
George Detwiler

Follow this and additional works at: https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor

Part of the History of Religion Commons, and the Religion Commons

Permanent URL: https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor/353

Recommended Citation
https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor/353

Sharpener Intellect | Deepening Christian Faith | Inspiring Action

Messiah University is a Christian university of the liberal and applied arts and sciences. Our mission is to educate men and women toward maturity of intellect, character and Christian faith in preparation for lives of service, leadership and reconciliation in church and society.
is deep, and the darkness is dense, and the sin is appalling; but there is a fountain for the world's foulness, there is light for the world's darkness, there is a Savior for the world's sin. And it is for us, for you and me, to bring the divine provision to meet the human need; we must become the channels by which the divine provision meets the human need.

In these words of the Apostle, we have three facts brought before us very clearly: the fact of the great need, the fact of a divine provision ample to meet that need, and the fact of a great trust committed to those who recognize the need and have themselves experienced the provision. It needs no word of mine to tell you that the world is desperately in need. We see it in every hand in life's pathway, and I quite agree with the man who says there is plenty to do at home. There is plenty to do at home: ah, yes! Human need crowds us in the mart, and in the social circle; everywhere it stares in the face, and the question with us is, what the channels by which the divine provision can meet that need?

This need is manifested in various ways. First, on its subjective side. We behold the strenuous efforts of men the world over to meet the need of their hearts; for it is God, the Son of God, who said, 'I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give my life a ransom for many.' This is the appeal of the world to the saved. It is the bond of love, which draws us to the fellow suffers. Is it any wonder that the tribes when any are sick they take them into the bush and build a fire beside them and leave them? In others, where we are, they take them into the bush nearby the village and fasten a rope about the neck of the man, or the woman, as the case may be; the other end of the rope is fastened somewhere in the village enclosure. Each morning some one is sent for the purpose shakes that rope. If there is an answering shake from the poor fellow in the bush yonder, they conclude he is alive, and they pity him a little food. Morning after morning this goes on until there is no answering shake. Then they go forth, tie a rope about his ankles, and drag him farther into the bush. At night there is a horrid carnival of wild beasts; in the morning a few scattered bones tell the tale of what had been the temple of a immortal soul. And, my friends, if that Book is true, Jesus Christ died for that soul as truly as he died for your soul and mine. Jesus Christ did not die for the African, he did not die for the Indian, or for the Chinaman, or for the American, as such; there are no national boundaries to the love of God. He did not die for the black man, or for the white man, or the yellow man; but for every man, for every man the world over; for the meanest jungle hut in Central Africa, for the royal palace of the king of the East. Wherever there is a man, there is one for whom the Son of God gave himself a ransom. What is it, if you will, to this world, to the world's soul?

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


For the exposition of true, practical piety and devotion to the spread of Evangelical truths and the Unity of the church.

Published in the interest of the church of the Brethren in Christ.

Subscription, $1.00 per year; six months, 50c. Sample Copies Free.

To Foreign Countries, $1.25 a Year.

GEORGE DETWILER, Harrisburg, Pa., Editor.
ELDER W. O. BAKER, Louisville, Ohio, ELDER M. H., Chillicothe, Cumbers, Pa. 

Geo. Detwiler, Office Manager.

All communications and letters of business should be addressed to Geo. Detwiler, 1185 Bailey street, Harrisburg, Pa.

Entered at the Postoffice at Harrisburg, Pa., as second class mail matter.

The date printed after your name on the label denotes the time to which you have paid. Keep it in the future.

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 Visor are 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 we 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 feel 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 intellectually 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 Visitor 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 them 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 silversmiths 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 Visor 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 thought 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' 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 Christ-mas 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' 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 another reports, and were recorded to the pastor. It was a neat envelope, carefully sealed and addressed. The superintendent had feared for the poor had been returned by this envelope was addressed to the person he had in mind. On a former occasion, offering taken for the poor had been returned by this sister. How would it be now? When 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 mind 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 for the editor that an officer of the church, perhaps a local pastor, a prominent citizen, a prominent church official might be looking round for anything of high quality, and all our friends would be heard of and praised. Some one would be mighty pleased if our friends would give us the money to purchase large things for the large institutions, or to give credit for about $1,200. That would mean for the editor that an officer of the church, perhaps a local pastor, a prominent citizen, a prominent church official might be looking round for anything of high quality, and all our friends would be heard of and praised.

Bro. Peter J. Wiebe, of Shippensburg, Pa., is tendered the thanks of the Messiah Home, for supplying it with a good clothes wringer. The gift is much appreciated. We cannot begin to express the happiness of the gift, and we are sure the dear missionaries will greatly appreciate receiving visitors from the homeland, and, we trust, the visit will prove a blessing to them, and God will be glorified. Bro. and Sister Myers have it in mind as spoken of in his article, to make a visiting tour through this section of the State, visiting the churches, holding meetings in the interest of missionary work, stirring up the brethren to a more full appreciation of the importance of having a great concern for the successful carrying on of missionary enterprise. We trust they may find open doors and sympathetic hearts wherever they may go.

One year LESS OF WISELY ORDERED LOSS.
One year MORE OF MERCIES EVER NEW
Or LOVE in never failing store, FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

Our readers will have noticed the announcement of Bro. and Sister J. H. Myers, of the Buffalo Mission, of their proposed missionary visit to South Africa. More is given in reference thereto in this issue. People will look at this, their proposed undertaking, from different standpoints and form different conclusions, but whatever may be our opinions it is not in the province of anyone to judge. They go out, we believe, with an honest and sincere desire to benefit the cause of missions. As they are not sent by the Board of Missions, it has nothing to say to them by way of commandment, but we trust they are not mistaken as regards the mind of God concerning the matter. We are sure the dear missionaries will greatly appreciate receiving visitors from the homeland, and, we trust, the visit will prove a blessing to them, and God will be glorified. Bro. and Sister Myers have it in mind as spoken of in his article, to make a visiting tour through this section of the State, visiting the churches, holding meetings in the interest of mission work, stirring up the brethren to a more full appreciation of the importance of having a great concern for the successful carrying on of missionary enterprise. We trust they may find open doors and sympathetic hearts wherever they may go.

"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. Hotchkiess, 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 missions, 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.)
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. 5, 5; I. Cor. x. 17; I. Cor. xii. 12, 20; Eph. iv. 4.)
5. Only one Body recognized in the word of God.
   1. Called in one Body. (Col. iii. 15.)
   2. Reconciled in one Body. (Eph. ii. 14-15.)
   3. Baptized in one Body. (I. Cor. xii. 13.)
   4. Set in one Body. (I. Cor. xii. 18.)
   5. Added to one Body. (Acts ii. 47.)
   6. Born in one body. (Ps. ixxix. 7.)
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. (Eph. iii. 33.)
8. Christ is the foundation of the Church. (I. Cor. iii. 11; Eph. ii. 20.)
9. The moral purity of the Church. (Col. iv. 7, v. 10; Eph. v. 25-29.)
10. The moral state of those who belong to the Church.
7. They are saved. (I. Cor. i. 21; Titus ii. 9, 12; Luke 72, 72; i. John iii. 6.)
8. They live without committing sin. (Rom. v. 17; Gal. v. 13; i. Tit. iii. 5, 13.)
   1. Kept by God himself. (Ps. lxxxviii. 17.)
   2. Kept in heaven. (Luke x. 20.)
   3. Kept by God himself. (Phil. iv. 3.)
10. The discipline of God's church is
   1. Kept in heaven. (Luke x. 20.)
   2. Kept in heaven. (Luke x. 20.)
   3. Kept by God himself. (Phil. iv. 3.)
11. The name of the Church is Church of God. (Acts xx. 28; i. Cor. i. 21; x. 21; xi. 22; ii. Cor. i. 1; Gal. i. 13; i. Tit. iii. 5, 13.)
12. The Church is Church of God. (Acts xx. 28; i. Cor. i. 21; x. 21; xi. 22; ii. Cor. i. 1; Gal. i. 13; i. Tit. iii. 5, 13.)
13. The Church is Church of God. (Acts xx. 28; i. Cor. i. 21; x. 21; xi. 22; ii. Cor. i. 1; Gal. i. 13; i. Tit. iii. 5, 13.)
14. The Church is Church of God. (Acts xx. 28; i. Cor. i. 21; x. 21; xi. 22; ii. Cor. i. 1; Gal. i. 13; i. Tit. iii. 5, 13.)
15. The Church is Church of God. (Acts xx. 28; i. Cor. i. 21; x. 21; xi. 22; ii. Cor. i. 1; Gal. i. 13; i. Tit. iii. 5, 13.)
16. The Church is Church of God. (Acts xx. 28; i. Cor. i. 21; x. 21; xi. 22; ii. Cor. i. 1; Gal. i. 13; i. Tit. iii. 5, 13.)
17. The Church is Church of God. (Acts xx. 28; i. Cor. i. 21; x. 21; xi. 22; ii. Cor. i. 1; Gal. i. 13; i. Tit. iii. 5, 13.)
18. The Church is Church of God. (Acts xx. 28; i. Cor. i. 21; x. 21; xi. 22; ii. Cor. i. 1; Gal. i. 13; i. Tit. iii. 5, 13.)
19. The Church is Church of God. (Acts xx. 28; i. Cor. i. 21; x. 21; xi. 22; ii. Cor. i. 1; Gal. i. 13; i. Tit. iii. 5, 13.)
20. The Church is Church of God. (Acts xx. 28; i. Cor. i. 21; x. 21; xi. 22; ii. Cor. i. 1; Gal. i. 13; i. Tit. iii. 5, 13.)
21. The Church is Church of God. (Acts xx. 28; i. Cor. i. 21; x. 21; xi. 22; ii. Cor. i. 1; Gal. i. 13; i. Tit. iii. 5, 13.)
22. The Church is Church of God. (Acts xx. 28; i. Cor. i. 21; x. 21; xi. 22; ii. Cor. i. 1; Gal. i. 13; i. Tit. iii. 5, 13.)
his life, left the deep provincial seclusion, and came to John to be likewise baptized of him. John shrank from baptism, but to fulfill the purpose of the people whom he came to save, as a beautiful symbol of moral purification, and as a fit inauguration of a ministry which came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill. And during the baptism John saw the overshadowing radiance, and heard the voice from heaven which revealed to him that the promised Messiah had now come, and that this Messiah was the Son of God.

After this Jesus was "driven" by the Spirit into the wilderness for his mysterious temptation. The details of what occurred could of course only have been derived from what he himself made known to his disciples. Although this was not his only temptation, it was, however, evidently the most deadly. But, thanks be to God, he won the perfect victory, so that the enemy was compelled to leave him for a season.

After the victory over the power of evil, Jesus 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 sufficient to say that from henceforth for a season.

The evangelists record no further particulars of these early years, but they relate that in after years he was called "the carpenter's son." Which gives us to understand that he also most likely worked at that trade. History tells us, if it can be relied upon, that he especially made ploughs and yokes, but there are also slight intimations that he also worked at finer works. And by working with his hands for his, as well as for the support of others, at some useful trade, he set the noble example of forming industrial habits in youth, which are requisite of making our lives useful and happy.

As we follow the narrative of Jesus, we notice that in after years, at the time of extreme trouble and expectation, when the whole world was anxiously looking for something extraordinary to turn up, that John the Baptist began his preaching in the wilderness. It was confessedly preparatory to the coming of the Messiah, who 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, 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 the law was at an end, and that a new order of things had now begun, that the Christian service was a service of love, instead of the obligatory service of the law. He instituted the Communion also, telling them that as oft as they partook of it, they should commune with the chief priests about the betrayal of Jesus, that he began to speak to his disciples the sad and painful supper, Jesus felt impelled to reveal to his dearest followers, that the law was at an end, and that a new order of things had now begun, that the Christian service was a service of love, instead of the obligatory service of the law. He instituted the Communion also, telling them that as oft as they partook of it, they should commune with the chief priests about the betrayal of Jesus.

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 rare and precious as with emeralds. There is a matchless beauty and tenderness in the records of the intercourse of 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.

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 consolde the weeping daughters of Jerusalem, and when they reached the fatal spot of Golgotha, he refused the stupefying potion, and prayed for his murderers, even as they drove the nails through his hands and through his feet. Pilate managed to insult the Jews by putting over the cross the title, "The King of the Jews," which thus in the presence of the vast passover multitude testified to the truth. On the cross Jesus hung for three hours in agony. The soldiers parted the seams of his seamless robe. The mob, the priests, even the crucified malefactor, joined in taunting him. But he answered not. After his prayer for his enemies, he only spoke to commend his Spirit into his Father's hands; and lastly, to end his work on earth, "it is finished." At evening the soldiers came and broke the legs of the robbers, and finding that Jesus was already dead, drove a spear into the region of his heart, whence came out blood and water. As very little time was left before the beginning of the Sabbath, the body of Jesus was hastily buried by Nicodemus and by Joseph of Arimathea, rolling a great stone before the door of the aperture, which was further guarded by soldiers, sent by the Jews to prevent its removal for the purpose of fraud. This was on Friday evening. Very early on Sunday morning the two aMyrs were met at the sepulcher by a vision of angels, which announced his resurrection.

After his resurrection we find ten recorded appearances to his disciples and others. These appearances continued for forty days. On the last occasion Jesus led his disciples towards Bethany, gave them his last command, blessed them, and, as he blessed them "a cloud received him out of their sight."

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 loathsom 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.

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 call to India, also feels the need of some preparation for so great a work.

Will we as a body take immediate steps in this direction or will we sit down and fold our hands and let this important matter pass without due attention? Will some of our strong-minded (not self-willed) brethren pray 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 hardness 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. 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, long and loud, in these days of miraculous conversions. If that alone were service it would be grand and noble, but when the trial for service comes, “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. 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, long and loud, 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.
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 suffering of our body is light compared with the glory of the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.” (II. Peter ii. 9.)

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 hung 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 hung in pain and agony till the last rain. “Be ye also patient, establish your hearts for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.” (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 lifted up their voice and wept and rent every one his mantle and sprinkled dust upon their heads to the earth. So they sat down upon the ground seven days and seven nights and none spake a word to him; for they saw that his grief was very great.”

Can we imagine what their feelings were? What would it take to move us to sit down on the ground with an afflicted, suffering friend seven days and seven nights without uttering a word? But have we not reason to believe that Job’s crown is much brighter to-day in heaven than it would be had he not gone through this fiery trial? But why did the Lord permit this sore affliction when the Lord himself said there was no cause? Job was not in the transgression, yet after all there was a cause, just to be written 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.

“For 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 ix. 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,
Fist, and scourged as Jesus was? 

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 Matoppo Mission.

"There are souls, perishing souls, over the sea.
Perishing souls in our own native land.

Bearing the message of love everlasting, and free.
Let us reach them a kind helping hand.

Yours for the lost of earth,
Sallie Kreider.

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 have 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 commanded to till the ground from which he was taken, and eat his bread in the sweat of his face for the rest of his life.

Mankind is trying very hard to get away from this decree of the Creator. He doesn't want to till the ground, and he won't if he can help it. He grasps at easy work, few hours, fine clothes, good feed and pleasant places. He will lie and steal and cheat and murder for the sake of getting a living somehow besides tilling the ground for it. He will walk the earth as a peddler or agent, and try to get you to buy worthless stocks and bonds for his benefit. He wants you to get a picture enlarged, an umbrella mended, or your spectacles changed; he will buy gum shoes, rags, bones, and would almost turn you into soap-fat rather than sweat in the field and produce the things he must eat to live. If he knows himself, the American man won't sweat. As the Indian said when he first saw one on a bicycle, "American man heap lazy—he sits down to walk."

But even this style of locomotion has grown too much like work for him, and now he has to have an automobile, with rubber tires, to smoothly and quietly transport him, all cool and clean in starched shirt and creased trousers, about the country to frighten women and children off the roads and horses out of their wits, and to play havoc generally. The modern man is growing to be a terror.

Of all inventions to entice the superficial thinker, the secret society stands out most prominent. It sounds so considerate for your welfare to be told that by paying a mere pittance a week these good brothers of the order will stand by you when you are sick, will bury you when you are dead, and provide for your widow, and save you the trouble of laying up anything for her. If this isn't lovely, what is? It is a bait so tempting that the average man can not resist. But when he gets sick he finds that they are not overly anxious to sit up at nights with him and pay over the money they have promised for such cases; and if he stays sick longer than is polite for a secret society man to do, they squirm considerably, and invent many reasons for not paying up, and even belabor the doctors for not curing incurable cases right off. The most popular and best-liked men of the secret society is the one who doesn't get sick. The secret society in all its forms is an abomination on the face of the earth. It is anti-Christian and directly in opposition to the declaration of the Savior, "Ye are the light
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 persuade 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 out more than he puts in should sickness or misfortune overtake him. If he could be taught to save his money 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 has no 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 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." 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 "fired 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. Pa 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.
Awakening of Jacob Ben Melech.  
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 prepare your evening meal and then you must hurry to the pasture grounds on the way to Hebron.

"Mother," replied the youth, "I am very tired and there is a keen chill to the night wind at this time of the year and I would rather seek my bed. But since thou hast said the word, I will gladly go."

He had not always been so ready to obey, but Jacob was a noble boy, in whose veins ran royal blood, as his name, Ben Melech—"Son of the King"—indicated. He was of the tribe of David and Bethlehem was his home. Like the ruddy David, he had sometimes cared for his father's sheep, and was accustomed to beguile the hours of the night watch by playing upon his much loved flute, for he was very fond of music. He lacked neither faithfulness during the long night hours, nor courage in defending the sheep from prowling thieves or wolves. For all that, caring for the sheep was a task he had never great-ly enjoyed and it meant a great deal that he answered his mother so cheerfully. Of late, however, he had been growing thoughtful. There were strange longings in his soul. He wanted something; he knew not what. He saw life opening before him and he was dissatisfied with the prospect of always tending sheep and giving no higher service to the world. He was like a growing vine grooping for some support on which to climb. He felt strong and vigorous. He realized—even without being conscious of it—that he possessed abilities which the shepherd-fold could not use. And he longed for a great leader, to whom he could give his love and in whose service he could use his powers. He sometimes prayed that the God of Israel would appear to him as he did to his namesake at Bethel. It was this restlessness preying on his mind, that was one cause of his weariness this very night, so that he would have been glad to forget his troubled thoughts in sleep. But he had grown more loving to his mother as he grew more thoughtful, and, after his meal and a tender kiss, he turned his steps to the pastures.

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 this pasture 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! that it had been true! But no; he was still plain Ben Melech; around him stretched the pastures, before him, the humdrum shepherd's life.

But see! hark! This growing brightness is not from the rising sun. It is still deep night. Above him the heavens are opened in truth. An angelic voice is heard. It is no dream now. How wonderful the sight! How beautiful that heavenly messenger! How strange the message! "Unto you is born this day in the city of David A Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

Then it seemed as if all of heaven's inhabitants were flocking to earth to help in telling the story, and the bright forms burst into a song such as earth never heard before or since: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

Jacob Ben Melech had found what his soul was seeking. He had seen a vision which would influence his life as the vision of Bethel had changed the life of his great ancestor. He had been told of a Master whom he could love, worship and serve and his heart was filled with a strange peace. Leaving his flock in the care of another, he hastened to Bethlehem and worshiped before the manger where lay the Master of his soul.

Morning came, and son and mother met once more. "Jehovah's name be praised," cried the son with radiant face. "This night was born in David's city the great Messiah, promised long to Israel; and I must be his servant—shepherd of his sheep, herald of his person, prophet of his people."

"Jehovah's name be praised," replied the happy mother. "Thou hast brought great joy to my heart, my son, and thou hast my blessing; for it is written by the prophet: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy King reigneth!' "—The Little Missionary.

We live by loving, and the more we love, the more we live; and, therefore, when life feels dull and the spirits are low, turn and love God, love your neighbor, and you will be healed of your wound. Love Christ, the dear Master; look at his face, listen to his words, and love will waken, and you will do all things through Christ who strengtheneth you.—H. S. Holland.
PUBLISHERS’ NOTICE.

To Subscribers.—Our terms are cash in advance.

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.

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

5. To the Poor,—who are unable to pay, we extend the favor of the printed page without regard to the recommendation of others or upon any individual requests. Individual requests must be renewed every six months as a matter of good faith.

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

Communications without the author’s name will receive no recognition.

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

2. Submit notices by Post-office Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft, to G. D. Detwiler, 1285 Bailey St., Harrisburg, Pa. Canadian Currency is discounted at 60%.

HARRISBURG, PA., December 15, 1903.

OUR BIBLE OFFER

We are able to offer our subscribers a good COMBINATION BIBLE with the Evangelical Visitor at a small cost. For $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.

The special feature of this Bible is that it gives the Authorized and Revised Versions of the Bible in one volume, without increasing Size or Weight, or Diminishing Size of Type. It is a Self-pronouncing Teacher’s Bible which, without getting a feature or disturbing the Text, points out all the words and passages wherein the two versions differ, giving the Revised Version of each at foot of page, together with

A Very Full Concordance, containing over 40,000 References; History and Summary of the Books of the Bible; Historical, Chronological Tables; New Subject Index to the Bible; a Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names, with their Pronunciation and meaning; Tables of Miracles, Parables, Etc.

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

Address Evangelical Visitor, 1285 Bailey St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Our City Missions

Philadelphia, 1424 N. Second street, in charge of Brother Peter Sover and Sister Soper.


EVANGELICAL VISITOR

December 15, 1903.

About Our Visit to South Africa.

We are commanded to cast our bread upon the water and we shall gather together in many days hence. We have reason to believe to be true, heretofore and trust it has been verified many times in our stay here in Buffalo that we will keep on praying that the seed sown may be watered by the dew of divine grace and grow to the grace and salvation of the lost of earth. We have not seen visible results of our work as we could wish, yet our prayer is as the poet says:

"The seed I have scattered in springtime with weeping.

And watered with tears and with dews from on high;

Another may when the harvest he's reaping.

Shall gather my grain in the sweet by

Dear readers of the Visitor, in our last number you read of our contemplated mission trip to South Africa. In this message we wish to say to the dear saints that the dear ones in the field have been writing to us to bring along some articles that would be useful. They will with all gladness receive gifts sent them and there are many widows and sisters in need of our brotherhood who know what is most useful.

Only standard and staple goods should be sent. They have written to us about shoes and woolen underwear. So now we make this appeal to you, that you will have time to write to them and ask their number and get word back till the time of our sailing. Bro. Donner has written that they are in need of carpenter tools, as theirs will be moved out of the old home, and as they are launching out to start a new station, will need more, and we would suggest that you write, bring dried fruit of all kinds, as it is so very high in price to buy. If our brethren can furnish any clothes they have in need of, they may write, bring them here before our leaving Buffalo with word as to what we have in store.

Our time for leaving here will be on the second or fourth of January, 1904. Then the Lord willing, we expect to reach our home county, Franklin, Dauphin, Lebanon, Lancaster and York counties, and perhaps some of the lower counties in Pennsylvania. We expect to find open doors among our brethren, being accepted by the existing board as an evangelist in the work of the church. We most sincerely ask your prayers.

In His Name.

John H. Myers, Catskill, N. Y.

December 1, 1903.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Set Thine House in Order.

(1st. xxxviii. 1-6.)

Praise God for the wholesome instruction we find in the blessed Holy Bible. "Thus saith the Lord, set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." Who knows how soon it may be and that it may be with the setting of another sun. Have you walked in truth and with a perfect heart before God? If you want to live, ask and it shall be given you. It may not be fifteen years only, but many more. I do praise my God that even more than 25 years have been added to my life since I have given myself to him, and to the readers of the Evangelical Visitor I come with my heart full of praise to my God for what he has given me and that I have been enabled to do for him. And I am made to believe that he has also made me a blessing to others, as I am made to believe that he will be with us, and that we should not only live for ourselves, but we should also live for others. The work he hath is just the past contains the national Thanksgiving Day for the people of the United States. O, that men and women would pause to consider the privilege of living under a free government where we can live a peaceful and quiet and God-fearing life. No one to molest us or to
My Precious Bible.

Like a star of the morning in its beauty,
Like a sun is the Bible to my soul;
Shining clear on the way of love and duty,
As I hasten on my journey to the goal.

Chorus.

Holy Bible! my precious Bible!
Gift of God and lamp of life.
My beautiful Bible!
I cling to the dear, old Holy Bible,
As I hasten to the city of the King.

'Tis a Light in the wilderness of sorrow,
And a Lamp on the weary pilgrim way,
As I walk through life's journey long,
Shining more and more unto the perfect day.

'Tis the voice of a Friend forever near me,
In the toil and the battle here below,
As I walk thro' the valley it will cheer me,
Till the story of his kingdom I shall know.

It shall stand in its beauty and its glory,
And the heathen gases be driven away,
Ever telling the blessed, wondrous story
Of the loving Lord, the only living way.

Sel. by C. A. MYERS.

Prayer is a breath of fresh air—much else,
of course, but certainly this. It is inspiration
on a hill-top for new toiling on the plain.

December 15, 1903.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR

Meetings at Sherksont, Ont.

On November 17th, Brother and Sister Noah Zook came, filled with the love of God, and together attended services in the Mennonite church at Sherksont. The meetings began with good interest and continued until November 20th. Our hearts were made glad to have them with us once more. The first few nights were dark and cold, yet there was good attendance. The work was preached with power. We believe our Lord to be coming to scatter the white counsel of God, saving being much encouraged and sinned warned to flee from the wrath to come. Although only a few accepted the offer of salvation, we hope that God will give the increase.

Revival meetings were held at this place, conducted by Bro. & Sis. Zook, of De Moines, Iowa. Bro. Zook labored with us three weeks, up to December 5th. Number of converts six; three additional, who made open declaration by standing and promising that they would, without delay, give their hearts to God. A number of believers received the anointing of the Holy Spirit to which they testified with great joy. The Lord's power was also manifested in the healing of the bodies of some of the saints.

The children's meetings were well attended and were interesting. Lasting impressions were made on their tender hearts which will not be erased. The children prayed and testified. The general influence of the meetings was good; the word was brought to us with great power; K. Whisler, from Aleshand, Ohio, also gave us the truth in love. May God bless all these workers, and may the seed sown bring forth our prayer.

Nancy I. Michael.

Sherkson, Ont.

Meetings at Wliliousville, Kans.

Revival meetings were held at this place, conducted by Bro. & Sis. Zook, of De Moines, Iowa. Bro. Zook labored with us three weeks, up to December 5th. Number of converts six; three additional, who made open declaration by standing and promising that they would, without delay, give their hearts to God.

A number of believers received the anointing of the Holy Spirit to which they testified with great joy. The Lord's power was also manifested in the healing of the bodies of some of the saints.

The children's meetings were well attended and were interesting. Lasting impressions were made on their tender hearts which will not be erased.

The children prayed and testified. The general influence of the meetings was good; the word was brought to us with great power; K. Whisler, from Aleshand, Ohio, also gave us the truth in love. May God bless all these workers, and may the seed sown bring forth our prayer.

M. Sheets.

Baptism at Philadelphia.

Greetings to all from the church at Philadelphia. The hearts of some of our hearts were again glazed, as one more dear sister in Christ followed our Lord's example in baptism. Being the middle of the year when the festive season is so close to hand, when hearts and minds are drawn close to Bethlehem's glittering star, and longing as usual, of the birth of the blessed Jesus, such occurrences as to-day add to our rejoicing.

Had the mighty Hermon brought his snow-capped and barren peaks to add to the scene of earth's harrowings, it could not have made the snow-bound hills of Jersey appear more lifeless. While barrenness of the teaching as we have had, would be weak in faith, hence not pleasing to God and not the glory. I really felt as Jesus said, 'Were there not ten cleansed, but only one made to answer to the prayer of faith, while the Dr. in the town (Stockton) had operated on eight different persons. I believed and asked and wrote for prayer. Praise God the one was entirely perfected. But to my surprise in a few months she was closed the same as before. I said, Why is this? The answer came, 'Give to God the glory, and God will shut.' I said, Yes Lord and left it in his hands. One day I told her to try it one more time and it was successful. She was a professor, and would be back in our church in a few days. Yet I do not say we can or ought to feel free from the duty of at least some volun­
tary service to God, if we can help to alleviate the suffering of those who have faith for healing but not the faith to believe for a cure. We are bound to do this as a sign of an inward possession. To add still further, we are bound to do good without limit or measure, and not the glory. I really felt as Jesus said, 'Were there not ten cleansed, but only one made to answer to the prayer of faith, while the Dr. in the town (Stockton) had operated on eight different persons. I believed and asked and wrote for prayer. Praise God the one was entirely perfected. But to my surprise in a few months she was closed the same as before. I said, Why is this? The answer came, 'Give to God the glory, and God will shut.' I said, Yes Lord and left it in his hands. One day I told her to try it one more time and it was successful. She was a professor, and would be back in our church in a few days. Yet I do not say we can or ought to feel free from the duty of at least some volun­
tary service to God, if we can help to alleviate the suffering of those who have faith for healing but not the faith to believe for a cure. We are bound to do this as a sign of an inward possession. To add still further, we are bound to do good without limit or measure, and the Lord will be pleased to bless those who make the effort.

M. Sheets.

Test mony of Healing.

December 15, 1903.

Dear Readers of the Visitor:

I will now give a short account of work and be obedient to tell what the Lord has done for us, "whereof we are glad." May it be a comfort and an encouragement to the increase of one's faith.

Our little girl was born with the vagina covered. The opening being only as large as a small pea. Having heard of a child that there are so many articles in my family, and both were made perfect; and the two times for the one makes three. Should we not praise him? Yours in him.

Mrs. Delila Kreider.

Shannon, Ill.

Nov. 16, 1903.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

The Visitor.

Allow me to express some of my impressions concerning our paper, viz: THE EVANGELICAL VISITOR. The paper should, I trust, be truly as a "visitor" in every home. Sometimes we hear some complaint that there are so many articles selected to fill up the reading matter. The paper will largely be what we make it. Have those same persons who complained done their duty? Have they ever written any article for publication?

Are we Kansans brethren doing our duty since the paper is published in Penn­sylvania? I see comparatively but few of us have written since the change. Is there a feeling that we did not want the paper? The Kansans, and even the people of Pennsylvania, sylvanitha brethren came to Conference and helped to change the place of printing, we were helped and did not refuse. May God bless their work. I trust we are free, and that THE VISITOR is just as welcome in our homes whether coming from Abilene, De Moines, Pennsylvania or some other place. We are all members of one church, and as such come just as welcome in our home, and just as eagerly read. But if, by the change, the Pennsylvania brethren are bound to do this as a sign of an inward possession. To add still further, we are bound to do good without limit or measure, and not the glory. I really felt as Jesus said, 'Were there not ten cleansed, but only one made to answer to the prayer of faith, while the Dr. in the town (Stockton) had operated on eight different persons. I believed and asked and wrote for prayer. Praise God the one was entirely perfected. But to my surprise in a few months she was closed the same as before. I said, Why is this? The answer came, 'Give to God the glory, and God will shut.' I said, Yes Lord and left it in his hands. One day I told her to try it one more time and it was successful. She was a professor, and would be back in our church in a few days. Yet I do not say we can or ought to feel free from the duty of at least some volun­tary service to God, if we can help to alleviate the suffering of those who have faith for healing but not the faith to believe for a cure. We are bound to do this as a sign of an inward possession. To add still further, we are bound to do good without limit or measure, and the Lord will be pleased to bless those who make the effort.

J. E. Bowers.
Testimonials.

Dear Brethren and Sisters:

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 washed my robes and made me white as snow. I am glad for the assurance we can have in our souls that we are children of God and that this is best and only way we can have real satisfaction. It is much better for this world and the world to come. That which means little to us to give means just as little to him to receive.

I can truly say that I do enjoy better for this world and for the world away, but he did so freely pardon all my sins. Jesus has done for me. I am determined to press on and fore it may be too late.

I do want to be a bright and shining light in this dark world of sin and that I may be the means of leading some dear soul to Jesus. I am determined to press on and follow Jesus all the way.

Your unworthy Sister,

Martha Doner.

Toronto, Ont. Dec. 4, 1903.

Dear Brethren and Sisters:

I felt somewhat impressed to write a few lines for the Visitor, telling you what Jesus has done for me. I can truly say that Christ is my all and in all. I am so glad that he brought me to him to-night that he brought me out of darkness and led me into this marvellous light and is still keeping me. I just want to go forward and obey him in all things. Oh, let us just trust the Lord for all things and obey him in whatsoever he says. This is whole desire to trust and obey him at all times.

I do want to go on and learn more about Jesus.

Your Sister in Jesus.

Lydia Baker.

Toronto, Ont.

Jesus is Coming.

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

Don't you see the saints ascending? Hear them shouting through the air? Don't you see his arms extending? Don't you hear the saints rejoicing?

Now, behold, the loving spirits. Shout the praises of the Lamb. View the smiles of our dear Jesus, While his presence feeds the flame.

O, that day when freed from sinning. I shall see his loving face! Richly clothed in blood-washed linen, How I'll wear my sovereign grace!

Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry. Take my ransomed soul away, Send thine angel bands to bear me, While his glance with joy beaming.

I used to fear that I should fail, But I'm so happy in Jesus. Through Jesus I can all things do, To walk by faith, and not by sight.

I felt somewhat impressed to write a few lines for the Visitor, telling you what Jesus has done for me. I can truly say that Christ is my all and in all. I am so glad that he brought me to him to-night that he brought me out of darkness and led me into this marvellous light and is still keeping me. I just want to go forward and obey him in all things. Oh, let us just trust the Lord for all things and obey him in whatsoever he says. This is whole desire to trust and obey him at all times.

I do want to go on and learn more about Jesus.

Your Sister in Jesus.

Lydia Baker.

Toronto, Ont.

Two Missionary Letters.

Brethren and sisters, I am very thank ful 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 my dear mamma accepted the Lord, and surely the Lord has come and put his right hand on blessing upon it. Pray that she may keep faithful.

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 much and makes me feel so happy, especially from those who have lately accepted the Lord's service. We are also very glad for Brother Willie Stoner, who came over and accepted the Lord Wednesday. We wish you all would pray for him. I want to be a lit tle missionary for Christ and I went out and got a new Bible school walls. I go out visiting with Brother Stoner and Sister Anna Stoner, trying to bring souls to the Lord. There is a great mission ary work to be done. Pray that many workers may be sent out to help gather the sheaves that are lying upon the plains.

May the Lord impress the brethren and sisters to give as the Lord prospered them; for God blesses us so we may not be afraid of need; then all will be richly rewarded. We wish God's blessing on all who have written these lines and all you pray for us here in the city. Pray for my mamma and papa that they may surrender all, and come under the Lord's fold and answering my prayers and has turned mamma. Please write to me as it encourages me.

I remain your sister in Christ,

Mabel Littler.

3695 N. Philip St., Phila., Pa.

Dear Brethren and Sisters: I was impressed to tell you about our mission work here at Philadelphia Mission, which 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 are great here in the city, they try to do the very best for every one. If all God's children will give what they can and help in this great work, they will be greatly rewarded for their labor. Jesus says the poor have ye always with you and whenever ye will ye may do them good. There are a great many poor people here and clothed and to look after here. In visiting we see some remarkable sights. Some people cannot accept Christ and others reject him. Will you pray for my mamma and papa and may my two brothers also? I go out with Sister Anna Stover to visit the people and pray with them and show to them about the Lord and to 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 them gladly. 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.

3422 North Second St., Phila., Pa.

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.

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 sorta want to take a hand! I think of days gone by.

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wither'd 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 hear 'em sing singing, singing, where men's dreary dreams stand.

"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand,"

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

Before the light has left me, and my singing wings.

If I can hear 'em sing then sing, I'll pass out to the end.

To "Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie,"

Cast your troubles where you cast your care.

Sel. by Sarah Custer.
blood, and that proclamation he placed in your brick with 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 of affright and the spit of famine, of scrutiny and the hag in the face.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR

A “Round Top” Missionary Address.

(Continued from Page 1.)

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 asked, “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 bath 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 safer 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 on and up and sure enough the river bed was full of natives. Twenty-five 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 midst of them, 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 had gotten 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 while I was thusment the notion of saying, “Thy will be done” with a grin, 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 gladsomeness 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, I arrived at 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 vision. An old woman used to pass my hut to and from her work in the fields. Every time she passed she managed secretly to drop a root of cassava, the root from which our tapioca comes, before my door. I roasted that root, and it enabled me to eke out my slender supply of provisions throughout those months. God’s ravens are not dead yet. When we get to the end of ourselves, we find God there every time, if we are looking for him.

The people then came to me. If I was determined to stay, I might do so if I would remove across the river. I went across the river and built my house on the very spot where, two months before, they had sentenced me to death. I might say I had to make bricks with my own hands, and I laid every brick myself.

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 raging gash in his head was pouring a stream of blood over his face.

I said to him: “Boy, it looks very
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 of that night of bringing that word "Savior" out of the darkness of oblivion and flashing it into another tribe of Central Africa. And do you know, there are two hundred, perhaps five hundred, 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 privilege, my great privilege, to reduce yet another tribe to the written form. I have in my bag at the house a little roll which contains all there is in existence in a tangible form of the language of a million people.

Here is the need. 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 we could 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 charged them under 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 passing around the edge of the bush 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.

"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. By the time we reached the bush too well hidden to be found, nor did I. But what I did find was the outline of a human form in the soft earth beside a little stream which he had pulled himself, and in horrid suggestions around that imprinted form numerous tracks of lions and hyenas. And as that night I lay in my little open tent, and heard the roaring of lions all night, and all the next morning, five minutes' walk from the tent, I came upon the fresh remains of a zebra that had been pulled down in the night and devoured by the lions, it did not require any stretch of imagination to tell what had been the fate of the poor sick man.

You shudder at such an exhibition of man's inhumanity to man, but let me say this, dear friends: In the face of the wilderness and the furnaces, the divine provision to meet that need, in the face of the ever multiplying facilities, in the face of your knowledge and mine, I bring home to you the charge, "Thou art the light of the world; let nothing dim the splendor of the light of thy life and thy life shall shine like a lamp unto others;" so I left three men to the station. It was a twenty-mile walk, and again the incredible, but they reached me which necessitated my return to the station. It was delightful, exhilarating, bracing to us, and after the plan of the Lord Jesus Christ and translate it into life. What we want is not a gilded, jeweled cross as an ornament about our necks, but the spirit of the cross, the crucification as in us our own crucifixion, manifesting itself in life of self-abnegation for the sake of others. What is wanted is not the story of Calvary and of the crucifixion in a book, but that crucifixion made real in your life and my life.

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 cultivation 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 beautiful sight as we looked on the visions of Calvary, the battlefield of Christianity, before our eyes. 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 my heart could not reach out to save them. They did not need to utter a word. Every look from those eyes; every sight of those emaciated faces was eloquent with the eloquence of suffering; and, as in a flash of the Spirit of God, the connection was made between that wheat pile of mine and those starving bodies, and a voice seemed to say, Here is need and here is a supply. But, I said, Here is a great desire. Which shall it be? Shall it be their desire or our desire, their luxury or their necessity? And while I debated, I seemed to see something else, and that settled the question forever with me, and I went on my way. I could afford to do without bread a few months longer, but I could not afford to look into those eyes that closed in death for me, I could not afford to see 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 he say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one 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 don't ask you to pit the heathen. Pitty 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 my heart that you simply treat Jesus right. Is it not submitted 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 submitted 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, if we 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 crutch the Lord Jesus Christ 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 of the Lord Jesus Christ is in his church which was in the virgin saints, all the faith which was witnessed by the great army of the early martyrs and confessors, all the faith which will wait to be incarnated anew in the honesty of your work, in the steadfastness of your convictions, in the steadfastness of your trust, in the sweetness of your charity. —Henry Wilder Foote.

MARRIAGES.

ERB—HOFFMAN. — On Thanksgiving Day, November 23, 1903, at the home of the bride's parents, Bro. and Sister John W. Hoffman, and Mr. Aaron B. Martin, youngest son of Bro. Elias Martin, of Abilene, Kansas, and Miss Myrtle Moore, of Palmyra, New York, November 27, 1903. C. C. Burkholder officiating.

OBITUARIES.

RHAN.—Died, in Harrisburg, Pa., November 30, 1903, of consumption, Sister Lydia Funk, widow of Bro. Daniel Funk. Drowned was a daughter of the late Elder Samuel Books. She was converted in her girlhood days and lived a useful and consecrated life, leaving a pillar in the church, ready, when opportunity was given, to testify to the saving power of Christ. Her absence will be greatly felt in the brotherhood 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. Services were held at her late home, December 3, 1903. Interment in Penbrook cemetery.

SHERK.—Died, at Sherkston, Ont., December 2, 1903, Mary Ann Sherk, daughter of Mrs. Lucinda Sherk, aged 35 years, 9 months and 18 days. Funeral services were conducted in the U. B. church, December 3d, by Evangelist Noah Zook. Text, Heb. xi. 24, 25.

FUNK.—Died, November 19, 1903, at her home, near Fairland, M. H., Lebanon county, Pa., Sister Lydia Funk, wife of Bro. Daniel Funk. Drowned was a daughter of the late Elder Samuel Books. She was converted in her girlhood days and lived a useful and consecrated life, leaving a pillar in the church, ready, when opportunity was given, to testify to the saving power of Christ. Her absence will be greatly felt in the brotherhood 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. Services were held at her late home, December 2, 1903. Interment in Penbrook cemetery.

DREDDGE.—Died, November 15, 1903, at the home of his niece, Mrs. James Thomas, near Springfield, Ohio. Brother. D. W. Dreddge, aged 83 years, 7 months and 17 days. Funeral service was held at her late home, December 3, 1903. Interment in Palmyra cemetery.