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HOME AND HEALTH.—
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OUR YOUTH.—
Not only were the twelve disciples baptized with the Spirit, but the women also and all others that were in that upper room. And Peter declared, “To you is the promise and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.” This excludes none, and lays the demand upon all. None should be without, even the least one of God’s children, for the smallest office in this life cannot be filled as God would have it filled without this anointing of the Holy Spirit. Shall we live below our privileges in the Gospel? Wherefore is this cry of leanness of soul? this failure to live for God a life wholly given up to him? It is because this satisfying portion, the anointing of the Spirit, this filling with his presence has not been realized.

In the second passage quoted above we have the words of Isaiah applied by Jesus to Himself. The anointing was necessary for him, but it was not in this case the literal anointing with oil, but the anointing was the “Spirit of the Lord.” Jesus was anointed of the Spirit for a purpose as is indicated by the text. He was the Son of God, why should he need such an anointing? It was that he might be “the way,” the pattern for his followers. While he was the Son of God, he was human, and to fulfill the Father’s purpose he needed this anointing. Had he started out to preach and heal without this anointing of the Spirit, he would have failed in his mission to the world. “Why,” says one, “do you speak thus concerning Christ?” It is to show you, dear reader, that if Christ needed this anointing, though the Son of God, how much more, infinitely more, you need this same anointing of the Holy Spirit. “But,” you say, “my mission is not so great as Christ’s.” It is not so great, perhaps, and yet without this anointing you fail to fulfill God’s will in your life.

Miah as a prophet said, “I truly am full of power by the Spirit of the Lord, and of judgment, and of might, to declare unto Jacob his transgressions, and to Israel his sin.”

Notice what mighty men were made of those fishermen disciples of Jesus: It was because they were anointed of the Spirit. They spake as learned men. None were able to withstand the power with which they spoke.

Not only were the twelve disciples baptized with the Spirit, but the women also and all others that were in that upper room. And Peter declared, “To you is the promise and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.” This excludes none, and lays the demand upon all. None should be without, even the least one of God’s children, for the smallest office in this life cannot be filled as God would have it filled without this anointing of the Holy Spirit. Shall we live below our privileges in the Gospel? Wherefore is this cry of leanness of soul? this failure to live for God a life wholly given up to him? It is because this satisfying portion, the anointing of the Spirit, this filling with his presence has not been realized.

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THE DEADLY TOY PISTOL.

The celebration of Independence Day had to be carried out after the former practice, with the greatest amount of noise possible, no matter how heathenish it be. "Let us have an old fashioned celebration" was the word passed around by the newspapers—money was collected and the necessary preparations in laying in a supply of explosives, of all kinds and of fire-works, and so intense was the feeling of patriotism in the breasts of loyal citizens that the noise and din commenced at midnight and did not let up until more than 24 hours later. Of course it would cost some lives, and much property would likely be destroyed, but, what of that? Uncle Sam must have a day of glorification no matter how many lives will be sacrificed!

The toy-pistol has made for itself such an unenviable record that much has been said against it, and laws have been enacted in some of the States forbidding its sale to boys under a certain age. But the temptation to make a little money has been so great that some dealers violated the law, and toy-pistols were used by the boys in celebrating with the result that in many towns and cities some boys received wounds which seemed but slight at first, but which in the course of a week or so developed into lockjaw and many have died. In the city of Harrisburg, Pa., four boys between the ages of 8 and 16 died, and this is but a sample of what has taken place in many other towns and cities. Of course such disastrous results have aroused the people and no doubt public opinion will demand stringent legislation against the sale of the toy-pistol. People will demand that its use be prohibited.

But while this is good as far as it goes it will be but cutting off one limb of a gigantic tree of evil. We deplore the destructiveness of the toy-pistol, but the revolver is much more destructive. The toy-pistol does its destructive work about all in one day but the revolver is carrying on its deadly business every day in the year and its victims outnumber by far the victims of the former. Every day the records are swelling the number of its victims. Who has not noticed the appalling frequency of young suitors shooting the girl whose affections they could not command and then turn the weapon on themselves. The record of deaths resulting through the instrumentality of the revolver is appalling. Human life is not sacred in these days. To prohibit the toy-pistol to the small boys and let the grown up boys and men carry revolvers is about on the same line with the prohibition of selling whiskey to minors but licensing its sale to the grown up boys and men.

And here is a question. If it is safe, wise and possible to prohibit the sale of the toy-pistol what should hinder the State to prohibit and outlaw the liquor traffic which is a thousand times more destructive? Or if the liquor traffic must be tolerated and given a legal standing why should the State not license the sale of the toy-pistol and permit it to go on with its destruction of boys? The State might derive some revenue out of that as it does from licensing the liquor business.

But we are glad if the toy-pistol is prohibited, and we think all Christians would be glad for a more sane way of celebrating the 4th of July. This nation has a right to rejoice for under the blessing and favor of God she has become powerful among the nations of the world, and we believe God is working out his eternal councils with her, but it is doubtful if he is much pleased with the spirit of boastfulness and self-glorification, that is so much in evidence. "Pride cometh before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." The prevalent war-spirit and the fostering of the spirit of militarism are significant facts very evident in these times and are to be deplored rather than encouraged. Christians need to pray much and intercede for the men in authority.

As to the proper celebrating of Independence Day we notice that there is a sentiment growing which indicates saner methods. Some Christian denominations engage in some special appropriate religious service. If all Christians would entirely separate themselves from what is by some designated as an "idiotic celebration" and unite together in something more in accordance with the ethics of Christianity there would be a great change for the better. One of the Chicago dailies speaking about it on July 5, says:

"The returns on the fatalities and minor casualties of the Fourth cannot be complete for several days, but the record thus far established is appalling. It suggests the figure of a nation all in motion devoting itself insanely to the burning of gunpowder for no other purpose than to make a noise, and so thoughtless and irresponsible in the pursuit as to be totally oblivious to the probable consequences. For this brainless and heartless festival of waste, tumult and discomfort has brought death to more than two score homes, has left its mark for life upon hundreds who will be cripples henceforth on that account, and has caused large property losses by accidental fires, besides the loss of money foolishly expended. When we deal in superlatives let us remember our worse than idiotic celebration, which is certainly far beyond the rivalry of other nations."

It is reported that on the recent July 4, there were 52 fatalities, 3,065 injuries and $400,625 losses from fire. To these fatalities there must yet be added the many deaths of the toy-pistol victims occurring about ten days later. "Had this been the result of a battle, it would have been considered a terrib le affair. It hardly seems creditable for a civilized people."
happier; for by the time you are my age," says he, "you'll love humanity and look upon the world and call it good." That has the smell of the 'Bottomless Pit' to it. It is the quintessence of Unitarianism. If Satan was not the amanuensis, he certainly inspired it. Quite in contrast is the Savior's statement: "There is none good but one, that is, God" (Matt. xix. 17); and the Psalmist: "They are all together become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Ps. lii. 1-3; xiv. 1-3); and the prophet Isaiah: "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6), and "all we like sheep have gone astray" (Isa. lii. 6). God saw in Gen. vi. 5: "That every imagination of the thought of [man's] heart was only evil continually." James said: "The friendship of the world is enmity with God. Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God" (Jas. iv. 4); and John says: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. * * * For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life, is not of the Father but of the world; for "the world lieth in wickedness" (Jno. ii. 15, 16; v. 19). Jesus says: "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, the world hateth you" (Jno. xv. 19). If "none doeth good;" if we have all gone astray, and the imagination of our hearts are only evil, and we love the things of the world, and are the enemies of God, and are, with the world, lying in the lap of the wicked one—where are "the fine things," and how can "our lives be happier" by looking for a good which God declares does not exist?" We regret that any matter should be admitted, even inadvertently as this "filler" was, into the columns that should not be sound on the blood-atonement teaching of the Bible. Peter says plainly, "Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things * * * but with the precious blood of Jesus Christ as a lamb without blemish."

ALLOWING twenty-five feet to each one and putting all the saloons, liquor houses, breweries, distilleries, etc., in these United States, side by side on one side of the street the line would extend a little farther than from New York to Chicago. If all the meeting houses, mission halls, and other buildings used for religious purposes were placed side by side on the other side of the street, allowing fifty feet for each one the line would be about as long as the other. It is estimated that there are two million drunkards in the land. If these were put in line 3 feet apart the line would reach as far as the street of liquor places and meeting houses extends. Now as to the power of winning men to ourselves we are told that the liquor power wins ten men to every one that the churches win. The above illustration by way of contrasting the two powers as to their extent and influence we heard made recently by a public speaker and gives us an idea of the power for destruction there is in the liquor traffic. The licensing of the saloon by the State for revenue seems to us to be the extremest folly. Is it not time that a professionally Christian nation wash its hands clean from such a traffic and protect its people from its destructive work.

The Messiah Home thanks friends of Franklin county, Pa., for shipment of apples, cabbage and home made soap from Shippensburg, and also for apples, cabbage, new potatoes, beans and cucumbers from Culberson; also for sack of old potatoes from Allen, Pa., as also for a variety of donations by near by friends. We request our friends when shipping anything to us to state distinctly whether it is for the Messiah Home or the Messiah Home Orphanage. All the donations so freely given are appreciated and received with thankfulness towards the donors.

We give with this issue the last installment of Bro. I. J. Ransom's articles entitled "Beautiful California." The article is very long but as we much desire to have it finished we give the whole of it. The writer in closing up the article gives such explanations and self-criticisms as he feels appropriate. We hope some have read the articles with interest and also hope that those who found no benefit in them will judge charitably and pray that we may still be guided by the divine Spirit in making the Visitor what it ought to be.

If among the Brotherhood there are those who are interested in City Mission work and whom the Lord would lead to volunteer to take charge of the Buffalo Mission they will find that Brother and Sister Myers who are at present in charge, would kindly give way to such.

Those who were present at the recent General Conference will remember Bro. Max. Mahler, a delegate from Des Moines, Iowa. From Conference he started on a trip to his native country, Germany, to visit his parents and friends. A communication received from him before going to press brings the cheering word that he arrived safely at his destination June 8. He expects to return in September. A more extended account of his trip will appear in our next issue.

A venerable clergyman, when engaged in a gathering of unruly and noisy children, he had suddenly been driven to claim from the Savior the gift of his own gentle patience, in the words, "Thy patience, Lord!" And instantly so divine a calm filled his spirit that he realized that he had made a great discovery. And from that moment he had retained the extremes of his brief petition, inserting between them the grace, the lack of which was hurrying him to sin. In moments of weakness, "Thy strength, Lord!" or in moments of conscious strength, "Thy humility, Lord!" When assailed by unholy suggestions, "Thy purity, Lord!" or when passing through deep waters of trial, "Thy resignation and restfulness, Lord!" What is this but a living example of the appropriation of Christ?—Sel.

A great many people are afraid to be filled with the Spirit of God—afraid of being called fanatics. You are not good for anything until the world considers you a fanatic. Fox said that every Quaker ought to shake the country ten miles around. What does the Scripture say? "One shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight." It takes about a thousand to chase one now. Why? Because people are afraid of being too religious. What does the world want to-day? Men—men that are out and out for God, and not half-hearted in their allegiance or service.—D. L. Moody.

If we are poor because we stand true to life and duty, we are poor only as the sower is poor, because he has to cast his wheat into the furrow, and then wait for the sheaves of harvest. If our life is as God will, yet is bare, it is only as the granary is bare in June—that very bareness is the prophecy of plenty. Here or there in the full time comes the full blessing; the flower flashing out glory, the fields laughing with plenty.

—Robert Collyer.

Every Christian surely needs humility, and the humble Christ alone can give it to him.

All of earth's idols have feet of clay. Jesus our ideal alone is flawless.
room for the accursed jealousy, and envy. Nothing but the "infernal" will knowingly cause us to oppose the gift of God in our brother or sister, and we make ourselves responsible for the gift we by opposition throw into disuse. "Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm" is the voice of Jehovah.

Hypocritical Love Condemned.

Let love be without hypocrisy is the royal decree from heaven. The snakish pretense of love by Judas Iscariot is the guilt of many a soul. Conven-

tionalities, and mannerisms of society often lead to such unholy policy. Ab-

horrence of this great evil and all sins is demanded. How can a home be happy where love is only pretended? What is applicable to a home in this re-

spect will also apply to the church, and nation. It is pure, sincere, and fervent

love that makes home, church, and nation happy and really prosperous. There is a solace, joy, and sweetness in genuine love that hypocrisy cannot

counterfeit. O for more of it in home, church, and state!—it has its origin in

heaven—it enveth not; is not puffed up; suffereth long; is kind; rejoiceth in the truth; believeth and hopeth all things God has provided; and endur-

eth all things for Christ's sake. Being in possession of this unequalled grace we can in honor prefer each other, and become sprightly in the exercise of our duty. Our zeal will be animated with holy power in the Master's ser-

vice so no trivial excuse will keep us from church service, prayermeetings,

and useful in Christian service. What is a generous child of God, is truly happy

in Jesus name.
in honor, nor strive to be noticed, but condescends to them that are lowly. Oh, the struggle for masteries, prominence and recognition! The Lord have mercy on the competitive mass—may arrogance and self-conceit be thoroughly burnt out by the love of God and our lives filled with the aromatic, unassuming Spirit of the loving Christ.

HONESTY AND PEACE. Verses 17-21.

"Take thought for things honorable" is the message. Dishonesty is dishonorable. We must be honest in our business relations, avocations, professions, confessions, testimonies, social relations—"in the sight of all men." Where are the secret orders when they meet behind closed doors to scheme for their own selfish interests? This scripture itself would knock them out and stamp them with unscriptural conduct. They are one of the great curses of this age. Jesus said when they say He (Jesus) is in the secret chamber believe it not. We must not forget this admonition. We are also instructed to "live peaceably with all men" as far as possible. Jesus said, "blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." Any body, however low, and debauched, can raise a disturbance: but it requires a wise and spirit-filled person to make, and live in peace. We must make many a sacrifice for the sake of harmony; and must bear many hard things without seeking revenge, "for it is written, Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." The Christian's conquest cannot be achieved without resisting evil, and venge, "for it is written, Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Any body, however low, and debauched, can raise a disturbance: but it requires a wise and spirit-filled person to make, and live in peace.

This earthly conflict will soon be past, We'll reach unclouded day at last.
Be kind, altruistic, win by love.
Yet staunch as rock in Christ above.

J. R. Zook,

Des Moines, Ia.

Trivial incidents get so engrossing that life becomes unprepared for the great issues. A man gets all absorbed in his business and intends some day to enjoy his home; a woman gets ensnared in the burdensome details of life and loses her peace of mind; and one day some great overwhelming experience of trial or sorrow suddenly attacks such a life, and the life simply surrenders to the unforeseen assault, stricken and unprepared, because the strength which ought to have been nurtured for the crisis has been exhausted in the insignificant skirmishes of daily affairs.—F. G. Peabody.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Beautiful California.

(Concluded from July 15.)

California may be called a land of cool nights and warm days—a feature which would now be pleasant to contemplate for Kansas. No matter how warm the day is, you may be sure you will need sufficient covering at night. Clothing is an essential thing to consider. It is hardly safe to dispense with under-clothing in this land of uneven temperature. At 40 or 50 degrees Fahrenheit in the morning, it will be up to 80 or 90 by 10.00 or 11.00 A.M. Some mornings are quite foggy on the mountains. When it presages a hot day the fog clears away early. While rarely the case in Southern California, up around San Francisco you may possibly need heavy clothing in mid-summer. It was no rare thing to see people walk around the streets of the latter place on the 4th of July with overcoats on. I felt almost chilled riding on the street cars a day or two later.

I bade farewell to Los Angeles July 2nd, going by the steamship Santa Rosa, second class passage, 500 miles north to San Francisco. Before leaving Southern California, however, I wanted to mention the unusual, beautiful phenomenon that appeared in the Ocean July, 1901, at Redondo Beach—in fact, for miles up and down the coast. It was said it was caused by an earthquake or volcanic eruption in the ocean. The scene could only be witnessed at night time. Though I had a heavy heart over certain matters the night I saw it, yet I shall never forget the splendid sight. It was a sort of phosphorescence in the water. It dotted the whole face of the ocean, as far as could be seen. The breakers along the whole shore-line, as far as eye could see, were specially streaked (literally bathed), with a clear luminous, blue-green color—vivid, sparkling, enchanting! As the breakers rolled up upon the shore the sight was picturesque and dazzling! It fails of description—by me at least.

The secretary of the Los Angeles Bible Institute and several others I knew took first-class passage on said steamer, Santa Rosa. Were I going that way again I would do likewise. The difference in the fare was only $3.00, but the contrast in accommodations was quite marked. It seemed the food in the second class apartment was prepared to make one sick. I felt pretty well until I retired for the night. In the morning I was quite ill, but with what little strength remained I struggled toward the stairs, got up on deck in the face of a brisk wind and by heroic treatment, pacing to and fro, after sometime I became master of the situation. For weeks afterward I could taste the one meal I ate on board. We left Port Los Angeles about noon and arrived in San Francisco harbor at 3.30 P.M. next day. Barring the unpleasant sea-sickness, the sail was a delightful one. The many islands and projections passed were charming. The nearer you get to the Golden Gate the more rugged and broken the coast becomes. I was profoundly impressed as we turned in through the Golden Gate to San Francisco Bay with the last verse of Whittier's "Crisis," descriptive of the stirring times when slavery's dark pall cast its foreboding gloom over this land, and threatened the then new State of California with its monstrous crime. The pro-slavery South and the anti-slavery North, especially New England, were hurrying their forces thitherward. Its fate as a slave State or free hung in the balance. The poet with a prophetic eye clearly depicts the outcome, when he says:

"So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on his way
To see Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay;
To make the rugged places smooth,
And sow the vales with grain;
And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible in his train."

"The mighty West shall bless the East,
And sea shall answer sea,
And mountain unto mountain call,
Praise God, for we are free!"

Descriptive of a time when not only one country or one people will be delivered, not merely from outward, civil bondage, but from spiritual bondage as well. When these beautiful islands, seashore, mountains, valleys, lakes, forests, rivers and plains shall ring with the freedom, emanating from the King of the whole earth, sitting upon his holy Hill of Zion. Won't that be glorious? It's coming!

San Francisco Bay is about 400 square miles, running from the Golden Gate, 50 miles inland to the City of San Jose (Hosay), in the Santa Clara Valley, reputed to be the most beautiful city of its size in the most beautiful valley of California. I went about 25 miles into this Valley to San Mateo, where lives a friend I knew in New Jersey, near Philadelphia. Here I staid over night. This friend is the California manager of one of the largest standard insurance companies of the East, with head offices in San
Francisco. He made me a tempting offer to locate as an agent in San Jose. From a worldly standpoint I would have taken it up. But as I felt myself a pilgrim, not knowing how long mundane I had to abide here, I resisted the temptation. He gave me plenty of time to consider it, yet I refused.

I had the privilege of sojourning awhile with Bro. John A. Frazer, pastor of an independent congregation in Oakland, just across the Bay from San Francisco. He receives no salary, passes no collection basket, yet he was able to pay a rent of $40.00 per month, support a wife, 3 children, mother-in-law, entertain Christian friends, who often call to see him, and maintain a home for sick people or those seeking spiritual help who come to tarry awhile. Seldom he has less than a dozen at a meal, often many more. He has no income other than what he receives freely as the Lord's servant, yet he seems to suffer no serious want. In fact, he is about as well supplied as a salaried minister receiving $1,500 or $2,000 a year. But he is a man of prayer, of devotion to the Lord's cause, studious in the Bible and is specially interested in foreign missions, several of which, I believe are supported by the members of his little unorganized band—so far as a formal organization is concerned. I don't think there are a hundred of them. Let the brethren take a peep at some of these devoted, independent associations, and then consider what little they do. They (Bro. Frazer's band) hold as a motto the "four-fold" gospel, and are akin to the Christian Alliance, though independent of it, yet co-operating to some extent with it. I felt spiritually edified by being there.

I was requested one Sunday evening to cross to San Francisco to preach in a tent to "Uncle Sam's" soldiers and sailors. There were, perhaps, a hundred present—some lately returned from the Philippines. They were well-behaved, and many testified to saving faith in the Lord Jesus. I had also preached in a mission hall about 40 miles farther up the Sacramento Valley. The boat left at 6.00 P. M., arriving at its destination 7.00 A. M. I paced the upper deck nearly all night. It was beautiful moonlight. The moon and stars seem to shine with more brilliancy in California than elsewhere. I was delighted with the trip. I had a letter of introduction from Brother Frazer to some of his friends similar in religious profession. They treated me cordially and hospitably. I preached for them at their mid-week meeting. Though knowing nothing of my outward circumstances, they voluntarily provided me with a bicycle and no little cash. They surprised me with their liberality. I was in a coun­ cil they had concerning a mission building they were then erecting in the suburbs of Stockton. There were only 12 dozen of them altogether, and not a wealthy people either. What do you think of that Brethren? After 3 days in Stockton I went by rail to Lodi, attended a meeting of "Come-outers" next day. Here I met a married daughter of the late Elder Henry Shirk, who resides here. I went by bicycle from Lodi to Sacramento, about 40 miles. My bicycle became balky after arrival and I had to tarry for repairs, I was very impatient about it. The first night in Sacramento I heard a Baptist lay-preacher on the streets, thus picked up an acquaintance, and he introduced me to help preach the gospel of the grace of God in contradistinguishment and in opposition to the Mormons' latter-day gospel, and avowal of Joseph Smith as a true prophet. We pitched in with vigor, I alone, or he and sometimes another, for 8 successive nights, running up against Universalists and Campbellites in our attack. Two last nights (10 in all) the Socialists fought us some, and we retaliated. While some good may have been done, I fear more harm than good came out of it. For the part I took in the debates, questions, answers, &c, during the 10 nights my conscience was not altogether at rest. We seemed to have most of the sympathy and applause from the listeners—that in itself was dangerous. While I meant it all good, there was too much of self, the creature, connected with it, I fear, to bring much glory to God. Could I cast those 10 nights into oblivion, at least all of the proud self displayed, I would gladly do so.

After 12 days in Sacramento, the Baptist brother aforesaid and I went by bicycle 40 miles farther up the Sac­ ramento Valley to labor religiously and otherwise in the hop-fields. We preached several nights on the streets of Wheatland, about three-fourths of a mile from where we had our headquarters. Also, in connection with others we held meetings on the grounds. Here were gathered at one time six to seven hundred hop-pickers—a motley crowd; rough characters most of them; an irreligious, godless crew—drinkers, swearers, thieves, adulterers, &c. A number of prostitutes were on the ground for vile purposes. One of our meetings was broken up on a Sunday evening by rowdies. They played their instruments and danced on the platform where the meeting was held and while it was in progress. As the water was poor, often not clear, and the country malarious, I started in, as a work of philanthropy, to sell iced lemonade and iced tea. It was not my intention to do so when I first got there. Neither had I intended it as a money-making scheme, having invested but 75 cents to begin, and only expected to clear expenses. But in 3 weeks I cleared $50 besides expenses. I purposed selling it at a cent a glass at first. Friends on the grounds, who knew more about selling such things than a novice as I, informed me the cost of ice (a cent a pound), lemons (20 cents per doz.), sugar (5 cents per pound), would make me bankrupt to begin with. They suggested that 2 glasses for 5 cents would be the money-makers for me. I appreciated. I sold 2 pint tin cups of the iced tea for 5 cents. Most of the time I carried it around by hand, often 5 to 6 gallons at once, though part of the time I hired a horse and wagon. Some days I sold nearly $9.00 worth of the two together. Notwithstanding my success, I could not make it fast enough or serve all a good part of the time. I made it a rule to supply sick people I encountered, and frequently those who could not buy it, free— I gave a good deal away. In retrospec­tion my conscience feels clear as to
my mind freely. I declared facts mostly as I observed them. I neither spared myself nor others. I told the truth as I conceived and apprehended it. I am not infallible; but if I have made any wrong statements I stand open to correction. If I have injured anybody by unjustly stating things that were not so, I stand ready to confess and humbly beg pardon. I wanted to speak the truth in love—perhaps I did not do so—but I did not intend to falsely misrepresent, to be partial nor to flatter.

These articles were not intended to be solely spiritual, simply every-day observation of facts as obtained there, seen by no extraordinary individual. If they did not please everybody, I know they pleased some, and I'm sure the Visitor has been none the worse for their entry. They have been a labor of love on the part of the writer. He has not received nor expected any compensation. He did it with the purposes of enhancing the usefulness of the paper—of giving a variety of thought, matter and information to those who would appreciate it. He may have been unduly desirous of vain-glory. God and his own heart are the best judges as to that. He recognizes he is not beyond the pale of temptation as to this as well as other sins.

Thanking all interested, and desiring of "malice towards none, but charity towards all," he remains yet undis­couraged, though somewhat conscious of his failures and large room for personal improvement.

I. J. Ransom.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR

An EXPERIENCE OF BLESSING.

While visiting a dear sick sister I had a glorious little experience which I believe the Spirit wants me to relate to the readers of the Visitor, and so after prayer before retiring to my rest I will obey. The dear one was very weak when I came in so I said to her she should not talk nor worry herself. I would read to her out of the Book of all books, as I began to read as the Spirit led and found such clear and bright and cheering chapters; such as Psm. xlii., Psm. xcviii. Philippians iv. &c. of all those of our souls were so comforted and illuminated that we both got very happy. Her voice became strong and we felt that the Lord was wonderfully blessing our souls. The glory of God shone round about that sick chamber than then. This is what we enjoyed together by reading his holy word in the Spirit. Though she had pain yet her pain left her and, blessed be God, she was full of the Spirit instead of pain. I saw such a beauty in God's word. Oh, I was blest, glory to his name. I feel to praise God and thank him for this glorious experience. Such experiences the Lord permits his people to enjoy, if we live near to him, read his word in the Spirit and pray in the Spirit.

Brethren and sisters, the columns of the Visitor might be full of glorious good experiences instead of selections which are also good but if we claim to be a spiritual people let us have a real spiritual church paper for there are sinners reading the paper, and let us tell the people what the Lord is doing for our souls. Brethren let us wake up and obey God. A weak sister,

AMANDA SNYDER.

An EXEGESIS.

(In view of the unfortunate Des Moines Mission affair a brother requested explanation of the passages of Scripture as given below. We have asked a competent brother to undertake the work and herewith give the same. Editor).

Requested exposition of Matt. v. 39, 40, 41 and 1 Cor. vi. 1 to 9.

Matt. v. 39 teaches non-resistance, forbidding us to resent those who use physical violence upon us, but in turn manifest a disposition to them to suffer more for Christ's sake as a re-buke.

Matt. v. 40 teaches that when we are drawn into court and through false witnesses or otherwise suffer loss of property, we shall not resent nor seek revenge but give them more as a re-buke for Christ's sake.

It teaches a court trial. We have a perfect right to appear in court and witness to the truthfulness of our possession.

Matt. v. 41 teaches the same principle—when we are coerced to do a thing which justice does not demand, then we shall do more for Christ's sake as a re-buke.

I Cor. vi. 1 to 9 Textual Analysis.

1st. Depicts avarice and fraud.

2d. Improper methods of adjustment.

3rd. Better to suffer wrong than to defraud.


Avarice is the foundation of fraud and is as treacherous as a sliny serpent. This is the principal evil in the scripture that the apostle rebukes.
Their method of adjustment was faulty also: for when irregularities appeared among the brethren they resorted to the heathen court for adjustment which was a fertile field to practice fraud. Paul says they had better suffer wrong than to practice such inconsistencies as that, and gives them a better method of effecting reconciliation among themselves.

He advises them to submit their difficulties to the saints for judgment, and gives his reason why—because saints shall judge the world and angels—thus proving their competency for such responsible undertakings.

A Brother, in response.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

A Visit to Pennsylvania.

Dear readers of the Visitor: I wish to give you a brief account of the satisfaction I had during the time I was away from Buffalo. I left the Mission Home on the morning of May 11th and returned home again on July 11th in the evening. During this time I had pleasure and satisfaction. I met our Harrisburg, Pa., friends first on the same evening the night with our adopted daughter, Mrs. E. Kyle, and on Tuesday I greeted some of our Mechanicsburg friends. In the middle of the week I had the satisfaction of meeting in church fellowship at the Air Hill M. H. in Franklin County, Pa. Here I met many of the dear brethren whom we so much longed to meet. I had the pleasure to hear them and the satisfaction to preach to them as well as to a large congregation. May God bless their labor of love which seems to be on the increase, praise God. I visited Father Zook's homestead and other families, preached the word again to them on the following Sunday morning and in the evening at Mount Rock; returning I stopped at Mechanicsburg and Harrisburg.

On May 20, I, with many others had the pleasure to convene in conference at the Cross Roads M. H. It was truly a season of pleasure to meet so many of the saints from the different States of the Union, and from Canada. It was indeed a pleasure to many dear ones to renew old acquaintances, socially, but, praise God, it was not only pleasure to meet socially but it was a satisfaction to see the spirit of love that prevailed through all the business of conference. It reminded me of the Apostolic Conference held at Jerusalem in the early history of the church and recorded in Acts 15th.

The weather was warm but the place convenient; the hospitality shown was lovely. It was indeed a sight to be admired! So large a Brotherhood in its primitive plainness and spirituality! My heart would respond, Praise the Lord! yet I regret that the number of this body, the church, is not many times more its number. Yet, "Numbers are no mark, That men shall right be found; A few were saved in Noah's ark For many millions drowned."

A visit to Lancaster after conference and the Sunday following at the Manor M. H. and the week following I attended the love feast at the Mount Pleasant M. H. Here again I had pleasure in meeting the dear children of God. It was then over two weeks since I had left our home, and as my health was not so good having taken a cold which had affected the nervous system, and as heretofore I took it to the Lord in prayer. But it had become necessary to have the laying on of hands and when I was humble enough to ask of the dear ones who had of this "like precious faith," God honored his word. Praise his name for ever more! Meanwhile in my absence I had some temporal duties to attend to and private visits and could still attend prayer service in private families as well as in public preaching services. With other visits I visited my brother D. D. Myers, who resides on the farm where I was born and raised in York County, Pa. I also attended the love feast at Mechanicsburg. It was a joy to my soul affording me pleasure to meet so many, and to have a warm hand-shake, and a God bless you. It was a satisfaction to be permitted to preach a few times in my home town.

I also attended the love feast in Lykens Valley, at the home of our dear Brother John Keefer. Here my mind was carried back to a lovefeast season on this same farm forty-five years ago this coming fall. How few were the communicant members with me, who were present then. Returning again we had more pleasure and the satisfaction of meeting with the Brethren at the Mission in Philadelphia on June 21, then to return to Mechanicsburg and Harrisburg to bid farewell to the dear ones. God bless Sister Hannah Baker, matron of the Messiah Orphanage and the dear children! We stood with them and sang, "God be with you till we meet again."

On June 29, I came to our dear son Amos. He resides at Philipsburg, Centre County, Pa. After a visit of a few days here I left and went to Sullivan County, Pa., where I spent about ten days in a Bible Conference, and returned home on the evening of July 11, and found them well at the mission, and glad to see me. What the future will mean to us is unknown, yet our consecration was made years ago and it remains unchanged, ready for sacrifice or service, praise God! Will the dear readers pray for us for Jesus' sake?

JOHN H. MYERS,
25 Hawley St., Buffalo, N. Y.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Droppings.

Never come to a conclusion that God is leading you, merely, because things turn out or come to you according to your wishes.

When we come to the place where God can turn us before we make open blunders, we think it is grand; but there is a far grander place where we may abide quietly till we know definitely what he would have us do.

If we want definite answers to prayers we must ask for definite things.

When our prayers are unanswered we are sure to hit the right person if we blame ourselves for it.

The devil is sure to get you if you hide behind preachers and laymen who profess religion, but if you hide away in Jesus all the host of hell can not prevail against you.

We can only know ourselves according to the measure in which we know God.

The devil is most enraged at those who wear the garment on which no dirt will stick.

We would far better not speak at all than to speak wrong words, or to speak right words at the wrong time.

Stealing the hearts of people is as hideous in the sight of God as to steal property.

Friends made by our tongues are really not gained by us, unless our actions and conduct in our every day life bears testimony to our words.

To love is one hundred times better than merely to show love.

Some people who are not willing to show their colors try to bring themselves into unfavorable circumstances, so that they may appear to you excusable; when the fact is they are not willing to tell you the truth.

We think lying is one of the gross sins, yet many lies are told in testimonies and sermons from which sources we expect to hear the truth.

Just a little compromise may bring to us the applause of the people, but we are sure to receive great leanness in our souls for doing so.

D. L. GISH.
For the Evangelical Visitor.

Gathering Precious Sheaves.

What a wonderful thought that we are counted worthy to gather in sheaves for eternity! Many precious sheaves are wasting upon the plains, and where, oh where, are the reapers? Surely there is a great opportunity for us all, to labor in the Master's vineyard, and yet how often temporal duties take up so much time, that little is left for his service, and yet it is the most important.

Many, many are the ways in which sheaves can be gathered in, and I think the Sunday-school is a grand place for sowing the seed. And yet how many more such schools there might be! Many beautiful places of worship are closed Sunday after Sunday, children running about at play, when they might be at Sunday-school learning lessons that they would never forget. I once heard a mother talk about her children having grown up, and united with other churches, where if they would have had the opportunity of attending the Brethren's Sunday-school it might not have been so. Dear ones, is it any wonder that the rising generation leaves the paths that our forefathers trod, when we have not the opportunity of attending our own Sunday-school and begin almost in their infancy to attend fashionable Sunday-schools. How true the saying, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Some time ago I felt impressed to write concerning Sunday-school work. I was not prompt in obeying, so another took up the subject, which brought to mind, "Let no one take strcpyrow." Of course privilege we have to sow seed! Will we be found faithful, and will there be any stars in our crowns? When I think of my life I feel too unworthy, to be counted as a reaper in gathering in sheaves, but God's grace is sufficient. Sometimes our responsibility seems so great, but how must it be for those who are standing at the head of the church, as an elder or those who have the care of 'Missions. I sometimes think of father Stover, and our little band of workers here; sometimes it seems as though the enemy was trying to scatter the flock, and oh, how he (father Stover) tries to bring all into unity again. Can we realize the burden and care? And frequently, instead of being encouraged, he is approached in a different way. He has burdens to bear that we know not of. Only those who are in the work as father and mother Stover are, know what it means. Many are situated in their quiet homes with very little to molest them, while theirs is almost continual confusion, and yet sometimes dissatisfaction exists with some who are looking on the work. There is so much to be done in the spiritual work that there really isn't much time for them to be engaged in temporal affairs, yet when the means seem to run short, father thinks he must go to work; then the spiritual work is neglected. Many no doubt may think, so much has been given toward the Mission, but most all has been for the building; so let those who have much of this world's goods, not forget those who are laboring for the Lord without any means for their support.

Wishing you all God's choicest blessings, and that we may hear from many of the dear ones through the \textit{Visitor}, we ever crave an interest in your prayers.

Sincerely your sister, 
Cora Stover.


For the Evangelical Visitor.

Grace.

God does not supply grace in advance, for it is not needed, but when the need does come, then the grace comes, and it is always equal to the need.

Some fail because of fear. They want to do, but they hesitate because they are afraid of failure. This is \textit{unbelief}, for we cannot trust God and, at the same time, fear that he will fail us.

We all need to trust him more; to throw ourselves upon his promises, and so learn by experience that he is faithful, able, and willing. There is too much of the "guess so" and "hope so," kind of Christianity (?), and too little of the "know so" kind.

Too often we fear the troubles of to-morrow. We have no right to do so, for we know really nothing about the morrow and its troubles, although we may think we do. One trouble is, we give too free reign to our thoughts, and our need will be fulfilled.

Thus Speaketh Christ Our Lord to Us.

"Ye call Me the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me."

Let us then, trust God now—and moment by moment. If trouble comes, turn from it to him, and our need will be fulfilled.

We must keep our eyes off of the boisterous wind and waves, and, like Peter, we shall find ourselves sinking beneath them. If we keep our eyes upon him, we shall find nothing to distract and much to attract, and we shall be led onward to a greater knowledge of himself, a deeper consecration, and so a more effective service in his name.

May you, dear reader, have the sweet assurance that your life is not in vain.

C. F. LADD.

How Readest Thou?

It is one thing to read the Bible through. How many read it with design to learn to do. Some read it with design to learn to do. But to the subject may but little heed. Some read it as their duty once a week. But no instruction from the Bible seek; While others read it with but little care. With no regard to how they read, nor where.

Some read it as history, to know How many people lived three thousand years ago. Some read it to bring themselves into remise. Be showing others how they can dissect; While others read because their neighbors do.

To see how long 'twill take to read it through. Some read it for the wonders that are there How David killed a lion and a bear: While others read it with uncommon care, Honing to find some contradiction there! Some read as though it did not speak to them.

But to the people at Jerusalem. One reads it as a book of mysteries, And won't believe the very thing he sees. One reads with father's spectacles upon his head, And sees the things just as his father said.

Some read to prove a pre-adopted creed. But read and read, and would that he who read; For every passage in the book he read, To make it suit that all important end! Some read it as history, to know Some people read, as I have often thought, To teach the book instead of being taught. And some there are who read it out of spite.

I fear there are but few who read it right. So many people in the latter days. Have read the Bible in so many ways That few can tell which system is the best, For every party contradicts the rest! But read it prayerfully and you will see. Although men contradict; God's words agree.

For what the early Bible prophets wrote: We find that Christ and his apostles quote: So trust no creed that trembles to recall What has been penned by one and verified by all.

Author unknown: selected by D. L. Gish, 25 Hawley St., Buffalo.

Thus Spakest Christ Our Lord to Us.

"Ye call Me Master and Lord, Me not; Ye call Me Light, and see Me not; Ye call Me the Way, and walk Me not; Ye call Me Life, and desire Me not; Ye call Me Wise, and follow Me not; Ye call Me Fair, and love Me not; Ye call Me Rich, and ask Me not; Ye call Me Eternal, and seek Me not; Ye call Me gracious, and trust Me not; Ye call Me Noble, and serve Me not; Ye call Me Mighty, and honor Me not; Ye call Me Just, and fear Me not; If I condemn you, blame Me not." —Selected.
Don't Forget the Old Folks.

Nay, don't forget the old folks, boys—
They've not forgotten you;
Though years have passed since you were
Home, the old hearts still are true;
And not an evening passes by they haven't
The world is all before your face, but let
Your memory turn
And shrunken shoulders, trembling hands,
There's never been a time they'd not as­
No matter what your place in life,
There's never been a time they didn't as­
No matter what your duties are nor what
And life spreads out a waveless sea that
A help to us about housekeeping, won't
Well, I took it to the bank and got
And she got up and handed me the
One night John was brought home
So don't forget the old folks, boys—they've
So don't forget the old folks, boys—
Though years have passed since you were
And shrunkened shoulders, trembling hands,
Would bravely dare the grave to bring to
You're young and buoyant, and for you
One night John was brought home
And life spreads out a waveless sea that
And make the world glow once again and
And life spreads out a waveless sea that
And make the world glow once again and
Will T. Hale, in Tennessee Farmer.

Unrolling the Spool.

John had become unsteady. He had
formed the acquaintance of some fast
young men, and every time he went
"down street" some one would ask
him to drink, and then he would have
to treat, and the habit of drinking so
grew on him that he was fast becom­ing
a drunkard. A good many nights,
while he was sleeping off the effects
of the liquor he had drank, his poor
mother was awake, weeping and pray­ing
for him. Sometimes she would talk to
him, and he would promise to
do better, but he always broke his
promise. Pretty Mary Jane, who had
promised to become his wife as soon as
they could save money enough to go
to housekeeping, noticed a change in
his eyes would twinkle, and a queer
smile would curve his lips.
He said to a friend, "It made me
just ashamed when my dear old moth­er
offered to give me $50 if I would
give up drinking; and I made up my
mind that I would be even with her.
Says I to myself, if you can save $50
I guess I can save $100. So I quit
smoking, and bought me a tin savings­
bank, and every day I would drop in
about what I thought my tobacco and
liquor would cost me. The day my
six months was up I emptied my sav­
ings-bank, and would you believe it,
there was over a hundred dollars in it!
Well, I took it to the bank and got
one hundred crisp new one-dollar bills,
and then I got a spool, and pinned the
hills together and wound them around
the spool, and then I ran a stick
through the spool so the spool would
turn around on the stick. I tucked it
into my pocket, and went around to
see Mary and invited her over to
mother's to supper. After supper,
says I, 'Mother, do you know the six
months are up to-day?' Says she,
'Yes, John, and I have $50 for you.'
And she got up and handed me the
money. 'Thank you; it will be quite
a help to us about housekeeping, won't
it, Mary?' says I, winking to her.
'Mother, will you please remain stand­
ing? I have a little present for you—
some tobacco,' said I; and I took out
the roll of bills, and had her take hold
of the one on the outside, and I held
on to the stick in the spool and walked
backwards. She kept pulling until
we reached the end, and by that time
she was crying, and had to sit down.
'Well, we had a jolly time, you'd
better believe, and the next week Mary
and I were married, and I have not
drank a drop of liquor since. Then
we commenced to go to meeting, and
the Lord converted us, and we joined
the church, and we have got the neat­
never have a single cent of it when Sat­
yourself to support," I said.

Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And he who fights sin single-handed
There's many a brave little soldier
There's many a battle fought daily
All honor to him if he conquers,
When he falls in the way of temptation
Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted.

I looked at the young man as he
"How does it go?"

"No, I do not," was the reply. "I pay four dollars a week for my room and board at home, and all the rest goes."

"Well, it just seems to slip away from me, somehow or other. I just cannot save a cent of it. There's so much to tempt a fellow to spend money nowadays. I never expect to save a cent."

I looked at the young man as he stood before me. He wore a hand­some tailor-made suit of clothes. His tie must have cost a dollar and a half,

I have a knowledge of a young man earning a salary of twenty dollars a week who had his wages attached by a tailor to whom he owed fifteen dollars for five fancy vests. His exc­use was that "a fellow had to dress well nowadays or be nobody." How much do you suppose those five un­paid-for vests added to his character or to his standing in the community? And of what value is the good opinion of those who judge you by the clothes you wear?

You may set it down as a fact that if you do not save anything in your young manhood you will be sure to have a poverty-stricken and dependent old age, and there are no sadder people in this world than the old who are wholly dependent on the charity of others for their support. If all that you earn is "slipping away" from you, you will be wise if you go straight to a savings bank as soon as you receive your salary, and there deposit a fixed proportion of your earnings before it

There are some things that cannot be repressed. A boy was passing through a railroad car with a basket of fruit, calling his wares. A pas­senger heard him doing so, and paid no attention. But when the boy came op­posite his seat, the fragrant odor of the different fruits in the basket was so penetrating and irresistible that the passenger was compelled to turn and look at what mere words had failed to interest him in. It is as impossible for us to conceal the influence of our lives as it would have been for the train boy to conceal the odor of that fruit. The words we speak count for little; the silent, ever out-going influ­ence of the lives we live counts for much. That is all people look at; what is what they know us by. And we cannot deceive them. We think we can and we are the only ones de­ceived. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and the odor of the fruit tells the story to the whole world. But with us rests the choice of what fruit­seed we shall plant.—Sunday School Times.

Every girl wants to be beautiful, and so she may. Where do you think beauty begins—on the skin? No, in the heart. And no matter how fair the skin; how soft the eye; how reg­ular the features and bright the color, if there is anything unfriendly in the soul it will show through and spoil all the beauty of face. You may try to hide it, but you cannot: in unguarded moments, in a tone, a look, an act, it will reveal itself. Whatever is ugly in the heart—pride, selfishness, anger, envy—it will sooner or later be written on the face. Get Jesus to make and keep your hearts clean and kindly, and the beauty he puts in them will shine through in your faces, "for the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he showeth you how."

The one and only standard of Chris­tian life is Jesus Christ; accept any other and you will surely fail.

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

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

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

It will be noticed by comparing the former report that there is a difference between the two reports; this is due to collections and remittances made and forwarded since first report, by some districts, who had previously reported.

Our City Missions.

Philadelphia, 242 N. Second street, in charge of Brother Peter Stover and Sister Sarah Beth.


Chicago Mission.

Send money by Post-office Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft, to G. Deitmar, Evangelical Press, Hilsdale, Canada. Canadian Currency is discounted at 10c.

Harrisburg, Pa., August 1, 1903.

Our Bible Offer.

We are able to offer our subscribers a premium copy of the COMBINATION BIBLE with the EVANGELICAL VISITOR at a small cost. For $3.25 (Index Fifty Cents Extra) we will send the Bible prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada, and the EVANGELICAL VISITOR for one year. This offer holds good for renewals as well as new subscribers.

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The binding is Extra French Seal, Divinity Circuit, Round Corners, Red under Gold Edges, Flexible Back, LEATHER LINED.

Address Evangelical Visitor, Harrisburg, Pa.

H. A. STOVER.

CHURCH WORK.


To the readers of the Visitor, greeting:

I hereby submit a second report of the collections for the Des Moines Church and Mission indebtedness as authorized by General Conference of Brethren in Christ 1903. It will be noticed by comparing the former report that there is a difference between the two reports; this is due to collections and remittances made and forwarded since first report, by some districts, who had previously reported.

E. Hess.

A. B. Musser, Harrisburg, Pa.

Dist., 37 20

Dist., 25 00

Ell M. Engle, Mano, Pa., 16 25

Henry Baun, Hummelstown, Pa., Dist., 48 00

J. D. Keener, Lebanon Valley, Pa., Brother Hostetter, 1 00

Peter Stover, Phila., Pa., Dist., 24 00

Paul I. Wolfe, Lebanon, Pa., Dist., 20 00

B. S. Herr, Lisbon, Kansas, 20 00

M. B. Musser, Donegal, Pa., Dist., 172 75

Saxon Bowers, Dist., 36 00

J. L. Snake, Northumberland, Pa., Dist., 43 50

I. L. Kreider, Lebanon, Pa., Dist., 52 25

J. W. Heise, Gettysburg, 141 25

D. F. Kine, Ringgold, Pa., 30 00

Aaron O. Zook, Abilene, Kas., 20 00

D. V. Heise, Claremont, N. Y., 50 00

Andrew Graggy, Deming, N. Mex., 15 00

Amie Pouched, York, Pa., 1 00

C. S. Brenner, Wayoe Co., 26 25

L. A. Stump, Napoug, India, 75 00

S. H. B. Moonlight, kas., 46 50

J. M. Edleman, Sederwick, Kas., 9 00

Samt. Hoke, Shemalion, Ill., 131 85

Daniel Climenhage, Stevensville, Ont., 70 00

Geo. Langbein, Acme, Kas., 39 00

George S. Witmer, Fayetteville, Pa., 51 25

J. W. Kohler, Richland, Ashland Co., 51 00

Henry Anglemoyer, Silverdale, Pa., 42 75

W. H. Kreider, Jacobs, Pa., 72 50

Jacob E. Haldeman, Ramona, Kas., 27 00

J. S. Witwen, Brown City, Mich., 5 00

Total, $1,750 75

I would kindly ask those forwarding money by P. O. money order to see that my name is properly spelled, as I had considerable difficulty, and have yet, with money orders that were not properly executed.

Yours in love,

S. R. SMITH.

Philadelphia Mission.

Report for June, 1903.

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<td>Two Sisters, Cambellstown, Pa.</td>
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<td>2 00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Long Beach, Cal.</td>
<td>1 00</td>
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<td>Mount Joy, Pa.</td>
<td>6 00</td>
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Total, $40 97

EXPENSES:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Conference minutes</th>
<th>5 00</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>For Mission</td>
<td>15 00</td>
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Total, $20 00

I would again mention the case of our three little boys—two 8 years old and one 10 years old. May God move on the hearts of some good people to give them a good Christian home. If you want to do some thing for the good Lord, don’t let these opportunities slip. May the dear Lord touch the heart of some one to help to gather in the sheaves for the harvest is so great and the laborers are so few. Pray the Lord to call forth laborers in this great harvest field.

Your brother, in the war for souls,

PETER STOVER.
It is so blessed to trust in Jesus but it will be more blessed when we can see him face to face.

"Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view the words which enter my mind after laying me in glory. Bless his name."

While I was writing I was wishing that more of the young sisters would write for the Visitor.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

A Testimony.

God's grace is sufficient in weakness, are the words which enter my mind after laying down the Evangelical Visitor with a determined mind to add to my testimony with those who love the appearing of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. We are enjoying the blessings of God, both spiritual and temporal. Though tossed about with many a conflict, God is able to deliver us out of them all.

Nancy Tourtelotte.

Tune, "Es ist gewisslich" etc.

I am traveling through this wilderness, Where sin and death is reigning; My Jesus, he alone can bless. A pilgrim weak and fainting; On him my hope and trust I cast, Though I can never travel fast, Yet onward I am moving.

My home is not on earth, O no, I seek a heavenly treasure; And while I travel here below I find but little pleasure.

There is a place prepared above, Where joy and peace and love are, In Christ's eternal kingdom.

The above lines were composed by our aged brother the Rev. Joseph Keefer, Sr., who has almost reached his 83 mile stone in life. The words have never before appeared in print. He was somewhat especially gifted in composing and writing poetry in his former years, and his memory is yet wonderfully preserved in his advanced age when conversing on scriptural subjects. His poetry writing was however mostly in German and if the reader will turn to hymn No. 177 (in the german) in our Spiritual hymn book no doubt you will, with me, find in that hymn consolation, encouragement, and warning, as its more desirous to follow meek and lowly Savior, and also learn the devotions of the composer's life.

J. D. Keefer.

No large growth in holiness was ever gained by one who did not take time to be often alone with God—God's secret is imparted in prayer.—Prof. Austin Phelps.

What lovely secluded lives they must lead, without the knowledge of Jesus.

The men quite withstood one of the boys, but it was grand to see how nobly he stood out for the truth, and while he did so in boldness, yet he seemed to keep in the sweetness of the Spirit.

We have great hopes for this dear boy, as he seems to be so true, and so much more stable than some of the rest.

Before we left the village they brought us water to drink and "ghur" (sugar cane molasses) and "Moorie" (parched rice) to eat. It is a very common thing for them to do this as a token of courtesy, perhaps as much so as the giving of cakes and tea in Japan. We left the village with a fresh burden upon our hearts for India's swarthy sons and daughters, especially for the people just about us, concerning whom a great responsibility rests upon us. Help us pray. Only God, by the Holy Spirit, can break up the hearts of these people, who are so steeped in superstition and false religious teachings.

Yours for Christ and India, Rhoda Z. Martin.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

India Letter.

Dear Readers of the Visitor:—May the abundance of God's grace be multiplied unto all that are interested in the Lord's work. Amen. The Lord is with us and blessing in the work in a very definite manner for which we cannot praise Him. My dear name! Our hearts are indeed humbled as we see his recognitions of our humble prayers. He is continually answering prayer and that in ways that we least expect and above that we think of him. If God did not answer prayer we would begin to think that something was the matter somewhere and there certainly would be for it is the will of God that we should be fruit bearing on this line as well as every other. In faith missions this is one of the special features that makes the work so joyous because God is seen in every move that is made, and any move made out of divine order is soon found out because God will not supply for anything that is not his divine will.

We have lately had some very precious experiences with the opening of the new station that has been intimated before in these columns by some of our number. God very definitely led to a certain place by a train of divine leadings and providences. We sought and found suitable grounds and had no more than found all the particulars concerning the place than the money was on hand to buy. Then not only has money been supplied to buy but also to repair and fix up the buildings and make it habitable; money is coming in to the encouragement of our hearts.

June 21 and 22 are days that will not soon be forgotten by some of us here at this place as the Lord has so graciously dealt with us in a wonderful manner. The Lord has made choice of Brother and Sister H. H. Sparrrow for the new station. On the 22nd a Southern Sunday school was turned into a special service of scripturally separating these dear ones to the work to which they are called by the laying on of hands. As we prayed the Lord came down in power upon our hearts and set his
The Man We Can't Forgive.

"We can forgive the one who injures us," said a wise student of human nature, "but the one whom we find it almost impossible to forgive, is the one whom we have injured."

We do not state the case in that way to ourselves; nevertheless it is true. There is nothing that will more surely incline us to dislike another than the knowledge that we have in some way wronged him. His acts, whatever they may be, take on unworthy motives to us. It is easy to believe any evil report concerning him. The sight of him awakens our animosity. Why? Because deep in the spirit, too deep for our conscious recognition of it, perhaps, lies a desire to justify ourselves, and to prove that he deserved the treatment we have given him.

For the one who has wronged us we may find excuses, but for the one whom we have even a secret suspicion of having wronged, there is a solace in finding condemnation. The sight of him makes us uncomfortable; his presence wounds our self-respect. We cannot forgive him for making it impossible to forgive ourselves.

"What has he ever done to you?" is the question commonly asked when an unexplained enmity manifests itself. A question we might more profitably ask ourselves, would be, "What have we ever done to him?" —Christian Unlook.

The Sailor's Card.—A little more than six years ago a friend who is deeply interested in work for Christ among our sailors, told me that at the close of a prayer-meeting of which he had been the leader, a young seaman who had only a few nights before been converted, came up to him, and laying a blank card before him, requested him to write a few words upon it, because, as he said, "You will do it more plainly than I can." He replied, "I am going to sea to-morrow, and I am afraid if I do not take a stone at once I may begin to be ashamed of my religion, and let myself be laughed out of it altogether."

"I'll go along with you," said the surgeon, as he said, "You will do it more plainly than I can." He replied, "I am going to sea to-morrow, and I am afraid if I do not take a stone at once I may begin to be ashamed of my religion, and let myself be laughed out of it altogether." But as the sailor was right. A bold front is often the only one which is a Christian, and may give up all religion, and let himself be laughed out of it altogether.

"I must say my prayers first." So she got on her knees, and said the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," afterwards, "Let us resolve boldly thus to "fear always."

The Blossom.

"Thou shalt meditate therein day and night." Josh. i. 8. See in this connection Psalm one.

This presents the power of thought. Watch an Edison set his thinking machine on an electrical problem and perfect a device to harness the lightning. Does the same and there is the telegraph; a Man and it is written.

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Only a few skilful words— It might be flower, grass, or weed, or only a box of earth on the earth. Of a narrow, dusty window ledge; Only a few scattered flowers, Only a few, clear, shining hours— That was all. Yet God could make Out of these, for a sick heart's comfort, A blossom wonder as fair and sweet As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain, Best washed in the dew of rain; Warned sometimes by a wonder gleam That seemed but joy that seemed but joy That seemed but joy. A life as common and brown and bare As the box of earth in the window there; Yet it bore at last a blossom fair Of a perfect soul in a narrow room — Pure as the snowy leaves that fold God's flower. Sel. by Fannie B. H. Setty.

Lessons From Joshua.

"Learn to entwine with your prayers the small cares, the trifling, the little wants of daily life. Whatever affects you be it changed look, an altered tone, an unkind word, a wound, a demand you cannot meet, a sorrow you cannot disclose— Tuck it into prayer, and deliver it up to God. Disclosures you may not make to man you can make to the Lord. Men may be too little for your great matters; God is not too great for your small ones. Only give yourself to prayer, whatever be the occasion that calls for it."

Let us resolve boldly thus to "fear always. It is the sort of fear that does not shrink, but clings. It does not bow that "one thing" which many a wise man believes will take its owner's advice every day how to lay it out. It fears because of adoring love. It fears lest it should not do to him. It cannot bear not to glorify his beloved, his hallowed name. It will drive you to trust always. It will keep you close to the fountainhead of power and peace. It will constrain you to walk with God. —Rev. H. G. Moule.
HOME DEPARTMENT BLESSINGS.

(The following three selections are a simple of what is done through the Home Department of the Sunday-school.)

WHAT CAME OF A VISITOR'S WORK WITH HER WASHERWOMAN.

Mrs. Abbott had very reluctantly consented to become a Home Department visitor. She was a comparative stranger in the city, and such work was new to her. A week passed, and she had an uncomfortable sensation of neglected duty.

Suddenly the thought came: "I must ask some one to-day. I might ask the woman in the laundry. But how useless! I'm sure she's not one who will study her Bible. But she needs to! Shall I venture? It is not in her line, I'm quite sure I heard her swear when the machine caught. But perhaps, for that very reason, I should ask her.

Going to the laundry, she sat down by the tub, and began:

"Mrs. Terry, do you go to church, or to Sunday-school?"

"No, I've no use for it; and, if I had, I've no clothes to wear, and no money to waste on it. My mother was a regular church woman. She died before I was nine years old. Everything has been agin me from that on. Churches and ministers is for rich folks, that can afford such luxuries."

"Let me tell you about my class," said she. "It is called the Home Department class, and is for people who cannot go to Sunday-school, or to church, but who want to study the Bible. Will you join my class?"

"Me? study the Bible?" with an incredible stare.

"Yes, you see, this paper is arranged so that you have just the help you need. When you finish your work, we can read the lesson over together, and then, when you have time at home, you can answer the questions.

Mrs. Terry wiped her hands, and examined the paper. She did not feel attracted to Bible study as an abstract thing, but she knew that some one would be glad to study it with her."

The woman was tended and the housework resumed. The floor was covered with litter. The woman was famished for me!" Turning her sunken eyes on Mrs. Abbott, she asked, "Is it true—a woman like me?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Abbott, "it is true."

Again and again, through the watch of the night, she said the words, "He was crucified for me." And, with this gospel on her lips, she died. Sunday School Times.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A BEAR'S DEN.

"Would you like to join the Home Department of our Sunday-school?" asked the bright young woman who had been appointed a visitor.

"Mercy, no!" snapped out the woman, "I'm so busy on my dress, and my lead pencils get broke. That book would never amount to anything. There is so much to be done that will count, I'm going to give this up."

The visitor was prevailed upon to keep her class of five just one more quarter; then she saw no end to it, so we trust him for them?", she might resign.

Just a few weeks afterwards this same visitor burst in upon her friend, her face all aglow, exclaiming: "O my dear! I'm converted! I'm converted!"

"Thought you were years ago."

"Yes, but I mean that I'm converted into the firmest believer in our blessed Home Department. The Word of God is truly powerful. Just let me tell you.

"You know, our friend Beth is one of my class. Do you remember how badly we all felt when we learned that she was going to marry James, because he was an agnostic? Well, I've just come from there. Beth was busy up in the nursery, so the maid said, and I sat down in the parlor. Gladys was playing in the back parlor, and she came in with her dolls, and began to talk to me. She threw one of the dolls down at my feet, and, when she picked it up, she looked up in my face, and said, in such a tone: 'Oh, dear! is it you? Say, won't you go home?' She was so intense that I should go before her mother came down, that I grew anxious to learn her reason. Finally, she cried: 'to draw my letters on that book. Now mamma never gets able to walk to church, although she was later able to make her own gruel and care for herself, and to read the Sunday-school lesson with some strong glasses the young lady got for her. Her husband and son became interested, and are now members of the pastor's Bible class in that church. The woman has not joined the church, but she is greatly interested in Bible-study, and all her neighbors testify to the fact that much of her sharpness and bitterness has disappeared. She said to her pastor when he called, 'There are two things I believe in the Bible, and that young woman that came here to read it to me.'—Sunday School Times.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF AN AGNOSTIC.

Our Home Department had been doing finely for six months, and our energetic superintendent was just looking at these figures—membership, 97; 60 women, 37 men; 14 visitors, 11 messengers, feeling so thankful, when one of her visitors called on her. The first words, after the usual greetings, cast a momentary gloom over Mrs. S.'s face:

"If I could see results, I'd keep on; but I am sure such a simple plan as this—just one-half hour's home-study a week—will never amount to anything. There is so much to be done that will count, I'm going to give this up."

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that it was full of pretty stories; that some
please?'
cause she's studyin'; and I have to sit so
brightened up a bit, and said: 'Some­
think that James George sounded very good,
still I ache. Won't you go home now,—
andern Geist uns etwas lehren will als der
ich, haben wir gut acht zu haben wan ein
gelehrt hat so ist Wahrheit. Da erkenne
und Liebe Gottes in der Seele, die uns Gott
nieinen sie m?/sten es den andern sagen.
Aber derselbe Geist sagt mir was ich thun
und Liebe Gottes sind. Das giebt eine solche
Freude und Liebe in uns das wir es nicht
kennen, und Liebe Gottes in der Seele, die uns Gott
lassen sollen. Wan ein solchen Geist in
mich kommt und sagt du kannst dies oder
das ihn mir doch verbotten war in dem
Worte Gottes, und durch den Heiligen Geist
mir es künden hat wie ich das auf dem Schmalen Weg
wandlen soll, wo ich jetzt Freiheit nehme an sachen zu
dem zu Wohl Gehort und mir verbotten war, wo ich durch
die enge Pfort eingegangen bin, und auf den
schmalen Weg gekommen bin. Es kommen
aber Geister die bringen lügen und wahr­
dürchenander und sagen so wie die
Salbung euch allerlei lehrt sich so ist es wahrer,
aber wie kan das sein wir bekennen
und auch wahrrlich dahin gekommen sind,
da wir auf dem Schmalen Weg zum Himm­
el kommen sollen, und laufen doch mit der
Welt, mit Kleider und Muusick machen,
und Bilder, und Gleichniss machen das
do so theuer verbotten ist. O Liebe Bra­
ersen, der Mir die Pfort so enge, und
es so oft gesagt O das kommt
recht bekehren, und aufrichtig bleiben.
Wir solchen Sachen zu viel nach machen
knnen, und darauf wandlen, so sie sich
oder besser wirkt. Es wird so oft gesagt O das kommt
im anfang gelehrt hat, derselbe
ich, haben wir gut acht zu haben wan ein
und Mutter, und hat uns kund gethan
nie M. Trout, aged 29 years, 11 months and
leaves father, mother, one sister and one
Angels tune anew their harp-strings,
through life's stormy wilderness;
Angels tune anew their harp-strings,
Among the friends would be present.
To the grave will the weeping crowd go.