
Brethren in Christ Church
A "Round Top" Missionary Address.

Let me quote a few words of the Apostle Paul, as found in the fifth chapter of his second letter to the Corinthians, commencing with the thirteenth verse:

"If we be beside ourselves, it is unto God: and if we be sober, it is for your sakes; for the love of Christ constraineth us; because we, through much tribulation, are entering into thy glory.

21 For to this end we both labor, whether one work, or班车; and when you are tribulation, I am more than conqueror through him that loved me."

A little lad was making mud pies by the roadside, and a lady coming along said to him, "My little man, wouldn't you like to be an angel in heaven?" "No," he answered, "I want to be an angel here in the mud." There is a great deal of philosophy in what the little fellow said as he was making his mud pies.

... (Continued on Page 15.)
EVANGELICAL VISITOR


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EDITORIAL.

The Passing of the Year.

"Swift the moments fly away—
First the hour, and then the day,
Next the week, the month, the year,
Steal away and disappear."

Thus sings the poet, and as the end of the year is now again here we, more particularly, remember that "Time is ever on the wing,
While I speak, or think, or sing!
Whether night or whether day,
Time is rolling fast away!"

With the current number the volume closes for this year. Since our advent in Harrisburg, Pa., twenty-four issues of the Vis-i-visor have now been sent out. We hope that no little amount of good has been done. We are conscious of the fact that we have labored in much weakness, and likely have failed considerably of attaining to as high a standard as was expected, still we know that we have endeav­ored to make the paper a useful medium in the church, and we hope it has not entirely failed in this respect. Our position is somewhat peculiar and crit­i­cal. Indeed, a dear friend recently said to us he did not know of another editor, and he has had opportunity of knowing, who is called to fill so critical a place as is our lot. We must both the sympathy and prayers of all our readers and friends. We hope we may be guided aright in the future, and we wonder whether not a larger number could cultivate the writing talent. There are many, we know, who have not had any educational ad­vantages, and to whom writing intel­ligently is an impossibility, but there are others, a good many, who would be in position to cultivate the gift, and who by such cultivation might become useful writers. Let more try it once. One says on another page "the Vis­visor is pretty much what we make it." Now this being true, it throws some responsibility on the members who might help to make the paper interesting by making the ef­fort. We desire that the paper may improve towards something better all the time, that it may advocate only true doctrine, that it may be a safe visitors in the homes and families wherever it may go, that it may cheer, encourage and be a blessing to both old and young and prove a useful in­stitution of the church. To this end we mean to pray and labor, and so we commit us all, with all, to God and the word of his grace, which is able to build you (us) up and give you (us) an inheritance among all which are sanctified. We wish to all our readers a very happy Christmas and New Year in the Lord.

Special Notice.

Since Conference of 1903 decided that the Church in Pennsylvania shall take the necessary steps to properly organize the Church and procure a charter from the State for the same, it has been decided to hold a special Council on December 24, 1903, at the Messiah Home chapel, Harrisburg, Pa., convening at 10 a. m. It is es­pecially desired that all the official members be present with as many of the lay members as can make it con­venient to be present. Elders should take the matter in hand and see that their districts are well represented.

The time of the year is again here, when, according to custom, gifts and presents are distributed. This custom has grown to immense proportions, and to supply the demands occasioned by this custom a business—holiday busi­ness—of immense proportions has grown up. For anyone to endeavor to interfere with this custom and business, interfere in any way that would persuade the people to abandon the custom, would no doubt have a re­sult somewhat similar to the preach­ing of the gospel at Ephesus when the people gave up buying silver shrines so that the business of the silver-smiths commenced to suffer, and re­sulted in the great demonstration as recorded in Acts xix. As to the right or wrong of this custom good people differ in their opinions, but it is very doubtful whether God is honored, and whether he is in any way pleased with the prevailing Xmas engage­ments and frolics, even by those who name the name of Christ. A year ago a correspondent wrote in the Vis­visor calling attention to the fact that the wise men brought their gifts to Jesus, and suggested that it would be more acceptable to God if congregations and Sabbath-schools would bring their gifts and thank-offerings to the house of the Lord, that it may be used in spreading the gospel and build up his kingdom. In connection with this we notice that the Sunday-School Times last year, and again this year, is advocating this more happy way of dispensing Xmas cheer. One year ago the Times’s editor asked this question of the Sunday-school world: "Will your Sunday-school keep Christmas joys to itself, or reach out beyond itself by extending them to others?" It published an editorial on "Children’s Right to the Joy of Christ­mas Giving." It urged the Sunday-schools of the world to put to the test, in their observance of Christmas the truth of the Savior’s words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It predicted confidently that if the question were left to the children of any Sunday-school to settle, they would unhesitatingly choose to give rather than to receive; that the only objection would be raised by the grown folks who had outgrown their childlikeness and had mistak­en views of what children really want. The matter was taken up by many schools all over the land and reports favorable beyond the expectation of the Times’s editor poured in from every section of North America. "Christ­mas had been made brighter, better, hap­pier, holier in many a school and home. Wranglings, jealousy, selfish disappointment, abnormal increase in enrollment of Sunday-schools just before Christmas were done away with. The spirit of the first Christmas was felt, because Sunday-schools had listened to the message, and joyously lived up to it. This no doubt would be the result to a greater or less ex­tent everywhere. We append one in­stance that is related in one of the reports. "One gift was followed by the pastor. It was a neat envelope, carefully sealed and addressed. The superintendent had feared for the "sensitive," and this envelope was ad­dressed to the person he had in mind. On a former occasion, offerings taken were returned by this superintendent. The pastor presented this envelope it was declined. I am poor, I am in
need, but, as long as I can work, I will not take things gathered for the poor!' she said. The pastor explained that an officer of the church, teachers and scholars, the pastor's wife, and others had been remembered, but it was vain. Then we must open it and return to the giver,' he said. She agreed, the letter was opened and it read, 'Dear sister, I have long thought I would like to remember you with a gift. I enclose one dollar, which I trust will be accepted, wishing you a merry Christmas.'

As the pastor read the name attached the victory was won. A hard-working woman was sharing her limited means with her needy sister. 'You cannot return that,' 'No,' she said. 'I never thought of its coming that way. I thought it was taken from the collection for the poor,' and the tears began to flow. The church had long feared to proffer assistance to this needy one. They misunderstood her. Another struggling sister had opened the way. Now we understand. The 'sensitive' had not been wounded, and gift service had won the day. A peculiar happiness pervades our whole congregation.'

We have thought what would happen if on Christmas or New Year's day every one of our subscribers would remember to examine the address label on his or her paper, and would at once make up their minds to have that credit changed so as to read 1905, instead of 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 or 1904 as the case may be, and at once either send remittance to this office or pay the amount due to the agent in the neighborhood. Would our readers like to know what it would mean for the editor? It would mean that he would have to write about one thousand names into the book and give credit for about $1,200. Now while this would incur considerable work, yet we would praise God for the opportunity, and if there would come in addition a few hundred new subscribers it would add considerably to our enjoyment and satisfaction. We would be much pleased if our friends would give us a trial on this line. Let all wake up and set the ball rolling which shall only end in a subscription list where there are no delinquents, nor any arrearages.

"The year is closed—the record made, The last deed done, the last word said: The memory alone remains Of all its joys, its griefs, its gains: And now with purpose full and clear, I turn to meet another year."

For a real missionary inspiration we recommend our readers to carefully read, "A Round Top" Missionary Address, commencing on page 1. We copy same from September number of "Record of Christian Work.” The address was given by Willis R. Hotchkiss, of the "Friends'" African Industrial Mission. If you read it carefully and prayerfully and your heart is not stirred and softened, and your interest in missionary work, and active sympathy for missionaries increased we fear you need conversion. The article is pretty long, but it will repay you for reading it.

We are requested to announce that the District meeting for the Waterloo, Ont. district will convene at the Greenwood M. H., near Yale, Mich., on Friday, January 1, 1904. The Canada Brethren, as also the Carland, Mich., Brethren are heartily invited to attend this meeting.

Let it be our happiness this day to add to the happiness of those around us, to comfort some sorrow, to relieve some want.—Channing.

**The Church.**

**A BIBLE READING.**

1. The meaning of the word, Church. (Eph. i. 22, 23; Col. i. 24.)
2. The head of the Body—the Church is Christ. (Col. i. 18; Eph. iv. 15-16.)
3. The Body, the Church is composed of saved people. (I. Cor. xii. 27; i. 2.)
4. There is but one Body in Christ. (Rom. xi. 4, 5; i. Cor. x. 17; I. Cor. xii. 12, 20; Eph. iv. 4.)
5. Only one Body recognized in the word of God.
   a. Called in one Body. (Col. iii. 15.)
   b. Reconciled in one Body. (Eph. ii. 14-15.)
   c. Baptized in one Body. (I. Cor. xii. 13.)
   d. Set in one Body. (I. Cor. xii. 18.)
   e. Added to one Body. (Acts ii. 47.)
   f. Born in one body. (Acts x. 46.)
6. We become members of the one Body—the Church by obtaining salvation. (John x. 9; Acts ii. 47.)
7. We cease to be members of the Church by committing sin. (Exo. xxxii. 35.)
8. Christ is the foundation of the Church. (I. Cor. iii. 11; Eph. ii. 20.)
9. The moral purity of the Church. (S. of Col. iv. 7; vi. 10; Eph. v. 25-29.)
10. The moral state of those who belong to the Church.
   a. They are saved. (I. Cor. i. 2, 18; Titus iii. 5; Jas. i. 21.)
   b. They live without committing sin. (Titus ii. 11, 12; Luke xvi. 7; 1 John iii. 6-9; v. 18.)
   c. They live without committing sin. (Titus ii. 11, 12; Luke xvi. 7; 1 John iii. 6-9; v. 18.)
11. The name of the Church is Church of God. (Acts xx. 28; I. Cor. i. 21; x. 31; xi. 22; II. Cor. i. 1; Gal. i. 13; I. Tim. iii. 15.)
12. The Family record of the Church.
   a. Kept by God himself. (Ps. lxxxvii. 1-7.)
   b. Kept in heaven. (Luke xvi. 20.)
   c. Kept in heaven. (Luke xvi. 20.)
13. The discipline of God's church is administered by him, the pastor feels it right to acknowledge his kindness to these institutions in a special way.
and the people marveled, saying, "What power can be this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

And with power he commanded the unclean spirits to come out of men, and they obeyed him. And with a word he likewise hushed the storm, insomuch that the people marveled, saying, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

His charming personality, the chastity of his life, the wholesomeness of his teachings, with the working of so many wonderful miracles, were naturally the means of drawing vast multitudes after him. This in turn aroused the suspicion and jealousy of the Scribes and Pharisees, with the rulers of the people, who were instigated by the enemy to destroy him, and if possible to frustrate the plan of God in saving fallen humanity. Different attempts were made on his life on various occasions by the infuriated mob, whose hatred had been aroused against him by the Scribes and Pharisees, who had become offended at the truth of his announcements against them. But all these dastardly attempts failed, because his time had not yet come.

In course of time, however, when Jesus knew that his end was drawing nigh, he began to speak to his disciples about the approaching solemn event. They, however, were astonished at his words, and knew not what to make of them, for they had the idea of the Messiah becoming an earthly ruler who would subdue all nations, and sit upon the throne of David for ever and ever, firmly fixed in their minds that his words seemed to them as idle tales.

But, when the time for his departure came, he told his disciples to go and prepare the passover, as narrated by the evangelists. When seated at the passover-supper, he arose and laid aside his garment, and proceeded to gird himself with a towel, and poured water into a basin, and began to wash his disciples' feet, signifying thereby that the law was at an end, and that the Christian service was a service of love, instead of the obligatory service of the law. He instituted the Eucharistic service of the law. He instituted the Communion also, telling them that as oft as they partook of it, they should do it in remembrance of his suffering and death, and of the Passover-supper instituted in Egypt.

As they were seated around the supper, Jesus felt impelled to reveal to his disciples the sad and painful news that one of their number should betray him. It was after Judas had been signalized and had gone out to the fords of Jordan, he returned to the fords of Jordan. It will not, of course, be needful to dwell on the narratives of his ministry in all their details, but suffice it to say that from henceforth for about the space of three years he went from place to place, teaching the people in the most sublime language, and with great power the profoundest truths that were ever heard, concerning the kingdom of God and himself. So much so, that the people were led to exclaim, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" And "He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." And again, "never man spake like this man."

His works of mercy, which were many, were likewise a marvel unto the people. In short, there was not anything too hard for him to do, for he had all power. He raised the dead with a word. He gave the blind their sight, caused the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, the lame to walk, cleansed the lepers, healed all manner of diseases and infirmities. With power he commanded the unclean spirits to come out of men, and they obeyed him. And with a word he likewise hushed the storm, insomuch that the people marveled, saying, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

His charming personality, the chastity of his life, the wholesomeness of his teachings, with the working of so many wonderful miracles, were naturally the means of drawing vast multitudes after him. This in turn aroused the suspicion and jealousy of the Scribes and Pharisees, with the rulers of the people, who were instigated by the enemy to destroy him, and if possible to frustrate the plan of God in saving fallen humanity. Different attempts were made on his life on various occasions by the infuriated mob, whose hatred had been aroused against him by the Scribes and Pharisees, who had become offended at the truth of his announcements against them. But all these dastardly attempts failed, because his time had not yet come.

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As they were seated around the supper, Jesus felt impelled to reveal to his disciples the sad and painful news that one of their number should betray him. It was after Judas had been signalized and had gone out to commune with the chief priests about the betrayal of Jesus, that he began those last discourses preserved by St. John alone, which are so "rarely mixed of sadness and joys, and studded with mysteries as with emeralds."

There is a matchless beauty and tenderness in the records of the interchange with his dearest followers, whose sinking spirits he sustained by the promise of the Comforter. Then they sang a hymn, and in the darkness walked to the garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus passed through his
hour of mysterious agony and passion, while even his most beloved Apostles could not watch with him. All of a sudden the torches flashed as the traitor, the priests, the Levites, and the Roman soldiers made their way across the Kidron to the slope of Olivet on which the garden lay. There Judas betrayed him with a kiss, and, in spite of the supernatural awe which his presence inspired, even into his enemies, he resigned himself into their hands. "Then all his disciples forsook him and fled."

He was taken first to the aged Annas, then to Caiaphas, then to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, and after having been shamefully mocked and ill-treated, back to Pilate again. Pilate, after having in an easy manner tried to release him, was, out of weakness of character, after having scourged him according to Roman custom, persuaded to pronounce the fatal order of his crucifixion. unnecessarily consolated the weeping daughters of Jerusalem, and when they reached the fatal spot of Golgotha, he refused the stupefying potion, and prayed for his fellow sufferers. On his way Jesus gently consoled the weeping daughters of Jerusalem, and by Joseph of Arimathea, rolling a great stone before the door of the sepulcher, where were laid twenty-four hours the body of Jesus, who, having been shamefully mocked and ill-treated, back to Pilate again, Pilate, after having in an easy manner tried to release him, was, out of weakness of character, after having scourged him according to Roman custom, persuaded to pronounce the fatal order of his crucifixion.

Jesus was then clad in his own garments and led forth with two robbers to be crucified. As he was unable to bear his cross, on account of weakness caused by his previous ill-treatment, Simon of Cyrene, was impressed for that service. On his way Jesus gently consoled the weeping daughters of Jerusalem, and by Joseph of Arimathea, rolling a great stone before the door of the sepulcher, where were laid twenty-four hours the body of Jesus, who, having been shamefully mocked and ill-treated, back to Pilate again, Pilate, after having in an easy manner tried to release him, was, out of weakness of character, after having scourged him according to Roman custom, persuaded to pronounce the fatal order of his crucifixion.

such, in briefest outline, are the main recorded events of the life of Jesus Christ on earth. The work which he accomplished is of an incalculable value to the human family. It made it possible for man to be again reconciled with his Maker, and to enjoy peace and fellowship with his God, and opened the glorious prospect of being with his Redeemer in eternity. The Christ of "the Gospels," says a certain writer, "is the most beautiful incarnation of God in the most beautiful of forms. His beauty is eternal. His reign will never end." His teachings are marked by a tone of sovereign authority. "Ye have heard that it was said—but I say unto you," etc. His utterances are full of depth, yet free from all affectation or obscurity, which makes even what is most mysterious humanly perceptible. There is in them not a superfluous word, but all is directly enlightening grace, intended only to convince and to save. His doctrine is intended, and able, to purify the world from the loathsome degradation of lust and luxury into which society had fallen. The theme of his doctrine made holiness a common possession. To him alone are due such words as charity, humility and humanity. He first taught the sacredness of the body as a temple of the Holy Ghost. He has inspired the aims of the noblest culture, while at the same time he has restored the souls of men and made the care of the moral and spiritual being the supreme end of life.

Charles Baker.

Notaswa, Ont.

There are numbers of men that are not willing to do anything for Christ because they can't do some great thing. Now you will find that the men that have accomplished a great work in this world have always begun by doing some little thing; they have been willing to bring forth some little fruit.—D. L. Moody.
gone to the "Moody Bible Institute," in Chicago. No doubt all these and others would have gladly attended our own place of preparation if we had one. Another brother, who feels callow in the place of preparation if we had by Satan, who opposed him in his prayer this matter over and formulate some plan whereby this pressing need may be supplied?

The fact is upon us that something should be done on this line and we are glad to know that some of those most interested in the welfare of Zion and the spread of the gospel, also see the need of this important step. We have felt to write these few lines on this subject, and pray they may be considered for what they are worth in the light of God's word and the admonition given by the inspired Paul in his second Epistle to Timothy, fifteenth verse. What is needed at home and abroad is men who will "preach the word" without fear.

Your laboring for the lost at home and abroad.

A Worker.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

The Conflict.

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." (II. Cor. i. 3, 4.)

In all probability there have been few persons who have arrived at an experience equal to that of the "great Apostle to the Gentiles." He had learned what it was to "endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," so was capable of instructing those under his care how to be comforted, and, to whom to look for comfort in time of trouble. His many conflicts with evil and wicked men, instigated by Satan, who opposed him in his arduous labors in proclaiming the gospel of the son of God taught him this very important lesson, that man is not able to cope with the enemy of our souls single handed. (II. Cor. i. 8-10.) "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." "But lest I should be exalted above measure there was given me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me. "Which seems most plainly to refer to the false Apostle at Corinth by whose lies and calumnies the Apostle was severely buffeted, hindered and opposed in his work." (Dr. Clark.) We dare not undertake the contest alone. But learn with the Psalmist that "by my God have I leaped over a wall." "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Satan, with all his messengers and devices, can not harm him who is covered by the hand of the Almighty.

Satan has many allies, through whom he approaches the Christian pilgrim. Like the confidence man, he is very polite and obliging, will do anything to assist the weary traveller, but while he helps him on the way, into the carriage or on the train, he robs him of his money; so the devil robs men of their faith, cripples and hinders them on their pilgrimage, keeps up a great controversy between the flesh and the Spirit. "Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace, where it prevails and rules," but oh, how men will pamper and make all possible provisions for it, that they may fulfill the lusts thereof!

Our life is largely what we make it. We are free to act for ourselves. But much depends upon early teaching and training. Character is formed by society. If our early training is to associate with the pure and good it will be much easier to do that which is right. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The family altar where both old and young gather in devotional exercises will leave its impression and be a means of keeping the mind stayed upon him whom we adore. But we must choose the way the Lord has ordained for our salvation. Family worship will not command respect if it is followed by silly talk and foolish actions. (Tit. 2.) "I am the way, and the truth, and the life, no man cometh to the Father but by me." (Jno. xiv. 6.) Ye must be born again." All the moral goodness that we may acquire, though commendable and necessary to the Christian, will not procure our salvation. (Tit. iii. 5.) "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." Much of our labor is lost because misdirected. A great deal of time is spent in trying to cultivate and train the old carnal mind into a Christian character, but with all our training and educating it remains the old, selfish, carnal mind still. "Not subject to the law of God nor indeed can be." The unregenerate in the kingdom of God, the church of Jesus Christ, are only a source of trouble and annoyance. "Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Our greatest need is peace with God through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, real soul rest and that requires a death to sin and carnality. "Self must be denied, and sin forsaken quite," which the impenitent cannot do, and consequently suffer remorse of conscience; are like the troubled sea when it can not rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. (Isa. lvi. 20-21.) Man may deny it, as he will, and try to make himself believe that he is all right and happy, but he cannot obtain that peaceful soul rest as long as he lifts his puny arm of rebellion against God. (Jno. xiv. 15-21.) The impenitent must suffer the bitter fruits of his impenitence. The Lord will force no man into his service. It must be voluntary. "Come unto me, we must make the surrender. In coming we are blessed. "Great peace have they which love thy law and nothing shall offend them." This is "the peace which God giveth." Not something of our own manufacture.

The peace and love of God in the soul prompts us to "present our bodies a living sacrifice" for service as the Lord may call or direct. Straws show which way the wind blows. (Jas. i. 26; ii. 14.) For there are many unruly and vain talkers. (Tit. i. 10-11.) Busy-bodies in other men's matters. (II. Thess. iii. 11; I. Tim. v. 13.) Ye are my witnesses. Testifying to the power of God to save is right and good if the individual is really saved and he bears witness to the truth. If not, then it is only a false statement. We hear many wonderful testimonies, loud and long, in these days of miraculous conversions. If that alone were service it would be grand and noble, but when the trial for service comes Jno. xiv. 15, then Tit. i. 26. The devil sometimes causes people who profess godliness to deny their testimony before they get out of the meeting-house. It may be only a foolish action, word or laugh. We must be social, you know (?) Anything to scatter the truth, he cares not what, as long as he succeeds in destroying their influence and power for good.

Brethren and sisters, let us be careful that the evil one does not in some way exert an influence over us, and cause us to bring reproach upon the cause of our blessed Redeemer. For he is an enemy. His purpose is to destroy. God's purpose with us is to overcome. To have victory. (Rev. iii. 21.)

D. V. Heise.

Clarence Centre, N. Y.
For the Evangelical Visitor.

Patience.

"The servant therefore fell down and worshiped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me and I will pay thee all." (Matt. xviii. 26.) "In your patience possess ye your souls." (Luke xxi. 19.) "For whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope." Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be likeminded, one toward another according to Christ Jesus that ye may with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. xv. 4.) "Remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labor of love and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ in the sight of God and our Father." (I. Thess. i. 3.) "That the aged men be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience." (Titus ii. 2.) "That ye be not slothful but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." And so after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promises." (Heb. vi. 12.) "Knowing this that the trying of your faith worketh patience." (James i. 3.)

O, what a noble grace this patience is! What a beautiful example the dear Savior was when he stood before Pilate, the heathen judge, falsely accused, mocked and scoffed at, spit upon, crowned with a crown of thorns struck upon with a reed. It seems to me I can just see great drops of blood running down over his holy face, and he took it all in patience. But this was not enough, the sins of the whole world had to be laid on his pure and holy soul; this was still not enough, he had to be nailed to the cross and hang in pain and agony till the last drop of blood was wrung from his precious heart, till he could cry out, "it is finished," and bowed the head and gave up the ghost and did it all in patience.

Yes, the dear Savior, when it was necessary for him to speak he spoke, when it was necessary for him to be silent he was silent. It made no difference how he was tempted or how he was tried, he just took it all in patience. What a beautiful example for us all to learn from! Oh, dear Lord, give us all more patience, more humility and more grace, that we may still more and more become like our dear Savior.

To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, eternal life." (Rom. ii. 7.) "Be patient toward all men." (I. Thess. v. 14.) "And the Lord direct your hearts in the love of God and into the patient waiting for Christ." But ye brethren, be not weary in well doing." (II. Thess. iii. 5.) "Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord." (James v. 7.) "For what glory is it if when ye be buffeted for your faults ye shall take it patiently, but if when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God." (I. Peter ii. 20.)

Ye have all heard of Job's patience. So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his feet unto his crown and he took him a pot sherd to scrape him withal and he sat down among the ashes." Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die!" (Why didn't she say, Bless God and die?) "But he said unto her, thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What, shall we receive good at the hand of God, shall we not also receive evil? In all this did not Job sin with his lips. Now when Job's three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him they came every one from his own place, for they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him and to comfort him. And when they lifted up their eyes afar off they knew him not: for they saw that his grief was very great." It should be our model, brethren, to be so. When we are willing to go ourselves, to praying, to be open to the voice of the Lord, as it was Samuel's. When God spoke to him he answered, "Speak Lord, thy servant heareth." It should be our greatest delight to help spread the gospel! Prayer is one way in which we can do this. May the Holy Spirit teach us to pray for the lost of earth as never before. May the love of God constrain us to give our lives for him, who died for us. To be used of him in whatever way he chooses. "Ye are not your own, as an example of patience unto us who shall learn from his great example of patience; and the millions that were in the future and came into the world after him can take consolation and comfort out of his sad experience. So, dear Lord, help us to learn patience from this great example. (Job. ii. 7, 13.)

Manchester, Pa. ELIAS GOOD.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

The Harvest Field.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." (John xix. 37, 38.)

Jesus said these words to his disciples and not to the world. Therefore they go out to every child of God. He presents to them the great harvest field, which refers to the world. Supposing we would have a large field of wheat ready to harvest, fearing that much would be lost, then only we would realize the need of workers. Thus Jesus saw the need of laborers, and said, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into the harvest." Let us lift up our eyes and look on the fields which are ready to harvest. Oh the dark lands, not having the light of the gospel! Souls perishing, passing to eternity without the knowledge of Christ, who died for them as well as for us. His love for them is just the same, for God is no respecter of persons. Brethren, will we pray the Lord to send forth laborers? This is a command given to us by Jesus himself. To pray this from the heart we must be at the place where Isaiah was when he said, "Lord, here am I, send me." When we are willing to go ourselves, then let us pray the Lord to send forth laborers. And if I am prompted by the Spirit, he will answer that prayer.

This command should rest upon our hearts night and day. Our ears should be open to the voice of the Lord, as was Samuel's. When God spoke to him he answered, "Speak Lord, thy servant heareth." It should be our greatest delight to help spread the gospel. Prayer is one way in which every one can have a share, the old, the young and the poor. If we cannot help in giving, we can pray. May the Holy Spirit teach us to pray for the lost of earth as never before. May the love of God constrain us to give our lives for him, who died for us. To be used of him in whatever way he chooses. "Ye are not your own, as an example of patience unto us who shall learn from his great example of patience; and the millions that were in the future and came into the world after him can take consolation and comfort out of his sad experience. So, dear Lord, help us to learn patience from this great example. (Job. ii. 7, 13.)

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Manchester, Pa. ELIAS GOOD.
therefore glorify God in your body and spirit.”

Brethren and sisters, let us pray that God may call laborers and send them forth. Especially for a brother and sister to start up the work in India; also for workers for the Matopbo Mission.

“There are souls, perishing souls, over the sea, Perishing souls in our own native land;
Bear ing the message of love everlasting, and free, Let us reach them a kind helping hand.
Yours for the lost of earth,
SALLIE KLEIDER

Crums.

If there is any one that we should have secrets with it is God.
The closer we walk with God the more our feelings will become like his.
Giving yourself to a life of prayer is just as needful as to get sanctified.
There is one thing about which people never tell a lie, and that is this: if they tell you they have sin remaining in them, they always tell you the truth.
You must get wholly sanctified if you want to be sweet through and through, and adapted to all kinds of circumstances, climate, weather and conditions.
Remember, God sees and knows our heart.
As soon as we ask God for definite things we will be in place to receive definite answers to our prayers.
Sanctification does not add anything to us, but it does take something from us.
Before you pray for deceived souls, be sure and get the witness from heaven that you are not one of them.

Entire sanctification does not fill us, but it takes out of our heart all that is contrary to God; so that the Lord can use us in any way he pleases, and hav'e his kingdom already set up in our heart. The baptism of the Holy Ghost fills us.
The devil and his agents despise every one that has a pure heart.
If we can not sweetly bear to be misrepresented, misjudged, and falsely accused; how would we act if we were to be spit upon, smote with the fist, and scourged as Jesus was?
Unless we have learned to pray conviction upon souls, our talking will do but little good.
Less talking and more praying is what most of the people need.
The soul, who has learned how to pray, does not need to work half as hard, and has far better results, than the one who has not.
We never get fat in our souls by taking up for ourselves, even if we are right. A sanctified soul can rejoice in the midst of tribulation.

D. L. GISH.

Farmers and Future Americans.
[Mary Sidney writes many sensible things for the Farm Journal, published by the Will Atkinson Company, of Philadelphia, Pa. Under the heading given above she writes wisely about Secret Societies and Lodges. Though not strictly religious, yet a friend of the Visitor has suggested that we give space for it in our columns, as it is necessary, if possible, to open the eyes of young people to the greatness of this present-day evil.—Editor.]

A reader of the Farm Journal asks, “What do you think of the future men of America? Do you think it a good idea to persuade our boys of twelve years to join secret societies, or at any age is it best to join lodges?” I wish I had more enthusiasm about the future men of America—a more thoroughly grounded conviction that they will turn out all right. But I see no indications at present to warrant the belief that the men of the future will be any better qualified to build homes and to carry on the affairs of this great nation than they are at present—which, I hope to be excused if I add, is not as well as might be, considering all the natural advantages of this country.

When man was made he was placed in a garden where all necessary provision had been made for his life and health and comfort, and told to dress it and keep it. There was no hint given that he might filch a living from others who were more diligent than he; no permission was granted for him to grab big salaries from overtaxed people, and buy up votes to that end with big dinners and rum and railroad passes and such devices for getting a hand in the flesh-pots as now exist; there was no insinuation that man might escape providing for his own household by joining some secret society or lodge or getting his life insured and thus get money he had not earned. Nothing of the sort was suggested, but on the contrary when the first man commenced to eat that which was not his to eat, he was cast out of this garden of ease and comfort.

D. R. GISH.

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Bear ing the message of love everlasting, and free,
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of the world" and "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works." To clothe good works with secrecy behind locked doors is like placing a lighted candle under a bushel that prevents its giving light to all that are in the house. That parent who persuades the child of twelve years, or of any age, to join secret societies is teaching him to try to get more than he earns. The only object in joining is that he may get more out than he puts in should sickness or misfortune overtake him. If he get it back entire in case of necessity, places all his surplus earnings in has no money at his disposal, who own doctor and nurse—the most hon­dent manhood, and be able to pay his and to keep it at his own command he would be on a surer road to independent manhood, and be able to pay his own doctor and nurse—the most hon­orable way to do. That man who has no money at his disposal, who places all his surplus earnings in lodges and life insurance and such things that take it where he can not get it back entire in case of necessity, is crippling himself for the future, and don't forget it, the time will come, and maybe sooner than he expects, when he will wish he hadn't. Men's eyes open slowly, but they do open.

The country needs more genuine manly independence, more who are willing to live within their means, humbly if need be, and lay up something for a rainy day. The beneficial organization is calculated to increase extravagance, to augment that don't-care-if-I-do-spend-all - my - earnings sentiment, I will be taken care of any way.

Let the boys be taught to rely on their own exertions to supply their wants, and the girls to be helpful and saving and not to marry those who are so improvident as to have to depend on some society for support during a term of sickness. I have known of men who spent almost every evening away from home, they were members of so many societies and clubs, and the wives and children had to pass the time without their company. The lodge man is almost a stranger at home, and if I were his wife I would invite him to find board and washing elsewhere. The man who has no time to spend with his family has no busi­ness to marry. What cheek a man must have who asks a woman to marry him simply to be his cook, his washer­woman and his nurse. If he doesn't need her companionship, let him stay single.

The farmer of all men should shun things that have a tendency to alien­ate him from his family. Farm life is the most happy of any life, if there is unity at home; but with the head of the house on the wing, and the wife at home alone, cooking and scrubbing and waiting on his laborers, and caring for the children, she leads a life that will sooner or later injure her health, and make of her anything but the bright, attractive woman she once was. The secret society and lodge are not good for any one, but are particularly bad for farmers—bad for the farmer for the reason that they take him away from his home in the evenings, just when he is most needed there.

Tramp's Speech.

A tramp asked for a free drink in a saloon. The request was granted, and just as he raised the glass to his lips, one of the young men present exclaimed: "Stop! Make us a speech. It is poor liquor that doesn't loosen a man's tongue."

The tramp hastily swallowed the drink and as the liquor coursed through his blood, he straightened his shoulders and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look to­night at you and then at myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and fair as yours; this shambling figure once moved as proudly as yours—a man in the world of men. I, too, once had a home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup and Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolve and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of Spring, and saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunkard father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and min­istered before it, but I put out the holy fire and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the stars,—I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a poor, miserable tramp with no home to call his own,—the wreck of a man in whom every good impulse is dead—all—all swal­lowed up in the maelstrom of drink!"

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shivered into a thousand frag­ments or the floor. The swing­ing doors opened and closed again, and when the group about the bar looked up—the tramp was gone.--

Sel. by BEULAH ZOOK.

A Heart-Rending Scene.

I was sitting at my breakfast table one Sabbath morning when I was called to my door by the ringing of the bell. There stood a boy about fourteen years of age, poorly clad, but tidied up as best he could.

He was leaning on crutches: one leg off at the knee. In a voice that trembled with emotion, and tears coursing down his cheeks, he said: "Mr. Hoagland, I am Fredy Brown. I have come to see if you will go to the jail and talk and pray with my father. He is to be hung to­morrow for the murder of my mother. My father was a good man, but whisky did it. I have three little sisters younger than myself. We are very, very poor, and have no friends.

We live in a dark and dingy room. I do the best I can to support my sisters by selling papers, blacking boots, and odd jobs; but, Mr. Hoag­land, we are awful poor. Will you come and be with us when father's body is brought home? The Gov­ernor says we may have his body after he is hung!"

I was deeply moved to pity. I promised, and made haste to the jail, where I found his father.

He acknowledged that he must have murdered his wife, for the cir­cumstances pointed that way, but he had not the slightest remembrance of the deed. He said he was crazed with drink, or he would never have com­mitted the crime. He said:

"My wife was a good woman and a faithful mother to my little children. Never did I dream that my hand could be guilty of such a crime."

The man could face the penalty of the law bravely for his deed, but he broke down and cried as if his heart would break when he thought of leaving his children in a destitute and friendless condition. I read and pray­ed with him, and left him to his fate.

The next morning I made my way to the miserable quarters of the chil­dren.

I found three little girls upon a bed of straw in one corner of the room. They were clad in rags. They were beautiful girls had they had the proper care.

They were expecting the body of their dead father, and between their cries and sobs they would say, "Papa was good, but whisky did it."
In a little time two strong officers came, bearing the body of the dead father in a rude pine box. They sat it down on two old rickety stools. The cries of the children were so heart-rending that they could not endure it, and made haste out of the room, leaving me alone with this terrible scene.

In a moment the manly boy nerved himself and said: "Come, sisters, kiss papa's face before it is cold." They gathered about his face and smoothed it down with kisses, and between their sobs cried out: "Papa was good, but whisky did it. Papa was good, but whisky did it."

I raised my heart to God and said: "O God, did I fight to save a country that would derive a revenue from a traffic that would make one scene like this possible?" In my heart I said: "In the whole history of this accursed traffic there has not been enough revenue derived to pay for one such scene as this. The wife and mother murdered, the father hung, the children outraged, a home destroyed." I there promised my God that I would vote to save my country from the rule of the rum oligarchy.

A system of government that derives its revenue from results such as are seen in this touching picture must either change its course or die, unless God's law is a lie.—Selected.

How a Revival Began

In a recent sermon Rev. F. B. Meyer says: "An American clergyman told me that for many years he had pleaded with God for a revival, but no revival came. Finally, in despair, he gathered his church around him, and rolled the burden of his anxiety upon his people, saying: 'I have done all I could; it is now for you to consider your attitude toward God.' Then there rose up in the church-meeting a gray-haired elder, much respected. He said: 'Pastor, I do not wonder that there is no revival in this church; there never will be as long as Brother Jones and I don't speak to one another; and before all the people the old man went down the aisle where his brother sat, and said: 'Brother Jones, forgive me; for ten years we have not spoken. Let us bury the hatchet.' They made peace, and he came back to his seat, and bowed his grey head between his hands. There was a great silence on the people, and another officer of the church rose, and said: 'Pastor, I do not think there is going to be a revival in this church as long as I say fair things to your face and mean things about you behind your back. Forgive me!' The pastor forgave him, and he said that for the next twenty minutes, in the awful stillness of the place, men with men, women with women, rose and went to square up old accounts with those with whom they were at feud. And then the Spirit of God came down in a mighty rushing wind."—Selected.

A Boy Soul Winner.

I heard Mrs. Phoebe Palmer tell about a little boy in England who went to his pastor and asked him if there wasn't something that boys could do for the Lord. The pastor said: "Why, I don't know. You are too small to lead a class, and hardly old enough to be a tract distributor; I don't know what you can do." "Seems to me," said the child, "there ought to be something for boys to do." The pastor thought for a few moments and then asked, "Is your seat mate in school a Christian?" "No, sir, I think not." "Then go to work as the Lord shall show you how, and secure his conversion. Then take another and another. I cannot tell you exactly what to do, but if you pray the Savior will show you how to win their salvation."

Some months after when Mrs. Palmer was holding meetings in that place, the little boy was lying very ill. The doctors had given him up to die. His father went to the afternoon meeting, and when he came home little Willie roused up and asked his father, "Was Neddie Smith at the meeting this afternoon?" "Yes, dear." "Did he give his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ?" "No, I think not." "Oh, dear," said the little sick boy, "I thought he would." The next day his father left him again and went to the afternoon meeting. When he came home Willie asked him the same question and expressed disappointment that his little friend was not converted. The third day Willie was yet alive, and when his father came home from the meeting he asked the same question and received a different answer. "Yes, Neddie gave his heart to the Savior this afternoon." "I am so glad," was the answer.

After he had gone they opened his little box and found a list of forty boys. The first one was his seat mate at the time when he went to the pastor and asked for something to do for the Lord, and the last name was that of Neddie Smith. And every boy on the list was converted. He had taken them one by one in faith and prayer, giving them books to read, showing them texts of Scripture, praying with and for them when the Lord awakened them, and the whole forty had been converted through his efforts.

And there is plenty for us to do, and if we are willing, the Lord will show us how to do it. The only thing is to be willing to hear his voice and let him lead and teach us. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth, and heareth to obey."—From Current Anecdotes.

"I Just Keep Still."

"How is it, Rob," asked one boy of another, "that you never get into scraps, like the rest of us?"

"Because I don't talk back," answered Robbie, promptly. "When a boy says a hard thing to me, I just keep still."

Many a man whose life has had in it a great deal of trouble and opposition would have saved much if he had learned in his childhood the lesson which this little fellow had mastered—that of "keeping still." If the hard word hurts, it will not make it easier to make an angry reply. If you do not answer at all, it stops right there; if your tongue cannot be restrained, nobody knows what the result may be. It doesn't so much matter what your playmate says, so long as you keep your temper and hold your tongue; it is what you reply to him, nine times out of ten, that makes the quarrel.

Let him say his say, and be done with it; then you will find the whole annoyance done with much more readily than if you had "freed your mind" in return.

"Just keeping still" is one of the things that save time, trouble, and wretchedness in this world. The strong character can be quiet under abuse or misrepresentation, and the storm passed by all the sooner. Pat of scraps' is to keep still.—M. H. N., in the Christian.

The space between a man's ideal and the man himself is his opportunity.—Margaret Deland.

To live with a high ideal is a successful life. It is not what one does, but what one tries to do, that makes the soul strong and fit for a noble career.—E. P. Tenney.

The temper of the mind in which we meet the hundred and one tiny circumstances of every hour determine our happiness or unhappiness far more than does the detail of what those circumstances are. We cannot choose the circumstances, but we can choose the temper.—Lucy H. M. Soulsby.
A Christmas Story.

Jacob Ben Melech was weary and anxious to throw himself down on the mattress for his usual sound sleep; but something else was in store for him this night.

"Jacob, my son," called his mother; and the boy promptly appeared. "You must tend your father's flock to-night, my son, for he is ill. I will first tend your father's flock to-night, and then we will come to the pastures to feed them.

"I am with thee and will keep thee in all places where thou goest. I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." In his dream he cried out, in the words of the patriarch, "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

How long he left his sheep without their shepherd he never knew. With a start, he awoke. Was that the morning light shining so brightly? Had he passed the faithless night in sleep? And was this after all but a dream?

Weariness and cold were too much for Jacob Ben Melech; his eyes grew heavy and suddenly he was asleep. So sound was that sleep that his companions were unwilling to disturb him and they let him sleep on while they watched his sheep for him.

As he slept, he dreamed. It was the same old dream he had read over so often in the law. It had always interested him, particularly because it had to do with the man whose name he bore. But now, how real it seemed! He saw the sky part above him to disclose the throne of God. He saw the ladder reaching all the way from the pastures field, where the sheep were feeding, to the glorious heavens. He heard the loving voice proclaim, "I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest. I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." In his dream he cried out, in the words of the patriarch, "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

How long he left his sheep without their shepherd he never knew. With a start, he awoke. Was that the morning light shining so brightly? Had he passed the faithless night in sleep? And was this after all but a dream? Were there no angels around him? Was there no heavenly voice? Oh!
PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

To Subscribers.—Our terms are cash in advance.

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

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

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.

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Write all communications without the author's name will receive no recognition.

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our book, The Jubilee, a Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names, with their Pronunciation and meaning, is published at a very reasonable price. Write for copy, for thou shalt die and not live.
make us afraid, but many dear ones to make us glad with their blessings that God has blessed with us. When we are en-
gaged in mission work in the city we get so busy and we don't have much time for ourselves.

We do praise the Lord for what he has done for us, and we ask the people of God we will get our house in order, as the time is nearing for us to leave this great city, and the Hawley Street Mission.

We pray much for the many dear ones that we have learned to love since in this place and for the work, and for all the dear ones, expressed as "God be with you even to heathens lands to dark South Africa. May God bless every kind-
ness shown to us and answer every heart-
felt prayer in our living for God and his glory, as it is the only thing we see is worth living for. We are nearing the time when many people, even many Christian profes-
sors, will do much of their time and
money for that which is neither for cold nor for warm, but will only cause sickness—
easy and drinking these excesss.

Set thine house in order. See the ideal of the world cannot exist. You are buy-
ing more. Just think what waste!

“Thus left behind the door,
Don't use it any more.
Put, boldly clean the corner out
From ceiling to the floor.”

Stop and think; would you not better do something towards sending the heathen the gospel, share your money. The tenth be-
sors, will spend much of their time and
money for that which is neither for cold nor for warm, but will only cause sickness—
easy and drinking these excesss.

We are nearing the time when many people, even many Christian profes-
sors, will do much of their time and
money for that which is neither for cold nor for warm, but will only cause sickness—
easy and drinking these excesss.

The first few nights were dark and cold, yet there was good attendance. The work was
prospered with power. We believe our
other field of labor, and we pray God to send in his Spirit and power. We believe a
harvest will be gathered in from the
seed which has been sown since the Mis-
sion has been established. We pray God for the many dear ones that we have learned to
love since in this place and for the work, and for all the dear ones, expressed as "God be with you even to heathens lands to dark South Africa. May God bless every kind-
ness shown to us and answer every heart-
felt prayer in our living for God and his glory, as it is the only thing we see is worth living for. We are nearing the time when many people, even many Christian profes-
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sors, will do much of their time and
money for that which is neither for cold nor for warm, but will only cause sickness—
easy and drinking these excesss.
Dear Brethren and Sisters:

In the name of Jesus, I want to express my deepest appreciation for the visits and letters I have received. It is a great comfort to know that so many are praying for me and are interceding in a spiritual manner for my spiritual growth and development.

I feel like praising God for all his goodness to me. I am so glad that when I came to him he did not cast me away, but rather freely pardon all my sins. I am glad for the assurance we can have in our souls that we are his children and will never be more than ever to be talking and doing and being real earnest in his service. For I find it to be the best and only way we can have real satisfaction. It is much better for this world and for the world to come. I truly say that I do not wish to give up this life and that I am determined to press on and follow Jesus all the way.

Your unworthy Sister,

Lydia Baker.

Toronto, Ont.

Dec. 4, 1903.

Jesus is Coming.

Don't you see my Jesus coming? Lo, he comes in yonder cloud, With ten thousand angels round him; How they do my Jesus crowd.

Don't you see his arms extending? And stars shall shine above the skies, Because he used his talents right, And worked by faith, and not by sight.

Don't you see my Jesus coming? And that by faith, and not by sight! 

"Deny thyself," he saith to thee; 

"Forsake thine all and follow me;"

Then I will give thee glorious light

"To walk by faith, and not by sight!

And he that winneth souls is wise—

"Forsake thine all and follow me;

And he that winneth souls is wise—

Then I will give thee glorious light

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"To walk by faith, and not by sight!

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Two Missionary Letters.

Brethren and sisters, I am very thankful that God gave his only Son Jesus to die on the cross of Calvary that we might live and be saved. We are having revival meetings now, and Brother Long is here at the Philadelphia Mission, and God is working through him and many poor souls are being saved. Thank the good Lord. Thursday evening a dear mamma accepted the Lord, and, surely the Lord has come and put his rich mercy upon it. Pray that she may keep faithfull.

We are glad for Brother Engle, who preaches the pure gospel for us here at the Mission. I thank you for the letters you gave me. Dear Brethren and Sisters, it encourages me so and makes me feel so happy, especially from those who have lately started in God's service.

We are also very glad for Brother Willie Stover, who came out and accepted the Lord Thursday evening. We wish you would all pray for him. I want to be a little missionary for Christ and I went out and got 16 new Sunday-school scholars. I went out visiting with Brother Stover and Sister Anna Stoner, trying to bring souls to the Lord. This is a great missionary work to be done. Pray that many workers may be used to help gather the sheaves that are lying upon the plains.

I want to do my own visiting and learn more about Jesus. Your Sister in Jesus.

Lydia Baker.

Toronto, Ont.

December 15, 1903.

The Old Hymns.

There's a lot of music in 'em—the hymns of long ago. And when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know, I sort of take a hand! I think of days gone by.

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye!"

There's a lot of music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old—

With visions bright of land of light, and shining streets of gold;

And when 'em sing again, where men's weary dreams stand.

An' so I love the old hymns, and when my time shall come.

"Cast your troubles where you cast your sins; your own mistakes and the depths of the sea, that cast your troubles also. Never keep a trouble half an hour or an hour beyond the Lord."

As soon as the trouble comes, quick, the first thing, tell it to your Father—Spurgeon. May the Lord impress the brethren and sisters to give as the Lord prospereth them for God blesses us so we may pay them interest; that all will be richly rewarded. We wish God's blessing on you and all these lines to all you pray for us here in the city. Pray for my mamma and papa that they may surrender all, and also for the Lord to bless you in answering my prayers and has turned mamma.

Your Sister in Christ,

MABEL LITTLER.

3650 N. Philip St., Phila., Pa.

Dear Brethren and Sisters: I was impressed to tell you about our mission work here at Philadelphia Mission. It has been very good to me. Through me coming out on the Lord's side my mamma has now come out too. And, my little brother has asked for the prayers of God's children. Pray that he may look to the Lord. And pray, for my other brother too and my papa. My mamma and brother did not have a home, so they have been here at the Mission for three weeks. So you see how Brother and Sister Stover care and provide for the poor, and they recognize us here great here in the city, they try to do the very best for every one. I know the Lord will give what they need and help them in this great work, they will be greatly rewarded for their labors. Jesus says the poor have ye always with you and whenever ye will we may do them good. There are a great many poor people here, and clothes and to look after here. In visiting we see some remarkable sights. Some people can not accept Christ, but I also wish that others reject him. Will you pray for my mamma and papa, and my two brothers also? I go out with Sister Anna Stover to visit the people and pray with them and sing to them about the Lord. I long to see every one accept the good Lord.

We have a sister here, I believe she has the Holy Spirit in her soul. I praise the Lord, he accepts the young and old. On Wednesday night there was an old sister came out on God's side who is 72 years old. She is happy in Jesus and wants to follow Jesus all the way. Pray for us all.

Your Sister in Christ,

Elizabeth Tracey.

P. S.—I would be glad to receive letters from the Brethren and Sisters. I am glad my mamma will be baptized the 6th of December.

The Old Hymns.
blood, and that proclamation he placed in your brick over the injunction, “Go now, go and tell the world’s captives I have set them free; go and tell the world’s slaves I have stricken the shackles from them.” But, God pity us, nineteen centuries have passed, and if we were to lay our ears to the ground to-night, we could hear the clank of the chains and the crack of the whip that tells of the bondage of eight hundred million of our fellows who have never heard that God signed their emancipation.

These people did not want me there any more than the world wanted its first missionary, Christ. They tried their best to get rid of me, held councils of war to decide what to do with me. I might say that I was absolutely alone. I went out with five companions. Three of them I buried; the others had to return home, so I was left for the greater portion of four years absolutely alone. Finally, several of the natives came to me with the information that they had decided to kill me if I remained more than three days in their midst. They said, “We knew that I was in the place where God wanted me to be, and that is the safest place in all the world, as it is also the sweetest. I would to God we could get rid of the notion of saying, ‘Thy will be done’ with a groan, as though it was necessarily a hard thing God asks of us. God’s will is in the sunshine as well as in the shadow. God’s will is in the laughter, and the joyousness, and the gladness of life as much as in the sorrow and the afflictions of life. I sent word back to them: “I am here to tell you about God. I expect to stay.” They threatened all manner of things. But at the end of the time they came to the conclusion that it was no use, so they issued an order that any one found bringing any food to the white man was to be killed, and for near­ly two months that order was rigidly enforced. It would have fared very ill with me if it had not been for a divine provision. An old woman used to pass my hut in the course of the years, I obtain­ed water in the river at that season of the year, and they were bound upon mischief. I saw at once that either they or I must be master of the situation very quickly so I did the first thing that presented itself to my mind,—leaped from the bank into the water, and I began pushing them apart and talking to them as well as I could, asking them why they wanted to kill me. I asked them if I had cheated them in any way, if I had not paid them, well for everything I have taken from them. I asked them if I had not treated their sick and healed many of them and asked nothing for it. Gradually one after another who had his spear raised lowered it and planted it in the river-bed; another who had his arrow in his bow would withdraw it and place the arrow in his quiver, and one by one they were subdued. Meanwhile, I made my way to a water hole dug in the sand of the river bed, bathed the boy’s wound, and sent him out of the way. Then I caught the ring­leader of the band, whose head the boy had cut open in his struggle, pulled him over to the water, though he struggled and protested, thinking, I was going to take my revenge upon him, but they were so awed and so held in check by their super­sious notion that I must be in league with the spirits, that they did not attempt to stop me. I pulled the man to the water hole, and then to their amazement I began to bathe and dress his wound. In an instant I could see the effect it had upon them. It was a new principle to them. They could understand why I should do an act of kindness to my own servant, but why I should do an act of kindness to a bitterest enemy, the man who had raised the mob to kill me, they could not understand. After having finished bathing his wounds, I said to him, “If you will go to the house, I will bind up the wound.” They all followed me, thoroughly subdued. I sewed up the wound, and from that time on had little difficulty with them.

They still kept up a petty persecution. One day I was attending to some pa­tients. My native servant came up and, standing beside me, said:

“Master, I have hit a native.” I looked up, and a great ragged gash in his head was pouring a stream of blood over his face.

I said to him: “Boy, it looks very much as though you were the one that got hit. What is the matter?”

I went to the river to get a bucket of water, and the river bed was full of na­tives. They are going to kill us all. A man sprang on me and tried to kill me. I hit him. He broke his club over my head and got away.” I said, “Will you go with me?” “Yes,” he answered, “I will go anywhere you will go.”

I went into the house, got a sponge with which to bathe my wound, came out in my shirt sleeves and started off. He looked at me, hesitated a moment, and then said, “Master, you haven’t taken your rifle with you.”

I said, “No, nothing here on God’s business, and we will be safe without the rifle.”

As a mere matter of policy and expediency, not to say principle, I was safer without making any show of force, because the sight of a weapon would only have incited their suspicion, and a shower of arrows and spears would have been the end of one missionary.

We went to the river, and sure enough the river bed was full of natives, twenty­five or thirty of them. There was no running water in the river at that season of the year, and they were bound upon mischief. I saw at once that either they or I must be master of the situation very quickly so I did the first thing that presented itself to my mind,—leaped from the bank into the water, and I began pushing them apart and talking to them as well as I could, asking them why they wanted to kill me. I asked them if I had cheated them in any way, if I had not paid them, well for everything I have taken from them. I asked them if I had not treated their sick and healed many of them and asked nothing for it. Gradually one after another who had his spear raised lowered it and planted it in the river-bed; another who had his arrow in his bow would withdraw it and place the arrow in his quiver, and one by one they were subdued. Meanwhile, I made my way to a water hole dug in the sand of the river bed, bathed the boy’s wound, and sent him out of the way. Then I caught the ring­leader of the band, whose head the boy had cut open in his struggle, pulled him over to the water, though he struggled and protested, thinking, I was going to take my revenge upon him, but they were so awed and so held in check by their super­sious notion that I must be in league with the spirits, that they did not attempt to stop me. I pulled the man to the water hole, and then to their amazement I began to bathe and dress his wound. In an instant I could see the effect it had upon them. It was a new principle to them. They could understand why I should do an act of kindness to my own servant, but why I should do an act of kindness to a bitterest enemy, the man who had raised the mob to kill me, they could not understand. After having finished bathing his wounds, I said to him, “If you will go to the house, I will bind up the wound.” They all followed me, thoroughly subdued. I sewed up the wound, and from that time on had little difficulty with them.

The greatest variety of all in connection with the work of Christ in Africa is that which comes from the multiplicity of the languages there. I had no word of their language and no means of getting it except through actual contact with the people, as it had never been written before. The first word I got was the word “Nachow,” which means, “What is it?” And I flung that word at them, pestered them with it on every possible occasion, as I pointed to tangible things about me, and, listening carefully for their reply, would jot it down phonetically. In that way, in the course of the years, I obtained a vocabulary and grammar and a phrase­book. But there was one word that after two years and a half, two years and a half of persistent effort I yet had not been able to get. One little word; but as the days passed, and the weeks and the months, and the months lengthened into years, that word grew and grew and grew into mountain-like proportions before me, —Savior. I never knew its meaning until I saw it in the face of the great need that encompassed me, a need which I was powerless to meet until I discovered that key. I shall never forget the thrill of joy that came to me when that effort of long search was rewarded. Sitting with my men about the campfire night after night, I listened to their stories, hoping against hope the word would come. One evening my head man began to tell a story which I hoped much. It happened that another missionary, a friend of mine, had been attacked by a lion some time before this and had been badly wounded. Kikuvi was with him at the time to assist the means of his rescue. As he began relat­ing this story, I said to myself: “Cer­tainly he must drop that word now; I don’t see how he can possibly get on. I listened with two years and a half of disappointment in the eager concentra­tion of my attention. But he went through the whole story without dropping any word I could construe to be the one I had sought. Sick at heart and disappointed for the thousandth time, I was about to turn away when he remarked casually, “Swana nkuthatwa na Kikutu.” “The master, they say, Kikuvi.” I shouted for joy. But in order to prove the precious possession that I had gained, I turned upon him and began questioning him, and finally asked him: “Kikuvi, this is the word I have been wanting you to give me all of these many months, because I wanted to tell you that Jesus, the Son of God, died for you.” The black face lit up as he interrupted me in the midst of my sentence, and I can see that face still as in the lurid light of the campfire he turned to me, exclaiming, “Master, I see it now. I have come to see what you have been trying to tell us all these moons, that Jesus died to save us from the power of sin.” Never did sweeter word fall from mortal lips than this. That word Savior for the first time fell from the lips of that black savage in Central Africa. I spent four years alone, burying three of my companions; myself I had fever between thirty and forty times; I have several times been ambushed by tigers; for fourteen months I never saw a piece of bread; for two months I had nothing to eat but roots and leaves, and to eat everything from ants to rhinoceri. Do not misunderstand me, now; I am not posing
as a martyr; I enjoyed it. But let me say this, my friends: I would gladly go through the whole thing again with my eyes wide open. I would have the joy and had that night of bringing that word “Savior” out of the darkness of oblivion and flash- ing it into another tribe of Central Africa. And do you know, there are two hundred, probably more, tribes in the Dark Continent to-day without a written language, much less a Messenger of the Cross. During the past year it has been my privi- lege, my great privilege, to reduce yet an­ other to-day without a written language, existence in a tangible form of the language of a million people. How about the supply? I went to explore a mountain one time. Up on the top of the mountain it was delightful, exhilarating, bracing to us, but to our native men it was torture. One of the men became ill during the time that we spent there, and finally word reached me which necessitated my return to the station. It was a twenty-mile walk, and I believe not possibly make the journey without help; so I left three men with him, carefully instructing them how to help him along the way, gave them food sufficient to last until they would get into the station, and there I left them with no circumstances to leave him, because the bush swarmed with wild beasts of every description. They assumed the trust. I went on my way. The next day at noon I was in sight of the house when the three men came in, but without the sick man. I said to them: “Where is the sick man? Is he dead?” “No.” “Why haven’t you brought him in?” “Oh, we ate up the food, and we got hungry. We didn’t want to stay there and run the risk of being eaten by lions.” “But don’t you know the sick man will be devoured? He cannot help himself.” “Well, it doesn’t matter; he’s going to die anyway.” “Why isn’t he brought in?” “That isn’t the way of the white man. I am going back immediately to see if we cannot find him.” I started back. All afternoon we marched. I did not expect to find the man; the bush was too well creased and the tracks of lions and hyenas. And as that man marched, I did not expect to find the man; the wheat went. I could afford to look into those scars that were the price of my redemption, and hear him say, “I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink.” But, Master, when? Then would be said, “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.” Ah, my friends, I would to God we could get rid of the notion of missions and missionary organizations and every human agency, and get one clear vision of Jesus Christ. If we did, the whole problem of missionary finance and missionary workers could be settled. I do not ask you to pity the heathen. Pity is a weak thing that spends itself in tears and then forgets the object of it. But I do ask you with all the strength of your heart that you simply treat Jesus right. Is it not a submission to you that it is not right to receive eternal life at those scarred hands, and then give him the spare change we happen to have left after we have paid for our luxuries. Is it not a submission that it is not right to receive heaven at the price he paid for it and then give him the odds and ends, the convenient service, the things that cost us nothing. My friends, the crumbs that fall from your laden table are not enough, and they will not do to meet the need of the world that groans in its ignorance, in its blindness without God. You have no right to crucify the Lord Jesus Christ afresh upon the cross of your convenience.

The opportunity of salvation comes into our special way of life, whatever it may be. All the power which was in the spirit- it of the heathen was impressed on us, the life of Calvary and of the crucifixion in a book, but that crucifixion made real in your life and mine. I said that for fourteen months I had no bread. At the end of this time I raised a little crop of wheat. I put into the cul­ tivation of that wheat all the energy born of fourteen months’ abstinence from bread, and I assure you it was not a little. I hoed it myself to make every grain tell. I saw it grow up and head out and turn golden under the sunlight. It was a beau¬ tiful sight to me. It was reaped a hand­ ful at a time and beaten out with stones. I had nine or ten bushels of beautiful grain worth its weight in gold to me. But another vision came, a vision of a great need that staggered imagination. For months I had been stumbling over the dead bodies of famine victims that lay in my path, and that settled the question forever with me.

I debated, I seemed to see something else, but I could not afford to look into those scars that were the price of my redemption, and hear him say, “I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink.” But, Master, when? Then would be said, “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.”

Miss M. J. Bell, of Osage, Kansas, on November 23, 1903, at the home of her parents, Bro. and Sister John W. Bell, was united in marriage with John M. Erb, of Harrisburg, Pa., Bro. H. K. Kreider officiating. MARRIAGES.


MARTIN—MOORE.—Married, at Up­ land, Cal., the 1st of December, 1903, Mr. Aaron B. Martin, youngest son of Bro. Elias Martin, of Abilene, Kansas, to Miss Myrtle Moore, of Palmyra, Kansas, on November 27, 1903, C. C. Burkholder officiating. OBITUARIES.

RHAN.—Died, in Harrisburg, Pa., No­ vember 30, 1903, of consumption, Sister Mary Ann Sherk, aged 35 years, 9 months and 17 days. Funeral service was held at her late home, December 3, 1903. Internment in Penbrook cemetery.

SHERK.—Died, at Sherkston, Ont., De­ cember 2, 1903, Mary Ann Sherk, daughter of Mrs. Lucinda Sherk, aged 35 years, 9 months and 17 days. Funeral service was held in the U. B. church, December 5th, by Evangelist Noah Zook. Text, Heb. xi. 24, 25. FUNK.—Died, November 10, 1903, at her home, near Fairland, M. H., Lebanon county, Pa., Sister Lydia Funk, wife of Bro. David Funk. Died as a daugh­ ter of the late Elder Samuel Books. She was converted in her girlhood days and lived a useful and connected life. She was a pillar in the church, ready, when oppor­ tunity was given, to testify to the saving power of Jesus Christ. Her ab¬ sence will be greatly felt in the brother­ hood at Fairland as well as in the family where her cares, her counsels and her prayers will not soon be forgotten. She is survived by her husband, eight step-children and four children, nine of whom are married. Funeral services were conducted by the home brethren. Text, Philippians i. 21, selected by the sister trustee a day before her departure, and burial took place in the family plot in the Palmyra cemetery.

DREDGE.—Died, November 15, 1903, at the home of her niece, Mrs. James Thomas, near Springfield, Ohio. Sister Elizabeth, aged 83 years, 7 months and 21 days. She was born near Oakville, Cumberland county, Pa., March 20, 1820, and resided near there all her life. About six years ago she came to Ohio, and has since de­ cided her remaining days. In early life she united with the Presbyterian church and kept that faith till death. She had two brothers and two sisters, of which one brother, with three nephews and three nieces, survives her. Funeral services were held on November 23rd, at Maple Grove church in adjoining cemetery. Services were con­ ducted by Elder J. B. Wingert and Brother David Free from 11. Sun. xiv. 14.