
George Detwiler
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THE DISOLUTION OF THE HOME.

Few things are sadder than the gradual dissolution of a family circle. When, moreover, it once begins, it goes forward with a rapidity that is almost startling. The eldest son, it may be, is dissatisfied with his narrow surroundings, takes his journey into some far country to seek a better fortune; or the eldest daughter, obeying the deepest instinct of a woman's nature, listens to the voice of a stranger, and forsakes with a light and hopeful heart the roof that sheltered her girlhood, to become the mistress of a new home. Then the younger children follow in quick succession. Some of them, most likely, are wrapped in white robes, and borne forth amid blinding tears to their last resting place. Sooner, or later, and in one way or another, they are all gone. The long table in the dining hall is shortened, the chairs are taken out of the family room because there is no one to occupy them, and the old folks are left to each other as absolutely as they were in those far distant days when under bright skies and with buoyant spirits they began life together. Well, indeed, is it for them if the young love that once animated their hearts has deepened and ripened into that rational affection which is the most sacred bond of union between two human beings.

We have known aged couples whom not even the experiences of fifty years had disenchanted of the glowing ideals that floated before their vision when they first set their feet in the long road which begins at a marriage altar and ends in a open grave. Would that there were more such! At the risk of being sneered at by that large class of people to whom a bushel of corn or an ounce of silver is worth more than a ton of sentiment, we wish to protest against the criminal carelessness and indifference that allows all the glory to fade out of the wedded life, and suffers it to become a dull, monotonous, and commonplace thing. It is a matter of vast importance that husbands and wives, instead of losing their tender interest in one another, should cultivate this holy feeling with constant assiduity; for the time is coming when it may be the only human resource upon which they can draw for comfort.

It is a pathetic picture, this of the old man and his old wife trying still to keep a cheerful spirit in the empty house that once rang with the laughter of happy children. But it is not without features that relieve it of its sadness. No true home was ever created in vain. In the order of God's providence it serves a useful purpose, though it may afterward perish from the earth, and even the memory of it utterly decay. One of the most estimable blessings that a boy or a girl can carry with him into the busy world is the recollection of the dear, familiar hearthstone on, which perhaps no fire now glows, and around which no cheerful faces gather. This recollection is strength against temptation, courage in the teeth of hard conflict, fortitude under the pressure of grievous disappointment, and illuminating hope when sun, moon and stars are obscured by cloud and tempest. Whatever is of high spiritual quality in the family life abides, and passes on as a quickening force into the thought and aspiration of later generations. The purity, the love, the gentleness, the self-denial, that find in that divine sphere the fittest theater for their display and exercise, do not evaporate into empty air, but become incorporated in the character of the children, and are transmitted in increasing volume to bless the souls of men and women still unborn. It is a question that all parents may well ask themselves, whether they are making such homes as will still be telling for good long after they themselves have gone.

“Beneath that low green tent, Whose curtain never outward swings.”

—Nashville Christian Advocate.

Charles Lamb’s Testimony.

The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will, to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself, to perceive all goodness emptied out of him and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise, to hear about the pitiable spectacle of his own self-grain; could he see my fevered eye, feverishly looking forward for this night’s repetition of the folly, could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feebler outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its manning temptation.—Charles Lamb.
glory on the holy mount. And as it
xvi. 28, has been somewhat confusing
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obedient unto death, even the death
and being found in fashion as a man,
and was made in the likeness of man;
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"his face did shine as the sun," "fashion of his countenance was alter­
"his raiment became shining as the
"exceeding white as the snow." This remarkable occurrence gives us a glimpse of the glory Jesus had with the Father before the world was, and of which glory he divested himself when, according to Phil. ii. 7, 8 — "He made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." But here in the presence of these disciples this wonderful glory shines forth and of which Peter afterwards speaks when he testifies that they were eye-witnesses of his glory on the holy mount. And as it was a shining forth of the glory which he had with the Father before the world was, it is also an earnest of his coming glory.

The following study of this interesting theme is from the pen of R. V. Bingham, of Toronto, Ont., and published in Notes on Bible Study. We trust we may study to our profit.

The remarkable prophecy of Matt. xvi. 28, has been somewhat confusing owing to the chapter division, which makes a break immediately after this prediction. That the opening part of the seventeenth chapter was intended to be the fulfilment of this is evidenced by the fact that while the event recorded occurred six days later in each of the Gospels, it immediately follows the prophetic statement, Mark ix. 2-8; Luke ix. 29-36. As if to make this doubly certain, Peter explicitly refers to this incident on the Mount of Transfiguration as a real foreshadowing of the coming of Christ in his kingdom and glory. It was a coming of the Son of Man in a figure.

1. He was manifested in a glory that far transcended all human glory. It would admit of no comparison. The receiver and giver of the law, together with the head of the prophets, was there present, but neither of them could manifest such glory nor receive such a testimony. With his Jewish instinct Peter did propose to build three tabernacles, but even though he did put Christ first, the proposal was immediately hushed by the descending cloud of glory, in which Moses and Elijah faded away and Christ stood shining forth with the brightness of the sun, and the prostrate disciples tremblingly listened to the voice which emphasized the vision as God spake from the excellent glory, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye him." And their wondering eyes saw Jesus only. Truly God hath in these last days spoken to us in his Son. (Heb. i. 1.)

2. It was glory in which it was ecstasy to abide. Man was created for this. (Heb. ii. 7, 8.) All creation groans for its realization. (Rom. viii. 19, 22.) Man can never be satisfied with earthly glory. The dominions of a Caesar, the empire of Alexander, or the martial glory of a Napoleon will never meet man's craving for an inheritance. Those men were ever unhappy in their possessions and consumed with a burning ambition for more. Man desires and must have heavenly glory—the glory of God. What folly for men to neglect the heavenly inheritance purchased for them, in order to gratify mere earthly ambition, and thus miss their place in the triumphant march when Jesus leads forth his saints in ineffable brightness to show forth his glory through all eternity. (John xxii. 22; II. Thess. i. 7-10; I. Peter i. 4-7; I. John iii. 2; Rom. viii. 18; II. Cor. iv. 17; Rev. xix. 11-14; Jude xxiv. 25.)

3. A vision of the glory to come was given to strengthen for suffering to be endured. (Heb. xii. 2; II. Tim. iii. 12.) It was this experience that strengthened Christ for the cross. He talked calmly of it to Moses and Elijah on the Mount. (Luke ix. 31.) His first word to his disciples was of the same coming trial. (v. 12.) It was the light of this glory that lit up his face as he set it steadfastly toward Jerusalem, to drink the bitter cup that there awaited him. (Luke xxiv. 26; Heb. xii. 2.) It was this same vision that was a light in the darkness to Peter. (I. Peter i. 6-11; II. Peter i. 12-19.) Paul took joyfully the tribulation that followed his testimony, and with the same glory in view esteemed them as light afflictions, and not worthy to be compared with the glory which was to be revealed in him. It was this vision of Christ in the glory that made the dreary Patmos the gate of heaven to the persecuted John, and made him cry, "Come quickly, Lord Jesus." Yes! And still God gives to the faith vision of his trusting saints such a revelation of the coming glory that they, too, can count all things but loss, if only they may share his glory. (Heb. x. 32-38; Rev. ii. 10; iii. 4, 5; x. 21.)

EDITORIAL.

The Earliest of Coming Glory.
(Matt. xvi. 26 to xvii. 8.)

One of the most interesting and remark­ able incidents in the earthly life of the Christ was his transfiguration on the mountain in presence of his three disciples, Peter, James and John. While he was praying the "fashion of his countenance was altered," his face did shine as the sun," "his raiment became shining as the light," "exceeding white as the snow." This remarkable occurrence gives us a glimpse of the glory Jesus had with the Father before the world was, and of which glory he divested himself when, according to Phil. ii. 7, 8 — "He made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." But here in the presence of these disciples this wonderful glory shines forth and of which Peter afterwards speaks when he testifies that they were eye-witnesses of his glory on the holy mount. And as it was a shining forth of the glory which he had with the Father before the world was, it is also an earnest of his coming glory.

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The remarkable prophecy of Matt. xvi. 28, has been somewhat confusing
In a series of articles on teaching, written by Dr. Shauffler, for the Sunday-school Times, he says, speaking of the characteristics of children, that they are heroic, and that when a child sees its line of duty, and makes up its mind to follow it, it will follow it more straightly than in later years, because a child is less politic. "A man sees his line of duty, and then begins to say, 'If I follow it, what will its effects be on my business?' A woman sees her line of duty, and begins to say, 'If I accept it, how will it affect my position in society?' Utter motives, side interests, begin to confound our vision and to make our walk somewhat unstable. But when a child sees its duty, irrespective of what others think, the child will be more prone to do and dare, and die, if need be, than the adult." Then he gives the account of a boy in one of his Sunday-schools, about fifteen years of age, the son of a liquor-dealer, who came to him and said, "Father says that I have got to serve the bar now on Sundays. What will I do?" I said, "My boy, what do you think you ought to do?" He said, "I ought not to serve." "Well," I said, "I have nothing to say to you." Then he said, "But father says if I don't serve the bar on Sundays I can pack and get out. What do you think I ought to do?" I said, "What do you think you ought to do?" He said, "I ought to pack and get out." "Very well," I said, "I have nothing to say to you excepting when your father asks you to serve his bar you answer respectfully, and say, "Father, I will do anything for you that is not contrary to the laws of God and man, but that is contrary to both." I never told the boy I would care for him: I simply threw him back on his own sense of duty. The next Sunday the command came to serve the bar, and the suggested reply came. The boy's father lost his temper, and angrily said, "Then march." So my boy put up all that he had in a red handkerchief, and marched out into the streets of New York, with no place to sleep and nothing to eat. Now I say that that was a grander faith in God than the faith of Abraham when God told him to go out into a land that he knew not; for Abraham went with his flocks and herds, and my boy had not a single mutton chop or a single place to sleep in. So he marched. God bless all boys and girls who have the courage to stand true to their convictions of right in these days of abounding wickedness. Oh that we all had more wisdom how to deal with boys so as to save them from becoming ensnared and engulfed in the pitfalls and snares abounding everywhere!

The article in this issue "Warning Against the Fashionable Dress Ruin," is not written by a member of a plain church, but is from the pen of Prof. O. S. Fowler, a professional Phrenologist of large reputation, and, we think, our readers will be profited by a careful reading of the article. He writes from a view point somewhat different to that of the articles generally written on the subject. We are fully convinced of the terrible evil of intemperance in the land and can endorse the strongest indictment of the drinking traffic, and at the side of it all of this write large—yet we believe Prof. Fowler is correct when he says to the preachers, "You can rid our land, our world, of a far greater evil, the expenditure of money in such fashion is or ever was." But our "plain" sisters need to learn that the corset is just as destructive to health and life when worn under a plain dress as when under a fashionable one, and answer will have to be made to God for this indulgence of the flesh, no less in one than in the other. Our people lay much emphasis on the plain dress commonly worn by us, and have an idea that the impression made on the people is in the nature of conviction—convicting them of their sinful indulgence of pride, and of the saintliness of these people. That this is not always the case—and we doubt whether it is so in the majority of cases—is evident from the testimony of the Reporter who attended the recent love feast in Philadelphia. He said stepping from the street into the hall was like stepping from the twentieth century into the eighteenth century—that is, the people were dressed in the fashion of two centuries ago. Now we question whether the fashion of any past century or time is any better in God's sight than the fashion of the present. Indeed in some matters of common sense, involving comfort and hygiene, the present is an improvement over the past, and we think in the consideration of this question the matter of cut or form is of less importance, and that of simplicity, comfort, healthfulness, adaptability and common sense is of first importance. We apprehend that the present form in use by the Brethren as a people could stand some improvement on these lines, and that without becoming worldly conformed. We venture the opinion when Christ is enthroned in the heart pride is cast out and an no special church legislation is needed to tear off the outward expressions of pride as evidenced by the sinful indulgence in the extravagances of fashionable dressing.

The Patent Medicine business is immense in these days, involving the expenditure of millions of dollars. People swallow they know not what in the vain hope that they may be benefited by the same. They ought to know that every dose of medicine makes the next a necessity. But what we especially wanted to say here is that about all the patent medicines put up in liquid form contain from 15 to 65 per cent. of alcohol and thus they serve as instruments to make drunkards. The manufacturers of these medicines spend millions of dollars every year in advertising the merits of their goods and many religious papers draw large revenue from this source, yet professing and advocating temperance principles. The editor of the Ladies' Home Journal discusses this question and among other good things says that recently he had received a protest from a prominent W. C. T. U. woman against advertising in his journal a popular Summer drink which contains four per cent. of alcohol, while she allowed the advertisement of a medicine containing more than fifty per cent. of alcohol to be painted on the barn on their farm. She likely was ignorant of the ingredients of the medicine, but people ought to know what they are taking into their stomachs and what are the risks of harm which they run in doing so. Religious and temperance journals cannot consistently derive revenue from such a source. They have no excuse for being ignorant as to the ingredients contained in the article they permit to be advertised in their columns, and should not lend the influence of their journals in favor of that which may prove a snare to some of their readers.

We have a call for a bound volume of the Visitor of 1878. Has anyone a copy that he would part with? There is also a call for a copy of the 1900 and 1901 volumes, bound in one book. If anyone has one to dispose of we would invite correspondence.

The man who labors to please his neighbor for his good, to his edification, has the mind that was in Christ. It is a sinner trying to help a sinner. Even a feeble, but kind and tender man, will effect more than a genius, who is rough and artificial.
and compare it to a fountain. I want
O, praise the Lord for that precious
courts. I want to swim in it; I want to
minds of Jesus Christ—his blood
world.

Oh, beloved, let us appreciate it. Seek
it, pray for it, embrace it, and keep it
to the end. What are all the treasures
of earth compared with it, all the gold and
silver on earth are not able to save one soul; but the
BLOOD of Christ can, and is able, to save us all.

Who can appreciate it enough? Who can extol the BLOOD and
merits of Jesus Christ—the blood which he spilt on Mount Calvary
of his precious and holy heart for my
merits of Jesus Christ—the blood
of the New Testament which
is shed for many for the remission of
sins.

Luke xxii. 44—"And being in an
agon of pain he prayed more earnestly and his
sweat was, as it were, great drops of
blood falling down to the ground."
John vi. 54—"Whoso eateth my flesh
and drinketh my blood hath eternal
life." Hebrews xiii. 12—"Wherefore
Jesus also that he might sanctify the
people with his own blood suffered
without the gate." I. Peter i. 19—
"But with the precious blood of Christ
as of a lamb without blemish and
without spot." I. John i. 7—"And the
blood of Jesus Christ, his Son,
cleanseth us from all sin." Rev. i. 5—
"Unto him that loved us and washed
us from our sins in his own blood.
The efficacy of that precious blood
will never be exhausted. If we fill a
pitcher with fresh water and drink
out of it it will get all or empty; not
so with the grace and merits of Jesus' blood. It will never be
exhausted; there is enough in it and to spare to
wash away the sins of the whole
world.

There is perhaps nothing common
to us all upon which remarks are made
so frequently as the condition of
the weather. It is very often part of the
greeting when we meet each other in
the road, and the subject for discus-
sion at the table or in the parlor.
With so commonly a discussed sub-
ject the right or wrong of the mat-
ter is often forgotten and I fear that
Christian professors often sin against
God by the remarks thus made.

That old fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Shall never lose its power,
But we also need added grace to keep
us from thinking, or perhaps saying
things which dishonor God and show
to the outside world that we do not
"have the things of this life as though
we had them not."

The best of men often meet with the
worst of treatment. Our gracious
Lord when sending his disciples forth
to preach the blessed gospel, well
knew that many would not only be ungrate-
ful enough to reject his gracious mes-
sage, but would also ill-use his min-
isters. John xvi. 2: "They shall put
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time cometh that whosoever killeth you
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in the name of a prophet, and should it afterwards prove that you were deceived God will not suffer your well-meant labor of love to be forgotten. You shall have, not an impostor’s, but a prophet’s reward, though it be proved in the end that he was not a prophet: and if he be a prophet whom you have received in that name you shall have his prayers and God’s blessing. Gen. xx. 7: “Now therefore restore the man his wife, for he is a prophet, and he shall pray for thee and thou shalt live, and if thou restore her not, know thou that thou shalt surely die, thou, and all that are thine.”

Be careful that you slight not one of God’s ministry, for by slighting one of them you slight him that sent him. O, Brethren and Sisters, for God’s sake, let us be careful and hold those up that are watching the flock. Let us receive them as a prophet—let us consider the blessedness of receiving a prophet or minister sent by Christ. That is, not only welcome his person, but attend to his message. You shall receive a prophet’s reward. What more can you desire? A prophet has a present reward in obeying his Lord’s commands. Ps. cxix. 165: “Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.” He has a claim to all the promises of God in Christ. II. Cor. i. 20: “For all the promises of God are yea, and in him, amen, unto the glory of God by us, and an assurance of a crown of life.” II. Tim. iv. 6-8: “For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.”

You may think wrong, but be sure you act right. To know a prophet you must try his spirit. I. John iv. 1, 2: “Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God.”

Dear Lord, give us wisdom from the high heavens that we may not be led by a false spirit, but that we may be filled with thy good and Holy Spirit, and may launch out in the ocean of love and do something that God can be honored and glorified, and

we, by and by, be where parting is no more, is my prayer.

From your Brother,

PETER STOVER


For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Beautiful California.

California is a country peculiarly adapted for sickly or weak people and invalids who have an income to live on. I speak particularly of Southern California, though the whole of the State along the ocean for 15 or 20 miles inland is delightful and salubrious in scenery and climate. Here a person of means, fond of nature, enchanting scenery and seclusion can dream away his days in quiet retreat, sauntering into beautiful canyons or leisurely climbing some mountain side, gathering wild flowers, profuse in variety and color, scanning the beautiful valleys beneath, with their variegated orchards, vineyards and pastures with cattle and sheep grazing therein.

Mountain climbing is an exhilarating pastime. Mt. Lowe, in the vicinity of Pasadena, (the latter is 9 miles east of Los Angeles), is a noted mountain resort. It is, perhaps, 4 miles north of Pasadena and has a trolley system running to the top of the mountain. Some friends started out with me early one morning to spend the day, ascending and descending it and wandering to and fro on the top. We thought it more economical and enjoyable to climb than ride. The path was sometimes difficult and narrow. To make a slip at some of these places would mean, perhaps, the loss of our lives. So we kept our eyes open, our feet firm and our nerves steady at such places. Often we had to creep on our hands and feet, and descending we had at times to slide on our haunches.

California vividly reminded me of Ireland. Like the Emerald Isle it is green the whole year round, and like it has a great variety of scenery and beauty. If life and health should be prolonged to me these are the two places, above all others, I would like to revisit. “The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life” find plenty of avenues for outlet here. If one would choose the path the Savior trod, and be a blessing to his fellow-men, he would soon discover that the enticements and allurements of nature and art were too enchanting for a pilgrim, seeking a better country, to abide here continually. Like Whittier, he would discover that for rest and quietude of spirit:

“Nature is not solitude.
She crowds us with her thronging wood;
Her many hands reach out to us,
Her many tongues are garrulous,
Perpetual riddles of surprise
She offers to our ears and eyes;
She will not leave our senses still,
But drags them captive at her will.
And making earth too great for heaven,
She bids the Giver in the given
Where the country is pretty well settled they maintain good roads. There are 3 artificial kinds—oil, clay and macadamized. Crude petroleum being so abundant in Southern California, they find it a cheap product to use for road building. I heard said that after 3 years of successive oiling the roads are fit for any kind of wear and tear, or any kind of weather, wet or dry. No dust in the driest times, and oiled roads seem impervious to water, hence, make valuable roads, even during the Winter or rainy season. I was informed that the cost of oiling the roads was cheaper in a year than sprinkling them. The latter is resorted to even in the country in well-settled districts. The work of sprinkling is let out by contract. The clay roads are made of a certain kind of soil in the mountains and is a substance similar to adobe, if not often adobe itself.

This is a great country for bicycles. Good roads, a well-regulated dry season with no rains to scare you, beautiful scenery and salubrious climate are too inviting for the man with a wheel to resist such temptation when he has leisure and opportunity to go out for a “spin.” Men and women, young and old, of almost every craft and calling, when they can at all afford it, resort to the bicycle as a conveyance to and from their occupations. I have seen “plain” Sisters, not all young women by any means, ride out on their bicycles with no more guilt on their countenances than if they were riding in a buggy. The same Sisters were they back East would be reported to counsel for their “misconduct,” and would be dealt harshly with if they did not desist from their unchristian (?) conduct. But here they ride up to the meeting-house doors, and no one seems to have either the courage or the conscience (the latter I apprehend) to apply the 18th of Matthew to them. To Brethren and Sisters unused to it, the spectacle of a plain-dressed woman mounted on a wheel would seem shocking. I called one day at the house of a woman minister of the Friends (Quakers), and ’ere long I saw her come in on her wheel all dressed in her plain...
meeting-clothes. To one not used to it indeed it was a "funny" spectacle. She rode frequently to meeting that way and often preached a good, inspiring sermon notwithstanding.

The school system of California, I presume, is far superior and more exciting than in any other State in the Union. Twenty-four studies to pass in an examination, embracing Latin, botany, music, algebra and studies of the advanced grade, certainly make lively rustling in the mental sphere of the would-be teacher. Only one grade of certificate is now issued—that the highest. The wages paid are commensurate, however, with the requirements. From $60 to $150 per month, for women teachers even, with generally no less than 8 or 9 months a year, more often 10, and that in the rural districts, puts the profession on a basis that will not justify mediocrity in this important calling, which next to gospel ministry is the most responsible and highest position in elevating mankind. Even in the country the schools are, with little exception, graded, and the children are taken to and from the school in wagons which the district provides by contract. An excellent plan.

Outside of the zone of citrus fruit cultivation, the ranches are generally large tracts owned by people of wealth, many of whom scarcely ever see them. Generally speaking, this is not the country for a man with a family without much capital to make himself a home he could call his own on a farm. One of this character, who expected to thrive on nothing else than what the ground could produce, and to raise live stock, would be apt, 9 times out of 10, to make a failure if he started even on a small ranch with less than four or five thousand dollars. Even then it would be a venturesome undertaking. This is the country for fruit, even the deciduous kind. As for size and appearance it is doubtful whether apples, pears, apricots, peaches, walnuts, cherries, strawberries, grapes or plums attain perfection anywhere as they do here.

In the suburbs of Sacramento, where I was invited to visit a family, they had a plum tree literally packed, with the fruit covering the tree so that there was no room for leaves. They actually were so close together that it is doubtful if a pin could have had independent space between them. The Santa Clara Valley is particularly noted for the plum from which the prune is dried. Any one fond of figs could revel to excess on this beneficial fruit.

If California had the population Pennsylvania has, with the manufacturing, railroads and other facilities of the latter, she could be a great deal more independent than the "Keystone" State of her neighbors. Her variety of climate, soil, altitude and latitude would enable her to be so. She is rich in minerals, oil, stone and other building materials, as well as in her natural adaptability for vegetable and animal products. Talk about honey! For miles along the Sacramento and Feather rivers the banks are lined with bee-hives. The grape industry is a chief one in California. Large vineyards with hundreds of acres, one after another, are to be seen in certain localities. Hop growing is also no light industry. California contributes no small quota to the traffic which curses this country. The question might naturally arise as to how all the fruit, laying in such large tracts, is gathered. In this country of delightful climate there is not much provision made for housing hired help. People working away from home are not usually provided with comfortable lodgings, and seldom with table board, as they are back East on farms. Men carry their bedding with them, i.e., quilts or blankets, and sleep on a straw pile in the open air or a tent or a barn or in some bunk-house fitted for the occasion, and when they leave they "take up their bed and walk." In these large patches, two or three hundred, according to size of the fruit ranch, congregate, gathering the fruit by piece-work. In this way they go from ranch to ranch. These fruit pickers are mostly wagon tramps who go from place to place 9 or 10 months a year. In Winter and Spring they are in Southern California picking oranges and lemons, and in the Summer they go North to pick cherries, etc., winding up towards the close of the year with grape gathering. They carry their tent, household goods and all needed belongings with them. In this way whole families travel, deriving good incomes, and living healthy, outdoor lives. If they were only wise enough then to be temperate in all their habits, life, ordinarily speaking, would be a satisfaction. But too often they spend time and money in vain, profitless pursuits and pleasures. Many of the young women and girls when picking fruit can only be distinguished by their long hair and fair faces, for they dress in masculine clothes when thus engaged. Many work Sundays as other days, there being no Sabbath laws in the State to check this practice.

New phases of life, manners and customs present themselves, and the observant could learn many new things here. I look back with pleasant, as well as unpleasant recollections of my experience and travels during my 14 months sojourn in the State of California.

I. J. RANSOM.

(To be continued.)

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

A Little Way-Side Jottings.

Come ye yourselves apart, from company, from the busy world and its cares and enjoy a quiet rest from the things that burden you. Oh, how sweet to enjoy rest from the environments that surround us! We, at present, are cut off from cares on this mountain top, twenty-two hundred feet above sea level. Since leaving home we have been hurried and now for a little while we have enjoyed quietness in our soul and rest for the body.

Come apart! Oh, how we need to get quiet and let the Spirit reveal the word to us! It has been our privilege to hear the word prophetically explained, and we wish to say, oh how much we need to look and see where we are. Is it evening, or midnight, or cock-crowing? Yes, the morning is dawning. The fig tree is past blooming—ah, the fruit is near ripe. Look up, says Luke, when you hear the news, not like the priest Eli who threw himself backward and broke his neck—no, but like the revelator, John, who said, "He who testifieth these things saith surely I come quickly, Amen, even so come Lord Jesus."

Yes, dear readers, what may we expect in the near future. Listen what the reporter says, 58 persons killed on July 4, 1903—17 more than last year; and 3,437 wounded—1,245 more than a year ago. Think of the increase of crime. What are you, my dear reader, looking for before the return of the Lord Jesus? The skeptic says, Christ is a failure. I say, no, bless God. Isaiah understood, hence he says, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given whose government is upon his shoulders." Dear one, do we see God's purpose in the birth of Christ, the representative of the church (the Bride) of whom it is said she hath put on the wedding garment, she hath made herself ready. A Son is given who shall reign in the throne of David his Father. Come apart a little while and rest. What,
lay down and sleep like the sluggard? No, wait upon the Lord.

Dear ones, will you with me ask the Lord God Jehovah, the God of Israel, what is your part to do to bring back the King or hasten his coming? Matthew says, the gospel of the kingdom must be preached among all nations and then the end shall come.

Yours in him looking for his near coming.

JOHN H. MYERS, Evangelist.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Praise Ye The Lord.

"Praise ye the Lord. Praise, O, ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord. Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and forevermore. From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised." (Ps. 113.)

"O, praise the Lord all ye nations; praise him all ye people for his merciful kindness is great towards us: and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord." (Ps. 117.)

Dear readers, I feel like coming with praises to God. I know not why, but the Lord knows, for I have said yes to God for all he has for me. Not long since I had such a glorious blessed night with my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Three times I awoke and found myself praising God for his many precious promises in his holy word and for the many wholesome instructions he has given us, and also for the love he has blessed me with so that I accept the faith and to believe his precious gospel.

David said, "I rejoice at thy word as one that findeth great spoil; I hate and abhor lying; but thy law do I love. Seven times a day do I praise thee because of thy righteous judgments. Great peace have they which love thy law and nothing shall offend them." I am confident that if people would count their blessings ofteren they would see more what God has done for them; they would find more reasons to praise God for the past than ever before, for every breath we breathe is worthy of our praise to God. The many gifts and blessings all around us are all of his merciful kindness. How often his cheering words encourage us when we believe his promises to the children of men and then consider that we are all included in the number. Not one can say, I can not inherit the kingdom of God; no, not one. It is free for all whosoever will. O, praise God for this free salvation!

"All to Jesus I surrender.
Now I feel the sacred flame;
Oh, the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his Name!"

Dear reader, surrender your all to God unrestrained, and you need not ask for the blessing; it will come, yes it will. Pray God to enlarge your heart and you will want to give it out to others.

"Have you found the heavenly light? Pass it on, pass it on! Souls are grooping in the night. Daylight gone, daylight gone. Hold your lighted lamp on high, Be a star in some one's sky! He may live who else would die, Pass it on, pass it on!"

Praises be to God that whosoever will shall not perish but have everlasting life. Praise the Lord we can get right with God and with our fellowmen if we desire, for the Lord has promised to give us the desire of our hearts. Praise the Lord, who forgiveth all our iniquities who healeth all our diseases, who "redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies, who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

Think on these things. Who would not desire to be a child of God. I praise my God that we can sell out for God. He never will leave nor forsake us, but he will ever have a way for our escape.

Praise God, we can even take Jesus as our healer. He is our great Physician if we can only trust him, and is it not to our shame that we cannot trust him who has all power in heaven and upon earth? He knows all about our body and loves to do us good; only "ask and it shall be given; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened," praise the Lord.

He is the fountain of life. Let us plunge and be made whole.

"So many people of to-day are destitute of power,
'Tis plain to see they cannot stand temptation's trying hour.
By way of an apology "my weakness" is their cry;
'Tis all because of idols that they are using on the sly.
That shelf behind the door, don't use it any more.
But quickly clean that corner out from ceiling to the floor.
For Jesus wants his temple clean, he can not bless you more.
Unless you take them idols out from in behind the door."

Praise God we can, by the help of God, clean out the "shelves behind the door." The best way to get victory is to obey the light we have if we want more.

"You need not go to foreign lands to find a household god,
To look upon idolatry you need not go a rod,
But in this land where gospel light is shining all around
If you should look behind the door, an idol could be found."

It pays in this life to take time to be wholly the Lord's. Let us praise God for all the light he gives us. Jesus Christ is the light of the world and he has said in the blessed word that he came to give us life, and to give it more abundantly.

"Night with him is never night, Where he is there all is light;
He who hides us forward go,
Cannot fail the way to show."

I feel more than ever to praise my God for his wonderful love to me that he has entrusted his precious word to me and has given me the faith to believe in him who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, nor suffer thy foot to be moved," and, "no one shall pluck them out of my hand," and "not a hair shall fall from thy head without my notice," and, "the willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land." Where can we find words sufficient to thank and praise our God. Dear reader, who can say we are doing what we can in helping to gather in the lost of earth? O, such a loving, heavenly Father! He gave the best gift he had to redeem us. What have we done? I praise God for the missions. It learns us to give and to do something for others and to give ourselves. I praise God for the mission spirit that is in the church to send forth the gospel to those who sit in darkness, who have never heard of Jesus who came to save them. How glad I am that God can even turn the hearts of the heathen to worship him. The silver and gold is all his and the cattle on a thousand hills are his; he can do with it as he pleases. Let us ask God, what we can do in this great work of God. Praise God we can consecrate our all to him. Amen and amen.

CATIE A. MYERS.

Buffalo, N. Y.

There is a good deal of sound sense in the words of a leading character in "The Honorable Peter Sterling," a popular American romance: "Let me give you a little advice. As you go through life, look for the fine things; not for the despicable. It won't make you any richer. It won't make you famous. It won't better you in a worldly way. But it will make your lives happier; for, by the time you are my age, you'll love humanity and look upon the world and call it good."
Dear Readers of the Visitor:

Many a soul will be rewarded in the coming kingdom for little deeds done which so few of us esteem worthy of notice in this world. God takes notice of the sparrows (Luke xii. 6), and every little deed or action we do for his glory will be remembered.

My mind is drawn of late to something which a sister did, who no doubt obeyed the voice of the Holy Spirit in that which I shall refer to. I write this that we may profit by the same.

This sister, with whose husband I worked at carpentry, would frequently deny herself of eating, while we ate, and would read to us during the time some inspiring article, published in the Visitor, or some other religious paper. When urged to eat, she oftentimes would not, but continued reading to us until we were through eating. In this way she ministered spiritual truth to us, which blessed her soul and ours. This may seem small in our eyes, but who knows the good that may come out of such an act?

Suppose you, my sister, whose husband is busily engaged in his labors all day and has just enough time to dine with you, would read something to him at the noon meal which the Lord has blessed to your soul; do you not see how you can minister to him in this way, make his soul to rejoice, and make his work go easier. You may say, I am too busy to use my time in this way, but let me tell you, the sister to whom I have reference had six children, and all went to school except those that were too young. She had no one to help her, and also had me as a boarder, yet she took time to read to us without our request. I never asked the sister why she did thus, but somehow for the last half year or more the Lord talks more to me than ever before through little things. If that sister at this present time does not know why she was prompted to do so, I know the Lord was in it, for he talks to me just through such little things like that, and they bring conviction to my soul.

"The wise shall understand and take service of, God gets all the glory. This lesson is applicable not only to the sisters, but also to the brothers, though it may be on a different line. We may bring conviction to one another in many ways.

I once took notice of a sister who labored in a mission then that after she had washed the dishes, she went up stairs and spent some time with the Lord while the company that was there entertained themselves for a short time. This also brought conviction to my heart how Jesus should have the pre-eminence, and I determined never to neglect to hide away with God. May the Lord help us all to see and mind little things. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in that which is much."

D. L. GISH.

25 Hawley St., Buffalo, N. Y.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

The True Vine.

"I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that bears not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

(John xv. 1, 2.)

These verses teach us that Jesus is the true vine, and that the Heavenly Father is the husbandman, and blessed promises are set forth in these verses. We who have become branches in this true vine can of a truth, say that it is blessed so to be: but we have to abide in the vine and bring forth fruit. Jesus said, "He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." To abide in Jesus means to do his will, and obey his commandments, also to be filled with his Holy Spirit, for in the natural vine there is a life-giving fluid, which goes into the branches and gives them the nourishment which they need to sustain life and also to bear fruit, and so it is also in this spiritual vine. If the branch does not abide in the vine that life-giving fluid will cease to flow and the branch will wither, without bearing any fruit, and as Jesus says, "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." It is a blessed thought, that we can bear good fruit if we abide in Jesus, but it is necessary for us to abide in the true vine. Some of the fruits that these branches that abide in the vine bring forth are, as the Apostle Paul says, "joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance." These indeed are good fruits, and may we ever abide in the vine that we may bring forth these good fruits.

How pleasant it is to see a vine whose branches are filled with good fruit, such fruit as is pleasant to the taste, and how we love to be near such branches, and so it is also with those that abide in Jesus. It is blessed to be in company with a person that has joy, peace, longsuffering and the rest of these good fruits in his heart. Even the unconverted enjoy the company of such people, for they show love for all men, and are not provoked with every little thing. They are cheerful and pleasant, but not light-minded; they do not speak of other people's faults, but they forbear with their fellow-men, knowing that they themselves have weaknesses to overcome. Neither do they argue, displaying great wisdom of this world; but in a meek and gentle spirit they perform their duty, having faith in their blessed Redeemer.

They are temperate in all things, in everything they do, in eating, drinking, working, sleeping and talking; they follow peace with all men and are indeed a blessing to the community in which they live. Their life is hid with Christ in God.

Dear reader, if you have not yet allowed yourself to be trimmed, by this great Husbandman, do so without delay. Remember that those branches that do not bear fruit are cast forth and are burned. This is indeed foolish, for any one to allow himself to be cast forth as an unfruitful branch, when he could, without money and without price, become a fruitful branch in the true vine. The only thing that is required of us to become a branch of this vine is to allow ourself to be pruned. The wild twigs of our carnal nature must be trimmed off, and the crooked things must be made straight, the uneven must be made even and the wrong must be made right. Would to God that you, dear friend, whoever you may be, who have not tasted of the goodness of God, could realize the great blessings that await you, if you will accept Jesus and give your heart to him.

We who have allowed ourselves to be pruned and have become branches of the true vine, let us always allow ourselves to be purged that we may bring forth more fruit, and be ever about our Heavenly Father's business, so that we may at the end of our days, be gathered with the loved ones above, where we can be eternally happy.

Your brother in Christ,

LEVY P. SHEETZ.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

God In The Little Things.
Two great cardinal truths stand out prominently in the Scripture material before us that speak of the church's relation and ministry to humanity.

We think of the church as an organization. It is that, but it is more, it is an organism. Governed, guided, directed, inspired, held in check, thrust forward, kept, protected, watched over, by one great, supreme, divine Head.

It is a unit composed of many parts. It is a living, thronging thing uniting many lives united by one life-giving Spirit who dwells in the heart and life of every individual composing the church. If this fact were clearly understood, believed and its force appreciated by each individual, there would be a bloodless revolution, though, after all the most potent factor would be blood—not the blood of contestants for supremacy, of which contests history speaks so fully, but the blood of Christ shed for sin.

A few changes this revolution would bring about are:

1. It would do away with the awful fallacy that there is any virtue in church membership apart from a religious experience. The number of persons in every church without any religious experience as admitted by their own confession, not my, or any other human judgment, is appalling. They are on the church roll, but are not recorded in heaven's book of life. They are cold, lifeless, unbelieving, a dead weight to the church of Christ, and what is still more sad, when Jesus comes he will not gather up his jewels according to the church rolls, but according to his own records kept in heaven, and, oh, the sadness, to realize that those who have no part in the first resurrection do have part in the second death described in Rev. xx.

2. It would change the church roll wonderfully. Men and women with no experience would withdraw or get an experience, and good, dear souls with an experience, but thinking they are not good enough, or some fallacious notion, causing them to be lying about under a bed or bushel instead of taking their place in the candlestick where they belong.

3. It would bring about a great revival. If the truth of their state were known these experienceless Christians would seek and get an experience.

Man has wandered far away from God. Sin has blinded his eyes. Death is doing its awful work of separation. You never realize how awful the separation until it comes into your family and some member from the circle around your heartstone is taken.

But the great, loving heart of God at once went out to the wanderer. God's written revelation, from Genesis to Revelation, from Alpha to Omega, from A to Z, speaks forth in the most infinite, tender pathos of the outgoing of the heart of God to man, fallen man, sin-cursed man, dwarfed man, deformed man. He who does not see this great towering fact in reading the sacred oracle; he surely has not had the scales of unbelief and darkness removed from his spiritual vision.

The great center, the attractive power in the redemption work of God is God's manifestation of himself in the flesh in the person of his Son Jesus the Christ. It is Christ revealed to man that wins men back from the wilderness and darkness and maze of sin, to life and light, and joy and happiness with peace in the soul, with faith for their guiding star and hope for their anchor.

It was to do this that Jesus called Peter, John and Andrew. They were already disciples. (See John i.) But they should bring to him men, Fishers he called them, for they were men with a fish nature they were to bring. They lived below the surface. Mud and slime and stones and darkness were their appropriate surroundings and favorite haunts. Let this truth clearly grip us that men until gathered to Christ have a fish nature and that that nature must be changed.

To win to him such men he gave his disciples the lessons on fishing in Luke v. and John xxi. and taught them by word of mouth and actual service during the years of his ministry and commissioned them when he left them with his Spirit, who descended on Pentecost to take up the work of winning men (fish) to Christ through the agency of men already won. For this the church exists. She is doing its awful work of separation, and slimy and darkness gives place in those who by faith are brought to Christ. The fish nature with its mud and slime and darkness is displaced by the lamb nature to gambol in the sunshine, to frisk in the green pastures, to feed by the still waters, and the lamb feeds and rests and grows, there is conformation. By feeding it grows, it develops and so Jesus says to Peter, "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep," "Shepherd (tend) my sheep." This is so apparent as to need no elaboration.

Jesus finds men brought to him ignorant of truth, tainted with sin, stunted in moral, intellectual, physical and spiritual development. Not very complimentary this, but true.

By a mysterious power, as little understood as the process of recreation of life, a new life is begun in those who by faith are brought to him. The fish nature with its mud and slime and darkness gives place to the lamb nature to gambol in the sunshine, to frisk in the green pastures, to feed by the still waters, and the lamb feeds and rests and grows, there is conformation. By feeding it grows, it develops and so Jesus says to Peter, "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep." A hearty believer in the methods of the Apostles, one man bringing another, we value the united effort of the church, first, in her local field, and then in her united front.

Fishers of men, winning them to Jesus. Say, brother, how is your horizon bounded? Is Christ the center, the one man, the Godman, the one only remedy for sinful men and all their needs? Does the vision bring to your heart a longing to win men to Christ, or are there cobwebs of doubt, of unbelief, of indifference, of false security, of error, of selfishness that obscures him and the man he would have you win to him?

Nor is winning them all. Peter's call to catch fish is in John xxi. expanded to feeding lambs and sheep.

In the mystery attending faith in God men are transformed by the new birth and the fish nature is displaced by the sheep nature, first, it is true, a lamb, but development brings about a sheep. The risen Christ apportioning his work to Peter indicates the second phase of God's purposes with individuals in his church, viz.: conforming. The difficulty with man in his unregenerate nature is that he is so marred by sin as to be very unlike God. Wholly unfitted for the enjoyment of the things God has prepared for those that love him.

While regeneration, the new birth, works a marvellous change, God in the economy of grace and of nature uses times and seasons and human hands, hearts and influences in the development of his marvellous works. This is so apparent as to need no elaboration.

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By a mysterious power, as little understood as the process of recreation of life, a new life is begun in those who by faith are brought to him. The fish nature with its mud and slime and darkness gives place to the lamb nature to gambol in the sunshine, to frisk in the green pastures, to feed by the still waters, and the lamb feeds and rests and grows, there is conformation. By feeding it grows, it develops and so Jesus says to Peter, "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep," "Shepherd (tend) my sheep." I charge you with their care and development.

Philipsburg, Pa.

A. Z. Myers.
For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Not Feeling, But Faith.

There is too much feeling and too little faith in much of our church life. Many go to church "when they feel like it," and they attend to their religious duties in the same spirit. Is it then any wonder that there is so little effective work being done?

When professing Christians are truly converted and consecrated, then, and not till then, will there be a mighty work done for the Master.

Dear one, do you realize that this movement begins with you? What is your condition—your service? Are you the servant of Christ—or of feeling? Do you study your feelings instead of your Bible? It is important that you know yourself—self-examination is a good thing. Examine yourself now, but not with a desire to see if you are not a little better than somebody else, but rather to learn your true condition. Ask God to enable you to see yourself as he sees you, and mean it, and then do not become discouraged at the picture, but ask him to make you what you ought to be. God-made men are much better able you to see yourself as he sees you, and not till then, will there be a movement begins with you? What is your condition—your service? Are you the servant of Christ—or of feeling? Do you study your feelings instead of your Bible? It is important that you know yourself—self-examination is a good thing. Examine yourself now, but not with a desire to see if you are not a little better than somebody else, but rather to learn your true condition. Ask God to enable you to see yourself as he sees you, and mean it, and then do not become discouraged at the picture, but ask him to make you what you ought to be. God-made men are much better able you to see yourself as he sees you, and not till then, will there be a mighty work done for the Master.

"Have faith in God" and you will find that he will stand every test. Trust in God instead of your feelings, and you will never be led astray, nor frightened and dismayed by circumstances. Keep your eyes upon him, and you will not be troubled by the shortcomings of your neighbors. Wait upon him for guidance, and you will never wait in vain, and as you go forth to work for him in service you will find him by your side working with you and supplying all needed grace and strength.

C. F. LADD.

Nefarious Work of The Saloon.

The saloon is a parasite, feeding on the very life and vitality of our glorious civilization. It has no legitimate place in the world, and there is not one single valid reason, not even an excuse or extenuation, why it shall remain here. There is no other agency beneath the sun that so degrades and ruins our homes. There is nothing else that makes them so forsaken of God and man and removes them so far from the possibility of good. Think of the thousands of drunkards' homes in our land, so bare and cheerless, so stricken with poverty, so full of suffering and sorrow. Think of the thousands of drunkards' wives who are compelled to labor day after day and night after night in order to continue the miserable existence of themselves and their children. Think of the thousands of little children who are to-day crying for clothing on account of drunken parents. Think of the thousands of liquor-crazed fathers who are daily going to their homes in the dead hours of the night and cursing and abusing and beating and terrorizing their wives and children and converting their homes into veritable hells on earth. Think of the thousands of young men, strong and healthy, the pride and solace of their mother's hearts, who, because of the saloons, are learning to drink and gamble and are entering on a career of sin and shame that will surely wreak and ruin their own lives and drag their poor mothers in sorrow and anguish to the grave. Think of the thousands of wives and mothers, who are being murdered in cold blood, almost daily, in the presence of their children by their drunken husbands. Only a few months ago in the city of Boston a father came home in the dead hours of night in a drunken frenzy, and when his wife reminded him that their children were freezing for want of clothes and that he had promised to give her money to buy the necessary articles for them, he struck her a vicious blow that sent her bleeding to the floor. He then answered her appeals for mercy by beating and kicking her with his rough boots until she was almost extinct. They had five little children, the oldest only thirteen years of age, and as the brutal father delivered blow after blow upon their helpless mother, they stood around, wild-eyed and frightened. The eldest started for help, but the father with an oath caught her and hurled her back into a corner. He then took a chair and guarded the scene for hours, while the mother lay a mass of bruises, suffering untold agonies. Finally she came to herself sufficiently to ask for a drink of water, but the husband paid no attention to her, and when her little daughter went to her assistance and raised the dipper to her bleeding lips, before she could receive the cooling draught, the father struck the dipper from the child's hands, spilling the water on the floor. Faunter and faunter came the moans from the dying woman until finally all was hushed, and another life had gone out a victim to the saloon. Only twelve days before this a man in Pittsburg came home drunk and chopped his wife and children to death with a rail cutter. Only thirteen days before, a man in Detroit came home drunk, emptied his revolver into his wife's body, and poured kerosene over it and stood with lighted match ready to make her a burnt offering to drink. Luckily the police broke in upon him and prevented him.

Only one month and a day before, a father in Indiana came home drunk, sought to kill his wife with a hatchet and was shot dead by his son. Only a few weeks ago a drunken mother in Moline, Ill., murdered her five-weeks-old baby by burning him to death.

But why continue the enumeration? Such cases are happening every day and will continue to happen so long as the liquor traffic is permitted. Untold thousands have been sacrificed this way, and thousands of others are standing ready to make the offering. Nothing else in the world will produce such shocking crimes, and yet men who call themselves intelligent and who think they are decent, will vote to retain this vile parasite, the saloon, when they know that no other agency in the world will produce such shocking crimes. Think of these things and magnify the evils of the saloon one thousand times above anything you can conceive and it will not equal the work of the saloon in real life. Think of all this and then think of every argument you have ever read or heard in favor of the saloon, and see how weak and invalid it is.—M. L. Whiteside.

Save The Boys.

If you want to do some good home mission work, look after the boys. On this subject Dr. J. W. Laughlin, in one of his late sermons in Chicago, said:

"Everybody loves a boy. If he is good we add our admiration, and if he is bad we add our commiseration. As men are only boys grown tall, every influence possible should be brought to bear upon them before they are grown up, to have them grow in the right direction.

"What are you doing for your boy? What are you doing for your neighbor's boy? No man liveth to himself in this matter. That mild-mannered youth in your home may grow up to be a veritable demon because of his associates. God pity the home which does not in some way feel a responsibility for the boys who play round the door."—Sel.

Self-indulging is Christ-denying; we are to deny ourselves to honor Christ.

July 15, 1903.
HER DAILY WALK. 

Jane went by my house in the morning, 
her daily walk. These outings, doubtless, 
were not perfect, but they were the persons 
with whom she spent her days, bound up with her in one social body. One would not purposely injure one’s own hand or foot, yet in the body of the family the injury of one is the injury of all. An unknown remark is sure to react upon him who makes it, while at the same time it involves all in the pain that follows.

I have no doubt whatever that one reason of Jane’s pleasantness was her good health. But in order to have good health at her age, one must not overtax one’s nervous energies. Though the road might be enticing, I was sure that Jane did not walk so far as to tire herself out. I believed that she did not read at night till her eyes gave out, that she did not sacrifice a week’s pleasantness in order that some piece of work might be done at the exact minute determined upon.

Happening once to be in Jane’s room, I saw that she had a shelf full of small, helpful books. As I looked at them she told me that she called them her wing-strengtheners. When, like a tired bird, her spirit came falling to the earth, a glance at some radiant sentence would set her soaring again. Ah, if Jane was pleasant to live with, there was reason for it. The flowers of human nature do not grow without cultivation.

One special and fragrant pleasantness I must not omit. Jane was given to praising her friends—not undisguised flattery; but their kindness or their cleverness was sure of appreciation from her. Life has many clouds and rain, but in the sunshine of her mind there was what is called Deserved Praise. It is natural and necessary as sunshine.—Congregationalist.

PLEASANT TO LIVE WITH.

“Jane is a very pleasant person to live with,” said Mrs. Horton, speaking of her sister-in-law.

I listened to this information believingly, for I knew something of Jane myself. But at the same time I felt sure that if she were really pleasant to live with, it was because she exercised good sense and sound reason in her effort to live agreeably with others.

I noticed that Jane seldom omitted her daily walk. These outings, doubtless, had great power in keeping her temper serene and her feelings fresh and happy. A happy person is generally a pleasant person to live with. But one cannot be happy who is weary, bored, exhausted. In such a state the tendency is to be “difficult,” jealous, easily injured. Sometimes Jane went by my house in the morning with a little satchel on her arm. Once I went out to give her a bunch of sweet peas. She told me that she was going for a little excursion.

“I didn’t really feel much like it,” she said, “but I find that if I do notyn up the monotony of life by frequent changes, I get cross.”

Wise Miss Jane! As she went gayly down the street sniffing at her flow- ers, I resolved to follow her example.

I more than half guessed at another of Jane’s ways. I felt sure that she conscientiously refrained from criticising her housemates. They were not perfect, but they were the persons with whom she spent her days, bound up with her in one social body. One would not purposely injure one’s own hand or foot, yet in the body of the family the injury of one is the injury of all. An unknown remark is sure to react upon him who makes it, while at the same time it involves all in the pain that follows.

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DO EVERYTHING WELL.

He who means to do well in one thing must have the habit of doing well.

A young student whom we knew was very ambitious to gain a certain rank in his class which would entitle him to a scholarship. If he gained the scholarship, he could go on with his course. A well-known professor was interested in the lad’s success. He instructed him in a part of his studies, and found him a very bright student; so he thought it possible for him to gain his purpose, though it meant perfect marks for him in everything for a whole year.

“Nobody gets perfect marks for everything,” the boy objected.

“That is nothing to the point,” said the teacher. “You are perfect in my recitations; do as well in others. But I notice that you write poorly. Now begin there. Whenever you form a word, either with the pen or tongue, do it plainly, so that there will be no mistake. This will help you to think clearly and to speak accurately. Let your whole mind be given to the least thing you do while you are about it. Form the habit of excellence.”

The student went resolutely to work, and before the year was far on its way was the leader in his class; he gained his scholarship; and, more than that, he acquired character that has since won him a shining success.—Selected.

A Butterfly’s Vision.”

Has any one ever told you of the wonders of a fly’s body? I suppose not, else you could never think of finding pleasure in hurting me.

God has given me wings, which are so light and nicely fitted to my body that I can fly or walk about just as I please.

I can spread them out, and fly away like a little bird, or I can fold them up and take a walk wherever I choose.

Perhaps you wonder why I do not fall. My feet are so made that I can press them firmly to the ceiling and walk about there without any fear.

But you are too young yet to know how I do that. I only tell you of it now, that you may begin to know how much there is to learn in all the things that God had made.

Have you ever noticed how quickly I fly away when you try to catch me? I can see you, little boy or girl, even when you try to hide your hand behind me. Perhaps you would like to know how this can be. Let me tell you.

You may think I have only two eyes, like you; but I have a great many, though they do not move about like yours.

Each of the eyes that you see in my head are made up of a great many little eyes. There are several hundred of them, though each of them is only a little point.

With some of them I look out before me, and with others I look behind. It is with those that I look behind that I see you when you put your hand behind me.

I hope I have told you enough to make you feel that you should not try to hurt a little fly.—The Nursery.
To Subscribers:—Our terms are cash in advance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

3. Communications for the Visitor should be sent in at least ten days before date of issue.

Send money by Post-office Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Drafts, to G. Dettwiller, Harrisburg, Pa. Canadian Currency is discounted with us.

Our City Missions.

Philadelphia, 3243 N. Second street, in charge of Brother Peter Stover and Sister Stover.


Chicago Mission, 506 Peoria street. In charge of Brother and Sister B. Brubaker; Sisters Anna and Sarah Bert and Brother G. C. Cress, pastor.


Our foreign Mission Fund.

§78, Clay Hill, Pa. 1.00
§79, Bethlen Zorn, Kans. 5.00
§80, Rosebank, Kans. 10.00
§81, Belle Spring, Kans. 21.17
§87, Newbern, Kans. 20.00
§83, Manor Dist., Pa. 25.00
§84, Berrie, Ont. 7.39
§85, Kohler, Ont. 4.35
§86, Walpole, Ont. 2.35
§87, Wainfleet, Ont. 32.00
§88, Waterloo, Ont. 20.00
§89, Markham, Ont. 12.00
§87, North Franklin, Pa. 21.50
§88, Dongola, Pa. 15.50
§89, Ashland and Richland, O. 44.70
§90, Stark county, O. 37.57
§91, Wayne county, O. 13.20
§92, W. J. Keely, Phila., Pa. 5.00
§93, Curtain Dist., Pa. 3.00
§94, Rapho Dist., Pa. 5.00
§95, Gormley, Ont. 8.00

Total: $70.00

For living from May 1 to July 1, $38.00

For house rent, $3.00 per month, from May 1 to July 1. 30.00

Total: $108.00

Balance in hand, $2.00

We recently received a box and barrel of goods from Canton, O. Among the many good and useful things were four brand new comforters, which we so much needed. One of these is made of small blocks donated by the converts of the mission, and a few more contributions will show a balance in favor of the mission. We hope, therefore, that we shall be able to meet all expenses and make some contributions to the work of this place, so that we can show a balance in favor of the mission.

Our report as originally made to Conference this year up to May 1st showed a deficit of $115, but some of the loving brethren of Pa. (I know not who all, but God knows) kindly wiped it all out, so that when the Des Moines Mission report was read there was no deficit. I know one of these kind brethren paid $60 toward it. The Lord will most assuredly bless such brotherly love.

Our short trip through the Keystone State was a delightful one which shall never be forgotten. We had the pleasure of attending four love feasts and a number of other meetings, which gave us opportunity not only to meet those of our former acquaintance, but to form new friends in the Christ—making and keeping us in a perfect unity. Our souls go out for all. May God bless the entire Mystical Body of Christ—making and keeping us in a perfect unity.
and will be here a few days and then go forth and continue the battle against sin and unrighteousness as we shall find open doors. Pray for us.

Yours in him,

N. M. Zook.

An Explanation.

Because we learn that there still exists some misunderstanding concerning the late visit of D. W. Zook and wife to the home-land, we will state first the reason why they came home.

D. W. himself had been greatly reduced through suffering from a sun-stroke which resulted in congestion of the brain and that followed by brain fever, shattering his nervous system so that it became a necessity for him to return for recuperation. This becoming evident, they laid the matter before the Lord, and through the Holy Spirit were led to believe it was the will of the Lord that they should return. This being settled they engaged passage on a vessel as far as Japan, while as yet there were no funds above to pay their passage. They would not, and did not, use any funds that had been given them to carry on the work among the heathen. But before the day of sailing had arrived there were funds sufficient sent them to pay their way as far as Japan. These funds were all sent them to be used for this express purpose.

While in Japan they again booked on the steamer for the U.S. before sufficient funds were on hand to pay their way. But before the day of sailing the Lord again provided means. They both had much need of a change, and rest which they found to be exceedingly beneficial, especially for him, as he seemed almost physically a new man when he returned to the field.

We make this statement in justice to them and the cause they represent, because some who do not know the circumstances seem to think their home-coming was un-called-for and that their expenses were paid out of missionary money given for the work. A goodly number of the readers of the EVANGELICAL VISITOR know these statements are true from the fact that they were among the contributors towards their home-coming. No one need entertain any fears that faithful missionaries will spend much of the money the Lord provides for pleasure-going, because in that case the Lord might very soon withdraw his support.

We trust to such who have not understood the matter before, these statements may be satisfactory.

Yours interested in the lost of earth,

N. M. Zook.
ours since we came to Africa. We would not murmur for passing through them, but we praise God for all things, for they work to our good. Glory to His Name.

I rejoiced in the grace of God. A little before we left America I testified to the following, and also wrote it for publication: "I love to get into tight places for God." It was not very long after publication: "I love to get into tight places for God." With Strength—Isa. It was set to leave for Africa, things were being prepared; farewell meetings were arranged, when suddenly my wife was taken down with inflammatory rheumatism and was so helpless that I had to feed her. Here was the tight place. Farewell meetings were arranged, my wife sick in bed and very little or no money in sight to pay our fare across the ocean. God said go to Africa. To look to these difficulties meant defeat, but God gave grace to look to him.

With my wife lying in bed sick, I went and held all the farewell meetings save one, when God heard and raised her from her sick bed. Was it a tight place? No. But it was a blessed place. Glory to God! Shall I be afraid to testify that I love tight and hard places for fear of similar experiences? May God help me not to be.

If we stand true in what the devil would say is a tight place, God will prove that nothing is a tight place for him and will bring us out stronger and more determined than before and he will get much glory to himself. Let us come forth clothed with the power of God and show to those sitting in darkness that we have a mighty God.

J. O. AND MARY C. LEHMAN.

New Primrose, G. M. Co., Germiston, S. A.

Lift Up Thy Voice With Strength—Isa. xl. 9.

Lift the voice and sound the trumpet, Watcher on the mountain height;
Roll the clarion notes around thee,
Shout, as flees the passing night.

Lift the voice in words of warning:
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing;
Ring the shout along the sky;
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.

Lift the voice! Lo, weal and dying,
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.
Warriors struggling, faint and fall;
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.
Bid them fight, on God relying;
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.
Jesus comes to conquer all;
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.

Lift the voice in notes of gladness,
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.
Ring the shout along the sky;
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.
"Cease your tears, ye sons of sadness,
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.
Sing! rejoice! your God is nigh."
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.

Lift the voice, like music blended
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.
With heart-healing minstrelsy;
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.
Cry "thy warfare now is ended;
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.
Lo, thy Savior comes to thee!"
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.

Soon, beyond time's night of sadness,
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.
When the Lord shall Zion bring.
Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing.

Fill up the days with kindness,
Watchmen, ye shall be thy rest.
The peace that comes from duty done,
Watchmen, ye shall be thy rest.
Shall make life's evening last.
Watchmen, ye shall be thy rest.
Let no day pass unheeded,
Watchmen, ye shall be thy rest.
Though we may never know,
Watchmen, ye shall be thy rest.
Some angel keeps a record of
Watchmen, ye shall be thy rest.
The good we do we do below.—Sel.

A Solemn Warning Against The Fashionable Dress Ruin.

My conscience constrains me here to censure what I wish I could let pass in silence. I refer to the gay, dressy religion of the age. If dress had no moral character, or were harmless in its effects, most gladly would I say nothing about it. But it is not so. It is most pernicious. Scarcely anything is more so. To two points, illustrative of its evils, allow me to advert. First, to the amount of extra sewing required thereby, and to the deleterious influence of so much sewing on the female constitution, and thereby on the race. I do feel that a vast number of our blooming daughters first lose their health and are rendered miserable for life by sitting and sewing so greedily. I call attention to this point. You who regard suicide as sinful, open your eyes, I beseech you, to this lamentable subject. If our fabrics were made strong, and a uniform fashion prevailed, I venture to affirm that at the lowest estimation, nine-tenths of the sewing now performed might be avoided, and men and women be just as comfortable as now, and infinitely more happy than following these fashions can possibly render them.

Secondly. Look and weep, in view of the vast sacrifice of life and virtue caused by tight lacing. I will not enlarge. Nearly half of the deaths of women and children are caused by this accursed fashion, besides an amount and aggravation of misery men and women are caused by these fashions on where they belong. They go along with, they are propagated by religious meetings, particularly on the Sabbath. Where do those, who wish to learn the fashions as soon as they are out, go? To church of course. Nor need they go anywhere else. Neither the ball-room nor the theater, nor the social party, get the fashions as soon, or propagate them a hundredth part as effectually, as do our religious meetings on the Sabbath. I am plain to declare, what every mind of common intelligence will admit, that if I wished to amass a fortune by the popularity of some fashion, even though it might be pernicious, I would not attempt to introduce it into the ball-room or theater, but if I could introduce it among the ten of some D. D.'s church in some populous city, my end would be attained, for then all the other dressingly religious maids and matrons must also have it, both in that church and in all the churches of the land. And if they have it, surely those who do not profess religion must also have it. Besides, who does not know, that unless a woman dresses well at church, she loses caste.

And I submit to any candid observer of the facts of the case, whether nine-tenths of those women who labor for wages, do not spend nine-tenths of their scanty earnings for something "decent" (that is, fashionable) with which to appear in church on the Sabbath. Nearly every new coat, new hat, new bonnet, new...
The True Physician.

I am sure I was converted,
And my sins were washed away,
For I had my Saviour's presence,
And the witness day by day:
But my spirit still was sick
With a subtle, subtle disease,
Which oft made me feel more willing
Self instead of Christ to please.
I advised with many doctors,
Seeking for a perfect cure,
But their notions all were different,
And they failed to make me pure.
Doctor Ignorance informed me
That conviction was all it,
Purifying all the nature,
Which was ruined by the fall.
But I knew he was mistaken,
For my Bible taught me so,
And my "up and down" experience
Told me that he did not know.

Doctor Works and Doctor Water,
Doctor Growth and Doctor Fire,
All were free with their opinions,
But to help me I failed entire.
Then I heard of Doctor Culture,
Who could polish the outside,
But he could not reach the self;
And a cure for sin provide.
Nor could Doctor Expectation,
Understand my case at all,
Nor could Doctor Sin-repression,
So I ceased on them to call.
Many said that I must suffer
With my painful soul disease,
Until Doctor Death would free me
Only he could give release.
But I knew they were mistaken,
And I freely told them so,
Else redemption was a failure,
And the Saviour's promise too.

All these doctors had their plasters,
Which they did try to give me,
But they never wrought a cure,
So I laved them all good-bye.
Then I yielded all to Jesus,
Unto sin and self I died,
And repose on his promise,
I by faith was sanctified.

Now I know the Great Physician,
Can effect the double cure,
And the heart of each believer,
Make and keep completely pure.
Christians won't you seek this blessing,
Waiting for you from above?
It is Pentecostal power,
And the heart of each believer,
Can effect the double cure,
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Can effect the double cure,
And the heart of each believer,
Can effect the double cure,
The Bravest Battle

The bravest battle that ever was fought!

On the maps of the world you will find it

But deep in a welled-up woman's heart

Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot,

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,

I tell you the kingliest victories fought

Go back to God as white as you came,

not believe in the mariner's compass and

nearing the end of life. "Which book?"

through faith in Jesus, by which men are

said Sir Walter Scott while

especially Frank K. Sanders, D. D., of the

sail. He would have few passengers and

Bible. "from the Greek "biblia," meaning

as one of the . speakers at the coming

where the Moody schools are located, for

but they are- satisfied to live on and on

with any of your valuables.

Lessons From Joshua.

"This book of the law" (Josh. i. 8.)

"Then shall not this book

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song;

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