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AN APPEAL.

WE HAVE felt for some time to make an appeal through the columns of the Visitor in behalf of the Matoppo Mission in South Africa. Our readers all know the sadness that has come over us, by the hand of death removing from the Mission those who were so much needed, and who had consecrated themselves to the work. And now, since they have fallen in the front of the battle, having sacrificed their lives for the heathen and the Gospel, shall the work languish because no one is willing to take their place? Not only has death thinned the ranks of the workers at the Mission but since the death of Bro. Cress' wife and his own health greatly impaired he feels as if it was his duty to return to the homeland, and the same with Sister Engle, who is also left alone by the death of her dear life companion and as her calling was more particularly to accompany her husband and having a large family of children in the home-land she also feels it a duty to return, which leaves only three workers at the Mission, namely Sister Francis Davidson and Bro. Isaac O. Lehman and his newly made wife, Sister Alice Heise. From the reports which we had from Bro. Engle while he lived, also from others we gather that the work of the Mission has not been unfruitful. Among those poor heathen people souls have been saved who are now earnest in the service of the Master. A glorious light has been kindled amid the darkness of that land where the poor people never had the light. The possibilities and probabilities are that if the work continues many more may be brought to realize what the wonderful power of the Gospel will do for those who will accept of its efficacy.

"Can we whose souls are lighted,
By wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of light deny.
Salvation! O, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

We have no doubt but what the Lord has been speaking to some souls with regard to this matter, because the Lord surely will care for His work, and if we could give a word of encouragement to such we would gladly do so. The Mission greatly needs some middle aged person filled with the Holy Spirit, whose life is consecrated to God, and has business qualifications to take the place of Elder Engle, now deceased. It was Elder Engle's impression that the Mission can be made, to a great extent, self-supporting and it is indeed wonderful what has been accomplished in the two years since the Mission was started, but with the three workers only, it is utterly impossible to carry on the work. The school dare not be neglected, neither the regular services nor visiting among the natives. The manual labor can be done, to a great extent, by the natives who are eager to earn something, but they must have an overseer and manager.

Who among the Brotherhood will present himself, properly recommended by his home district for this important position? The King's business requires haste, no time for further delay, the need is urgent. But in addition there are also needed other workers both men and women. We know there are those whom the Lord is calling and have been holding back. We would say take courage if the Lord calls move forward. Be sure however, always get the consent of your home district first, and if, after you have presented your case you don't get the encouragement you should have, then write to us and your case will receive attention.

Far and near the fields are teeming
With the waves of ripened grain,
Far and near their gold is gleaming
O'er the sunny slope and plain.

CHORUS.
Lord of harvest send forth reapers,
Hear us Lord to Thee we cry.
Send them forth the sheaves to gather
Ere the harvest time pass by.
Send them forth with morn's first beam
Send them in the noontide glare,
When the sun's last rays are gleaming
Bid them gather everywhere.

O thou, whom thy Lord is sending,
Gather now the sheaves of gold;
Heavenward at evening wending,
Thou shalt come with joy untold.

Signed in behalf of the Mission Board ELDERR SAMUEL ZOOK.
Abilene, Kansas, June 26, 1900.
And with crowns on our brows, and with for the sake of "filthy lucre," did We shall ever abide at the Savior's right souls cost the tears, sweat, blood and the rugged mountains, and yet their Shall we ever abide at the Savior's right. few weeks at a certain place two years, we received a cat as our salary. In our natural disposition we were rather slow to resent those of whom we had charge by love—and to become all things to all men, that we might gain some. And as Paul said, "Being crafty I caught you with guile."—2 Cor. 12: 16. In the vigor of our manhood we were appointed to a circuit containing several mountain appointments. Having arrived at the place directed by our predecessor, and kindly received, they told us we might expect a large congregation in the evening to hear the "new preacher," which we found to be the case, and the family further told us that their meeting had been much annoyed by a group of young men who were in the habit of getting up and running out, and after we had announced our text and spoken fifteen or twenty minutes, a group of young men abruptly arose and walked out, and came in again. At the close of our services we invited them to fill their places at our next appointment, and we would tell them a very remarkable fox story. About eleven hundred and fifty years before the coming of Christ, there lived a man by the name of Sampson, who was the strongest man that ever lived; and the Philistines, who were very wicked, taunted Sampson, and by some means he caught three hundred foxes, and tied two tails to- and by some means he caught three hundred foxes, and tied two tails to-
were cast in and they were soon torn to pieces. Dan. 6:16.

As our young Elders were so well behaved, and doing so well, we told them at our next meeting we would tell them a fish story, all of which to them was new, as in our early tell them at our next meeting we would torn to pieces. Dan. 6:16.

were cast in and they were soon quainted with the Holy Scriptures, destroyed by the prophet was dis cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah, and he at once confessed that he was a Hebrew, and disobeyed God, and the causing of this evil; and he said, take me up and cast me into the sea, and the captain and crew concluded that some one was on board who was the cause of this great calamity, and they agreed to cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah, and he at once confessed that he was a Hebrew, and disobeyed God, and the cause of this evil; and he said, take me up and cast me into the sea and there shall be calm.

But God prepared a great fish which swallowed Jonah and he remained there three days and three nights in the bowels of that fish, and was then thrown up on dry land. So Jonah became a type of the burial and resurrection of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Jonah 2:10.

After Christ arose from the dead he appeared unto his disciples and said unto Peter, "Feed my lambs," and Paul was instructed to say, "comfort the feeble minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men."—1 Thess. 5:14.

Christ being our sympathizing High Priest has always dealt very tenderly with his little ones, and after the experience of so many years we would advise our young ministers to care especially for the rising generation. "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Ecc. 11:6. The falling of a pin will make an impression on the virgin snow. A few days ago we were hailed by a gentleman who was tall, and a noble specimen of humanity, and introduced himself as one of our young elders of former years, which, to us, was a source of encouragement. We are for order in the house of God. 

Chambersburg, Pa., May 10.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherein we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. 1:4.

MERCY dwells in God, and we obtain mercy from God, for though He is just, He delighteth in mercy. "Who is a God like unto Thee that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgressions of the remnant of His heritage" and "I will wait upon the Lord that hideth His face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for Him." "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer," hence He is called the Father of mercies.

Consider, first, the benefits we receive from God, "Who comforteth us in all our tribulations." We have no real comfort but that which comes from God, and all our best comforts are in God. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the father of lights with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning."—Jas. 1:17.

It must be acknowledged that in the world we have tribulation, but it is equally true that in Jesus we have Peace. "These things have I spoken unto you that in me ye might have peace, in the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."—John 16:33. And although our sufferings abound our consolations do also abound. "For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ."—2 Cor. 1:5.

We are never left to struggle through our troubles, alone for we have a God of all comfort nigh at hand, "Who comforteth us in all our tribulations." He does not comfort us in one alone, and then leave us comfortless in the others, but "comforteth us" in them all. "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you,"—John 14:18. We have only to live to, and trust in, God, and we may depend on having comfort from God.

"For our heart shall rejoice in Him because we have trusted in His Holy Name."Psa. 33:21. None can feel the distress of others so much as those who have experienced distress themselves. God's purpose in comforting us is, that we may be able to comfort them who are in any trouble, by telling them of the mercy and goodness of God, as experienced by us in our tribulation, pressures, and afflictions.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—Psa. 60:16.

Evidently God intends that whenever we receive good, we should do good with the good received and so encourage others to hope in Him, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted. None are so fitted to comfort suffering saints, as those who have been comforted themselves of God. "That by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us, which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."—Heb. 6:18, 19.

Let us learn not to live on, nor measure God's love to us, by our poor, changeable frames and feelings. "Let us look to, live on and glory in Christ, for God so views and loves us. Let us so strive to become more like God, possess the mind of Christ, live by faith in Him, and always take comfort in Him, and always bless Him for a comfortable frame of mind, and lively feelings in Him. 

Philadelphia, Pa. 3423 North 2nd St.

"My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace." "I am for peace, but when I speak they are for war."—Bible.
The coming of the Lord for His waiting Bride, and the glorious resurrection of those who have fallen asleep in Jesus, is the crowning theme of the Gospel. How often do we find the apostles alluding to it, telling us to be ready for “His appearing,” telling us to comfort one another in the thought of these things. With what longing and earnest expectation does the wholly sanctified soul look for the coming of the Bridegroom, and as we see the drift of the world and of the church we groan in spirit and say, “How long! oh Lord, how long.”

The condition of things in the world today is indeed alarming. In the professed church of today we see the awful lukewarmness and opposition to holiness and real heart purity, the lack of genuine brotherly love that will, instead of telling the brother or sister their fault, give it to the winds and sow it broad over the land, and instead of admonishing the erring one to get down before God and get the real definite crucifixion of the old man and confessing out the hidden corruption of the heart, they only advise them to do better and perhaps only cut off the outside branches when the heart is still filled with evil desires, seeking the honor and approval of men more than the honor which comes from God by submitting wholly to Him and live perfectly a yielded life, willing to be nothing, unnoticed and unknown, just so we can fill our God-appointed place.

On the other hand when we observe the awful indifference on the part of unsaved souls, the lack of real conviction we must believe these are all prominent signs of the coming of the Lord. The spirit of war and anarchy in the nations, seemingly ready to pounce upon one another at the least provocation, and last but not least, the coming back of the Jews to their own land. The great stir among the Jews in the “Zionistic movement” is probably much greater than many people are aware of. We learn upon inquiry from the Jewish vendor, as he plods over the country with his great pack upon his back, that he is interested in this great movement and is paying his weekly dues toward it.

Famine, pestilence, and earthquakes all point out as the “budding fig tree.” May the church awake to these things, lest many, I fear, be found among the foolish virgins. God in mercy is sending forth His messengers to awaken a sleeping church. They call aloud to people to awaken to righteousness, to real heart purity, and holiness, but like the prophets of old, they are rejected by many and despised. They say, why do you come to preach to us, and being offended at the truth they turn aside from it. While there are other dear souls that realize that they are not ready for this great event and they get down to honest seeking and confessing out the hidden sins of their hearts, and then we hear the cry from those who are unclean themselves, “What a shame that those that are in the church should come out and confess; what a disgrace to the church.” I want to say to any soul that is standing in the church, and if it is the best visible church on earth, if your heart is not right and you feel that you are not wholly sanctified, which you must be if you expect to be ready for the coming of the Lord. Get down before God and don’t be satisfied until you know that God is satisfied. Oh! how sad it would be were we to be left behind, and would have to pass through the awful tribulation. When God will visit his wrath and fiery indignation upon all those who obey not the gospel of Jesus Christ. Surely God will take away His purified saints before He pours out the vials of His wrath. He has always cared for His people when He visited His judgments upon the earth. Noah was commanded to build an ark for the deliverance of the Lord’s little ones, and all else that God meant to save out of the deluge that swept from the earth every living creature. He was more than a century in preparing it. So when Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed He sent His angels to take righteous Lot and his family out of that wicked city. Jesus says to us, “I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also.” “And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares. For as a snare shall it come upon all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth. Watch ye therefore and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man.”—Luke 21:34, 35, 36.

Mary Zook.

Boyd, Ohio, June 18, 1900.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

CONFERENCE, ACTS 15.

The examination of things by way of comparison. My burden for the church of my choice.

Dear readers of the Visitor:

This year I am spending my time at home, and not at Conference, yet I feel my obligations to my God, and desire to draw near the throne in prayer and supplication, yes, pray at the family altar and express my heart’s burden audibly so that others may be moved, and also in the closet, in the secluded chamber, and on the highway.

While the beloved Brethren on this first day convene, I write of my leading or burden.

2. The act of conversing seriously, formally, not formal as a habit but Apostolic consultation, earnest conversation, standing true to our conviction, interchange of views.

About A. D. 52 there was a little trouble arose in the church about circumcision. By this time the Holy Ghost power was quite manifest. Paul and Barnabas on their way to Jerusalem passed through Phœnix and Samaria, declaring the conversion of the Gentiles, and caused great joy unto all the Brethren. We suppose they were all sanctified, the old self, that big I, crucified, and were glad to hear that the dear Lord was using Paul and Barnabas. When they were come to Jerusalem they were received of the Church and of the apostles and
elders, and they declared all the things that God had done with them. But there arose certain of the sect of the Pharisees which believed, saying, that it was needful to circumcise them (the believing Gentiles) and command them to keep the law of Moses.

The law given to Moses was of great import, please read Exodus 19, yet circumcision had been given to Abraham some four hundred years before Moses.

But there is business on hand. The Pharisee brethren hold to doctrine, and why do you charge them to be sectarian or churchy or traditional? Mark, the Word says, they believed. It was for this purpose of considering this matter that the Apostles and Elders came together. The word, it seems to my mind to be of vital import. It was to be Conference, fair play, no underrun work, but an interchange of views on the matter in question. Yes, but that Pharisee, there is that brother, he is always in the way. He has his old set views and is keeping back the work, and he is an old Pharisee. But what says the Word, he is a believer and why do you, my dear brother, disregard that humble man, who has believed and holds doctrine according to the Word. Let us have Apostolic Conference; give a little time for interchanging views. Don't get hasty, wait, that brother is not through. Moderator calls you down. Are you not a child of God? Yes you are brother, but you need a little Apostolic Conference, a little more of interview. What about it, let Brother Peter talk a little while now, how God used him, take care or some one will see a little Pharisee in you. Well Peter is through and me thinks I hear Conference say, Praise the Lord for Peter who was a son of consolation, consoling the believers that there was salvation also for the Gentiles.

Now, all this while two earnest Apostles, whom the Holy Ghost had separated for special mission work, had kept silent. Now they speak and declare what wonders God had wrought among the Gentiles. Me thinks now the multitude is very quiet, and when they are through it is James' time to speak. He is termed a son of thunder, but mark he has been quite patient and listened to the Brethren. What now, must every view come under his? No we think he is the most graceful of all. He now has opportunity to practice the wisdom of which he writes in his epistle, chap 3:17. He does not show his preconceived mind, but honors his Brother Peter from a scriptural standpoint, and brings in the residue who seek the Lord, though they be Gentiles, and gives his views stating the Word. Jesus said, "But I say unto you which hear." They heard the decision as it is fully given in the Scripture, and the results were effectual.

A Brief History of Philadelphia Mission.

DEAR readers of the Visitor:

My father—Peter Stover—was converted 8 years ago, and stood alone for a long time after he had given his heart to God. The Lord had something for him to do. Although it was not much, yet the little was like stepping stones to a noble life for Christ. First he held little cottage prayermeetings in the neighborhood where he lived; the place where he was known and where he had done so much that was bad. When the Lord took hold of him—He did not say, "Peter, now you go away from here, because your comrades will make fun of you if you serve Me" but He did say, "Stay where you are, and start a new life in Me. Show your comrades, "There is life for a look at the crucified One," that there is life at this moment for them."

We went from house to house with a few rude benches which he had made for the purpose, carrying them along with us from place to place. Invitations were sent out and always the house was filled. The coming of our plain people to attend the meetings was strange to the people, and some would come out of curiosity. So our meetings continued, but not without ups and downs, dear ones, for you know the enemy is busy, but by holding on to God we were able to stand, and only by His help and grace are we where we are today.

Three years ago we started a Sabbath School on the same street on which we have it now but in a smaller house. The Lord blessed us so wonderfully, sending in the dear children that our place soon became too small. Then we moved...
to our present place, and the Lord has provided for us in wonderful ways. O dear ones, we have reason upon reason to rejoice and say with the Psalmist, “I will sing praises to my God while I have my being.”

When our school was organized, the Lord graciously gave us two new members, S. Engle and wife, making three members and during the winter we had many blessed meetings. Brethren from a distance would come and hold revival meetings, and the spring following, four more were added, Bro. M. Hayes and wife, my dear mother and myself. Praise God, we have never regretted the step.

Our meetings became more interesting all the time, lately, this spring six more were added to the body. Two young sisters, Lena Evans, and Katie Sheber, a son of Bro. and Sister Hayes, J. Landis and my own two brothers, Harry and Charles Stover. O that all our dear young people would only be true to God in all their endeavors, and with their beautiful plain attire, which is a lovely outward adornment excelling the fashions of the world, show a beautiful example of true Christian piety in every association of life.

O that we may be as humble inwardly as we appear outwardly. Not that we are Christians because of our plain clothes, No, no. Our Christianity must begin in our hearts, but I am convinced that both the inward and outward go together. We do not want to appear having the form of godliness, but silently denying the power thereof. Why should we do those things which are a hurt to us and cause our angel messengers, who have watch over us, to cover their faces with their snowy wings, and turn sorrowfully away! “Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,” so it behooves us to constantly prostrate ourselves before the throne and call on God, to know what we shall do.

O dear ones, we have so much to do when we are willing and really given up. Two weeks ago the Lord sent two girls, scholars of our school, with the little sister of the one, with the plea for us to please be so kind and take her and find her a home. Mother is dead, father a drunkard. The landlord set them into the street, had no home, no place to sleep. She is five and there is also a boy aged eight. It was touching and caused us to weep with her, when she related some of the hardships she had endured. “Weep with those who weep and rejoice with them that rejoice.” I am so glad I have become willing to obey God in what He tells me to do and when He said, “take the child and raise her for Me” my heart said, “Amen dear Lord I will.” I am so glad for surely the hand of the Lord is in it. The boy is cared for by Mr. and Sister Keely.

We have 27 members in the city at present. Thirteen were received by baptism. There are two dear sisters from Canada, Lydia Hayes, ne Hunsperger, and Tina Reichard, The Lord has heard our many prayers for workers and sends them. The Brethren T. A Long and A. Lehman are here. The latter is our School Superintendent, S. G. Engle, our ministering Brother. Kindly pray for us all as workers that we may do and be just what God would have us.

Yours for souls.

MAMIE MORRISON.
Philadelphia, Pa., 3429 N. 2nd St. June 12, 1900.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

HOW WE FOUND THEM.

HAVING felt a burden for the slum work I prayed God to open the way for me to go out and help call in the lost of earth. To my surprise He sent dear Sister Wheaton, the prison evangelist, with whom I had previously traveled, she feeling that it was the will of God that we should go out together. Accordingly we left Harrisburg April 11, stopping first at Satantoga with my sister, at which place Sister Wheaton held two meetings. April 21 we left for the slums house near Spring City, where we had a very interesting meeting with the inmates then left for Philadelphia. April 22 we went to the East Penitentiary and were glad for the privilege of telling those in bondage that Jesus is able to set the captive free, and make them a blessing to mankind, rather than cumbersome.

Next we attended the Brethren’s Sunday School. I was glad to meet the dear ones with whom I had before labored, and to find a real zeal amongst them. Sister Wheaton gave a very blessed talk here, and sang for the children, then we went to the Police Station; after the services there we went to the M. E. Church where we left our testimony for God. April 23 we left for Brooklyn N. Y. We first attended a Holiness meeting, found a little band of earnest workers, some of whom formerly stood high in the church and society, and indulging in worldly enjoyments, but God called them down to a humble happy life, others who were down in the gutter. He called up to a noble Christian life, and now they rejoice together in a Savior who not only saves but also keeps His children.

Next we attended the John St., noon-day meeting. An opportunity for the business men to collect together and tell of the goodness of God. We were glad to note the earnestness of the spirit here, and that we could tell from a personal experience that we can enjoy sweet communion with our God whilst at our daily work. We attended many other places of worship. Also visited many homes, finding occasionally those who were happy in Jesus, but oftener those who need Him, but are unwilling to give up all the world, and thus grope on in sin and sorrow. April 29 we went to the Tombs Prison in New York City. How our hearts were filled with grief as we talked to men and women who should be at home caring for their families, but owing to indulgence in sin, are now inside the prison walls. Great God speed the day when men and women will abhor sin and cleave to Thee.

Next we came to the Midnight Mission in China town. What a sight, men and women so steeped in sin that we almost felt like shuddering, then, how glad we were for the invitation we could give them, that whosoever will may come. We met one woman here who was formerly one of New York’s great pick-pockets, but she was redeemed, and how much that means to her. She is now
working for God. After visiting many other places we felt we should go to Albany, N. Y. The Lord wonderfully blessed us with free transportation up the Hudson river. We left the evening of May the 4th on the Adirondack steamer. As night drew on we felt a great burden for the many who came on the vessel seeking enjoyment and indulging in sin. We as God's children felt to tell them of the One who alone can satisfy every longing of the heart, and whose service affords us true enjoyment. They seemed very attentive and our prayer was that God would bless the efforts of His humble servants, and precious souls receive the benefit.

May 5. We arrived safely this morning; went first to the Shelter, a home for girls. Here we found many dear ones who, after drifting deep into sin, were rescued and are under the blessed Holy Ghost's influence. Some came to our room to ask what they must do to be really cleansed from all sin. How we did thank God for the opportunity of talking and praying with those dear girls. Here we received a very cordial invitation from dear Miss Olson and Mrs. Telford, two consecrated workers at the Home, to stop with them whilst in the city. During our stay we visited the jail, alms house, hospital and spent one day in Troy, then returned to Brooklyn where we went to the Jail and Breakfast Association. Many whom we met could tell of a truth that the many who came on the vessel seeking enjoyment and indulging in sin. We as God's children felt to tell them of the One who alone can satisfy every longing of the heart, and whose service affords us true enjoyment. They seemed very attentive and our prayer was that God would bless the efforts of His humble servants, and precious souls receive the benefit.

After spending one week in the city a number of us left for the love feast at Silverdale. Had a real feast here, three souls followed in the ordinance of baptism. We spent one week visiting here and at Souderton and then left for Skippack to attend the love feast there. We enjoyed meeting all the dear ones and could rejoice together in conversing about God's love to mankind. We also attended the meeting in Brother Reuben Tyson's barn. The meeting was well attended and quite an interest manifested. We visited considerable throughout the country and found many consecrated souls who desire a more definite experience.

The Lord willing, I expect, soon to return to Philadelphia and assist Brother Stover in the work there, as I see a great field of labor open and ample opportunity to give the Gospel out wherever we go.

Yours in Christ. EMMA C. LONG.
Sanatoga, Pa.

God's Message and Messengers.

This then is the message which we have heard of him and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.

None but a God-sent and a Spirit-filled messenger can carry a message that is given by God. He must be first a partaker of the fruits. The minds and hearts of those who are sin-polluted are so darkened that they cannot themselves comprehend the truth of God, much less to make God's message clear to others, until they have been cleansed not only from the guilt but from the power of sin. God gives this admonition, "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."

The Word of God makes it clear as to what are the qualifications of a true messenger. The Word tells us, in olden times "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." They were "Holy men." The Holy Spirit cannot inspire an unclean man. God's messages are given by inspiration. The prophets of old, going forth to teach the people, went with a message from the Lord, and when they opened their mouths to speak, they said, "Thus saith the Lord." They heard the message from God and gave it just as they received it. If we take the example of Moses we find that he was not prepared to go with a message to a wicked king, nor was he prepared to go as a leader of God's people, until he had met God face to face in the burning bush, and had talked with Him. God made known His ways unto him.

A good many run before they are sent, and instead of going with a message from the Lord, go with one of their own. God cannot give messages to those who do not talk with Him. A true messenger does not reprove after the seeing of the eye and the hearing of the ear. God reveals secrets; and the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. Isaiah, God's prophet who went with a message to backslidden Israel, did not even hear the call to go until he had been purged from his iniquity. Then he heard the voice saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me." If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch. No one is able to help another out of the mire of sin until he has himself been delivered. The Psalmist had this testimony, "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my going."

What good will it do those who are still living in sin to tell others to do better and not lead them into the light of God's truth where they can get deliverance. Surely no one who is not walking in the light himself is able to lead others into the light.

False prophets and false teachers exist today just as they did in the days of the prophets and apostles. They cry peace, peace when there is no peace. They not only build their walls of hope on sandy foundations but also daub them with untempered mortar. A tobacco-using, wine-drinking, sinning, holiness-opposing preacher is a very good representative of the devil and the devil's work, and is the devil's agent. Certainly the Lord does not send messengers of that kind, yet they are as plentiful these days as the false prophets of old. If such were to attempt to work for God and to be His messengers they would so adulterate the pure Gospel that it would not have any of its original purity and power.

God's messengers are messengers of light. "He maketh His ministers a flame of fire." "In Him is no darkness at all." The Apostle gave that which he received just as all true messengers do. There is no excuse to be made for sin. Sin is the work of the devil. A sinning religion, a sinning ministry, and a
How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?—John 5:44.

The blessings of the higher Christian life are often like the objects exposed in a shop window, one can see them clearly, and yet can not reach them. If told to stretch out our hand and take, our answer is, I cannot; there is a thick pane of plate glass between me and them. Even so Christians may see clearly the blessed promises of perfect peace and rest, of overflowing love and joy, of abiding communion and fruitfulness, and yet feel that there is something between, hindering the true possession. What is it? Nothing but pride. The promises made to faith are so free and sure; the invitations and encouragements so strong; the mighty power of God on which it may count so near and free—that it can only be something that hinders faith and hinders the blessing being ours. Jesus declares in the text that it is pride that makes faith impossible. “How can ye believe which receive honor one of another?” Here we see how faith and pride are at variance; we shall learn that faith and humility are at one, and that we never can have more of true faith than we have of true humility; we shall see that we may have strong intellectual convictions and assurance of the truth while pride is kept in the heart, but it makes the living faith, which has power with God, an impossibility. What is faith? Is it not the confession of nothingness and helplessness, the surrender and the waiting to let God work?

Is it not in itself the most humbling thing that can be, the acceptance of our place as dependents, who can claim to get nothing but what grace bestows? Humility is simply the disposition which prepares the soul for living on trust. Humility is the soil in which the root faith, lives, grows, and brings forth fruit to the glory of God.

The greatest power Satan uses is pride. In pride he enters everywhere, even the assembly of the saints, to instill the same poison he did into Eve, and exalt pride, as God, in the very temple of God. 2 Thes. 2:4. Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God. As an angel of light taking possession of, diverting the devotional into a vocal and instrumental, operatic display—entertainment, so as to choke the very Word of God. With tears Paul warns us, “Woe unto them that join house to house, and join field to field, for to seek profit only, and behold not the purchase, nor regard the price.” Pride makes redemption needful. From our pride above everything we need to be redeemed.

Pride renders faith impossible. Salvation comes through a cross and a crucified Christ, union and participation in the humility of Jesus. Is it any wonder that our faith is so feeble when pride still reigns so much, and we have scarce learned to long or pray for humility as the most needed and blessed part of salvation.

The Pharisee had faith and prayed but his faith was not rooted in the soil of humility, but in the proud, high exaltation of self. But the prayer of the poor humble Publican opened the windows and went home justified. So with us, we did not receive pardon until with shamefacedness and deep humility we confessed we were sinners and dependant alone on Christ for mercy. This same humility should characterize our whole life, yea a deeper humbleness of spirit, for God resisteth the proud but giveth grace to the humble.

Humility and faith are more closely allied in Scripture than many know. See it in the life of Christ. The centurion said, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof. Jesus said, I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel. And had not the mother to whom he spoke, “O woman, great is thy faith!” accepted the name of dog, and said, “Yea Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs?” It is the humility that brings a soul to be nothing before God, that also removes every hindrance to faith, and makes it only fear lest it should dishonor Him by not trusting Him wholly. Brother, have
we not here the cause of failure in the pursuit of holiness? Is it not this, though we knew not, that made our consecration and our faith so unsatisfactory and so short-lived? We have no idea to what an extent pride and self were still secretly working in us, and how alone God by His incoming and His mighty power could cast them out. We understand not how nothing but the new and divine nature, taking entirely the place of the old self, could make us really humble. We knew not that absolute, unceasing, universal humility must be the root-disposition of every approach to God as well as every dealing with man; and that we might as well attempt to see without eyes, or live without breath, as to believe or draw nigh to God or dwell in His love without an all-pervading humility and lowliness of heart. Have we not been making a mistake in taking so much trouble to believe, while all the time there was the old self—pride seeking to possess itself of God's blessings and riches? No wonder we could not believe. Let us change our course. Let us seek first of all to humble ourselves under the almighty hand of God. He will exalt us in due time. The cross, and the death, and the grace into which Jesus humbled Himself, were His path to the glory of God. And they are our path. Let our one desire and our fervent prayer be, to be humbled with Him and like Him. Let us accept gladly whatever can humble us before God or men. This alone is the path to the Glory of God. Pride can degrade the highest angels into devils—it did, and humility raise fallen man to throne of angels. Evil can have no beginning but from pride, and no end but from humility. The truth is in this: Pride must die in you, or nothing of heaven can live in you. Look not at pride as only an unbecoming temper, or a love to adorn or exalt self, nor humility as a decent virtue, for one is death and the other is life; the one is all hell, the other is all heaven. So much as you have of pride within you, you have of the fallen angel alive in you; so much as you have of true humility, so much you have of the Lamb of God within you. Could you see what every stirring of pride does to your soul, you would beg of everything you meet to tear the viper from you, though with the loss of a hand or an eye. Could you see what a sweet, divine, transforming power there is in humility, how it expels the poison of our nature, makes room for the Spirit of God to live in you, you would rather be the footstool of all the world than to want the smallest degree of it. Ask God to make known to you and take from your heart every kind, and form, and degree of pride. Seek the humility of Christ, who washed the disciple's feet as the servant of all and humbled himself even to the death of the cross. For nothing can cure you of the desire of receiving glory from men, or of the sensitiveness and pain and anger which comes when it is not given, but giving yourself to seek only the glory that comes from God. Let the glory of the all-glorious God be everything to you. Receive the Holy Ghost who makes Christ all-glorious and you will be freed from the glory of men and of self and be content and glad to be nothing. For this is the truth. We are really nothing and the truth makes us free. Out of this nothing you will grow strong in faith, giving glory to God, and you will find the deeper you sink into humility before Him, the nearer He is to fulfill the very desire of your faith, and all the lovely fruits of the Spirit will be brought forth in your life. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest to your souls.—Selected by Mary Zook.

AFTER DARK.

A GENTLEMAN called at my school-room door, the bearer of unpleasant tidings: "Three of your pupils have been stealing books from the city book stores. They are known and watched for; and if they attempt it again, will be detected, and exposed, and punished. He gave their names, and as no time was to be lost I detained the three after school, and sending them into another room, examined their desk, where I found full proof of their guilt—a number of handsome annuals and illustrated works of travel, evidently hidden there to escape detection at home. Two of these boys were brothers, sons of a respectable merchant, whose conduct thus far in school had been exemplary. I called them in, showed them the books and asked what it meant. They both burst into tears, and acknowledged their sin. They had done it "merely to display their smartness in deceiving the clerk"—and had repeated it several times for months past. I set before them their guilt, told them of their narrow escape from public disgrace and sent them home weeping, to "confess it all to their parents." They went, confessed, were forgiven, reformed and became respectable men.

The third was the only son of a man high in office, eloquent in public debate, and of great influence in the council of the nation. He came with a bold, defiant air, and a lie upon his tongue: "I don't know anything about it." But there were the books. I took them from his desk, and told him that his guilt could be easily proved, if he persisted in his denial. He was a bad boy and had given me much trouble.

Again and again I had begged his parents to forbid his roaming the streets after dark, and warned him that he was forming evil associations and habits. But I was not prepared for the audacity he now displayed.

"Well, sir," said he, "I did steal them; but what business is it of yours, and what do you intend to do?"

I replied, "I shall at once see your father. He must remove you from the school, and I hope he may find one where you may be saved from the continued indulgence of your evil propensities and its consequences. Go home I will call as soon as I have dined."

He turned upon me fiercely, crying out: "You tell my father! I'll kill you."

"Poor boy," I answered, "I am not afraid of your threats. Go home."

He sprang at me and struck me, and I was compelled to give him a severe whipping—which I did with difficulty, and he fought like a young
tiger—before I could conquer him. Now he changed his tactics: "Please don't tell my father! don't and I will pay you well—I'll give you a thousand dollars." I shook my head asking:

"Where would you get the money—by stealing again? Could I encourage you thus in your wickedness? No, my boy, I must do my duty, and I will do it regardless of threats and promises, hoping and praying that you may thereby be saved from ruin." He went out sulky and muttering words of dire revenge.

Calling at his father's, I was ushered into the parlor. He had just finished his dinner, and rising from the table, met me pleasantly, just finished his dinner, and rising from the table, met me pleasantly, and his fixed eyes upon me with a look of bitter displeasure. He motioned me to a seat, asked his wife to close the door, threw himself into a large arm-chair, facing me, and then, with a show of excitement, he would strike a terrible blow; but suddenly checking himself, he cried out: "Go to the garret, sir—go: and stay there until I send for you."

The boy ran hurriedly out and up the stairs, the father listening until he heard him enter and close his room door, then fell back upon his chair, clutched his hair, and with scalding tears running down his cheeks exclaimed: "I had rather hear, sir, that he was dead. Oh, God! oh, God."

The mother's head lay on the back of his chair as she also wept in bitterness of soul. It was a terrible scene; but what could I say to comfort those anguish-striken hearts? I quietly rose and bade them farewell.

"Yes sir," said the father, "leave us now. Tomorrow I will see you, and we will consult as to what is best to be done."

The next day he called and placed in my hands money to pay for all damages done to the volumes, which the booksellers had kindly permitted me to return. At his request I inquired respecting another school for his son. But that boy would not bear the restraints of any institution.

He would not hearken to his parents' voice or obey their authority. He became very dissipated and soon fell a victim to disease induced by sinful indulgence. Parents, this sketch is to the letter true. Be assured that your sons cannot be safely absent from their homes after night. It has been said that Satan accomplishes the ruin of more souls between eight o'clock P. M., and midnight, than during all the remaining hours of the twenty-four. My experience as a teacher of nearly forty years, and of hundreds of youth's, testifies that it is true.

Mr. E. M. Whittemore, Door of Hope, 102 E. 61st Street, New York, N. Y., the founder of the forty-five homes for fallen girls throughout various parts of the world, was instantly and most remarkably healed in one eye, while the other malformed from birth, was reconstructed and perfectly adjusted to the healed one. She has had printed five thousand tracts giving a lengthy description of this miracle, brief portions of which I will insert:

"Dr. Noyes informed me that he would not be surprised if I lost in time the little sight possessed.

"Dr. Noyes stated that he had given me the most powerful remedies, and unless relief soon came only an operation was left.

"Dr. Elliott stated that in all his practice he never remembered seeing such a peculiar condition as was discovered, and then added that he felt confident degeneration had set in."

[By malformation of the eye at birth she had been rendered susceptible to great suffering when not aided by the most complex and carefully arranged glasses. She had had as many as fifteen different pairs of glasses and the present ones had nine different combinations in them, and were so difficult of arrangement as to be a real curiosity to opticians.]

"The outlook to say the least was not very promising, and each day from that time I was forced to admit that my sight was decreasing, and headaches became much worse and more frequent. Even with moderation I could not use my eyes without burning and stinging pains, and still
could not bear the thought of not using them when absolutely necessary.

"This state of things went on until November 7th when I was asked to go and speak to the Bible School students at Shiloh, Maine. Never will I forget that visit. I entered the chapel and in the presence of over one hundred resident students, talked until the hush of God's presence was so manifest that I requested we might wait in stillness upon Him. The silence was broken as effectually as if an audible voice had spoken. 'Now, now, now!' The silence was broken as effectually as if an audible voice had spoken. 'Now, now, now!'

Trembling I breathed forth, 'What Lord, art thou speaking to me?' Again, more solemn, with greater emphasis that word 'now' was repeated three times in succession. 'Now?' why that is always God's appointed time. But what for? Almost instantly flashed before my mind, 'Your eyes.' 'Now!' seemed to go through and through me in such a manner I could not but feel impressed somehow that this was God's last call, and laying aside every preconceived idea I reverently resolved, warrant or no warrant, I would trust Him as never before in my life for sight, believing if need be He could perform a miracle to grant this.

"During the past two years, even while walking, if I removed my specs to wipe the moisture from them, I would be obliged to stand still until I replaced them, or if I attempted to go on, a high step would be taken when only a low or short one was required, and I would be very apt to fall, as everything appeared so magnified. If I endeavored to read without them one word ran into another until I would become dizzy, even to nausea. I had become entirely dependent upon them.

"Instantly I was reminded of the services in Auburn that evening; and that possibly as my glasses were costly it would be well to take them home. But the thought was instantly rejected; as if any preparation must be made in case God failed me. Thank God power was bestowed to stand the test. It helped me to decide then, and there to burn the bridge as I walked over it; so taking off these almost constant companions, I placed them in Mr. Sanford's hands."

[The school gathered as hands were laid upon her head and this prayer was offered: 'O God, this woman shall not belittle the Christ that is in her. The Christ within is the same Christ that walked in Galilee, and is just as able to give sight to the blind as in olden time. She shall honor that Christ. She shall know that He is able to do, and willing to do, and will do, and does do the same mighty works in the interest of afflicted humanity as of old. O God, I believe you will heal her. I believe you do heal her. Thou art greater than that malformation, and I take Thee to make known to me the healing Christ to heal the sick even as in Galilee."

"It was not more than five minutes after earnest supplication arose to the throne of grace before some decided change took place in both my eyes, not altogether easy to describe, and I arose from my knees rejoicing in the fullness of joy and with such an uplift of Christ in my soul that I could not utter a word, but silently in sincere gratitude did I walk off that platform with clear vision. And from that hour no uncertain or double steps have been taken."

Upon entering our room she found herself gazing at the brilliant glare of a large heating lamp upon the floor, experiencing no inconvenience whatever.

At the dimly lighted station she read a notice in small type, concerning which she said: "An hour previous I doubt if I could have attempted such a thing even with the aid of my glasses."

At the service that evening she read the fine print of a hymn book "without any effort, and in fact," she adds, "all through the entire service it was but a delight to use my eyes."

The following morning she read to the Rev. Dr. LeRoy Blake, of New London, Conn., at his request, the small notice printed in minion type on her railroad ticket.

"He was not only deeply interested, as he was well acquainted with my former sufferings, but exclaimed with real pleasure, 'Praise God! Praise God! That is wonderful!' He then informed me that he had a purpose in making his request. It was not for his own sake, as he could not doubt my statement, 'but,' he added, 'I must tell this story for the glory of God, and I only wished before doubting ones to corroborate, as I might say, by telling them I had seen (with my own eyes) you reading, and had heard with ears what you read."

"Upon my return home on account of an accumulation of mail my eyes were in constant use. I wrote quantities of letters with my own pen, all without the sensation of weariness, besides this often continuing to use my eyes each day for many hours, reading, writing, etc. I have experienced nothing but pleasure in so doing. Those distracting pains in connection with them have all disappeared, and if anything my sight is even clearer than when I received it at Shiloh.

To the praise of God I must not neglect adding that ever since that meeting there I can see as easily with the left as the right one, and at times it seems as if I was in a new world."—Tongues of Fire.

We have all seen the evils resulting from drinking hard cider, beer and whisky. How many men and boys have been ruined by the use of these. Let me give an instance that occurred a few days ago. A man, a physician, went to town and became intoxicated. He went to a man's house and stayed the remainder of the night. The next morning he started off on his horse; that was the last that was seen of him for four or five days, when he was found dead in a gully. He filled a drunkard's grave. He leaves a wife and several children. This is but one instance in a thousand of such cases.—C.E.W.
**TEMPERANCE.**

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

**SOMETHING STARTLING.**

The following taken from one of our exchanges gives one side to a great question but fails to show where these twenty saloons and 249,950 more get the legal right to do this—the two old parties. This is the other side of this business question.

Shelbyville, Indiana, is not an exception to the average town and city in her annual drink bill. The saloon trade is about the same the country over as to the average daily receipts. We might substitute the name of any other city in this state with an equal number of saloons and the accompanying facts will hold true.

Shelbyville has twenty saloons. The average daily receipts are $80 each. Counting 310 lawful days per year for them to run, the aggregate receipts amount to $186,000. If we reckon 365 days for them to carry on business, which is the more exact number, we have the startling sum of $219,000.

Rev. Mr. Zaring, pastor of West Street M. E. Church, has made a strange and suggestive proposition to the drinking men in and around Shelbyville. It is to be hoped they will accept the proposition but it is not at all presumable that they will. The following proposed plan is as follows:

First, you upon your part are to pay me the money you spend for drink in the saloons for the next year. Remember, it is just for one year.

Second, in return I will agree to the following:

- Pay 50 needy men at $1 50 per day. $37,500.
- Pay 20 teams at $3 00 per team. 18,200.
- Pay 100 poor families $1 a day. 36,000.
- Furnish 100 poor families 2 fires. 3,000.
- Buy 100 pairs of shoes $2 per pair. 800.

I will then agree to buy each saloon keeper a cosy home, paying $5,000 for each home. 40,000.

I will also agree to write out a little check of $1,000, yes, I'll write 20 such checks and hand one to each saloon keeper to keep him out of mischief. 20,000.

And have $1,000 to begin the year on.

Next year I can do a little better. You see I can take the $40,000 that I gave for the 20 homes and build public buildings, improve our streets, or put $20,000 or $30,000 into the school fund. Gentlemen, you who spend your 10, 20 or 30 cents a day, what do you say to the proposition? I stand ready to do my part if you are willing to deprive yourself for just one year of that which brings nothing in return. If you enter into an agreement with me, I will make Shelbyville within the next four years the prettiest, cleanest, healthiest, wealthiest city in the world.

(Signed) ROBB ZARING, "Pastor West Street Church."

**SNARES.**

That unscrupulously bad men seek by systematic, deliberate means to make money, is a proven fact. In no department of life is this more clearly seen, than in the case of whiskey makers and rum dealers. At a whiskey convention in Columbus, Ohio some time ago we were surprised at the number of boys found drunk on the streets of Columbus. She looked into it and found that Hans Miller had been going about the city gathering them to liquor, and this man had been furnished with twenty dollars a day for that purpose by one of the leading brewers of the city. This deliberate method of nursery work for the saloons is being carried on for the destruction of men. How long will good men, churchmen, continue to do nothing against this horrible crime of crimes, the saloon. It is held by Mr. Helt of Indianapolis that in our country there are eleven millions of people having the right of suffrage, who are dominated over by two million of whiskey favorites. We should throw off this horrible traffic, and take this snare out of the way of humanity.—Christian Conservator.

Here I lie, pained, yet without pain, without strength and yet strong. The fever burns and parches my body, but the dew is all night upon my soul. This bed is the best pulpit I ever was in. I am laid here that I may commend my precious Lord.—Halliburton.
OUR YOUTH.

THE BOYS WE NEED.

A TRUE STORY.

I WANT to tell you of a little boy I met in London. He was about nine years of age. I found him one night lingering in the chapel and I asked him why he looked so happy.

"I think it is because I have found Jesus."—Selected.

"But what makes you think you have found Him?"

"O, I know I have."

"But how do you know? We read in 1 Peter 3:15, 'Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason why you believe the doctrine that you profess.' But I don't mind it much, because my father is going to meet me when I get to the end of the journey."

What a beautiful thought it is, that when life seems wearisome and monotonous, as it sometimes does, we can look forward hopefully and trustingly, and, like the lonely little lad, "not mind it much," because our Father, too, will be waiting to meet us at our journey's end.—Selected.

WHAT KIND OF A RECORD.

EVERY young man starting out on the journey of life should keep in mind these words of Longfellow:

"No action, whether foul or fair, is ever done but it leaves somewhere a record."—Engraved on the monument of Lord Lawrence.

A GOOD EDUCATION.

A GOOD education was thus defined by Edward Everett: "Read the English language well, write with dispatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice; and if you add the ability to do much with them, but you are hopeless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you have them, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other ologies and osophies are ostentatious rubbish."

There are men who try to quote Greek, who do not know how to spell common English words. There are persons who can write short-hand as fast as a person can write it out into other lines, but those who begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other ologies and osophies are ostentatious rubbish."

Persons who start right with common studies, can easily climb up and branch out into other lines, but those who neglect to learn simple things at the beginning, will always feel their lack. Bad spelling, poor writing, signatures, what his pretensions may be. H. L. H.

"And did you repent of this sin?"

"O, yes; I was very sorry for it, and I asked Him to forgive me."

"But did He forgive you?"

"O, yes."

"How do you know?"

"I know it because I heard you read out of the Bible, 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins,' and I confessed my sins, so I know He forgave me."—Selected.

"But are there no other reasons why you think you are a Christian? What do you love now that you did not love before?"

"O, I love Jesus, and I never thought much about Him before. I feel that He is near me almost all the time. I think about Him when I first wake up in the morning."

"And is there anything else that you love that you did not before?"

"Yes I love to pray. Before, I just said my prayers, because my mother taught them to me; but after I got a new heart I loved to pray. And sometimes I pray now as I walk the streets. I pray for my little friends, that they may love Jesus and be as happy as I am."—Selected.

AT THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

A SMALL boy sat quietly in a seat of the day coach on a train running between two of our western cities, says an exchange. It was a hot dusty day, very uncomfortable for traveling, and that particular ride is perhaps the most uninteresting day's journey in our whole land. But the little fellow sat patiently watching the fields and fences hurrying by, until a motherly old lady leaning forward asked sympathetically:

"Aren't you tired of the long ride, dear, and the dust and heat?"

The lad looked up brightly and replied, with a smile: "Yes, ma'am, a little. But I don't mind it much, because my father is going to meet me when I get to the end of it."

What a beautiful thought it is, that when life seems wearisome and monotonous, as it sometimes does, we can look forward hopefully and trustingly, and, like the lonely little lad, "not mind it much," because our Father, too, will be waiting to meet us at our journey's end.—Selected.

A WORD TO BOYS.

I AM sure that you are honest in your purpose. You would not lie you would not knowingly steal, but sometimes boys do not understand that in doing things which lessen their physical health they are stealing from their future children. All boys look forward to the time when they shall be men, citizens, house-holders, fathers. They all intend to be honest citizens, upright business men, good fathers. They all expect to have healthy, obedient, upright children, but in order that this may be so they must begin when they are little boys to be not only what they intend to be when they are grown to manhood, but also what they want their children to be, because it is in their little boyhood that they are making, not only their characters, but the characters of their children. You would not steal money from any friend. You should not steal life from your children.—Mary Wood-Allen M. D., in the New Crusade.
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A Semi-Monthly Religious Journal,
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Bro. J. R. Zook's article on the "Second Coming of Christ" has failed to reach us, and so we must send out this number without it.

An exchange says, "Christ is still crucified between two thieves, Business and Pleasure." The expression is quite suggestive, and we need only to be observant to learn that it is the truth. These two things engross the attention of the people, and comparatively few are found who "seek first the Kingdom of God," and trust the promise that they who do so shall have all things added. Men are anxious to be rich, and want to get there quickly, so business engrosses the attention to the exclusion of anything that might be of greater importance. Then in connection there are the many demands of a thoroughly worldly society, the gratification of human vanity, amusements and entertainments, and the "lust of other things" and Christ is left to die, crucified between the two. According to the teaching of God's Word and the enlightenment of the Spirit, Christ is first in the hearts of His people, and the engagements of the social life will find expression in ways which give evidence of a Spiritual mind. Surely humanity moves in a vain show.

We clip from "South Africa Mission News," by Miss E. C. Wood as published in the "Record of Christian Work," the following sentences which seem to be pregnant with meaning.

"Mr. Albertyn, Rev. Andrew Murray's associate, and his efforts at a period to accompany the Dutch prisoners to St. Helena. They went with Gen. Cronje and his wife and hundreds of prisoners on the transport, "Milwaukee," glad to sacrifice their own comfort if by any means they might win souls for Christ in this time which is so near.

"What is done after the war is going to make a difference in all the future of our poor Africa" writes Miss Ferguson of the seminary at Wellington, Mr. Murray's home. She continues: 'I feel that I want to be very much with God in reference to it. I don't know, but He does.'"

But Miss Ferguson adds that Christian education will be in that land a power greater than ever before, and she prays for more deeply spiritually taught teachers.

"Through the graduates the Christian missionary Spirit now reigns in multitudes of homes from Cape Town to Pretoria."*

"There shall be wars and rumors of war. With all the careful solution of difficulties confronting the nations, the aspect of things becomes more and more threatening. For some months the eyes of the world have been turned towards South Africa, where Briton and Boer are engaged in deadly conflict, and to the Philippine Islands where the United States is seeking to subdue the rebellion of the natives, but now the place of interest is China. A powerful antagonism and opposition to all foreigners is developing itself, and the principal nations of Europe and the United States are jointly engaged in protecting their interests and rescuing their citizens. Rumors of massacre and bloodshed are abroad, although the information is unreliable. No doubt the nations can soon quiet the disturbances of the Chinese, but the danger is that they will quarrel among themselves and thus the resulting complications may be very serious. The indications are for an age of active military, and whether consciously or not the war spirit is being fostered on every hand, being implanted in the young minds, nourished by the training of the boys in boy's brigades, and other organizations which are advocated on every hand under the guise of patriotism.

Sowing the wind will bring an harvest of whirlwind.

Kansas farmers are busily engaged in harvesting the immense wheat crop with which a kind Providence has blessed them. This last week of June will no doubt see it all harvested, and ready for the threshers to begin their work. This State has had good crops for a few years, and many who suffered great hardships during the years of failure are able to gain a good footing again, and on every hand improvements are much in evidence. The people have responded nobly to the cry of the starving in India, by sending thousands of bushels of corn as well as money. While this is a work that merits praise, yet we see evidences on every hand, that largely, people are engaged in that which gratifies the sensual.

There is little reverence for things sacred. To amuse and to be amused, to entertain and to be entertained, to honor and glorify the creature more than the Creator seems to prevail everywhere. It no doubt is still true as with God's chosen people in olden time, that in time of prosperity God is forgotten, and those who once were earnest and zealous for God, and were warm and spiritual in worship and service, have grown cold and formal and are largely shorn of their strength. Shall not God's people become aroused and awakened to the imperative duty of a more sharply defined separation from all that is so distinctly worldly, and show that they are stewards of God entrusted with that for which they must render account unto Him, regarding it as a sacred trust to be used, not for selfish gratification, but to glorify God.
Uncle Alfred Wraight, Prison Evangelist, with whom some of the Brethren are acquainted writes from Crawford, Nebraska, as follows:

Brethren, Greeting. Praise God from whom all blessings flow. The Prophet Isaiah said: "Also I heard the voice of the Lord saying, whom shall I send and who will go for us. Then said I, here am I, send me." He was not afraid to trust God. It means the heart given to God, and the will surrendered. We must do this if we want power from God. "Like Jacob, for as a prince hast thou power with God and men and hast prevailed" Gen. 32:28.

God says to us, go to the uttermost parts of the earth and preach the Gospel. Go ye and I am with you always even unto the end of the world, and, if we meet the conditions obeying God He will give us the power that prevails and our preaching will be effective in converting, converting and sanctifying the people. "It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit says the Lord of hosts." When a man is filled with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, souls will be saved. Paul declared that it was not by excellence of speech nor enticing words of man's wisdom, but by the Spirit and power of God.

So the poor fishermen; Christ called them and filled them with the Holy Ghost. Paul said, their gospel came not in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost.

Brethren, if we want power we must trust and obey God. Why should you be afraid to trust your Father and Christ who bought you with His blood. Who should be afraid when He says, that He will cast out all doubts and fears. Be not afraid to trust your Father and Christ and filled with the Holy Ghost.

Resolved, That this Conference is in deep sympathy with the friends of the deceased and especially with Sister Engle and Bro. G. C. Cress in their sad bereavement, and pray that God who has stricken the wound may abundantly pour the oil of consolation into their hearts, and be it further

Resolved, That the above Resolution be recorded on the minutes of this Conference and also published in the Evangelical Visitor.

CHURCH NEWS.

PHILADELPHIA MISSION.

Report for month of May.

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Philadelphia, 423 W. 2nd St.

PETE SIOVER.

PHILADELPHIA CHURCH BUILDING FUND.

Formerly reported: $2129 73
Souderon, Pa.: 5 00
Abilene, Kansas: 15 75

CHICAGO MISSION.

Report for month ending June 15, 1900.

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Lord bless all the donors, and give them place. We are in great need of help and Michigan, in number about 75. Whilst services were held on June 17, when four place ourselves into His care He always believe that the Lord has already spoken to some one to come, and are looking for the Lord to send us some one equally well things, is my prayer. Bro. and Sister Brechbill, who labored with us these Franklin District helped in the ministry, also helped.

On the 12th and 13th we were also permitted to attend a love-feast at Ringgold, Md. The membership is somewhat small here therefore the attendance was not so large as at Air Hill. Elder Jonathan Wert, and the brethren John Nisley and Joseph Burkart, of Cumberland county, with some of the brethren of North Franklin District helped in the ministry at this meeting. We were made to believe that both of these meetings were feasts of love to many of those that were present.

There was not that discord of spirits in experience exercises as we have seen and heard with regret in meetings of this kind in recent years. We were made to rejoice for this and pray that the brotherhood may become more united in the future than ever before.

Yours for Christ.

A. H. WINGERT.
absent from home nearly five months. God has wonderfully cared for us both spiritually and temporally and while we are now at home again we still remain, all on the altar, to be used in any way the Lord wants to use us, which continually keeps me on victory side. My prayer is that God will bless and keep all His little ones in perfect peace until we shall all meet again, if not in this life we shall meet in the great beyond where parting is not known.

Pray for me that I may stand true to my calling and be an obedient servant. Your Brother looking for the Lord.

C. C. BURKHOLDER.

Glendale Arizona.

MINISTER’S PAGE.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

ONE YEAR AT THE MATOPPO MISSION.

To the readers of the Visitor, greetings in Jesus our Savior. “Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him.”

The Lord compasseth around about those that fear Him, and causes them to rejoice in Him in far off Africa as well as at home. “Great peace have they that love thy law and nothing shall offend them.” I am glad that the above is just the same here as elsewhere providing we have learned the blessed secret of abiding and confiding in Jesus. To be enjoying the blessed realization will enable us to go wherever the Lord may call us and our condition will be a blessed one indeed. Hallelujah.

I will try and give you my experience of one year in this dark land of sin and superstition, also a little of my previous experience before leaving the home land. I was converted in my young years and later when the light of the glorious liberty of the children of God was brought to me, I received faith in the precious blood of Jesus, believing that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin, fulfilling Rom. 12:1 and Eph. 4:22 “the promise of the Father” was fulfilled—Luke 24:45. Soon after I received the call from God to go forth into this dark, heathen land to give unto this people who sit in darkness the light of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord. The way was thickly scattered with tests and trials but through them the Lord has brought me safely, glory to His name.

I arrived here on April 28, 1898, and helped to do general missionary work. Working on the farm most of the time, also building some huts that were greatly needed, also improving all the time that I could have on the study of the language, which was the greatest burden of my heart so that I could give unto this people the word of life which is their greatest need for they have been kept bound by Satan for many generations. There are many things that seem to be a hindrance to them to receive the gospel but we will not look at that for God has promised to give us the heathen for our inheritance. In looking back over the past year the work done therein seems very insignificant and much labor spent in vain, which might have brought some support, but for some reason it has not pleased the Lord to let us receive our support from that source. The locust is a great destroyer in these parts and in the recent past they have been here in abundance, destroying much of the late corn and also some garden vegetables. This thought comes to me that work spent too much in this way cannot be pleasing unto God, yet there must be some work done in this way on a mission farm, but could be done much cheaper with native help, and our time be spent in a more profitable way, spreading the Gospel. Surely the Gospel should not be hindered but should have its free course so that it may run and be glorified by the heathen.

“I am glad that I have obeyed the voice of the Lord when He called me forth into His service. The past year has been blessed of God and I am glad for every thing I have learned therein, and not for once did I wish I had stayed at home. No, no for the Lord shall have the first fruits of my life. And although the way may be paved with thorns and there may be battles to fight we know that the battle is not ours but the Lord’s and He has promised to fight our battles for us.

Of late our situation has proved to be a serious one, as you have heard in previous reports, and what is best to do under these peculiar circumstances is the burden of our hearts. To some extent we are persuaded what is the will of God. My prayer is that the will of the Lord may be made very plain unto me. And also if the Lord has called any one to go forth to fill up the broken ranks may they obey God. I ask all the Brethren and Sisters to pray for me that I may be led by the Holy Ghost. My entire life is in God’s hand to be used to His honor and glory. My health has been perfect the past year. In conclusion I ask you to pray for the people by whom we are surrounded that they may be brought to God. God bless you all, Amen. Your Brother in Jesus. ISAAC O. LEHMAN.

A. BEN-OLIEL.

A BEN-OLIEL, who a few years ago was engaged in Mission work among the Jews in Jerusalem, himself being a converted Jew, and who during that time contributed articles to the columns of this paper, is also numbered among those who have gone the way of all flesh. He was converted to the Christian faith at the age of 18, and was one of the pioneer Missionaries in Morocco and North Africa in 1848. From 1890 until his health failed, two years ago he had charge of the Jerusalem Mission. Returning to this country he settled in the city of Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he died early in June. He leaves a widow and nine children.

AMONG THE ZULUS.

Revival At Ifafa.

Mr. Ransom, under date of August 31 sends a joyful report of the work of grace at that station. He has been greatly aided by Elder Weavers, of Tabor, Iowa, a man of faith, and prayer, and Christian discernment. Though he does not know the Zulu language and has preached through an interpreter, his sermons have been greatly blessed of God, and many have been led to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Special services had been held for over two weeks on each afternoon, except Saturday, from three to five o’clock. The sermons were directed at first against the sins which characterized the people. Mr. Ransom writes—

“Here in the church were men who for years were bitter enemies and leaders of factions. They have confessed their sins—one with tears and agonizing cries and confessed of being a servant of the devil. They have forgiven each other publicly and it has been wonderful in the eyes of all. Almost every one, even of the church members, pleading guilty to hatred or back biting, and one after another has cried to God for forgiveness, and they have found it. Old feuds have been settled, and a spirit of love breathed over the community.

“There have been confessions of murder, adultery, theft, lying, disobedience to parents, of lust in forms, and those confessing have been willing to forsake their sins and have had assurance of forgiveness. Any one who knows the awful bonds of polygamy, knows how marvelous it is to see a man with such chains struck free. A man rose to-day who was a polygamist, a liar, a thief, a fighter—put in prison since we were here, a seller of ‘love-charms.’ He confessed his sins and gave them up. Two other black polygamists, bound these many years with fetters like iron kneaded today and cried to God, then rose and confessed their sins and their faith in Jesus. It is certainly more
wonderful to see such men converted than to see Lazarus come forth from the grave. Many heathen women have been brought to the Saviour. There they kneel around the platform in their greasy and skins, side by side with their sisters in clothes, who, under the searching preaching, have found themselves poor and naked and in need of Christ's righteousness.

Mr. Ransom says of Mr. Weavers that in his denunciation of sin he speaks as a prophet of the Most High, and yet, with the gentleness and love of one who has experienced in his heart and life, the love of Christ. Several instances are given of personal interviews with individuals, some of them of vilest character, who were led to the Saviour. Of the people in general Mr. Ransom says:

“They do not seem to be able to pray silently. At their homes they often go into the bush and pray aloud. So in these meetings, when they pray, they pray aloud forty or fifty, perhaps, at the same time. They do not pray so violently as three years ago or break out into disorder. They are intent in seeking God each one by himself. It is fearful confusion and discord to one accustomed to quiet, but one can forget it and forgive it when he sees their peculiar nature and remembers how men awakened from sleep to find their ship sinking in the deep waters would cry out for help. And it was blessed this morning to hear the testimonies.”—Missionary Herald.

**WAS IT A PREMONITION?**

**BRO. G. C. Cress** recently sent to Sister Cress' parents the following from her pen, of which he had no knowledge until he found it in a trunk after her death. Many have expressed a wish that it appear in the Visor. Under present circumstances it is of pathetic interest.

I shall now try and copy for your edification a short article which Sara left in my autograph album for my perusal at some date to follow the ones given; these were written unknown to me. Part No. 1 is dated:

THE WIDE WIDE WORLD, JULY, 8, 1898.

My precious husband.

Since God has laid his hand upon us, and brought us into the blessed relationship of husband and wife, how sweet has been our life. With what precious love he has crowned our union, and how perfectly harmonious thus far has been our walk as "one." We have known joy—we shared it together. We have known toils we bore one another's burdens. We have known sorrow—we wiped away each other's tears. God has saved both our souls and called us both to the same field to work for him. Our past blessings and trials have all been equally shared, so shall those yet to come belong to one as to the other. Bye and bye after the "wide heaving sea" has passed beneath our feet, and we land on Africa's shores and years or perhaps only months have rolled away behind us, it may be the natives will stand in solemn groups speaking in low tones in the language we love so well, and beckoning with sad faces towards our dwelling place among them. Then they will walk slowly away to a shady nook near by and begin to make a grave, as they work, the tears will fall from their eyes and they will say one to another, "Umfundile file! Our teacher is dead." Then they will come to the hut and take the rude coffin upon their shoulders and bear away to the grave, all that is earthly of a sorrow stricken wife's darling husband and their own loving friend who has so sweetly and so gently led them to Christ. Truly that wife left alone in that dark, dark land has a bitter cup to drink but "God is her Eternal Refuge and underneath are the Everlasting arms." But, perhaps the grave will not be such a large one, and it may be the husband who is left alone. Perhaps there is a little woman in the coffin and a lonely man following in its sad train. But do not weep my dear husband, is not the strength of God sufficient for this sore trial? Ah! yes, there is Balm in Gilead for the wounded heart. But why look at such a sad picture, when our hopes point to a brighter, more probable one. See, there are two, a man and wife gathered with those dusky faced brethren, all faces are aglow with the deep joys of eternal salvation. The Missionaries thank God for the visible fruit of their labor. They look up to God and with joyful hearts say, "Behold, we and the children Thou hast given us." There is a deep sense of satisfaction and God's approval in their souls, suddenly there comes stealing into their hearts the feeling that their work on earth is finished, and as they look up toward heaven, these words come spontaneously from the lips of both: "I am now ready to be offered up; the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have kept the faith. I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord shall give me at that day." The words are finished and lo, a great brightness breaks forth in the east: There is a shout from the sky, and with weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

The Lord has wonderfully helped us to witness for Him in Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria, and now even to the uttermost parts of the earth. We stand today in Africa, ready to do the Master's bidding, ready for service as He shall choose, whether it be by life or by death, or whether to toil many years under the tropical sun, unnoticed by the outside world, let us always be true to God and one another and we shall be blest. Lovingly, by your own wife.

**THE CRIME OF THE TONGUE.**

The second most deadly instrument of destruction is the dynamite gun—he first is the human tongue. The gun merely kills bodies; the tongue kills reputations, and oftentimes ruins characters. Each gun works alone; each loaded tongue has a hundred accomplices. The havoc of the gun is visible at once. The full evil of the tongue lives through all years; even the eye of Omniscience might grow tired in tracing it to its finality. The crimes of the tongue are words of unkindness, of anger, of malice, of envy, of bitterness, of harsh criticism, gossip, lying and scandal. Theft and murder are awful crimes, yet in any single year the aggregate sorrow, pain and suffering they cause in a nation is microscopic when compared with the sorrows that come from the crimes of the tongue. Place in one of the scale-pan's of Justice the evils resulting from the acts of criminals and in the other the grief and tears and suffering resulting from the crimes of respectability, and you will
TRIFLES.

"WHO HATH DESPISED THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS?"

Why do you speak of a "little thing," and "trifles light as air?"

Can any tripe which helps to bring one moment's joy or care?
The smallest seed in the fertile ground, is the germ of a noble tree;
The lightest touch on a festering wound, is it not agony?

What is a trifle? a thoughtless word, Forgotten as soon as said.

Perchance its echo shall yet be heard When the speaker is with the dead.

That thoughtless word is a random dart, And strikes we know not where.

It may rankle long in some tender heart, Is it a trifle there?

Is it a trifle—the first false step On the dizzy verge of sin?

'Tis treacherous ground,—one little slip May plunge us headlong in.

One light temptation and we may wear The lightest burden may weigh like lead

One moment's joy or care? It may rankle long in some tender heart,

Yet his song is melody.

Little voices, now scarcely heard, In heaven shall hear their part,

And a little grave in a green church-yard Holds many a parent's heart.

This world is little if rightly weighed, But they form the boundless sea;

And trilling its joy and care; Tie in little notes that the wild bird sings

But not while we linger beneath it's shade— There are no trifles here.

The lightest burden may weigh like lead On the faint and weary soul,

Yet his song is melody.

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Little voices, now scarcely heard, In heaven shall hear their part,
Das Gnadenwerk.


JAS. 5:3, 4.

"Nay, Lord, it is not! -- I would not break Thine eighth command, 0 call me not a thief! I pay to all their due, and 'em the poor I never send away without relief!"

Thus saith the Lord: "Whose laborers are they Whose hire has not been paid for many a day?"

"Nay Lord, they are not mine, those remners there: No debt to any man Thy servant owes." Stay, O thou speaker, let thy Master's voice A debt thou knowest not, to thee disclose. Lo! the recording angel wrote it down-- From year to year thy debt has greater grown. Thus saith the Lord: "Great fields to thee I gave-- Go forth to all the world was My command, With Gospel seed thou shalt each farrow sow, And glean the golden grain from every land. But thou art waxen rich; the Gospel plow Would soil thy hands worth than to touch it now.

And therefore in thy stead a faithful band Of God's sent laborers sow and reap thy fields. Thy fields I say, and 'neath a burning sun His sickle many a toil-worn laborer wieldeth, And thou art keeping back thy laborers' hire! Knowest thou that judgment daily draweth higher?

"The cries of them that reaped have reached Mine ear.

And lo! Mine eyes have seen thy heaps of gold And silver which are cained, while thy hand The laborers' hard-earned hire doth still withhold.

What sayest thou now? This debt cannot thou deny?

Thy rusted gold condemns thee utterly!" "O say no more! My Lord and God I own With shame and sorrow that the debt is mine! Thy faithless steward's head and heart were filled With thoughts of self. These burning words of Thine Have roused me to my duty. I'll away And settle this great debt. O Lord, today."--

Selected for the Evangelical Visitor.

MARRIED.

LANDIS-REICHARD. -- Married by Solomon G. Engle at Philadelphia Mission June 20, 1900, Bro. Joseph Landis, formerly of Bucks county, to Sister Tennie Reichard, formerly of Canada. Both are now residing at Philadelphia where they expect to make their future home.

OUR DEAD.

HALDEMAN -- Samuel Haldeman was born March Ist. 1820, died near Maytown, Lancaster Co., Pa., May 23, 1900. Aged 80 years, 2 months and 22 days. He was married to Rebecca Bender on March 9, 1841. To this union were born 13 children of which seven are living five daughters and two sons. Elizabeth, married to Samuel Winters; Mary, married to Aaron Hoffman; Fannie, married to Frank Esh; Susanna, married to Benj. Kaufman; Catherine, married to Christian Epler; and Isaca, living at Columbia, Lancaster Co., these all live in Pa. Samuel Haldeman, Hope, Dickinson Co., Kansas. On Nov. 17th 1870, he married his second wife Catherine Scheetz, to them was born one daughter Emma, married to William Peiffer, 2 wives and 6 children preceded him into the Spirit world. He lived with his daughter Emma, where he died. He also has 40 grand children and 13 great grand children. He was converted and united with the Brethren in Christ many years ago, was firm and stood for the plain old way till to his death. Funeral services at Cross Roads Church by Bros. John Wolgemuth, Aaron Martin, and Abram Hess. Text 1 Peter 3rd chapter 12th verse. Burial in adjoining cemetery.

CORRECTION.

By an oversight in making up the form the "Minister's Page" head crept in on page 297 instead of "Missionary." The "Foreign Mission" and "India Famine Fund" reports are omitted in this number but will appear in next issue.