but a delight, yea, blessed is the man, woman, or child, that has his delight in the law of the Lord and mediates therein day and night. Remember the Apostle pointed at a church without spot or wrinkle, and it should be our aim, and to have such a church we must have spotless members. “Therefore, be ye not conformed to the world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable and perfect will of God,” and “be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship has righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion has light with darkness.”

The above does not only mean the union of the marriage relation in holy wedlock, but also business relation or fellowship with the saint and unbeliever, and especially all business that is connected with extortion, and all business and money-making wherein the poor or helpless are oppressed. How is it possible that we can be in fellowship with the Master and the saints, and also with the world, worldlings and high-place worship, without being spotted with the same?
Therefore, the Apostle said, “Come out from among them and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you and ye shall be my sons and daughters saith the Lord Almighty.” We rejoice in the Lord that if we have gone astray and are willing to return, that the Lord will again accept us.

As intimated—to have a spotless church, we must have such members and nucleus here and there, and it is the Lord’s will that there should be many which will then constitute a Church or district organized as Paul commanded his son Timothy. “The things that thou hast heard of me commit thou to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also.” And to Titus, “Set in order the things that are wanting and ordain elders in every city, as I have appointed thee.” Then instructing how the elders, ministers and deacons shall be and care for the flock over whom the Holy Ghost made them overseers; and has committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now, then, we as ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ’s stead, be ye reconciled to God.

Never was there a greater trust committed to man than the ministry of reconciliation. How carefully then ought we to be with such a trust. And as a Christ-like father cares for his children, and as a shepherd cares for the sheep, and he calls his own sheep by name and leads them out—the good shepherd gives his life for the sheep. And again Jesus said to Peter after he had denied him and again made a public confession that he loved Jesus. He said to him, “Feed my lambs;” “Feed my sheep;” “Feed my shepherd.” So it is the duty of every shepherd to feed, care for, and know every lamb, sheep or member under his care: know them not only by name as members in the church (or congregation) is properly organized or in proper working order.

“He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.” We are therefore helpers together in the great work. Therefore it is necessary that the church (or congregation) is properly organized—with elders, ministers and deacons, that every member gets his proper care. The good shepherd carries the weak lambs in his bosom and calls all his sheep by name, as a certain elder said to the writer, “I had four hundred sheep and I knew every one by its head,” and if a natural shepherd can and does know all his sheep, should not, much more, the spiritual shepherd know all the members under his care?

Then there will be little or no excuse made at district councils that not all the members have been visited. Then, and then only, can counselling be intelligently and properly done, and every district and Mission properly and truthfully represented at General Council and receive the proper care, advice, nurture or who help they need from the church (congregation) for the advance and furtherance of the gospel of Christ. Then only can we say as a brotherhood, “we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones.” “For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife (the wife of his youth, the body of Christ) and they two shall be one flesh. This is a great mystery: I speak concerning Christ and the church.” Then it can be said, “How shall I curse whom God has not cursed, or how shall I defy whom God has not defied? From the top of the rock I see him and from the hills I behold him, lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations. Who can count the dust of Jacob and number the fourth part of Israel? Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his. He has not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither has he seen preverseness in Israel; the Lord his God is with him—and the shout of a king is among them. How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel.” Read the prophecies of Balaam, and the Psalmist, who said, “He brought them forth also with silver and gold, and there was not one feeble person among their tribes.” (Psa. cv. 37.) If so near perfection could have been attained, under the law, which was imperfect, or put away, what have we a right to expect under the new, which is perfect? While the old law is obsolete, fulfilled and put away, yet the apostle calls it a schoolmaster, and was given in types, figures and shadows of that which was to come and has come; and so far as types, figures and shadows, it was perfect in its teaching, because it points to the perfect one. (Deut. xvii. 18-19) in holy living, non-conformity to the world, (or nations) separation from all uncleanness, sanctification, keeping clean by obeying the truth in faith, and obeying all his commandments. And as Moses lifted up the brazen serpent, so was the Son of man lifted up, and Paul said, “looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.”

As we have the perfect type of perfect living, so we have also organization and house-keeping in the congregation. Space will not permit to quote all. Take your Bibles and read for yourselves Deut. xvii. 8 to 14; then read Matt. xviii. 15 to 21; the sermon on the mount; Exodus xxviii. 3-30; the Epistles of Peter; Paul’s letter to the Ephesians, and I. Cor. xii. After we have carefully studied the above and have been made partakers of the water of the Rock, fire of the Rock, and honey of the Rock; also been partakers of his flesh and his blood, and as the natural food we eat and fluid we drink is digested and assimilated into our system, and has its effect on our bodies, minds, and all, likewise will his flesh and blood affect us and make us Christ-like that we have no desire to be unequally yoked with unbelievers, nor worldly associations; the desire is taken away and we find nothing to compare with Jesus and his word and teaching. It will be our delight to meditate therein day and night, yea, dream of them as Jacob did. Then it is an easy yoke to be yoked to Christ and his body, and will also be easy to be a law-abiding citizen and also subject and submissive to all church regulations for Christ’s sake.

Your weak brother in the bonds of love, Benjamin Gish.

“The tongue” is described” by James (ch. iii. 5) as being “a little fire,” that though small, is large enough to light a fire (James iii. 6) and is capable of making much mischief (Prov. vii. 28; xviii. 8), or to hide mischief (Psa. x. 2 and ccl. 3). The use of it is to say big things (Jas. iii. 5); to speak against God (Psa. lxxxiii. 8, 9); to spoil friendship (Prov. xvi. 28); to backbite (Rom. ii. 29); or to histrionics (Prov. xvi. 8), or to poverty (Prov. xv. 23).—S. J. B.

Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, with the life he is living, with the thoughts he is thinking, and the deeds that he is doing—when there is not forever beating at the door of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is a child of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Gather together into your spirit, and its treasure house, the memory, not only all the promises of God, but also the former senses of the divine favors.—Jerem'y Taylor.
Success of the Ministry is Crippled by the Effect resulting therefrom. The Rev. J. N. Crane, of Newark, says, “The degree in which card playing has prevailed at any given period of history is a fair index of the corruption of the age.” If true of the age, why not of the community or the individual? Bishop James certifies, “None but the weak, who think more of conformity to the world, than of conformity to Christ, hanker after such things.” I have written the following, to secure their testimony on this subject, and give you extracts of their reply. “Cards harden conscience, and cause the Spirit of God to depart. I should hate to go into the presence of God from a card table.” Dr. Carradine: “Cards indispose for spiritual activity, produce a sense of unfitness and unworthiness, entangle with worldly and compromising associates, and violate one’s own conscience.” Evanglist Jos. Smith: “Card players are never spiritually minded, are void of zeal and success in religious matters, and imbibe the spirit of gambling, besides forfeiting all saving influence.” Dr. Walker, Presbyterian evangelist, Cincinnati, Ohio: “I never knew a member of the church, who played cards, that had a very salutary influence religiously.” Dr. Blodgett, St. Paul’s church, Cincinnati, the chaplain of the Ohio State penitentiary, writes me, among other things: “There are many in this institution who have been brought to ruin by social gambling devices.” He has also furnished me an article of 122 lines on the subject, written by a prisoner of the penitentiary, and in his own hand writing. Every word is a warning and a protest against this evil. Here are sentences from it: “A game for starvelings, mentally and spiritually.” “God pity a home where card playing has become the principle pleasure of the evening.” “The Christian, who has cards in his home for his children, is furnishing ammunition for the devil.” “We pity all who are in bondage to such a hard master.” Were this convict’s messages accepted by this community it would not leave the trace of a single card in our midst. Shall we suffer him to condemn us in the day of eternity, because we heeded not his warning? God forbid! This brings us to our text: “There is a way which seemeth right, unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.” (Prov. xiv. 12.) This text serves notice that some, who on the surface seem right, are deceived, and are on route to death. And with everybody from Bishops down to penitentiary criminals raising the cry of alarm about cards, and with what we know too well, certainly we have reason to fear that this is one of the ways whose end is death. I call God to witness that I speak from no spirit of criticism or rebuke, but from a heart of sincere love, and from an honest anxiety for the highest and truest welfare of souls. Several things have led to the discussion of this subject. It is distressing to see the reproach that is brought upon Christ and his kingdom by professing Christians who indulge; some of whom have, more than once, vacated the church on Sabbath evening to play cards, while God’s people were assembled for worship; the success of the ministry is crippled by the effect that goes out from such an influence; my heart aches for the injustice done the children and young people by giving them such false conceptions of life, and starting them in the wrong direction by way of the card table; the very air is becoming putrid with the spirit of gambling; it is sifting into the home, victimizing our young men, corrupting integrity, belching its breath of death into the pure face of every boy and girl, and working irretrievable damage to the church, to the souls of men, and to the Redeemer’s kingdom. My convictions declare that forbearance on the subject has ceased to be a virtue.

The chief defense the most liberal would make for this form of diversions is that it is recreation. We must have recreation. Some one has said, “He that cannot laugh has something wrong with either his morals or his liver, and needs either repentance or pills.” We must relax, that our powers may reinforce themselves. But in order to shake off our cares, we are not to shake off our conscience. Recreation means recreation, and has eight requisites: It must be innocent; conserve Christian integrity and influence; must not interfere with the faithful discharge of all sober duties; promote health; not be extravagant of means, “wasting the Lord’s substance;” not waste time; must give mental improvement; and produce genuine enjoyment. Anyone will find it a Herculean task to show that card playing does not violate every one of these. There is no true utility in the game. It adds nothing and subtracts everything. It is simply the favorite diversion of the aimless and idle; the fitting refuge of men and women who shine better in silence and silliness than in conversation and culture. It is this barrenness of ideas, and lack of interest, that has led to the intro-

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**Evangelical Visitor.**

**Success of the Ministry is Crippled by its Influence.**

**A Game for the Idlers and Starvelings Mentally and Spiritually.**

**Sermon Delivered by Rev. H. E. Armacost, of New Carlisle, O., M. E. Church.**

The announcement of Rev. Armacost’s topic, “Card Playing,” for last Sunday morning filled the M. E. church to its capacity at that service. It was unexpected on his part and as a result he was for the moment visibly embarrassed, and as he gave his reason for delivering the sermon, became deeply affected, his voice trembled, and many in the audience, as well as himself, wiped away a tear.

He stated that it was not through any desire to be sensational that he had chosen the subject and hoped that none had come with such expectations. But he felt that it had devolved upon him to say something of this evil, as he considers it, and thus relieve himself of any neglect in raising the warning voice of the church and ministry against it. We give the substance of the sermon by request of several who unqualifiedly endorsed the form of amusement the endorsement of card playing. Were I to give this matter what your position may be on the question.

Brethren and friends: I am to speak to you this morning on the evils of card playing. Were I to give this form of amusement the endorsement of the ministry and the pulpit, that many are giving it by their patronage, I would stand on the defense of an institution having such a reputation, and receive impartially as judge in his own prosecution. So true testimony on the card problem must come from those who are not infatuated by the game, and who appreciate the immoral effects of the game. The cry of alarm about cards, and with what we know too well, certainly we have reason to fear that this is one of the ways whose end is death. I call God to witness that I speak from no spirit of criticism or rebuke, but from a heart of sincere love, and from an honest anxiety for the highest and truest welfare of souls. Several things have led to the discussion of this subject. It is distressing to see the reproach that is brought upon Christ and his kingdom by professing Christians who indulge; some of whom have, more than once, vacated the church on Sabbath evening to play cards, while God’s people were assembled for worship; the success of the ministry is crippled by the effect that goes out from such an influence; my heart aches for the injustice done the children and young people by giving them such false conceptions of life, and starting them in the wrong direction by way of the card table; the very air is becoming putrid with the spirit of gambling; it is sifting into the home, victimizing our young men, corrupting integrity, belching its breath of death into the pure face of every boy and girl, and working irretrievable damage to the church, to the souls of men, and to the Redeemer’s kingdom. My convictions declare that forbearance on the subject has ceased to be a virtue.

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duction of prizes and "stakes," and reduced the game to incipient gambling.

Here are some other things to be considered. Friendships cannot be cultivated by practicing the art of getting the advantage of each other. It must forever be the basis of false friendship. To sit for hours in silence, with occasionally an awkward, meaningless remark escaping, and intermittent spasms of laughter where nothing amuses, perfects neither manners nor culture. Forty years of this would produce no mental culture, for it does not require mental culture, acumen sufficient to develop the intellect of a gnat. You say, "It is good pastime." Did God create time to afflic us as with a plague, and are we under the necessity of devising means for "killing time?" Is there so little to know, do, be and enjoy, in this world, that we must contrive schemes to dissipate God's golden hours, until the judgment day shall arrive? But you protest, "There is no harm in it." That patron of the card table never lived who, if frank with his own soul, could call God to witness that it had been no harm to him. Like a dread disease, it has preyed upon his best nature, sappling conscience, and weakening character. If half truthful, he must admit that every indulgence has developed conscience and character in an inverse ratio. No harm! Were the church and ministry reduced to the average level of spirituality found among card players, the conversion of souls would be as rare as the eruptions of Vesuvius. They do not mourn for a lost world, nor are they concerned about its redemption. Harm! Millions have gone to ruin and to a gambler's hell, on this reef of destruction, and to advocate the harmlessness of it is but the folly of madness.

One of the most serious features about the card business is the offense it brings to God's kingdom and his followers. Jesus said, "Whoso offendeth one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a mill stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Every child naturally is devout, and susceptible to religious instructions and training, and may be brought to an intelligent devotion, faith, experience, and prayer, by the age of six or ten. But every card playing home is blasting all this, and there will be little to their credit when the meek shall inherit the earth. Millions of parents will find, to their sorrow, the blood of their children upon their garments in the great day of God. Parental authority is often compromised by permitting the game in the home, and then all influence sacrificed by the "Christian" parents showing interest in the game, and offering helpful suggestions. Too "conscientious" to indulge, they play by proxy, and send their children down the road of death they fear to tread. What a travesty on Christian consistency! You say, "My children play only at home." What guarantee have you that it will end there? Do you teach them to lie, steal, and swear at home? If the home can palliate one sin, it can all. But you will find that powder will explode as certainly upon the altar of your home as on Bunker Hill, and likely with more deadly effect. Every home, entrusted with children, should have Matt. 18.6 emblazoned in blood upon its walls. But the offense extends further. Jesus adds, "It must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." How many young men have been either kept, or led away from a Christian life by other young men enticing them to the card table. It is no small thing to have God hold us responsible for leading a soul astray. Fathers teach their sons to play cards, and these sons go out and lead astray the sons of other homes. The impression prevails now in this community that some of our young men are playing regularly for money. Where is the blame? "Woe to that man by whom the offence cometh," somebody is responsible for the respectability and popularity accorded cards in any community. To open a home for such a purpose, lends the full approbation of that home and family to the business. And everyone who accepts an invitation puts their seal of approbation upon the same. And for one, who has espoused the cause of Christ, to presume to do either, is to "crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." The Church and ministry are trying to encourage and prop up souls, and hold them up to a throne of grace, and "rescue the perishing," but everything connected with cards and card playing antagonizes every effort, and invites defeat. "Woe to me by whom the offence cometh." In countless numbers of instances men have led to the marriage altar sweet, pure, Christian girls, who never had touched a card, and have influenced them to give up vital piety, compromise their conscience, and join the card table. In violation of their marriage vow, they have sacrificed to Baal the holiest gift of God to men. In many instances wives have betrayed husbands in the same manner.

Another charge against the card business, from which it has never been acquitted, is its shameful disgrace. Every attempt to establish its respectability is but another Bishop Potter or Rector Lloyd case. These men brought credit to neither the saloons nor its constituency, yet have sunk to their level in the attempt. The same fate awaits everyone who thinks to save the credit of the card table. We are commanded to "Abstain from all appearance of evil." What is the reputation of cards? Where do they abound? They are in every saloon, slobbered over with beer and vulgarities; there they are in every gambling den, amid cursing and swearing; the felon has them in his cell, hardening his heart for the leap of death; they are in the brothel, polluted by the touch of the prostitute and the libertine;—one more place;—heaven hide her blushing face while we say it,—they are found in the home, and not infrequently in professed Christian homes. A splendid non-Christian man in this town, said to me this week, "It looks pretty tough, doesn't it, for so many of our citizens, and especially some of them calling themselves Christians, to be playing cards? You just naturally feel that everyone who does it belongs to the lower class of society." I have asked scores of the best, purest, and most respected in our midst. If it shook their confidence in people to know they were card players, and everyone has declared that it does. Is it possible to line up with the saloon patron, gambler, felon, and libertine, adopt their instruments of pleasure, and do as they do, have the neighbors saying our conduct looks tough, and Christian people losing all confidence in us, and at the same time claim to be in any wise shunning the very appearance of evil? How would you regard a man or woman who bore the reputation, and had the associates that cards have? Would you welcome them to your home, make them the companion of your family, and invite your friends to be entertained by them for an entire evening? It is a moral impossibility to affiliate with a constituency, and not mister with them.

Nearly all card playing is attended with prizes and "stakes." Section 698 of the Statutes of Ohio reads, "Whoever plays at any game whatsoever, for any sum of money, or other property of any value, shall be fined not more than $100, or imprisoned not more than six months, or both." And for involving
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minors in the same, the penalty is $50 to $200, and from three months to one year, or both. How dare we imagine ourselves sittin in a cushioned pew of the Methodist Episcopal Church, playing these games for prizes, in violation of our covenant with God, our vows at the church altar, and the statutes of Ohio, and presume that God hears our prayers, or that men regard us other than hypocrites? Don't just think of this on the glossy surface of your bald head, but give it prayerful consideration to the serious depths of your heart. At the church altar, we promised to "renounce the devil and all his works, with all covetous desires of the same, so that we would not follow nor be led by them." And we are commanded to "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." you know how unfruitful this is of good. How it has robbed you of your Christian experience, and made you shy of religious matters! But think of the prodigality of the precious time, which God has allotted for nobler purposes. Fifty guests at a card party from 8 to 12, consumes 200 hours of time. Half an hour of each week day, and one hour on Sunday, will read the Bible through, and requires just 200 hours. This time wasted in one evening, would either read the Bible through, or send four persons to prayer-meeting, each week for a year. Six such gatherings in a year would consume 1,200 hours of time. This would send four to church each Sunday morning and evening for a year, four each to Sabbath-school, young people's meeting, and prayer-meeting, every week in the year, and leave eight to attend the revival every night for five weeks. What a violation of God's command to "redeem the time!" You insist, however, that you belong to the "Elite," that you are exempt from the odium heaped upon this reproachful business in general. It was in the banquet hall of Belshazzar, with princes, pomp, chivalry and wealth, that the fatal finger of fire inscribed, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting." Before God I believe this verdict to be glimmering above every card table, had blinded eyes but vision to see it, and had stupefied consciences but sufficient vitality to be alarmed. What does "Elite" mean? Simply selected, assorted, all of one kind. A car load of mules was shipped to this place recently from the West. They were called "elite also, because selected, assorted, and all of a kind. They all had long ears, bobbed tails, and voices just alike. You say you are elite. It means you are like the same thing, consent to the same evil, and are traveling the same road. Can brussels, tapestry, and soft light reflected by frescoed walls atone for sin? The vilest places on earth, where souls slip fastest to shame and death, have these in rich array. Were decorum the antidote for sin, the Man of Galilee would have endowed a school of culture on Mt. Calvary, instead of shedding his blood for the remission of sins. Since taking this subject under consideration, several have said, "What about the popular game of "Flinch?" I am free to say that the church does not claim it. It does not bear the marks of having been born in a revival. Things with four feet, eyes, ears and tail, are readily classed with the animal family; those having trunks, branches, leaves, bud and blossom, with the plant family. With so much in common, the least that may be said is that it belongs to the card family. The younger of Rebekah's twins, which took the elder by the heel, was called a supplanter. This is the modern moral supplanter. It was created to effect a compromise with children, young people Christians, and the conscientious, and it has succeeded admirably. It takes off the keen edge of conscience harters for the Christian's birthright, familiarizes with handling, shuffling, and throwing cards, and creates a mania for cards. While older and unscrupulous ones are running riot with cards, the younger and inexperienced, and the half conscientious, are imitating them, and preparing to be their successors, by taking kindergarten training in flinch. It bears the relation to cards proper that soft drinks do to intemperance, partner stealing parlor plays to dancing, and the tossing of coppers to the throwing of dice. It is a bending of the twig, proposing to incline the tree. I regard it particularly dangerous in that the flinch players of to-day will be the usher players of to-morrow. Scores have said they would not turn their hand for the difference. And now, beloved! a final word! My conviction is that if you pay the price of investigation on this subject, in prayer, fasting, communion with God, and anxiety for the church, the ministry, and the community, that your unworthy servant has, you will be ready to agree with me in this matter, and to act upon the appeal made in the fear of God, and in the interest of immortal souls. David inquires, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?" His answer is, "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart." With these requisites for approaching the Lord, and standing before him, the card-player has little claim upon divine favor. In the name of him whose I am, and whom I serve, I admonish you to quit for time and eternity. Prove your purpose by consenting to the flames these character-counterfeiting tools. Take that card-table and make kindling of it, (and if it doesn't spoil the breakfast you cook with it, the wonder will be only the less) and then let the cards follow suit. Confess your sin to your family, ask their forgiveness, pledge them your faithful abstinence, and say, "Come, let us serve the Lord, and let us do it with clean hands and a pure heart." Then, if a professed Christian, I should go to my pastor, ask his forgiveness, and promise never again to reproach the church, or to break his heart with my inconsistency. Then I should confess before the church, and ask forgiveness, and kneeling at this consecrated altar, implore divine clemency. And when deliverance came, I should "Rise to walk in heaven's own light, Above the world and sin; With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned within." If any one in this vast congregation this morning should be so unfortunate as to come to judgment, deceived through this form of evil, I call you to witness that it will not be without sincere admonition from one who loves you, and prays continually for your deliverance. And in that day, for which all other days are made, I trust these skirts of mine (lifting the skirt of the coat) shall bear the finger-prints of no man's blood. God bless you.—Published by request of Elder J. B. Wingert.

It is said that some old builders of violins never regarded an instrument as finished until it had been taken up in a garret and so placed that it was bathed in the light of the sun. They thought it could not respond properly to the skill of the musician until it had been saturated in sunlight. Man is a wondrous instrument, and he needs the Sabbath rest in which to let the Sun of Righteousness to shine upon him and through him, so as to bring out all the spiritual music of his nature. To this end calm, rest, and worship are necessary.—The Lutheran.

When you want help ask him to help you and you have the promise that he will do so.
Talkativeness is utterly ruinous to deep spirituality. The very life of our spirits passes out in our speech, and hence all superfluous talk is waste of vital forces of the heart. In fruit-growing it often happens that excessive blossoming prevents a good crop, and often prevents fruit at all together; and by so much loquacity the soul runs wild in word-bloom, and bears no fruit. I am not speaking of sinners, nor of legitimate testimony for Jesus, but of that incessant loquacity of spiritual persons, of the professors of purifying grace. It is one of the greatest hindrances to deep solid union with God. Notice how people will tell the same thing over and over; how insignificant trifles are magnified by a world of words; how things that should be buried are dragged out into gossip; how a worthless, non-essential is argued and disputed over; how the solemn, deep things of the Holy Spirit are talked of in a light and rattling manner; until one who has the real baptism of divine silence in his heart feels he must unceremoniously tear himself away to some lonely room or forest, where one can gather up the fragments of his mind, and rest in God.

Not only do we need cleansing from sin, but our natural human spirit needs a radical death to its noise and activity and wordiness. See the evil effects of so much talk. First, it dissipates the spiritual power. The thoughts and feelings of the soul are like powder and steam—the more they are condensed, the greater their power. The steam that, if properly compressed, would drive a train forty miles an hour, if allowed too much expanse, would not move it an inch; and so the trueunction of the heart, if expressed in a few Holy Ghost selected words, will sink into minds to remain forever, but if dissipated in any rambling conversation, is likely to be of no profit.

Second, it is a waste of time. If the hours spent in useless conversation were spent in secret prayer, or deep reading, we would soon reach a region of soul-life and divine peace beyond our present dreams.

Third, loquacity will inevitably lead to saying unwise, or unpleasant or unprofitable things. In religious conversation, we soon churn up all the cream our souls have in them, and the rest of our talk is pale skim milk; till we get along with God and feed on his green pastures until the cream rises again. The Holy Spirit warns us that “in the multitude of words there lacketh not sin.”

It is impossible for even the best of saints to talk beyond a certain point without saying something unkind, or severe, or foolish, or erroneous. We must settle this personally. If others are noisy and gabby, I must determine to live in constant quietness and humility of heart; I must guard my speech as a sentinel does a fortress, and with all respect for others, I must many times cease from conversation, or withdraw from company, to enter into deep communion with my precious Lord. The cure for loquacity is from within, sometimes by an exterior furnace of suffering that burns out the excessive effervescence of the mind, or by an over-mastering revelation to the soul of the awful majesties of God and eternity, which puts an everlasting hush upon the natural faculties. To walk in the Spirit, we must avoid talking for talk’s sake, or merely to entertain. To speak effectually, we must speak in God’s appointed time and in harmony with the dwelling Holy Spirit.—Selected by B. S. Brubaker.

**Seen and Heard Things.**

(Acts iv. 20.)

“For we can but speak the things which we have seen and heard.” Seeing and hearing is a preparation and an inspiration to every speaker. There is nothing that gives such clearness, keenness, and brings such conviction as to hear some one speak who has seen that which he is trying to describe. This gives boldness and takes away all fear, and the message burns in the heart of the speaker, and will burn in the heart of the hearer. How different it is from one who is speaking about what some one else has seen; when he has only read in ease what some one else has paid dearly for; when he laughs over what another has wept for; no struggles, no heart-breaks, no tearful eyes, no nights of prayer, no agony of spirit.

This is a day of cheap, shallow things. Men and women are trying to show a lost world that have never seen him until all sin had been cleansed from their heart and all pride and jealousy was a thing of the past. O what folly, what responsibility, what calamity is coming when the blind lead the blind! The ditch is near into which they will fall.

What does it mean to answer at the judgment bar of God for a lost soul? Let us ask for a revelation of Jesus Christ in our lives, so we will never again laugh over that for which Jesus wept and died, and not trifle with opportunities in the service of God for the lost millions of earth, and let the fire burn until Jesus comes, and win precious immortal souls to Jesus.

I heard a man speaking about the Holy Land, and as in a joke; but had he walked over those hills and wept in those valleys, had he been on his face about the Holy City that witnessed such scenes, and missed its opportunity, and rejected its Savior, and see it now in its destruction, desolation, abomination, sorrow, and sin, and see the blind leading the blind, and see the wailing-place of the Jews, and the lepers without the gates, and walked over the road to Emmaus, and breathed the atmosphere of that land, I am sure he would never have spoken as he did. He had not seen that which he was doing his best to describe, and therefore made such a failure, unknown to himself. But it is much worse to try to show a Savior to a lost world when we have not seen him.

God can find some one to talk for him. He may go to the desert, the mountain, the country, or to the city. He may take a drunkard, a harlot, and show them something. Jesus can use people who were present when they were saved and sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost. They have something in their eyes that levels conviction on the people, and will be one continual torment to all sin wherever it is found, glory to God! This world needs to see Jesus. Only as we see him will others see him, glory to God! There are so many to-day only hearing the voice of man, and are living in doubt; and if they could hear the voice of God they would shout.

You will never get through speaking when the Holy Spirit gives utterance; you will never give the people cold tongue (although it is a very stylish dish) after you get a tongue of fire—"you can not. O for the voice of God that settles and silences everything in the universe in the human soul, and makes strong men weak and weak men strong to speak in this day of confusion, diversion, and carnality, so that all seekers would become seers for his glory.

When we have seen and heard, people will believe the word of God, and see we are hearing the earthquake, we are hearing myriad voices. But let us never go forth to battle until we hear the “still, small Voice.” We must wait and listen.—Selected.

The Lord talks to us through his word and by his Spirit.
OUR YOUTH.

Nobody Knows But Mother.

Nobody knows the work it makes, To keep the home together. Nobody knows of the steps it takes. Nobody knows—but mother:

Nobody listens to childish woes, Which kisses only smother; Nobody's pained by naughty blows, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care, Bestowed on baby brother; Nobody knows of the tender prayer, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught, Of loving one another; Nobody knows of the patience sought. Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious tears, Lest darling may not weather The storm of life in after years; Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above To thank the Heavenly Father, For the sweetest gift—a mother's love Nobody can—but mother. —Selected by Archie Boyer.

The Service of Shining.

"Let you light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—Matt. v. 16.

This text is a call for Christians to do the duty of a light. Their service is to shine, that is, to live and teach, and practice Christianity. Just as soon as the light of Jesus shines into our hearts we are in duty bound to reflect that light.

My soul was made glad the other day in reading the story of how a young lady, the daughter of a nobleman, was converted, and how she let her light shine. The young lady, in some way, was influenced to attend a church service in London, and while in church the story of the cross was repeated, the loving heart of Jesus unfolded and at that service she determined to be a Christian.

She was the idol of her father and it was with deep regret that he noticed the change that had taken place in her views and conduct.

He placed at her disposal large sums of money, and by threats, temptations to extravagance in dress, by reading works of fiction, and traveling in foreign countries, and by every means in his power he tried to turn her mind from things eternal, but all to no effect.

At last he resolved upon one final and desperate expedient.

A large company of nobility were invited to his house. The drawing-room was crowded.

It was arranged that all the daughters of the nobility present should entertain the company with worldly song, accompanied by the piano, and her father determined that if the daughter refused, she should, as far as property was concerned, be ruined. She felt that if she complied, she would grieve away the Holy Spirit, and be again entangled in sin.

With peaceful confidence she awaited the arrival of her turn to occupy the piano and sing. At last her name was called; for a moment all were in silent suspense to see how she would act.

Without hesitation she arose and with a calm, dignified step, went to the instrument. She spent a moment in silent prayer, and then with a sweetness and solemnity almost supernatural, she sang, accompanying her voice with notes on the instrument, these words:

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone,
If now the Judge is at the door,
And mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne."

"No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But, oh, when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days,
With friends or angels spend?
Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death, the death
That never, never dies."

The music stopped. The solemnity of eternity overshadowed the assembly and they all disappeared in silence.

The father earnestly sought the instructions of his daughter, and there, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, he gave his heart to God, and after uniting with the church, he contributed to benevolent purposes over a half a million of dollars.

God has lighted us not to put our light under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it gives light unto all that are in the house.

Mr. Moody tells of a man who was converted, and who lighted his house from garret to cellar. He wanted people to know that something had happened at his house. He celebrated victory, emancipation and peace, and he wanted men to know what God had done for him.

A lawyer out in the State of Ohio came home one evening and said:

"Wife, I have been converted, let us put up the family altar."

"Husband," said she, "there are three lawyers in the parlor, perhaps we had better go into the kitchen to have prayers."

"Wife," said he, "I never invited the Lord Jesus into the house before and I shall not take him into the kitchen." He went into the parlor and there confessed the Lord Jesus who had redeemed him.

"Then that honor me, will I honor," says Jesus, and for years that lawyer sat in the highest seat of justice in this nation, John McLean, chief justice of the United States Supreme Court.

What this world needs is illuminated men. Men who magnify the work that God hath wrought in their souls by telling to those around what a dear Savior they have found. Men who will let their light shine in the
PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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2. When writing to have your address changed, be sure to give both old and new addresses.
3. The date on the printed label will show to subscribers when their subscription expires.
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HARRISBURG, PA., APRIL 1, 1905.

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Our City Missions.

Philadelphia, 3423 S. Second street, in charge of Brother Peter Stover and Sister Stover.
Chicago Mission, 996 Peoria street, in charge of Brother and Sister B. Brubaker, Sisters Anna and Sarah Bert and Brother G. C. Cress, pastor.
Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, 737 Ninth street, in charge of Bro. J. R. and Sister Anna Zook. Residence, 1220 Eleventh street, N.

CHURCH WORK.

Love Feasts.

Gratersford, June 17.
Silverdale, June 17.
Ohio.
Valley Chapel, Stark county, May 13.
Ashland and Richland, June 3.

Special from S. R. Smith.

To the readers of the Evangelical Visitor, greeting in Jesus' name: It will be noticed by referring to Article 26, General Conference Minutes of 1904, that there was a deficiency of over $300 in the Des Moines church and Mission debt, and it will be further noticed that Conference ordered the delegates of the different districts to procure money to meet the several states, and that an immediate effort should be made to raise the balance of the money to liquidate the debt. I have the pleasure, therefore, to herewith submit the following statement of what I have received up to date as follows:

A Sister in His Name, $2.00
Ada G. Engle, $7.00
A Mission Worker, $1.00
O. J. Zook, Athens, $1.35
J. W. Heise, Gormont, Ont., $2.00
D. M. Miller, Martinsburg, Pa., $1.00
L. J. Snook, North Franklin, Pa., $1.25
E. P. Groff, Ashland and Richland, Ohio, $7.25
J. N. Engle, Navarre, Kans., $8.00
W. O. Baker, Louisvllle, O., $7.01
S. Reichard, Elmore, O., $1.00
Levi Bowers, personal, $1.50
S. H. Bert, for Abilene, Kans., $2.50
H. Bert, for Abilene, Kans., $2.50
Martin Brubaker, Rosebank, Kans., $8.00

Total, $131.11

By comparing these accounts, it will be noticed that by adding interest, there is still a balance of over $250 which have been requested from different sources of the Brotherhood to give an itemized report of the same, so far, and to enter a plea for the speedy liquidation of the balance.

In answer to this I would kindly ask to be reread from entering any further plea, because these proceedings are yet to come, and I feel that if the church is not prompt to proceed and we feel that my plea would be nardoned from entering any further plea, because the proceedings are yet to come, and I feel that if the church is not prompt to proceed and I feel that if the church is not prompt to proceed, it would amount to, that my plea would avail nothing, and I feel that if the church is not prompt to proceed, it would amount to, that my plea would avail nothing, and I feel that if the church is not prompt to proceed, it would amount to, that my plea would avail nothing, and I feel that if the church is not prompt to proceed, it would amount to, that my plea would avail nothing.

Yours in Christian love.

S. R. SMITH,
Gen. and Conference Secretary.

To the readers of the Evangelical Visitor, notable referring to Articles 16 and 17 of General Conference Minutes of 1904, it will be noticed that Conference authorized the publication of a Conference Index, together with the Constitution and By-Laws of the new organization as adopted by last General Conference, and also appointed a committee to supervise the work. As a member of that committee, I would kindly give notice to the Brotherhood that at large that the work is nearly completed and will soon be ready for distribution. We had numerous letters of inquiry when we could furnish the books, and to all these letters we had to give the same answer that we were pushing the work as fast as we could we could considering our facilities.

We have the pleasure to say now that the work will be one which, in our estimation, will provide for a long time to come, which we feel should be in the hands of every member of the Brotherhood. It is bound in flexible cloth, and the board, containing about 320 pages, printed in nice clear type, and is so constructed with references to any proceedings of the Conference from 1871 to be ready within a minute's time, together with the proceedings of the new incorporation of the Brotherhood to give an itemized report of the same, so far, and to enter a plea for the speedy liquidation of the balance.

Total, $90.36

WITH a brief history of the origin and progress of the Brotherhood up to the year 1904. The cost of the book compared with, and considering the quality of the paper and binding, should be 50 cents; but we have the pleasure to say that we can sell it for 20 cents net for the flexible binding and 22 cents net for the pebble board binding, postage and express added. The cost of the postage or express will be added to the cost of the book, which will be a very nominal sum of 1.50 cents.

The committee was conservative as to all proceedings, and was of the opinion that it was only right and proper to keep within a reasonable bound, considering the requirements of the work. The work of compilation and arrangement was an arduous one, and I am safe to say that it took the combined labors of the committee nearly one year, and that the compilers have will provide for a long felt want and which we feel should be in the hands of every member of the Brotherhood.

To THE POOR,—who are unable to pay, we have the pleasure to say that we can sell it for 20 cents net for the flexible binding and 22 cents net for the pebble board binding, postage and express added. The cost of the postage or express will be added to the cost of the book, which will be a very nominal sum of 1.50 cents.

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have courage enough to step out on the Lord's side. The whole congregation stood repeatedly for prayer; promising to give their hearts to God some time, which we trust will be in the near future.

Believers laid all self on the altar, and received the anointing of the Holy Spirit, saying, "For you, Lord, and for pure, and wholly consecrated lives before him, who knoweth all things. Different denominations of this community became interested, and a active part, and we believe were built up during the meetings. We pray that the Lord may abundantly bless our brother for his faithful labor here. Also bless him wherever he may go or be in the future. It is worth while to say that the whole gospel was proclaimed, and we praise God that our hearts were ready and open to receive it. We thank him that he put it into the hearts of a few to come and forsake their sins and receive Christ. We trust and pray that the seed sown has fallen in good ground; and may spring up and bear fruit to life everlasting in the near future.

Several were received by the right hand of fellowship on Sunday evening and more attend to the take. The meetings closed on Sunday evening, March 12, with a full house, and the power of God was manifested to all present for future good.

Meetings at Wainfleet, Ont.

On January 21, Elder B. F. Hoover came to us and commenced a series of meetings. He remained two weeks and conducted the meetings during these meetings the brethren and sisters were greatly revived and made to feel that the Lord was working among us, and four precious souls made a start for the kingdom. We hope and pray they may keep on and not fall in their old paths. It makes us feel sad when we see them fall back. My prayer is that they may grow stronger each day and realize that they are walking in the path of Jesus. And also Bro. Noah Zook and wife came to Dickinson county, where he was invited to hold meetings and a few young persons made a start which we were glad to see.

Brethren and sisters, let us be careful how we walk, that they that see us are his people. It is a year ago that I made a start for the kingdom. I find it is a wise thing to do. I must say I have had some trials to contend with but it is all for our good. We may expect to be tempted and tried, but if we hold fast we will succeed. Brethren, let us be steadfast in the work and become more humble in his sight. This is my prayer.

Yours in loving faithfulness,
AARON EBERSOL.

Perry Station, Ont.

Testimonies of the closing service of a series of meetings held by Bro. J. R. Zook at the Chestnut Grove church, Ashland county, Ohio.

I can see new light on the way.—Emmett Hershey.
I praise the Lord for his goodness, for he has brought me out of darkness into his marvelous light.—Andrew Linkey.
I love to walk and talk with Jesus.—Henry Herr.
I can truly say these have been good meetings for me; for Jesus has taken my sins away.—Philip Baum.

I am glad to-night that I was saved thirty-two years ago, and I have been kept saved, and whosoever will can be saved to-night.—Samuel Whisler.
I praise the Lord; he is my sanctifier and healer. Praise his name.—Jane Xander.
I thank the Lord for his love and mercy. Praise his name.—Sarah Conn.
I praise the Lord for his light and greater victory.—Ella Roland.
May I ever be found working for the Lord.—Abby Hershey.
I praise the Lord for what he has permitted me to enjoy during these meetings.—Rebecca Brubaker.
I am glad to rise as a witness for Jesus. He has taken away my sins.—Mrs. Daniel Rohland.
I praise the Lord to-night for as a meeting, and as angels in heaven rejoiced over returned sinners so can we rejoice when we hear of sinners returning to God.

I truly feel grateful and thankful for the light I have received during these meetings.—Andrew Hoover.
I praise God for his saving grace. We can praise Jesus in our homes and wherever we go. I mean to love and serve him throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity.—E. G. Groff.
I praise the Lord because I have peace in my soul.—Rollie Arndt.
I praise the Lord for the wonderful plan of salvation.—Christ Brubaker.
I praise the Lord to-night for what he has done for me. He has cleansed me from all of my bad habits—smoking, chewing, drinking and swearing—they are all taken away. Praise his name.—E. D. Kahler.

I feel glad to-night for what God has done for me. He has taken all my sins away.—Amos Brubaker.
I praise the Lord for the inspiration these meetings have been to me. I mean always to love and serve him—the Lord.—R. D. Kahler.
I praise the Lord for the help I have received during these meetings. I praise him especially for his cleansing power. He has cleansed me from the ugly weed of tobacco. Praise his name.—J. D. Brubaker.
I praise God for what he has done for me during these meetings. I have been received and my name is enlisted in the name of God. I mean to love and serve Jesus.—E. D. Kahler.
I can praise the Lord to-night for his wonderful power to save souls. I mean to love and serve Jesus.—E. D. Kahler.
I praise him for what he has done for me in these meetings, and I mean to go on to love Christ.—David Baum.

I can truly say that I have been revived in these meetings. Pray for me.—Mrs. Wm. Kyle.

Jesus saves me.—Charles Brubaker.
I love Jesus to-night because he saves me and I mean to consecrate my whole life to him.—Tracy Whisler.
Jesus is my best friend.—Emmitt Hershey.
I can praise the Lord to-night for his wonderful love to me. I mean to love and serve Jesus and fully believe in these meetings.—Mrs. Philip Baum.
I praise God, for he baptized me with the Holy Ghost.—Mrs. David Baum.

Brother and Sister Long in Kansas.

After the series of meetings held at Sedgwick, Kans., already noted in the Visitor, Bro. Long, accompanied by his wife, came to Dickinson county, where he has been laboring since among the brethren.

His first appointment was at the Zion meeting house, which continued several weeks. There was a fair attendance, but the severe weather partly interfered. The brethren and sisters attending were revived and encouraged by the brother's hearty admonitions.

The next appointment was at the Bethel Church; also continued several weeks, where the brother in his straightforward and fearless way preached "sound doctrine," to the edifying and encouraging of the brethren and sisters who stand in need of a little time here and there. It is the case, not all receive, or accept the truth. We are told that "in the last times there shall be mockers," who take their own way.

While the word was held forth with earnestness and power, we feel sad that the invitations and warnings are not heed ed by those that "have no hope, and are without God in the world."

After the Bethel meeting the brethren of Ahilene held a protracted service, and from thence the brother went to Newbern, where the brother held a meeting, continuing several weeks; but we have no special report from these later places.

May the Lord bless and reward the beloved brother for his earnest and faithful labor among the brethren, and may the brotherhood become still more united and perfected in the "unitv of the Spirit, in the bond of peace," is our earnest prayer.

ABRAHAM M. ENGEL.

Moonlight, Kans.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow, Is our destined end and way; But to set that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day."
Experience and Testimony.

Dear readers of the Visor: I have been greatly impressed to write for the Visor for some time, but still neglected it. We know we cannot do too much for the Savior.

About ten months ago I gave heed to the still small voice of our blessed Redeemer, which spake peace to my soul. I was deeply convicted before God, and returned to the fold. In one evening I felt the Savior knock at my heart's door. I felt that if I would not obey then that I would be lost.

The Lord told me that I must give heed to his callings! I at once felt that I was unable to come further in the service of the Lord without wearing a covering on my head, and I praise God that he has given me power from on high to overcome the world and my companions and follow him. Oh, I have enjoyed many blessed hours in the Lord's service in this short time. The pleasures of this world are like the wind, and only last a short time, while the pleasures which the child of God can have last while on earth and in eternity.

If only the dear ones who are yet unsaved could see the dear ones who are already saved, then they would see the deeper wherein they are living because the night cometh when no man can work, and God's Spirit will not always strive with men. My earnest desire is to keep close to Jesus and obey his teachings and consecrate still more humble at his feet. Dear ones in the Lord, pray for me that I may ever prove faithful and be a light to the world.

Your sister in faith,


Dear readers of the Visor: "Grace be to you and peace from God the Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for our sins that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father. To whom be glory both now and ever. Amen."

Whenever I see the Visor I am always anxious to read the encouraging testimonies. It helps me so much on the way, and I felt impressed to write a few lines to you. It is true that the Lord has saved me I have joy and peace in my soul. Praise his name. I was so long a church member, and I felt it would not hold out for the judgment day. Then I got sick. For a long time I prayed and begged to the Lord to help me out. He has brought me from darkness unto light and placed my feet on the solid rock, Christ Jesus. I praise the Lord for his wonderful love toward me. I was so lost, no man could help me. Jesus said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I am so glad that salvation is free to every one who believes.

I am so happy on the way; I feel that I can tell the people to come on the narrow way; it is so good to live on it. We must learn to trust all the world by things behind. The word says we cannot serve God and mammon. I praise the Lord I gave my body, soul and spirit over into the hands of the Lord, hallelujah! Jesus, he gave my body, soul and spirit over into the hands of the Lord. I have seen so much misery in my youth, but have had many happy seasons in his service. I have made many mistakes, but I am glad the Lord will forgive when we come to him in humbleness of heart.

Last Autumn, through the preaching of God's word, I was led to examine myself closely and I saw I needed to consecrate myself more fully to the Lord and by obedience I received a wonderful blessing, such that no "tongue could express the sweet comfort and peace." It has been a great incentive to urge me forward in the Lord's service.

"Oh, that the world might taste and see the riches of his grace."

The arms of love that encompass me, Would all mankind embrace!"

The poet truly expresses my feelings. My prayer is that many more may accept the Lord before it is forever too late. My desire is to make one for that glorious mission above. Remember me, a poor weak one, at the throne of grace. Gormley, Ont.

Joseph Heise.

"A hundred thousand souls a day, Are passing one by one away, In Christless guilt and gloom, The lamp of life deny?"

"Shall we whose souls are lighted, With wisdom from on high, From India.

Brother and Sister H. P. Steigerwald;
Brother and Sister J. H. Myers, Sister Salleie Kreiger, Matapoa Mission, Bula­ways, South Africa.

Brother and Sister Jesse R. Evster, Fords­burg, Box 116, Transvaal, South Africa.


Indi­a.

D. W. Zook, Mrs. D. W. Zook, Spira­ta, Purunia, Bandi­pat Dist., Bengal, India.

Josiah Martin, Rhoda Z. Martin, Rag­hunathpur P. O., Mariboom Dist., India.

Sister Hoffman, Kendown, Pooma Dist., Ramabai Home, India.

N. H. Reichard and wife, Sanjan, Thana District, India.

Pamie Hoffman, Khamagour, India.

Central America.

Brother and Sister J. G. Casell, Box 74, Guatemala, Central America.

Texas.

Brother and Sister S. H. Zook, Hidalgo, Texas.

MISSIONARY.

MISSIONARY'S Sad Home Coming.

Wife Died in South Africa and Husband on Way to America With Infant Child.

Mr. Levon Doner and baby Oliver, of Bulawayo, South Africa, are on their way to America. Mr. Doner lost his wife in December last, of the African fever, and returned to America to regain his health and take his baby to its new home at Long View, Sanatan Park, South Africa. Mrs. Doner was a sister of Mrs. Charles Wittenmyer. Mr. and Mrs. Wittenmyer will adopt the child.

Blessings Received.

Verses by Emma Long Doner.

A gentle voice once spoke in my ear, Telling me what to do.

The task he left me seemed very great, Yes, great enough for two.

Twas the voice of God who spake to me and said, "Come humble bow at my feet."

If you obediently would follow me, Come humbly bow at my feet.

Then I looked up with an anxious heart, Great enough for two.

I longed for that keeping power, To bear me safely over.

For healing power I also asked, To make me well and strong, That God would have me do.

Twill come further in the service of the Lord as long as I have breath in my body and strength in my soul. I praise my Maker for his power and mercy. I am now out upon my mission that God would have me do, and I find my tasks and burdens light, To him I will be glad to be.

From India.

Dear Readers of the Visor: Praise the Lord! We would greet you in the precious name of Jesus. We wish you God's best. It is some time since I have written to you but we are sure very well. It seems seem we can hardly find the time for writing that we would like to have. The Lord's work in this land is progressing. Our village work here is very encouraging. We never had a hearing like we get these days. We are very anxious to know how the seed is growing. You know a child if it sows any seed it can hardly wait till it comes up, but may go two or three times and see if it is sprouted or not. Well, we missionaries can hardly wait till we see some sprouts out of the ground as an indication that the seed is growing. We have not lost faith in God but we sometimes would like to know what good is being done, whether the seed is taking root or what is transpiring. We get anxious for fruit, but believe that God in his own good time will give us our desire; therefore we will wait patiently for results. Help us with your prayers.

We are glad to welcome our dear Brethren Angeny and wife and Musser and wife and Mrs. William Steigerwald; Mr. and Mrs. Wittenmyer will adopt the child. We have been away looking up a location of which the brethren will undoubtedly write you. As
over with her.

her foot for the next step—it trod but saw no bottom; only cloud shapes, gaps the people fell in their blindness, all following from all quarters. All air. She was over, and the children ing single file along the grass. They black and furiously coiled, and great dizzy at the depth.

ing waking dream, forced upon this:

Pnrunia, P.O., Bankura Dist., Bengal, Ind.

A missionary in India tells the following waking dream, forced upon him by the meditation of the conditions around him. He writes:

"The tom-toms thumped straight on all night, and the darkness shuddered round me as a living, feeling thing. I could not go to sleep, so lay awake and looked; and I saw, as it seemed, this:

"That I stood on a grassy sward, and at my feet a precipice broke sheer down into infinite space. I looked, but saw no bottom; only cloud shapes, black and furiously coiled, and great shadow-strouded, hollows and unfathomable depths. Back I drew, dizzy at the depth.

"Then I saw forms of people moving single file along the grass. They were making for the edge. There was a woman with a baby in her arms and another little child holding on to her dress. She was on the very verge. Then I saw she was blind. She lifted her foot for the next step—it trod air. She was over, and the children over with her.

"Oh, the cry as they went over!

"Then I saw more streams of people following from all quarters. All blind, stone blind; all made straight for the precipice’s edge.

"Then I wondered, with a wonder that was simply agony, why no one stopped them at the edge. Then I saw that along the edge were sentries at intervals; but the intervals were far too great; there were wide, unguarded gaps between, and through these gaps the people fell in their blindness, quite unawared, and the green grass seemed blood-red to me, and the great gulf yawned like the mouth of hell.

"Then I saw, like the little picture of peace, a group of people under some trees, with their backs turned toward the gulf. They were making daisy chains. Sometimes when a piercing shriek cut the quiet air and reached them it disturbed them, and they thought it rather a vulgar noise. If one of their number started up and wanted to go and do something to help, then all the others would pull that one down. ‘Why should you get so excited about it? You must wait for a definite call to go. You have not finished your daisy chain yet. It would be really selfish’ they said, ‘to leave us to finish the work alone.’

"Then came another sound like the pain of a million broken hearts wrung out in one full drop, one sob, and a horror of great darkness was upon me, for I knew what it was—the cry of blood.

"Then thundered a voice, the voice of the Lord: ‘And he said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother’s blood crieth unto me from the ground.’—Missionary Witness.

He Had Backbone.

Not all boys would have done as did Harry Shepler who was in the signal service. Harry was ordered one morning, by a sergeant, to report for duty at the canteen. He refused to do so, and the sergeant threatened to report him to the officer of the day. “All right,” said Shepler, go ahead. I did not enlist to be a bartender, but a soldier, and I will not report at the canteen.” He was duly reported to the major, who sent for him. Shepler went with trembling knees, but with a steady heart, for he knew he was right. When he came before the major, that officer said to him:

"Are you the young man who disobeyed orders this morning?"

"Yes, sir; I am."

"Why did you do it?"

"Simply because I do not believe it is right to do what I was asked to do. I enlisted to be a soldier, and not a bartender."

The major arose quickly from his stool, and, extending his hand, said: “Shepler, you are the kind of man we want. I am glad to see a fellow who has the courage of his convictions. You are not obliged to report to the canteen.”

In a letter in reference to this incident, says “The Sunday School Times,” Shepler gave as the reason for his ability to stand firm, the fact that he would not dishonor his mother, nor the Sunday-school which had taken such an interest in him while he was a soldier.—Selected.

The Service of Shining.

The Central News of England has published a letter from a wounded Russian officer lying in the hospital at Port Arthur, from which, as republished in the Herald of Peace, we take the following portions, which prove again that war ought always to be spelled with four letters rather than three:

"Yesterday I was in the famous battery on Electric Hill, which is a fly in the eyes of the Japanese. Our poor battery was covered with debris and fragments of shells which burst around us with a deafening noise. We suffered from aching teeth on account of irritation of the nerves of the ear, caused by the series of concussions.

"The day was bright and warm, and the sea was calm. Some specks appear on the horizon. They grow larger as they approach. We count fifteen of them. The points are already lined. Nearer and nearer they come, changing as they progress from gray to dun color.

"They stop when they are five miles away. There is a white cloud. Boom! We are curious to see where the shell will fall. Our battery is on the edge of the cliff three hundred feet above your earnest prayers. They will need not your prayers, but you must ask for opening up the work.

It costs more to open work in this country than in some other countries. We require better houses to live in because of the heat than in many countries. Again, who is more worthy of a good place to live in than the missionary? He does not need a stylish house, but it must be roomy for the sake of comfort and health, and there are many other things that cannot be written upon paper that are required in this country, that are not required in other countries. So do not be hasty to find fault with anything you may hear about the dear ones, especially when they have been sent forth with the confidence of the church that they will do just the right thing. I say again, do not find fault but pray for them that God will use them in the salvation of souls, the object of their mission. Yours for the spread of the gospel,

D. W. Zook.

The Service of Shining.

Continued from page 11.

home, in the work-shop, in the pulpit, in the pew, anywhere and everywhere. Most of you, I suppose, have heard the story of the dear old mother in the Highlands of Scotland. Her daughter left home and fell into bad company. One night, feeling sick of her sinful life, she thought she would return home, and like the prodigal son she arose, and when she was yet a great ways off she saw a light in the window of that dear home.

Though late at night she found her mother sitting up waiting for her. When she entered the door the mother put her arms around her neck and kissed her. She was so glad to see her child once more that tears of joy streamed down her cheeks.

After the daughter had received the home welcome, she said: ‘Mother, why was the light in the window at such a late hour?’ “That light,” said the mother, “has been shining in that window every night since you left home.”

Christian friends, let your light so shine that you may help some poor sinner to find Jesus, to find the house of many mansions.

“Let your lower lights be burning, send a gleam across the wave, Some poor sinking, dying sailor. You may rescue, you may save.”

Christian friends, let your light so shine that you may help some poor sinner to find Jesus, to find the house of many mansions.

“Let your lower lights be burning, send a gleam across the wave, Some poor sinking, dying sailor. You may rescue, you may save.”
the sea. Beneath us is the Admiral's battleship 'Beresvet.' Crash! A large column of water rises, and the wind separates the particles into spray, which the sun tints with all the colors of the rainbow. The deck of the ship is covered with water, and the seamen commence to swarm on deck. 

"A second cloud of steam, and a terrible noise over our heads. Crash! this time it is behind us, and there is an explosion.

"Another cloud. We pass a terrible minute. I feel like a man who has no weight. I ask myself, 'Have they fired accurately?' It is straight at our battery. The first shot fell too short, the second was too far. The gunners who tried to find the range have split the difference, and the next shell must fall in our midst. Imagine our position.

"Our ten coast batteries and our two ships answer the Japanese fire. The sun tints with all the colors of the rainbow the falling shells, and it is impossible to hear the words of command. I cry out until my voice becomes hoarse, but cannot make myself heard above the din. There are more than one hundred and fifty enormous cannons belching forth smoke, shell and death. There is a wild choking sound from the machine-guns. Amid the smoke, steam and dust I hear a groan. It is that of a soldier, whose nose has been torn away by the fragment of a shell. He is surrounded by stretcher bearers. Some one pays his days on my shoulders, and I turn and see at my side a soldier pale and his lips trembling. He wishes to speak, but his tongue refuses to obey. He points with his finger, and I understand what has occurred.

"There beneath the cliff I have a little battery of rapid-firing guns, very small and elegant. There are twelve thousand bullets speeding on their errand in sixty seconds. They are destined to defend our shores against the landing of an enemy. The orgie is at its height. The shells are bursting around us like fireworks at a feast. A whistle, a hiss and a sharp ringing noise as they rush through the air, then smoke and a smell of burning, while the sand dances from the earth.

"Turn from the battery and see a terrible picture. In the midst of the men a shell bursts. One soldier is disembowled, another is wounded in the head, a third is shrieking in the height of his delirium. One steel cannon is broken to pieces as though it were straw.

"An awful picture, with blood—blood everywhere. I order the killed to be taken away, and go to the battery. There it is hell.

"The Japanese fleet steams away. The smoke clears off, and the sun re-appears in the heavens, gilding with its rays a sad scene of havoc and destruction.

"General Stoessel, who commands the troops, congratulates us on our baptism of fire, and I receive my order of St. George. And now I am lying in the hospital.

"Oh, if you had seen our unhappy battleships, the 'Retvisan,' the 'Tsarevitch' and the 'Falkada,' when they were pierced and shattered by torpedoes, and dragged into port! The women, the seamen and the officers wept, as well as the soldiers."—Sel.

There are a great many in our churches who know of no higher forms of Christian activity than getting up a church entertainment, fair or festival, for the purpose of raising money. What a different commentary is upon their spiritual life! It is true, we need money for the Lord's work, in missions, both at home and abroad; but I believe that the churches which hold fast to Scriptural lines of action are blest temporally and spiritually far more than those who lower the standard, and resort to worldly methods, or tricks, such as chance, or in a little milder terms as guessing the number for gain, or any other tricks that would not be allowed in trade. "I suppose you have heard that I am a skeptic," said a gentleman to a minister with whom he was dining. "I will tell you why I was associated with a church, and they erected a church house, putting it on for show a $3,000 steeple, which could do no one any good. They got up a social, and I went to it. They charged ten cents admission fee. I handed them fifty cents and looked for forty cents and a good. They got up a social, and I went to it. They charged ten cents admission fee. I handed them fifty cents and looked for forty cents and a good. They got up a social, and I went to it. They charged ten cents admission fee. I handed them fifty cents and looked for forty cents and a good. They got up a social, and I went to it. They charged ten cents admission fee. I handed them fifty cents and looked for forty cents..."