
George Detwiler

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EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

The Earth Shall Be Full Of The Knowledge Of The Lord As The Waters Cover The Sea.—Isa. 11:9.

"SOME TRUST IN CHARIOTS AND SOME IN HORSES; BUT WE WILL REMEMBER THE NAME OF THE LORD OUR GOD."—Psa. 20:7.

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THE WHITENED FIELD.

The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers into His harvest.”—Matt. 9:37, 38.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are already white to harvest."—Jno. 4:35.

The Savior's heart was moved with compassion when he saw the multitude scattered and without a shepherd. He pitied them, and his great heart of love yearned over them, and He only fully comprehended how plenteous the harvest, and how few the laborers.

Are matters or conditions better now than then? Is there less need of looking out over the fields and becoming impressed of the vastness and also of the ripened condition of the fields? We need only to permit the Holy Spirit to open our eyes and then give us, not a narrow view bounded by a narrow prejudice and selfish principle which says, "O Lord save me and my wife, my son and his wife," but a view that commands and sweeps over a wider horizon, revealing something of the real condition of things.

It is not difficult to get a measurable view of the vastness of the field in heathen lands. And the church cannot be too active in praying that the Lord thrust forth the laborers into the ripened fields. And the closing years of the century witness more activity than ever before in that direction. It is indeed something to rejoice over, and to praise the Lord for.

But in that, that there is so much attention paid to foreign lands there is danger of not looking over the home field sufficiently and while there is rejoicing over the conversion of a smaller or larger number of heathens, we fail to sufficiently see the multitudes who are lost to religion and heaven in the home land. In a recent address a speaker says, "It is an evident fact to my mind, and I am more and more impressed with the idea, that there is a vast amount of work for somebody to do outside of the churches, for the simple reason that the masses of the American people never go to church." (Possibly many of these are not immoral people). "And we are told by good authority that 85 per cent of American boys from 12 to 21 never cast a shadow inside of a church or Sunday-school. While, at the same time, the devil has the saloon and the dance party, and the card party and the whole "tom-foolery" to attract the young people." It is true that the organized efforts put forth in Sunday-schools is vast in its proportions, and when it is said that no less than thirteen and one-half millions are reached with the Word of God, it seems wonderful, but we are skeptical in believing that those who are truly regenerated would come anywhere near that number. If it is true that 85 per cent of the boys between 12 and 21 never cast a shadow inside of a church or Sunday-school, we have the appalling fact, that only 15 out of every 100 boys come under the influence of church or Sunday-school.

Then if we take into consideration the multiplied conveniences on every hand to influence them in the way of irreligion, and entangle them in unholy and damning alliances which it is almost impossible to shake off, the outlook is not encouraging, and the importance of the harvest in the home fields themore apparent. Life Insurance, agents, fraternal society agents, Secret oath-band lodge members are all active in roping in the young men as they step out to try the world for themselves, and while by the grace and power of God a few break these fetters and become free, the large majority never get free. We beg all young men not to listen to the smooth, oily tongue of these agents who are ready to prove to you that they are seeking your good while their concern about you is to make a good percentage for their own pockets. Who pays the high salaries of the officials of all these societies, but those who listen to their persuasive words and become their dupes.

"The great army of drunkards is recruited from these boys at the rate

(Continued on page 240.)
THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

'Tis almost time for the Lord to come,
I hear the people say,
The stars of heaven are growing dim;
It must be the breaking of the day.

CHORUS.
Oh! it must be the breaking of the day.
Oh! it must be the breaking of the day.
The night is almost gone, the day is coming on.
Oh! it must be the breaking of the day.
The signs foretell in the sun and moon,
In earth and sea and sky:
Aloud proclaim to the race of men
That the coming of the Master draweth nigh.

It must be time for the wakings church
To east her pride away;
With girded loins and burning lamps,
Too look for the breaking of the day.

There must be those in the fields of sin,
Far from the fold astray,
Who once were happy in Jesus’ love,
And looking for the breaking of the day.

Go quickly out in the streets and lanes,
And in the broad highway,
And call the maimed, the halt and blind
To be ready for the breaking of the day.

For Evangelical Visitor.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

The topic of this article is the Dawn of the Millennium. Zech. 14: 3-9 is very clear on this subject. In the first two verses the destruction of Jerusalem is described; this is followed by the Second Coming of Christ—"Then shall the Lord go forth and fight against those nations, (that have forgotten God and obeyed not the gospel of Christ) as when He fought in the day of battle. And his feet shall stand in that day upon the mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east!" ** *(here describing the convulsions of the earth and its effect upon the people)*; ** ** "And the Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with thee. And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear nor dark; (That is, "It shall not be clear in some places and dark in other places of the world"—marginal reading) but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night: but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light!" This most surely predicts that during the Millennium there shall be no night. "And it shall be in that day, that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem; half of them toward the former sea (Mediterranean) and half of them to the hinder sea (the Dead sea): in summer and in winter shall it be (all the time)." The "living water" herein mentioned is figuratively spoken, prefiguring God’s salvation that shall gird this globe during the one thousand-year reign of Christ.

"And the Lord shall be King over all the earth:
in that day shall there be one Lord, and His name one." The Lord gave Daniel the assurance of enjoying a part in this glorious reign when He said "Go thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."—Dan. 12:12. Hear what Isaiah says—"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty:" "And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquities."—Isa. 25:8.

He further declares the destruction of the armies of the nations by the fury of God’s power and also the dissolution of the heavens. "Come near, ye nations to hear; and hearken, ye people: let the earth hear, and all that is therein; the Lord is upon all nations, and his fury upon all their armies; He hath utterly destroyed them, He hath delivered them to the slaughter. ** ** And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll: and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf falleth off from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig tree."—Isa. 34:1-4. David also sees the same thing through the telescope of revelation—"Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea all of them shall wax old like a garment: as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed."—Ps. 102:25,26.

"We according to his promise look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found in Him in peace, without spot, and blameless."—2 Pet. 3:13,14. We will now study the parable of the tares of the field—Matt. 13:36,43. This is the delineation given by Jesus himself.

The parable is given in verses 24 to 30. He (Jesus) answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man; the field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one; the enemy that sowed them is the devil, the harvest is the end of the world; (The end of the world is the time when Jesus shall come, with all his holy angels, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, and the righteous that are then living shall be changed, and this earth be redeemed and the children of the wicked one taken away—destroyed from this earth: for He (the Lord) shall gather out all things that offend) and the reapers are the angels. As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world. The Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them that do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. (This may appear to some, that the wicked are consigned immediately to their final destiny, but when we read the 30th verse we see clearly that the angels gather together the tares, and bind them in bundles, state of reservation, to be burned in the lake of fire. Of course, this state of reservation is punishment, but their final consignment takes place after the resurrection of the unjust, which resurrection occurs at the end of the millennium. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished"—2 Pet. 2:9. This "day of judgment" without doubt alludes to the "great white throne." Judgment where the unjust in their resurrected bodies shall
receive final and full reward for their ungodly deeds.

Paul speaks of the destruction, or consummation of the system of evil (Papacy) in connection with the second coming of Christ. "And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming."—2 Thes. 2:8. Peter on delivering a sermon after the healing of the lame man at the Beautiful gate of the temple in Jerusalem said, "Repent ye therefore, and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out, that so there may come seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; and that he may send the Christ who hath been appointed for you, even Jesus: whom the heaven must receive until the appointed for you, even Jesus: whom the Lord shall reign. And this word, yet once more significeth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that have been made, that those things which are not shaken may remain. Wherefore, receiving a kingdom that cannot be shaken, let us have grace, whereby we may offer service well pleasing to God with reverence and awe; for our God is a consuming fire."—Heb.12:25-29 inclusive. R.V.

Read Rev. 14:1-5. This may, and I really think, does, refer to a high degree of reward for faithfulness in all things, and possibly includes the remnant of Jews that shall as a nation accept Christ. They undoubtedly will yield perfect obedience when they come.

Let us also notice Rev. 14:13-20. Here we learn that the works of the righteous dead follow them, and they shall rest. The Son of Man coming on a white cloud, having on his head a golden crown (authority) and in his hand a sharp sickle. Then the harvest takes place—the righteous are gathered in, but the unrighteous are cast into the great wine press of the wrath of God.

Rev. 15:1-5 should also be studied in connection with this subject. Here is a prophecy of victory over the beast, and over the number of his name and over his image and over his mark—standing on purified and holy possessions with harps of God, singing songs of triumph, saying, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou KING OF SAINTS." (not of sinners).

"All nations shall come and worship thee." (nations saved and redeemed). We will now study the 19th chapter of Rev. which describes the MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB.

The GReat whor e is judged and the blood of Christ's servants is avenged; therefore there is great rejoicing among the ransomed, and praise ascribed to the Lord their Redeemer—they worship him with profound reverence. "And a voice came out of the throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great." (not a select few as some teach it)

"And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as a voice of mighty thunderings, saying alleluias: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice and give honor to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come and his wife (the church) hath made herself ready, and to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints.

And all who are called to the marriage are pronounced blessed. In the 5th verse we find who are called—all the redeemed. They are now espoused; then they shall be married. The revelator now sees Jesus coming in purity and power. He is recognized as a righteous judge, and takes a stand against wickedness to destroy it. His eyes are piercing and nothing shall escape them. He comes with many crowns—rewards for saints, as well as, high honor to Himself. His shed blood—the atonement, is acknowledged and respected. The armies in heaven accompany Him in all purity; and He smites the nations unsaved, with a sharp sword (without mercy according to the wrath of God). He shall have the recognition as KING OF KINGS, and LORD OF LORDS, and all opposing nations and powers, great and small are defeated and banished from the earth: for Christ must reign. And I saw an angel come down from heaven having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years. And cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should DECEIVE THE NATIONS NO MORE, till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season. Our Lord will come with conquering power, We look and wait for Him each hour, His kingdom we await with joy, not fear; The 'meek shall inherit the earth' is near. Our next topic will be the millennium.

Des Moines, Iowa.
J. R. ZOOK.

I have no sympathy with the idea that Christ saved us and then leaves us in bondage. He came to open the prison doors and set the captive free. I am one of those who believe that Christ is not only a Savior, but he delivers us every day from every besetting sin.—Moody.

It is proof positive of a man's essential soundness if he improves as he grows old.—James Parton.

"Fidelity in little things is one of the tests of character."
For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

A REVIEW.

Dear Bro. S. Zook,

In my pilgrimage I have reached the sixty-eighth milestone in my spiritual life, and to me the 10th of May is the most remarkable day in the calendar year. As I owe my little all to the work of regeneration then accomplished through the instrumentality of a now sainted mother, I was led to fear God in very early life by observing the sanctity of the Sabbath and to shun profanity, and all the kindred evils, and to esteem the church of Christ and her ministry as being the dearest people on earth. At that early date there were no revivals in the community in which I was born and reared, but God in His goodness sent two poor men, travelling on foot who preached unto us Christ and the resurrection, and in 1825 my dear mother became convicted for sin, and for two years she drank the wormwood and gall of repentance. Her distress was exceedingly great, bordering on insanity, and no one to instruct her. One evening in the agony of her soul she knelt down to pray in her chamber when a light shone all around her and she received the baptism of the Holy Ghost as clear as a sunbeam. She at once arose and told what great things the Lord had done for her. Having for years been acquainted with the Holy Scriptures in both languages she at once introduced family worship, and recommended Holy Ghost religion in that community, she being the first to profess an experimental change.

I was her eldest son living and she seemed to feel a special burden for my salvation, and showed me the necessity of seeking the Lord in early life. On the evening of the 10th of May 1832 when about to retire, I knelt by my bedside to pray as my custom was. In a moment of time conviction seized my heart as unexpectedly as the conviction of Saul of Tarsus. With all my morality as a youth, I felt myself the chief of sinners, the vilest of the vile. And yet I could neither weep nor pray. My heart seemed as hard as adamant and I really thought I was dying and hell would be my portion forever. In my extreme agony a voice spoke to me; “Arise and go down stairs and you will get better.” I was startled as I knew no one was present, but I happily obeyed with the burden of sin resting on me as a cart laden with many sheaves. As I entered the room where my parents and grown sisters were I cast myself at full length on the floor by the side of my dear mother, tossing from side to side. She inquired, “John what is the matter?” My reply was, “Nothing but sin.” She said, “Get upon your knees and pray.” All were taken by surprise. Mother kneeled by my side pointing me to the “Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.” After wrestling in prayer Jacob-like for about one hour, the burden of sin was rolled away, and the love of God was shed abroad in my heart, and while yet on my knees the Holy Spirit gave me a text out the book of Job, which I preached, after which I was raised to my feet seemingly by supernatural power, and with arms extended I threw them around the neck of my dear father who was about 52 years old and an elder in the church, saying, “Father you have a form of Godliness but know nothing of the power.” “Ye must be born again.” He wept like a child and from that memorable night had no rest until he found the Savior in the pardon of his sins.

Thus God gave me the seal of my call to the ministry in the person of my own father the same night of my conversion. Being reared on a farm, father had a large flock of sheep, and the next day, May 11, was set apart for shearing. A Mrs. Tenieheart in the neighborhood was our principal shearer. She was one of the most jovial, mirthful persons we had in our neighborhood, and delighted to keep a company in laughter. Not knowing what had occurred the night previous, she approached the house the next morning joking, one of my sisters standing in the door raised her hand and said, “Hush, John got religion last night.” Conviction at once seized her heart, and she came in as one wounded in battle, and began at once to seek the Lord and was soon converted and became the most zealous Christian we had in that community, and at a ripe age died in the Lord.

The burden of souls rested upon me by day and by night, and I felt “Woe to me if I preach not the gospel.” I held meetings in isolated places, yet felt unequal to the work. I concluded to take a tour among the mountains of Northern Pennsylvania without license, to “try the spirit,” and during the harvest of that year, with a horse and rake, I gleaned the fields of my father’s farm, while others slept, and thereby earned $82. So I went on a warfare at my own expense. My father kindly gave me a horse, saddle, and bridle and on December 2, 1835, in the morning I bade farewell to father, mother, sisters, and only brother of 12 years of age. All wept. It was one of the most solemn days of my life, yet not one said, “John don’t go,” being convinced that God had called me to the work. I travelled four days north over the towering mountains to Penns Valley, Center county, Pa., where I commenced my mission in calling sinners to repentance. I continued that mission over six weeks and witnessed the conversion of souls, being fully convinced that this was to be my life work.

On March 1, 1836 the Pennsylvania conference (but one in this state) convened in Lebanon under the supervision of Bishop Samuel Hestand with a membership of about one hundred. A more humble, loving body of ministers I shall never meet again on earth. I was kindly received, as a youth, and appointed alone to the Clearfield circuit, including parts of five counties with a circumference of two hundred and fifty miles. I explored dense forests infested with bears, panthers, wild cats and deer in abundance, giving us plenty of venison and fording the swollen streams, jeopardizing life, yet the Lord tenderly cared for me. After an absence of one year from my dear parents I returned. My salary was $80, but I received $81, paying the extra $1 over to conference.

Marvelous have been the changes both in church and state. I am now
the only surviving member of the Pennsylvania conference after the lapse of sixty-four years, and being reared in a family of ten children all of whom with my dear parents have passed over the river of death, and now at the age of 85 I am watching and waiting for the call, as the river never appeared so narrow, and Heaven so near as now. Kindred, and friends, and the greater part of our membership with whom I enjoyed sweet fellowship have long since bade me adieu, including my companion.

As a church we need higher attainments, since the general tendency is too much conformity to the world. The duties of reading God’s Word, secret prayer, and family worship are not enjoined upon our membership as in former years, and as a result we are shorn, to a great degree, of our spiritual strength, and according to the teaching of God’s Word many who are ranked nominally, when “weighed in a balance” will be found wanting; for if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His (Rom. 8:9). And to fill our mission acceptably before God we need the baptism of power all along the line. We shall have it by humbling ourselves before God and confessing our faults one to another, and consecrating ourselves anew to God, by giving the Holy Ghost the right of way. Then we may expect prosperity throughout our boundaries.

I am now mingling with the second generation and expect soon to be identified with the redeemed HOST in the kingdom of Heaven. Yours in Christ. JOHN FORK.

Chambersburg, Pa., May 10.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

THE INFIDEL SAVED.

Beloved Brother in Christ Jesus:

As THE Lord has done a great work for my soul I thought I would write a part of my experience for the Visitor hoping it will do some one some good.

I was saved the twenty-fifth of December 1899. It gives me the greatest happiness and pleasure to testify both by word and pen to God’s mighty power in saving men from hell, and cleansing them from sin for, “it is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners of whom I am chief.” I am so glad “He did not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.”

At the early age of fifteen my mother died and I was left without the one who had the most influence over me. So I left home and sought employment in other fields. And forgetting the teachings of a Christian mother I wandered deeper into sin and the devil from the start got such a hold on me that I followed him for twenty years. He led me into the vilest of places, into the gambling place to work where I learned to drink and take the Lord’s name in vain. In this way I wandered on for two years, then the devil not being satisfied with what he had done implanted the belief of infidelity into my heart. For 18 years I run along in the old rut, drinking, swearing and stealing, losing all respect for myself and those who were near and dear to me.

In the summer of 1899 I was working in the mines in Minnesota where I got hurt on the third of November and stayed in the hospital until the first of December. When I came to Buffalo, New York I wandered into a Mission where I met a Sister of the Brethren in Christ church, who came and talked with me about my soul. She asked me if I was a Christian, if not would I like to be one? I told her no, that I was an infidel and did not want anything to do with Christianity. She said, “I will pray God not to give you rest or peace until you give your heart to God.” I told her to pray for me if it would do her any good, it would certainly do me no good. For two weeks she prayed for me, and I know her prayers were answered for I had no rest or peace till Christmas at one or two o’clock in the morning I got out of my bed and knelted down before God and asked Him to have mercy on me a miserable sinner which He did and He has kept me for the last six months amidst all kinds of temptations. I thank God for the strength He gives me to overcome temptations, and I mean, by His help, to press on until He calls me up higher. From your loving brother in Christ Jesus.

GEORGE TOURTELLOTT.

Buffalo, N. Y., 93 Hertel Ave., May 21, 1900.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE is sometimes defined as, the voice of God in the soul. But we emphatically take exception to that definition, for reasons stated below. We would rather define conscience as, Man’s moral sense. This gives ample scope for the wide range of difference between the consciences of different individuals, and even in the same person at different times.

We first call into question the definition above, perhaps most commonly accepted—the voice of God in the soul.

1. If this be true, why the greatest difference between the conscience of the Hindu mother, who throws the new-born child into the Ganges as an offering to her gods, doing it with all the sincerity that her darkened mind knows, and that of the christian mother who, with no greater sincerity, cherishes her offspring above her own flesh, and offers her child to God as Hanna did Samuel—to be “lent to the Lord as long as he liveth”? Does the “voice of God in the soul” of the former lead her in the course she takes? Most certainly not! We know however, that the Lord speaks to mothers who are enlightened, to present their offspring in consecration to Him and His service.

2. The Apostle Paul, “with all good conscience” persecuted most bitterly the Church for whose sake, with equal sincerity, his severed head rolled in the dust at the feet of Nero’s executioner. Did the “voice of God in the soul” of this man, in the early part of his career, lead him to persecute the Church of Christ and waste it, and then later on to spill his life-blood for the sake of that same mystical body? While we are sure that the Spirit led and sustained him in the latter, we cannot grant it for the former.

Thus we might go on multiplying...
instances that seriously test the logic of the first definition, but these cited are quite sufficient to reveal the weakness of it.

Let us take into consideration the second definition, that conscience is more properly termed man’s moral sense.

1. The conscience of the benighted Hindu is “dead in trespasses and sins” and is entirely predominated by inculcated superstition and idolatry, so that he, actuated and impelled by these, bows down with impunity to the most revolting spectacles of idolized vice and deified debauchery; while in the case of the Christian, his conscience or moral sense has been “quickened” so that he loathes the degraded orgies of the heathen; and brings to his God an offering of a pure, undivided affection, a body preserved in sanctity as the temple of the Holy Ghost, and a life of “holiness unto the Lord.” Now a Christian is no more than a spiritually awakened heathen, for out of Christ there is no difference, except in outward appearances. In the soul there is the same unbroken night of alienation from God, who is the source of all light. And what is more, a gospel-hardened (i.e. hardened against, not by, the gospel) heathen is far more guilty than the benighted oriental, who, though he has many horrible and revolting ceremonies, is feeling after the true God. And though the sinner be what is called moral—he may desert from the use of profanity, of filthy conversation, of tobacco and ardent spirits; may provide for, and treat well, his family, be truthful and honest with respect to his dealings with his fellowmen—so long as he refuses to own himself a rebel against grace and a sinner in God’s sight, to repent, make restitution, and turn with his whole heart to his Savior, he is guilty of one of the worst crimes a man can commit—a crime against his own soul, and that of rejecting or neglecting the blessings of grace as provided through Christ.

2. It was because Paul’s moral sense was “dead” and perverted, that he could with no lashings of conscience persecute to the death the humble followers of the lowly Nazarene. He was “exceedingly mad,” against them; but when Christ appeared to him on the way to Damascus, and was stricken with ocular blindness, the light of God penetrated his inmost being, and he saw the terrible mistake he had made. He it was who stood by when the holy martyr Stephen was stoned, watching over the clothes the witnesses laid at his feet, and as the cruel missiles found their mark and Stephen called upon God to “lay not this sin to their charge,” Saul stood by “consenting unto his death.” Perhaps, as he sat in the Sanhedrin during the trial of Stephen, and with others “saw his face as it had been the face of an angel,” and now as he saw how vic­toriously the man of God laid down his life, he felt some checks from his reanuscitating conscience, and likewise later on, as he hunted down the holy, unrelenting sect of Christians, he also felt more of the same. Hence the expression of the Lord, “It is hard for thee to kick against the goad” (Conybeare and Howson’s Translation), signifying there had been some sharp reproofs in his soul, whether from an awakening conscience, or the Spirit, or both. But this same man’s conscience afterwards became so tender that he was quite willing to deny himself the eating of meat, rather than offend one of that sect whom he formerly so bitterly hated and upon whom he breathed out “threatening and slaughter.”

3. Conscience, as a sense, may be educated. Men employed in handling a great amount of paper money become so acute in their sense of touch that a counterfeit note is at once detected by their mere feeling of it. The ear of the musician becomes so keen as to an­ble the composition of the most exquisite harmonies, and also the causing of pain at the intrusion of any discord. Tuners of musical instruments become so proficient that perfect and entrancing harmony responds to the touch of the musical artist. The eagle-eye of the detective singles out his fugitive from the thronging mass of humanity crowding the place of a public re-

sort. The sight of the man of the brush and canvas becomes so educated as to create or reproduce scenes that vie in splendor and beauty with the exquisite pencillings of Nature herself. The olfactories of the tea merchant develops such a degree of proficiency that the value of any specimen of tea, or the presence of any adulterations, is discovered at once. In the same manner the sense of taste is cultivated and used; and still further, what is sometimes termed “the sixth sense”—the ability to determine between heat and cold—is so developed in some that they are able to accurately state the degree of temperature. So there are many mental endowments and gifts into which this analogy might be continued, but the above will suffice our purpose. In connection with, and consideration of, the above statements, Heb. 5:14 is very suggestive—“Strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil.” Is it not the experience of us all who have followed the Lord, that our moral sense has grown more keen as we have continued in grace? From time to time the Spirit has revealed discrepancies and inconsistencies in ourchristian lives till today “the way” is much narrower than when we first entered it—though more glorious and sweet. What we have formerly thoughtlessly done, because we have had more light now would be actual sin, were we to indulge it.

4. Conscience may become weakened and “defiled.” A man who persistently tastes the nauseating tobacco or the bitter burning liquor, soon comes to have such an abnormal and morbid appetite that in the very things that formerly nauseated him, he now revels; and is so wedded to them that, rather than leave off, he will see his wife die of a broken heart and his children pauperized in ragged beggary. So there have been many who “were once enlightened,” who have “tasted the good Word of God, and the powers of the world to come,” and some even “were made partakers of the Holy Ghost,” but who have fallen away, some so far that it is impossible “to renew them
again unto repentance." It has happened to them according to the true proverb: "The dog is returned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire," and the later end is worse than the beginning. Did they fall precipitately to this low level, or did they slide down by degrees? Perhaps a few that way, but by far the most this way. Perhaps they begin to reason away the voice of conscience, or to do violence to it until it grew faint, then was still, and finally even excused their indulgence in not only 'harmless' (?) things, but also in gross wickedness. The keenest sense may be outraged and these rendered not only useless, but also a curse.

Persistent looking at the sun paralyzes and destroys the clear-sight; canalizing deafens the most acute ear; indulgence deafens the designer of disgusting show bills or the voluptuous cards for cigarette boxes. He who moves to tears whole audiences by the softening, enchanting strains of sacred music, may also degenerate into the patron of the dance hall, and set in motion a strain so devilish that hell steps to the rhythm of it. Just so conscience, by being disregarded or outraged, may degenerate from what God intended it—an angel of light to pilot us heavenward—into a wily deceiver luring our footsteps to hell!

How true the words:—

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;—
But, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace!"

May the Lord bless these meditations to the good of souls.

J. EBER ZOOK.

Sonada, India.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

HONDURAS.

THIS is my commandment, that 
ye love one another, even as I have loved you."—Jno. 15:12. The chief mark of the disciples of Christ was to be their love for one another. The measure of their love is, even as He loved. We know how He loved. It was love that led him to the cross for us. Why is it that those who profess to be followers of Him find it so hard to love one another? Is it not because their hearts have never been fully surrendered to let Jesus love through them. Where Jesus reigns it is easy to love. Beloved let us love one another for love is of God.

In sending another message to our beloved friends, we can give joyful testimony to the Lord's faithfulness in keeping us and supplying all our need. Our trust is in the crucified and risen Savior. His blood saves and cleanses from all sin. We raise a special note of praise to Him for having kept us in bodily health. He has taught us to trust Him and it is right that He should have all the praise. The name of the Lord be magnified!

We wish to tell you something about one of the churches of Honduras. In the department of Capan, in the midst of a dense forest, there is a little town called El Paraiso. The roads leading to it are so bad that during the rainy season they are impassable, and the place is always reached with difficulty on account of the deep mud in the roads. The town is built on the site of some very ancient ruins. Evidently, a large city was located there at one time, but as to it and its inhabitants, history knows nothing. They were without doubt idolators, as stone idols may yet be seen about the ruins.

The present town was founded not many years ago by a class of people who loved liberty, and who with their families emigrated to this secluded spot, cutting their way through the forest as they went. Some half dozen years ago the town was destroyed by some government inspectors. This act was an outrage committed without the authority of the law. The people fled, and only a small percentage of them returned so that now the town is small, perhaps two hundred inhabitants.

Just about three years ago, the first missionaries went into this town, and they found a people prepared of the Lord to receive the Gospel. They had already lost some of their Romish notions, and had gotten hold of some truth, but were of course yet without salvation. From the first day that the missionaries arrived they came in crowds and listened eagerly to the truth. God's grace worked marvellously among them with the result that in a short time nearly the whole town accepted Christ, and by the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit were made sons of God. The servant of the Lord, Bro. C. H. Dillon, who was instrumental in preaching the Gospel to these now happy people, laid down his life soon after seeing this large ingathering, while his widow, Sister Margaret Dillon, has remained with the flock until the present time, teaching them the precious truths of the Word.

It was my privilege, a few weeks ago to visit this church. It gave me much joy to see what God had wrought in them, and to behold their love and order. Our fellowship was sweet. They are a simple people, poor in this world's goods, nearly all are barefooted, but rich in faith and love. They make one feel that they love him, and it is easy to love them. Every day in the year they have meeting at day break for prayer and the study of the Word. After this they go to their work. Do you not think that is a good way to begin the day? They have elders and deacons appointed over the church. I was told that the deacons, of which there are seven, visit every family of the believers every morning before going to the meetings, and if anyone is in need or sick it is reported to the church, prayer is offered for the sick and the needy are cared for. This is an excellent plan and seems to be right in line of the deacons' work.

In writing you this brief sketch of a church in Honduras, I do it for the glory of God, and that you too may join in praise and prayer. There is much need of strong men in the Lord to carry the glorious Gospel to all parts of these five Central American Republics. Do not forget these who are so near your own door.

We are rejoicing in the Lord, and send loving greeting to all our Brethren to whom these lines may come. Pray for us. Yours in the Coming One.

J. G. CASSEL.

Gracias, Honduras, May 10, 1900.
For the Evangelical Visitor.

INDIA LETTER.

DEAR READERS of the Visitor: we come with greetings in Jesus' name. "The Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Praise the Lord!

The Lord is blessing us in His service as never before. We are proving the Word daily. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." As we do what we can in giving out the Word of the Gospel to those who are sitting in the densest of heathen darkness, God comes very near to our souls and fills us with the glory that He has promised. Our forces are small and part of them are laid aside for a time, but we realize that it is as the Lord has said, "It is not by an army (margin.) nor by power, but by my Spirit." We might have ever so large a number and yet if the Lord was not with us our work would all be in vain. The Lord at these times seems to be permitting our faith to be tested to the uttermost in regard to our dear Sister Amanda's healing. The last we heard was that she had taken a turn for the worse. Why the Lord at this time permits us to have such a trial when we are seemingly in such need of their help, He only knows and we have no inclination to worry, or fret, or complain, but leave all with Him, and the things we cannot understand now, we will some day know the reason why. AMEN.

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The work continues to go on in the orphanage and in a manner that is surprising. We are hoping ere long to get more children. Those we have on our hands are growing and picking up in flesh very rapidly. At first he was much trouble and cried day and night but is now doing very nicely. But for all our trouble we are hoping for the reward of seeing him growing up to be a man after God's own heart. There are wonderful prospects in these children, we hope by the grace of God to be able to bring it out.

The other day the oldest of the boys came in and said, "Papa" (for that is what they call me) "ami shanti pachi"—I have found peace. You cannot guess how this word from him made my heart rejoice. I believe it was real peace with God. It is blessed to hear them pray they pray so earnestly. In our last meeting with them I urged upon them to ask of the Lord very definitely, and when they prayed to believe they received, and when they found peace to come and tell me. I told them to go by themselves in some secret place and seek till they found. This boy the next morning getting up before the rest and going out behind a tree wrestled with the Lord till he had found the desire of his heart. Pray for him. Now I close for this time. Pray for us. Yours for India.

D. W. ZOOK.

NOTE.—The above letter was crowded out of our last number. Ed.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LIFE OF A JEWISH CHILD.

Unlike people of other nations in early times, the Jews tenderly cherished and trained their children. They had no fewer than nine terms of study associated with the child's first awakened consciousness. When he reached the age of five years he was expected to begin reading the Bible. He would be instructed first by the father in the home, then sent to the school which was supported by the congregation which worshiped at the local synagogue. The great object of Jewish education was to bring the child to know God, and the teacher paid strict attention to his training in right habits of life. At the age of ten years, he was expected to begin the study of the Mishna, the book of laws of the Rabbis. At thirteen he became a "son of the law," and soon his training at his father's trade began.

FATHER'S BUSINESS.

When one notes a small boy ever busy with hammer, plane and saw, we may strongly surmise he is inquiring into the business of a carpenter father. The boy who is dosing his sister's doll with bread pills is walking in the footsteps of a doctor father. The railroad engineer's little girl knows the name of her father's engine and its capacity for speed. And the boy or girl who loves God will be found in the heavenly Father's house, seeking to learn of his Father's business.

THE ABSENT BRIDEGROOM.

Oh, how precious, how unspeakably precious, and blessed is this. We are His bride, and the Lord Jesus Christ has gone to prepare a place for His bride—a mansion in His Father's house, and when He has made it ready He will come again to Himself. For the Lord Jesus cannot be satisfied until the Church, His bride, is with Him in the place of honor and glory, which the Father has given to Him as a reward of His perfect obedience, even unto death in this world. "I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

So when we read such a portion of Scripture as the one before us, we should read it with reference to our-
The TRUE ORDER.

Whatever may be said concerning the right or wrong of photographing, one thing is evident, and that is the camera is proving a wonderful help to the Bible student. The camera tells no falsehoods. Its mission is to present the truth, and the truth only. The traveler who visits the Bible lands can carry with him a good instrument and secure views of all he sees. All he has to do is to adjust his instrument, press the button, and the work is done. As he travels he can take views of the various places visited, and on his return show them to his friends. One picture will reveal more concerning a given place, inside of two minutes, than it is possible to explain by word in the greater part of an hour, and then do it more satisfactorily.

If the skeptic does not believe this, that, and the other thing about the place mentioned in the Bible, all one needs to do is to show him a photograph. That settles it. No man living is vain enough to dispute with the camera. The moment the camera presents its testimony controversy comes to an end. If a man has any doubt about the quantity of water in the river Jordan, just call up the camera, and let it testify. He is compelled to believe what it says. Should any one question the statement concerning Mount Zion being plowed as a field, all you need to do is to show him a good photograph. He knows better than to dispute the word of the kodak. One might spend a whole hour telling about the main gate in the wall of Jerusalem being done away with, so that the traveler may pass out and in any hour. Some people might believe what is said and others would not. But just show them a late photograph of Jaffa gate, and all doubts will be removed.

What does all this amount to? Palestine is rapidly changing, and in time the old landmarks mentioned in the Bible will be changed, or removed. But before this is done everything will be fixed by the camera, and photographs will be used as evidence long after the changes referred to take place. Thousands of photographs have already been made, and ten thousand more will be taken inside of the next few years. They will be handed down to the future generations in support of Bible statements.

Besides, these pictures help the Bible student to get correct ideas regarding the appearance of the different places in the land of the Sacred Story. Today one can read concerning the baptism of Jesus, and then look at a photograph, showing where the rite was performed. By the use of good photographs one can become so familiar with Jerusalem and its surroundings, that were one accidentally dropped down in or near the city he would recognize the place, and could find most of the points of interest without a guide. True, the camera is being abused, but it is not the abuse that we are considering, or favoring, but the proper use of the instrument. It has done wonders for the Bible student, and is destined to prove helpful along this line for generations, if not centuries to come.—

Gospel Messenger.

The PASTOR AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

No one will dispute that it is the duty of the pastor to maintain the oversight of his church in every department of its spiritual life and activities. He cannot be held responsible either to his divine Master, or to his own conscience unless this oversight is accorded to him. As no department in his church has such an important bearing on those who are in the formative period of their lives, so there is none on which he should keep a more constant and watchful eye than
upon the Sunday school. This oversight may be maintained without an indiscriminate meddling with what properly belongs to the superintendent and the teachers. If he is a wise man he will not dictate to the teachers the choice of a superintendent, or dictate to the superintendent his choice of teachers; nor will he meddle with many matters that fall within the peculiar province of the superintendent. But bad as this blunder would be, there is a still worse blunder committed by the pastor who feels no interest in his Sunday school, and has nothing to do with it.

1. The first duty of every sagacious pastor, in my humble judgment, is to keep in close touch with his Sunday school, and to visit it very often. With all his other duties upon him on Sabbath, he may not be able to take charge of a Bible class; but he should look in upon the school very often. This recognition is an encouragement to the superintendent and teachers. What is far more important, these frequent visits give him an opportunity to see and become acquainted with the children themselves. To stop for a few moments before each class and give each boy and girl a handshake and a cordial word, is one way of getting a love-grip on the children. In addition to these brief personal interviews, he will embrace every opportunity to see and become acquainted with the scholars or a winsome appeal to draw them to Christ. He knows—or ought to know—that the best time to win a soul to Jesus Christ is in the time of childhood. If boys or girls pass out of their “teens” without giving their hearts to their Savior, there is a sad probability that they may never become Christians at all. More than two thirds of all conversions are before the age of twenty.

2. There is another very powerful reason for the pastor’s visits to his Sunday school, and for his making fervent and faithful addresses to the children, and that is, that if he does not reach them there he is not likely to reach them at all on the Sabbath. It is a most painful and indisputable fact that the attendance of the children upon the church services of worship is steadily decreasing. Many parents seem to think that if their boys and girls attend the Sunday school, that is enough. In my present “ministry-at-large” I often officiate at the morning service in the churches—of various denominations—where there are not more than a score or two of children present, even in a large congregation! Sometimes scarcely a child’s face is visible! This is a most terrible condition of things; for, unless the habit of going to church is formed in early childhood, it is not likely to be formed afterwards.

I yield to no man in admiration or advocacy of a well-managed Sunday school; but I vehemently protest against giving it the false name of “the children’s church.” It is no such thing and never can be. An ordinary Sunday school and even a mission school composed of poor children gathered from the slums, is only one spiritual department of a properly organized church. Attendance upon a Sunday school never can be defended as a sufficient substitute for attendance upon the regular services of public worship. Roman Catholics are shrewd enough to avoid that blunder. I admit that the non-attendance of children at church is not always the fault of parents; it is sometimes the fault of pastors, who fail to get any grip on the children’s hearts, either in Sunday school or during their pastoral visitations. Some ministers also fail to make their preaching attractive to the young. The shepherd puts the hay up so high that the young birds cannot reach it. If present, the lambs of the flock cannot reach it. Every pastor should strive to attract the young to church by making his sermons simple in language, fervid in delivery and interesting with fit illustrations. It is wise also to prepare, quite often, discourses especially addressed to the children. He can often hit the parents over the heads of the youngsters; and “Children’s Sunday’’ ought not to be restricted to a single Lord’s day in the year.

3. For the above mentioned reasons it seems to be very clear that every pastor should keep in close touch with his Sunday school and should do his utmost to attract the children to the house of God. To miss them from before his pulpit is striking off his right arm.

There is another duty that comes within his province as a spiritual overseer of the whole flock. It is that he should insist upon the thorough study of the Bible by the scholars themselves. In too many Sunday schools there is no actual study of God’s book by the children. They are not required to commit a portion of that Book to memory; they simply sit before the teacher to be crammed by him or her; and they swallow what the teacher offers, just as young birds in the nest swallow the worm or the crumbs that the old bird brings to them. This stupid method would kill any school—even in its primary departments. It may shock some of my readers to say it; but it is a painful fact that a large portion of the boys and girls in these days are growing up with a sadly small amount of God’s Holy Word lodged in their memories and graven on their consciences! Pastors may and should do their part in reforming this evil. The Bible has a pretty hard time of it between being gored almost to death by destructive “criticism,” and being slurred over by teachers who are content to substitute their own talk to their classes for ingraining into them the precious words of Scripture.

4. Before closing, let us look on the bright side of the shield. If some Sunday school teachers are failures through false methods, or through indolence, or frivolity, let us rejoice that there are thousands of them in this land who are the Anrors and the Hurs of a pastor’s heart. They aim to win their children to Christ; they delight to report each case to their pastor, and to bring them to him for conversation and for admission to the church. The spiritual character and power of any Sunday school depends largely on the personality of the superintendent. It was my inexpressible joy throughout a large portion of my long pastorate in this city to
have at the head of our Sunday school a single-eyed and enthusiastic Christian, who was not only the intimate friend of Dwight L. Moody, but had the spirit of Moody in his whole-souled devotion to his work. Such a staff-officer is an inexpressible blessing to a pastor. Under such a leader the Sunday school becomes a constant feeder of the church and a training school of young converts. Instead of being a substitute for the services of the sanctuary it inspires a hunger for them, and sends its scholars, not to the bicycle or to the Sunday stroll, but to the house of God. The pastor has a certain responsibility for the character of the man who is at the head of his Sunday school. If he sympathizes with and co-operates with and sustains a Christ-loving superintendent, he will find a true yoke fellow in advancing the work of the Master.—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler D.D. in Evangelical Messenger.

TEMPERANCE.

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

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

One hundred thousand men,
Gay youth and silvered head,
On every hill, on every glen,
On many a wooden plain
Their glittering axes rang;
Homes for their loved ones dear to gain,
They taught with pen and tongue.
Our brothers—living by our side—
They tasted—fell—and sadly died,
From rum, good friends, from rum.

Up many a fortress wall
They charged with boys in blue,
Mid surging smoke and volleyed ball,
These they survived—only to fall
From rum! Can it be true?
Once noble men—perchance our pride—
One hundred thousand men have died,
This year, good friend, from rum.

One hundred thousand hearths
Are rendered desolate;
And must it be forever thus?
Must children’s children feel the curse?
Friends shall we vacillate?
Or shall our people now awake,
And with loud voice the nation shake,
And cry, “Away with rum!”—Sel.

MR. SPURGEON ON THE THEATRE.

Are there not many persons who find in the theatre precisely that kind of recreation and rest which is most useful for the discharge of their daily work?

“It may be,” said Mr. Spurgeon, “but I don’t know any of them. You see I live in a world apart from all these things, and so do many people. We argue this way: granting it perfectly safe and profitable for myself to go to the theatre, if I go, a great number of those will go to whom it will do positive harm. I will not be responsible for alluring, by my example, into a temptation which but for my self-indulgence they would entirely escape.

“I will give you an instance of how this works out. When I go to Monaco, the grounds of the gambling-hell there are the most beautiful in the world. I never go near them, and why? Not because there is any danger of my passing through the gardens to the gambling-tables. No! But a friend of mine once related the following incident to me. One day Mr. Blanc met me, and asked me how it was I never entered his grounds. ‘Well you see,’ I said, ‘I never play, and as I make no returns whatever to you, I hardly feel justified in availing myself of the advantages of your grounds.’ ‘You make a great mistake,’ said Mr. Blanc. ‘If it was not for you and other respectable persons like yourself, who attend my gambling saloons, do not imagine that because you do not play yourself, you do not by your presence in my grounds contribute very materially to my revenue. Numbers of persons who would never have thought of entering my establishment, feel themselves perfectly safe in following you into my gardens, and thence to the gambling table the transition is easy.’

“In conclusion,” continued Mr. Spurgeon, “I never went near the gambling table the transition is easy.’

WHAT DO YOUR CHILDREN READ?

A lad of sixteen lay upon his death-bed. A wasting consumption was slowly but surely doing its fatal work. He was a former pupil of mine. I approached his bedside, took him by the hand, and gazed a moment on his thin, emaciated form, pale, hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes—all telling me that his sojourn on earth must be brief.

“How are you today, Arthur?” I asked.

“About as usual,” he replied.

“Do you suffer much lying here?”

“Sometimes I suffer a good deal, especially from difficulty in breathing.”

“Do you think you will get well?”

“No, Sir.”

“Would you like to get well?”

“It makes but little difference to me whether I do or not.”

“Does the thought of approaching death give you any anxiety or alarm?”

“I have no fears or care about it.”

“Do you feel willing to die?”

“I have wished I were dead a hundred times since I have been sick, to get rid of my sufferings.”

“What is your hope for the future?”

“I do not concern myself at all about the future.”

Afterwards I asked him if I should pray.

“I do not care if you wish to pray,” he replied.

In two or three days he died. His father made this remark in my hearing. “My son lies in yonder cemetery—an infidel—from the effects of novel reading!”

Parents what do your children read?—Selected.

RUM DID IT.

Recently canibals attacked a Presbyterian mission station in the New Hebrides and killed and ate two missionaries from London. The cause was the continued sale of alcoholic liquors, which New Hebrides missionaries have been begging the British, the United States, the French and the Australian governments to prohibit.
HEALTH AND HOME.

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

THE DUTY OF GOOD HEALTH.

A GOOD clock-maker expects his clocks to keep good time, and to run without creaking, or squeaking or stopping. The kind Creator frames his creatures on a similar principle. Until sin entered the world there was no sickness and no sorrow, now notwithstanding the countless hereditary ills and ailments of men, the tendency is towards health. There are more well people than sick ones, and while the periods of disease are brief, health is usually a steady and permanent condition.

In almost every instance, when the causes of sickness and disease are investigated, it is found that they are a direct result of some wrong course of action. It may be sometimes overworking, overeating, excessive indulgence of appetites or passions; anger, rage, discontent, and murmuring, all these are causes which make well people ill, and prevent the recovery of those whose health is impaired.

In many instances unhealthful methods of dressing are responsible for pains, sicknesses and infirmities innumerable; ending in a multitude of cases in helplessness and death.

The one thing which many sick people most need is, to stop doing things that have destroyed their health, and they will then immediately begin to recover. Many a well man could be ill within twenty-four hours, if he would do just what sick people have been and still are doing; and many a sick person would at once begin to amend if they would abstain from things which healthy people leave alone, and follow modes of living which have the sanction of intelligence and experience.

It is the duty of every person to preserve health. No person has a right to be pale, and sickly, and nervous, and feeble, and helpless when they might be strong, and vigorous, and useful. Each person is morally bound to bear their own share of the burdens of life, and they have no right to unfit themselves to do this.

The drunkard who fiddles his brain until he is unfit to work and must be supported by someone else; the Chinese woman who bandages her feet and tattles and tattles and must be waited upon; the fashionable lady who crushes her liver and stomach, and compresses her lungs and displaces other organs of her body, thus rendering herself a helpless invalid when she should be a strong, and noble and useful woman, all sin against God, their Creator, and against their fellow beings, by becoming burdens instead of blessings, sources of sorrow and trial instead of joy and comfort.

The result of wrong living is not only sickness but premature death. The slow agony of years of pain ends at last in an early grave, and a person who has trodden this path of needless sickness to early death is a suicide whose crime has not only blasted one life out of many but may have impaired and hindered many others.

Let Christian people, and those who fear God and have thoughts of kindness toward their fellow men, consider the duty of living healthfully, so that being free from pain, and possessed of bodily and mental vigor, that may glorify God, do good to men, and bless the world with brightness and with peace.—The Safeguard.

NIGHT VENTILATION.

THE ventilation of the bed-room at night, as well as when it is occupied through the day-time, is of much importance. It is said that the body emits about one and one-half pounds of poison in twenty-four hours. Much of this is carbonic acid gas which is odorless, but a small proportion is of a much more deadly character, and is called organic poison. It gives to the room that musty odor which one often notices on going into an ill-ventilated bed-room early in the morning. At every inhalation three cubic feet of air are rendered unfit to breathe; and if the room is small, it takes but a short time for the air to become very impure.

Because spring has come and you are in a hurry with your work do not hurry your food down, to save time. If you are not watchful this will be the case. Gladstone made it a rule in his family that every bite of food should be chewed thirty-two times. If the food is not well masticated it is not all digested, and therefore much of it is wasted; besides this, the stomach and other digestive organs are worn out trying to do the work of the teeth. Dyspepsia or some other stomach or bowel trouble follows this. Nature has no mercy. If her laws are transgressed, her punishments are sure to follow. Prolong your life by taking time to eat; this is better than taking time to be sick. The food should be ground fine in the mouth and thoroughly mixed with saliva. Begin to count how many times you chew each bite and you will be surprised to find out what poorly masticated food you swallow and how careless you have been.

To even feel hurried hinders digestion. It pays to cast off all care and have a cheerful time at the table.

—S. B.
Nor seemed to heed the scornful glance
Each caring but for "number one,"
A baby girl scarce four years old,
I looked again. Oh, sweet indeed,
But on one countenance were lines
The gloomy weather seemed to cast.

It happened on a rainy day;
And a young, pure and loving heart,
Her little face in mother's lap,
Then choosing out the largest one
Her tiny hands four roses held;

—Harper's Young People.

As on the woman's face there broke
The up-hill road of life a soul
Not knowing, baby as she was,
She struggled to the floor.
She looked them o'er and o'er,
The rose, she ran to hide
Across the swaying car she went
By sorrow deeply laid.
With low bowed head and hands clasped close
She sat, so poor and old,
Her eyes in wonder fell,
Then choosing out the largest one
She struggled to the door.

In the stories we read, the boys and girls who are brave are very apt not to suffer after all. Their bravery saves them. It is sometimes so in real life.
Daniel was brave, and God saved him from the lions. The three Hebrew children were brave, and were willing to be cast into a fiery furnace rather than to worship an idol; God saved them and they were not burned. But a great many men and boys have suffered although they were brave. They might have escaped the suffering, but they chose to suffer, and even to die rather than to do wrong. And they did suffer and die.

A train on the Pennsylvania Railroad was running thirty or forty miles an hour. The fireman threw in coal, and the flames burst out with a tremendous blare and roar. They caught on the woodwork and enveloped the engineer. He could have jumped from the engine and saved his life. But if he had the train would have rushed on, and the flames would have rushed back and burned the passengers. He would not desert his post. He seized the lever, reversed the engine, and stood still amid the flames until the train was stopped. The lives of the passengers were saved, but he was so badly burned that he died in a few hours. He was a martyr to his duty. He was a brave man.

One night a fire broke out in a tenement house in New York City. A family who lived in the fourth story escaped to the street, but in the terror of the moment left the baby behind. The baby's older brother, a little boy of twelve bravely mounted through smoke and flame the three flights of stairs, not knowing whether he should be able to get back or not. He found the baby, caught it up in his arms and brought it safely down. He saved the baby and he saved himself, but he was so badly burned that he had to be carried to the hospital to be nursed and taken care of. He was a brave boy. He was willing to suffer for the sake of his baby sister.

A little boy and girl were playing by a bonfire. The girl was sitting before the fire when somehow her apron of cotton caught fire and began to blaze up about her. She screamed with terror. Her little brother did not scream or run for help; he caught hold of the blazing apron and tore it off her, and threw it upon the ground and trampled the flames out. He carried the scar of the burns, on his hands for many days. It took a brave boy to do that; a boy that was willing to suffer to save his sister.

Be brave, boys! You cannot be like Christ unless you are brave; unless you are willing to suffer for the sake of others.—The Friend.

POWER OF LOVE.

IN CHICAGO a few years ago, there was a little boy who went to one of the mission Sunday-schools. His father moved to another part of the city about five miles away, and every Sunday the boy came past thirty or forty Sunday-schools to the one he attended. And one Sunday a lady who was out collecting scholars for a Sunday-school, met him, and asked him why he went so far, past so many schools. "There are plenty of others," said she, "just as good.

"Ah," he said, "they may be just as good, but they are not so good for me.

"Why not? she asked. "Because they love a fellow over there," he answered.

"And where are they then?" she asked. "Because they love a fellow over there," he answered.

"Ah," he said, "they may be just as good, but they are not so good for me.

"Why not?" she asked. "Because they love a fellow over there," he answered.

A little boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said: "I cannot think what becomes of all the sins that God forgives, mother.

"Why, Charley, can you not tell me where all the figures are that you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother.

"And where are they then?"

"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone," said Charley.

"Just so it is with the believer's sins, they are gone—blotted out—remembered no more.

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." (Psa. 103:12.)
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

A Semi-Monthly Religious Journal,
For the exposition of true, practical piety
and devoted to the spread of Evangelical
truths and the Unity of the church.
Published in the interest of the church of the
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5. Entered as second-class matter at the Post
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Abilene, Kansas, June 15, 1900.

ADDRESSES OF MISSIONARIES.
Mrs. Elizabeth Engle
Miss H. Frances David-
Miss Alice Heise [son
G. C. Cress
Isaac O. Lehman

Miss Barbara Hershey, Inanda Mission Sta­
tion, Duff's Road, Natal, South Africa.
D. W. Zook and wife, A Tilijilla Road
J. Eber Zook, Bellsonge,
Mrs. Amanda Zook, Caleutta, India.
S. H. Zook, Havana, Texas.
J. G. and Mrs. Susan Caskell, Gracias de
Gracias, via (New Orleans) Honduras, C. A.
Misses Fannie L. and Elmina Hoffman,
Chamagne, Sear, India.

FOREIGN MISSION FUND.
209 ................................... $1.00
210 ................................... 1.00
211 ................................... 1.00
212 ................................... .84 65
213 ................................... 1.00
214 ................................... 2.60

INDIA FAMINE FUND.
Previously reported ................................ $634 55
M. H. Clay Center Kan. ........................... 2.00
C. S. Meehanburg .................. 1.00
L. K. Steetoon Pa. .......................... 2.00
J. L. Gormley Ont. .......................... 3.00
Wm. K. Blackwell Okla. (collection)... 1.15 55
L. D. Mortimer Kan. .................. 50

We would again caution our subscribers
against sending money in common letters, as
we have had two notices again lately of money
being sent in that way, which failed to reach
us. All who send money that way must do
so at their own risk. The safe way is by
bank draft, not local checks, postal order,
or registered letter. Our friends who sub­
scribe and pay for some of their friends should
state the fact at time of ordering and say
whether the paper is to be discontinued when
the time paid for has expired, because in some
such cases the paper has run on for a year
more without any word from the subscriber,
and at last when we request settlement he is of­
fended and says he never subscribed for it,
and is unwilling to pay although he has lifted
the paper all this time, and which lovefully,
makes him responsible for the amount due.
Much trouble and bad feeling will be avoided
if all will state the matter distinctly. Will Cana­
dian subscribers remember that Canadian
bills or siler, are at a discount here. Send
postal money order if you cannot obtain bills.
Will all Chanty subscribers write us some­
times so that we know that the paper is ap­
preciated.

The Bethel Love-feast on June 23, which
it was our privilege to attend, was
well attended. Many members were
gathered from the districts of Dickinson
county, and also from Clay, Brown and
McPherson counties. Visitors outside of
the Brotherhood were much in evidence.
The services were enjoyed by many to
their encouragement and comfort. The
engagement in the ordinances was both
solemn and impressive, and so may the
church go on witnessing for the Master
“till He come.”

It was our privilege to be present at
the Elder Jesse Engle Memorial services
on the 10th inst., at Belle Springs. The
large attendance, and sorrowful interest
which was manifest, was evidence of the
universal respect and esteem in which
Elder Engle was held by those of his own
community extending far and near. The
large Meeting House was crowded to
the doors, and but for the heavy rain
the night before the crowd would have been
much larger yet. A letter written by
Sister Francis Davidson giving minute
details of the last days of Elder Engle,
his death and burial, was read to the
satisfaction of the many eager listeners.
Elder Zook, who had been so long and
intimately associated with him in the
oversight of the Kansas Church, spoke
feelingly and interestingly of the life of
the departed Elder for whom he always
felt the highest respect, and with whom
he stood in the most cordial relations,
appreciating him for his integrity, in­
telligence, spirituality and power, and
realizing that the church loses one whom
it can ill spare, and that the African
Mission loses a leader whom it is dif­
cult to replace. Bro. J. M. Eshelman of
Sedgwick, Kan., Eld. Wiebe, of the Rus­
sian Menonites (in German) and the
writer assisted in the service. The
hymns and Scriptures made use of at
the Mission at the funeral were also
employed here, and we trust the impres­
sions made on the hearts of many will
result in fruitfulness for the good of
humanity and for the glory of God.

CHURCH NEWS.

CHICAGO MISSION.

Report for month ending May 15, 1900.

DONATIONS AND RECEIPTS.
Balance on hand .............................. $4 00
Mrs. Stevens, Chicago .................. 50
P. H. Bell, Moonlight, Kansas ......... 4 00
In his name .............................. 1 00
Elias Martin, Kansas .................. 2 00
Levi Hoover, Peabody, Kansas ........ 2 50
In his name .............................. 2 00
Rent .................................. 6 00
In his Name .............................. 1 50

Total .................................. $22 50

EXPENSES

Provisions .................................. $6 01
Fuel .................................. 2 00
Rent .................................. 12 00

Total .................................. $20 01
Balance .................................. $2 49

RELIEF DEPARTMENT.
Report for month of May.

DONATIONS.
Sister Heise, New York .................. $1 00
A Brother and Sister, Clay Co. Kan. ..., 1 00

Total .................................. $2 00
Dry Goods .................................. $1 40
Necessities for sick etc. ................. 2 00

Total .................................. $3 40

SARAH BERT AND WORKERS.

6001 Peoria st., Englewood, Ill.
"Premananda Faith Orphanage" at Calcutta, India, had been brought before the union Sunday School a week before, and was decided May 13 to take the support of a child for an indefinite period at $5 a year, and the amount was raised by voluntary contribution. The money was put into the hands of the writer, and was forwarded from Buffalo, by him, on Monday May 14. Since then the news has come to us that the Brethren at Calcutta had secured more commodious quarters where they can care for and train 300 famine children, in consequence of which, the amount for child support has been reduced to $20 per year. Consequently the Clarence Center Sunday School will receive credit for five dollars on the second year. We have been requested to say to all who have sent $25 that they will all be credited with five dollars on the second year.

This is a good opportunity for Sunday Schools, congregations, families or individuals to do some real definite missionary work in India by helping the missionaries to rescue and raise and train for God some of those dear native children. We would here say for the encouragement of others that there are a number of young sisters who are singly supporting one of those waifs, who earn the money by working by the week. How much more blessed for the handmaids of the Lord to use some of their earnings in this way instead of, as many do, spend it for foolishness and pride. Surely this will be a treasure laid up in heaven. Luke 18:22. We hope to hear of others who will come up to the work of the Lord along this line.

Where are the young men who are earning more money than the maidens? We have not yet heard of one young man who has taken the support of a child. Come dear young Brethren do you want to be left out when the rewards are given? May the dear Lord lay it on some of your hearts to come up to the work of the Lord in this rescue work. The famine is still on the increase, the condition is appalling indeed. In one of the recent letters from the missionaries we were told that in one Province alone they were dying at the rate of 62,000 a week, while under ordinary circumstances the death rate is 42,000 annually. By this we see that with all the relief that is being sent millions will die before another crop can be raised.

We are certainly very grateful for the way the dear people have been coming up to the work in giving of that which they had to spare, and we trust that much more may yet be done and that speedily. If anyone desires any information from us about this work of child rescue we will freely give all the information we can if parties will address us.

Leaving Clarence Center N. Y. on May 14 in company with Bro. D. V. Heise and others we came to Springfield, Ohio, and thence to Donelson where Conference convened on the 15th. The meetings in connection with the sessions of Conference were seasons of profit and we trust will be fruitful of much good to follow during this Conference year.

The love feast that followed was a real feast of love and blessed fellowship with the saints, many of whom we met with for the first time. Since Conference we have visited numbers of families and held some meetings as the opportunity was offered. At present writing we are in Miami county and expect, Lord willing, to spend some weeks yet in different sections of the state, after which we expect, D. V., to visit Cambridge City and Indianapolis, Ind.

Beyond that we have laid no special plans but trust that we shall be directed by the Lord so as to spend the time profitably and for the glory of God, whether by public meetings or private dealings with individuals. The latter we find a very much needed and helpful work among the lambs and sheep of the fold. Anyone wishing to correspond with us will please address us, Harrisburg, Pa. Pray for us.

Yours lovingly for the lost of earth at home and abroad.

NOAH AND MARY ZOOK.
disordered and of much fatigue from the journey. Over the following Sunday he seemed to improve and was able to be at services and meals as usual. On Monday he contracted a severe cold in his head, owing to a very sudden change in the wind and weather during the night. A bad tooth was also giving him neuralgia in his right upper jaw and extending upward almost to the top of his head. No serious results were noticed however until Thursday March 28th, when he was compelled to lie down most of the day. On Friday the symptoms of fever seemed to develop rapidly though we do not believe his complaint was due to fever at all. He was able to be up awhile on Friday morning but retired to bed towards noon and remained quiet, lying down all day except a short time at 3 P. M. when he sat up to eat some dinner. The chill of some force which seemed to aggravate his ailment for immediately on waking I noticed that he had had a bad night and ate moderately in his own hut. About noon he took an umbrella and walked out some for recreation and exercise and later at three o'clock ate dinner with the family as usual. Soon after dinner the American mail arrived by a native carrier from Bulawayo and here began his serious trouble. He sat reading until late in the evening (about nine o'clock) and then retired to bed from fever.) Arriving at 12 M. 1 on the floor. I said, "Well father I came in to extend the right hand of fellowship to you and to say farewell." Then he bade me do well and go nicely and ended his greetings in the following testimony, which are the last words I ever heard him utter: "O Brother Cress, my heart is overflowing with love to God. He seems so near me since I am sick and body weak." As he spoke there was a gush of joyful tears and joy beamed from every line of his face. Ah me, how little did I reckon as I kissed him then that I should never repeat it again in this life, but so hath it pleased God to arrange it. Closing the door I rode away to Ft. Usher, ten miles, and stopped there to spend the night with our special friend, Native Commissioner H. M. Jackson who had rendered kind service to me during my late loss and bereavement. As we sat talking in the dark, a runner arrived carrying a note of information regarding father's stroke and requesting my speedy return in the morning. Early next morning two more boys arrived from the Mission carrying other notes before I had arisen. They gave detailed accounts of father's condition and also orders to telegraph at once to Bulawayo for a physician. At 20 minutes past nine the telegraph office opened and I sent a forty-four word dispatch calling for immediate help. Then took my wheel and ran home as fast as my legs would carry me. All mother has borne up with wonderful strength and fortitude and tender resignation and though the shock has been sudden and overpowering, coming at the end of a long life of loving companionship with him who now lies in the cold embrace of death at my side, (for at present I am watching and writing,) she is resting on the Everlasting Arms.

Wednesday was a day of active preparation for burial. Doors of huts were taken apart and Bro. Lehman and I had made a very neat and strong coffin, which Sisters Davidson and Heise lined and padded nicely within, and covered with black cloth without. A shroud of white all woolen goods was also made by the Sisters. Early in the day we started a native digging the second grave in our burying spot, close by the side of the one so recently made in February for our departed Sister—my precious wife. We sent for Bro. Eyles of Bulawayo to come
and officiate at the funeral but he was unable to come owing to a sudden press of business. Bro. Van Blunk however arrived about 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon to remain with us until after the interment and services. On Thursday morning at 11:30 we were ready to proceed from the hut to the grave. There were only a few natives present owing to several reasons. Two English gentlemen were present from Ft. Usher for whose presence all were glad. At about a quarter till twelve all took the final look at the remains as they were shrouded in the coffin in the hut where Elder had lived and died. Then the coffin lid was screwed down and the pallbearers took their places. Bros. Lehman and Van Blunk carried at the foot while behind them four natives performed their duty with care and reverence. All heads were carried at the foot while behind them their places. Bros. Lehman and Van Blunk lived and died. Then the coffin lid was closed, as under these circumstances it was closed, as under these circumstances.

In Zulu by the writer giving out two appropriate hymns, reading the 90th Psalm, and prayer, after which Sister Davidson spoke to the people about 20 minutes in Zulu. We then sang in English No. 91 in Gospel Hymns, "We shall sleep but not forever." Bro. Van Blunk followed with some short, soothing, sympathizing words directed especially to mother and later us as children and workers. He concluded his remarks by prayer after which we sang the old favorite funeral hymn from Spiritual Hymns "Asleep in Jesus," and were dismissed by all arising to our feet while Bro. Lehman led in a closing prayer. Thus ends the record of the second sad scene of death at Matoppo Mission in less than two months.

To say that we who remain are saddened by our losses seems to be a most inadequate term. We are brokenhearted, grieved, startled, yea, astonished at the Providences of our adorable God. But we all humbly submit and in Christlike submission say, "Thy will be done forever, Amen."

That it will be wise for mother to return with me (about Sept. I leaving here) there can be no doubt. She is well advanced in years and life would be lonely here to her. Again she might not soon be able to obtain a traveling companion, and her age demands one. Therefore we shall do what we can while here and God sparing our lives, we will follow where He leads. Amen.

Yours in the Gospel. G. C. CRESS.

BULAWAYO, S. A., APRIL 19, 1900.

DEAR Reader,—My mind seemed to turn to you today and I trust God may direct my thoughts. I am grateful to our Father today for many things. He has dealt very severely, and yet how lovingly and justly, with me. Though I cannot understand half His present dealings with me, yet my faith in Him and the joys of salvation are not lessened. Since January 28, I have been able to do scarcely anything, and being sadly left alone, time seems to drag sometimes. My severe sickness, terrible grief at my companion's death, and the weeks of almost sleepless nights which followed, have left me in an almost wrecked condition.

After father's sudden death and burial, the way opened for me to leave the Mission for a visit to this city, for scene, and recreation. There are some dear friends here whom the Lord hath raised up to care for me. I am unable to read, write, or study much owing to my eyes and nerves so that it is a great comfort to have a complete change among those who love you, sympathize with, and spare no pains to make you comfortable and cheerful. God willing I shall spend two weeks here and then return to the Mission among the hills. While here I am privileged to let my light shine and to personally meet and exhort those who seldom go to public worship. The mass of this city's population are not Christians by practice and many as well as the rum curse is flourishing. I am quite certain that the bars outnumber the grocery-shops, and they do an immense business. The mass of white people here deride mission work among the natives, and while they themselves enter not they try and prevent others who would. Surely a sad thought.

The war is making great havoc in this land owing to its long duration and our way to come home over the railway is not opening very rapidly. Yet we all believe it will be open in time for us to leave by September. If we live and it still pleases God, I shall accompany Mother Engle on her return to America. At present we neither of us know anything that would bar our way if the means are at hand and railway open for public traffic.

Since the war continues and we cannot leave earlier the time for sending money may safely be put forward to July 20th and will reach us in good time. There has been no lack in the necessities of life at the Mission and I believe all trust God for the future. All are praying that a new overseer and new workers may be coming as soon as the way opens, and till then, if it please God, we shall try and hold the ropes, though feebly. Money orders through the post office may be sent any time made payable at Bulawayo Rhodesia—not Cape Colony, and sent (via Bier.) They are daily received and sent from this office. I trust we have your prayers and confidence as a whole, and that God may hear you and reward you. Amen.

Yours in Jesus. G. C. CRESS.

BRO. LEHMAN'S LETTER.

MATOPPO MISSION, APRIL 17, 1900.

To the readers of the Visitor: I come to you with greetings in Jesus' name. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has saved us by his own blood and called us to be inheritors with the saints in light. Let us then as many as have received of like precious faith be diligent in our Master's work looking unto Jesus who is our pattern.

In this vale of sorrow it is needful for us to be deeply rooted and grounded in the faith, that when the storms of sorrow come we enter into our safe refuge, not suffering any damage by the storm, but like the oak, may it be a means of sinking our roots deeper into God.

We are glad to say that the Lord is our refuge and our strong tower.

In the past few months we have passed through some very deep affliction in that of our beloved Sister Cress being taken away. And then not quite two months later our beloved father, Elder Jesse Engle. In the midst of all these things you may be sure that it was a blessing to know that Jesus is our burden-bearer, also to know if we cast our burdens upon Him that He does carry them for us. In this far-off heathen land under these peculiar circumstances the Lord wonderfully undertook for us. Our hearts, though they were very sad were kept in perfect peace and quietness. Surely the Lord knows what His children need in all circumstances of life.

This being the busy season of the year the work was multiplied, but as we looked to the Lord to lead us and we obeying Him were enabled to go through. At present we are not so heavily burdened with farm work. Yet there is much that should be done. But as there is nothing suffering we will give our time for the work which Jesus said to Martha is more needful. Eld. Engle died at the time of corn harvest and immediately after, the corn that was ripe was harvested. The second day after the Elder's funeral Mother Engle was taken seriously ill with chills and fever. Sister Davidson was her nurse as Mother Engle was occupying her hut. School was closed, as under these circumstances...

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In the past few months we have passed through some very deep affliction in that of our beloved Sister Cress being taken away. And then not quite two months later our beloved father, Elder Jesse Engle. In the midst of all these things you may be sure that it was a blessing to know that Jesus is our burden-bearer, also to know if we cast our burdens upon Him that He does carry them for us. In this far-off heathen land under these peculiar circumstances the Lord wonderfully undertook for us. Our hearts, though they were very sad were kept in perfect peace and quietness. Surely the Lord knows what His children need in all circumstances of life.

This being the busy season of the year the work was multiplied, but as we looked to the Lord to lead us and we obeying Him were enabled to go through. At present we are not so heavily burdened with farm work. Yet there is much that should be done. But as there is nothing suffering we will give our time for the work which Jesus said to Martha is more needful. Eld. Engle died at the time of corn harvest and immediately after, the corn that was ripe was harvested. The second day after the Elder's funeral Mother Engle was taken seriously ill with chills and fever. Sister Davidson was her nurse as Mother Engle was occupying her hut. School was closed, as under these circumstances...
we all were worn out yet kept busy and were unable to have school.

April 13 Bro. Cross left the Mission for Bulawayo on a visit, and for a vacation or change. He thought it better for him to get away for a while for his health's sake.

On Sunday April 15 we had the usual services with a fair attendance. Sister Davidson did the main speaking followed by the writer. We had a very good service, the congregation was mostly young people. The older people do not come very much of late. We were glad for the attention given to the word spoken. The people with us feel the loss of our father and sister. When we tell them how the Lord called us out here to give them the gospel and how some of them do not obey it, and then reminding them how earnestly the departed ones prayed for them it causes them to consider. It is very touching to hear some of the converts pray. Last Sunday while one of them was praying he spoke of how we came out here to tell them about Jesus and dying for them. We are glad to know that God is speaking to them and that new light is continually breaking in on their darkened lives. Will you not earnestly pray for us who shall remain here that we may be endowed with wisdom from on high, and that the Holy Ghost may lead us very definitely and that we may speedily acquire the language.

After our preaching service on Sunday we have Sabbath School which is divided into three classes. Sister Davidson teaches the older people, Sister Heise the young girls, and I the young men and boys, a work which I have just lately undertaken. Sabbath School is very interesting, the Lord is with us in teaching His Word. Pray for us that we may rightly divide the Word of God.

Of late there has been much sickness among the natives; fever is the principal disease. Fusi—the old man of whom Elder Engle had spoken—was away visiting his friends at the time of the Elder's death. He has returned since and came to the Mission to express his sympathy. The sadness expressed in his actions and face cannot be expressed by means of writing. Will you pray for the old heathen man that God may get hold of him and save him? He asked me, "What will we do now?" he said that he would soon all be gone, but by a little explanation he was very much changed. We spoke to him how earnestly Father Engle prayed for him; he listened very attentively. Afterwards Mother spoke a few words to him. This seemed to trouble him as he told Mother not to say anything more about Father as they are very much troubled as it is. Our prayer is that the cleansing blood of Jesus may be applied to his heart.

The afflictions through which we have passed have somewhat brought a lull upon the work, but our prayer is as the fire is kindled, it may break out in greater power. The Lord is the repairer of the breach and He will get glory unto Himself in some way: all we need to do is to abide under His commands.

Sunday April 15 after services we saw a cloud of locusts, as it were a large cloud of smoke in the distance, but the natives told us, "It is locusts." They said they didn't think they would come here as the cloud seemed to be moving the other way. After dinner we noticed that the cloud of locusts was drawing nearer, but did not think they would come here. When only a few hours later the firmament was just simply filled with those destroyers. Everything put on a brown appearance, trees and corn fields just simply glistened as the sunlight fell upon their fluttering wings. We hastened to the field: we could not see the corn stalks for locusts, the sight was indescribable. When we would come near them they would fly away and were partly driven out of the field; as the sun was hanging low we returned.

Sunday evenings we usually meet for Bible reading. Our lesson this evening was from Joshua, chapters 7 and 8. You will remember that we have not the privilege as you of the home-land, to get in company with the saints. Yet we are not discouraged with our lot for the Lord has called us and given us the promise, "Lo I am with you even unto the end of the world." We are glad to know that Jesus is everywhere the same. It is very touching to hear some of the dear sisters, that they can hardly think they would come here. When we would come near them they would fly away and were partly driven out of the field; as the sun was hanging low we returned.

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sisters and other dear friends in Kansas, and went with this donation. It was started on the 12th of May, and we trust will reach them by the last of this month.

Dear ones, let us all come up to the work of the Lord and have a large donation to send by next fall. Who will "help just a little?" Helpers are needed in this work, and will we pray the Lord to send laborers? And as we pray will we be willing to go, send, or give?

MARY ZOOK.

In memory of Elder Jesse Engle who died April 3rd, 1900, at Matoppo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa, aged 61 years, 3 months and 18 days.

Far away in a foreign mission field, 'neath a beautiful bread-fruit tree,
Lies the body of one that was faithful and true,
But the soul is at last set free.

Set free from the toils and cares of life.
His labours on earth are done;
He has gone to receive his just reward.

We know that his labours were not in vain
As he scattered the precious truth,
He aimed for the souls of men.

The aged were revived and the young made glad,
That they gave God their hearts in their youth.
Our brother was truly a captain brave,
Our life is our profession—"I fight the good fight,
Our feet are fixed upon the path that is right,
We strive to lead the people to Christ.

He strove not for nation—nor yet for wealth,
Fear the souls he on earth has won.
Though he fought not for worldly fame,
Though well stricken in years, their faith did not shrink
To labour in Africa's land.

He, with his companion, left all they possessed,
To laying the dear brother to rest;
Two years passed away when it pleased the good Lord
To lay the dear brother to rest;
O then, may we say as we labour on,
We pray bless the whole mission band,
And true Israel's God doth lead them safe
To the Matoppo hills far away.

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SAVED HIS LIFE.

In a certain battle a soldier was seen to fall and on being picked up it was found that he was simply stunned. There was a bullet hole through his clothing, but no blood could be found. Upon examination it was found that the bullet had lodged in a Bible which was in his inside pocket, and which had therefore saved his life. This is not the first time the Bible has saved a person's life. Many are being saved by it every day. The Bible is the text book of the Sunday School, and about thirty millions of people throughout the world are engaged in the study of the word. Thousands and thousands are being saved every year through the study of the Book. The Sunday school has done more to popularize the Bible and to increase its circulation than any other agency in the world. The Bible is printed in more sizes and languages and more copies are sold than any other book published.

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of 90,000 every year; and Nero whistles while Rome burns.” How very few, speaking comparatively, are ever delivered from the slavery and degradation of the drink. Better to save the boys before they stand in the ranks. So between these destructive agencies to pull down and destroy there needs a great effort to be made to prevent the spoiling of God’s noble creation in such a ruthless manner.

Lift up your eyes and look over the home field. See how Satan in deception is spoiling and entangling by the power of the saloon and the iniquitous system of secrecy fastened up by oaths more horrible than King Herod when he beheaded John the Baptist, and which many a one would refuse to violate though he would become a murderer.

Then pray that the Lord may in some way stem this Niagara of destruction and that the harvest may be gathered.

“CHRISTIAN-LIKE.”

JACKSON, the keeper of the morgue, had opened his office and was making ready for the day’s business, when a drearily clad woman entered, carrying a little bundle wrapped in a shawl.

“I want you to take care of my baby,” she said apathetically.

“This is not the place to bring your baby. You should take it to the hospital, beyond here,” said Jackson kindly.

“No,” said the woman, “my baby isn’t sick. She’s dead.” Then she unfolded the shawl and showed the child’s face, so wretched that it was plain the baby had literally died of starvation.

“I haven’t got any money to pay for a burial,” the mother continued, “but I did want to have her buried Christian-like, ’cause she’s all the one I ever had.” After hugging the little bundle to her breast a moment, she laid it gently down on one of the benches. Then covering her face with her hands, she leaned against the wall, and sobbed as if the pent-up grief of a life-time was finding vent.

Jackson led her to a chair and waited, trying, in his well-meaned, clumsy way, to comfort her. After a while her sobs subsided sufficiently to permit her to speak, and little by little the woman told her pitiful story.

Jackson had heard it again and again, with infinite variations, and from many nationalities, but he lent a sympathetic ear to what the Sun no doubt rightly called the old tale of a husband out of work; of successive visits to the pawn-shop until the house was stripped and the last copper spent for food; then the street, with nothing but the ragged old shawl to protect the baby from a freezing temperature and a snowstorm, and finally the baby’s death.

“If she could only have been buried Christian-like!” the mother sobbed again. Jackson mentally figured the cost of a coffin, and then reckoned on his own slender resources. He knew he could not afford it, but his eye, wandering into the next room, chanced to rest upon one of the plain little rough pine boxes which the city furnishes for cases like this. Somehow he could not bring himself to show that box to the mother, so he put on his hat and walked over to the undertaker’s. There he picked out a little white coffin and paid for it.

The undertaker’s man came over and arranged all the details of the simple funeral, and he, too, was very kind and gentle; and that afternoon the poor, starved little body was buried as the mother wished, “Christian-like.”

It was only an incident, a mere eddy in the mighty tide of metropolitan life; but it brought up golden sand from a mine which even the optimist would hardly have suspected.—Union Gospel News.

 GOD’S HEART’S-EASE.

I sought for the purple hearts-ease, In a garden rich with flowers; I sought in the morning sunlight, And sought through the noontday hours; I sought for it, but I found it not; In the bright and joyous bowers.

There were stately white-robed lilies By some river of tears God’s hearts-ease

And there were beautiful crimson roses Made a covert green and sweet, By the vale of humiliation

There were lovely purple hearts-ease Where the trees with arching branches, To a hidden hushed retreat

I have hidden it in my bosom, Where the trees with arching branches, Mid the shadows at His feet.

I shall wear it all the day, For the hill of the cross—for thee, And the hill of the cross—for thee

May be growing for thee and me, And the stainless lilies there, And the beautiful purple hearts-ease

Ah fear not to follow the Master, And there was a model of devotion and trust in God. Her end was peaceful, simply a going to sleep on earth to wake in eternity. Funeral services by the Brethren Henry Davidson and J. H. Christian.