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George Detwiler

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Sharpening 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.
Conviction's a station where sinners get in,
By thorough repentance, confessing their sins.
And Faith is the office where tickets are sold
And baggage checked through to the city of gold.
Regeneration must now take place too,
The heart being changed all things are made new.
God's Spirit bears witness with that of our own,
That we are His children, joint heirs to his throne.
Following the Spirit along in the light,
The old, carnal nature now comes into view.
"Inbred sin!" the porter calls out through the train.
"Put off the old man, he cannot remain."
By trusting in Jesus and reading the Word,
The all cleansing fountain is seen in the blood.
Through faith we step in, and its waves o'er us flow.
We're cleansed from all sin, made whiter than snow.
What transports of joy now sweep o'er the soul.
As over the highlands of Beulah we roll.
Through valleys elysian, o'er mountain and plain.
The music of Paradise filling the train.
Oh, ecstasy ravishing! sweet fountain of bliss.
Scenery Celestial! is heaven like this?
Jesus the Bridegroom of soul ever near,
Making perfect in love and casting out fear.
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Jesus the Bridegroom of soul ever near,
Making perfect in love and casting out fear.
When God's great Bee Line is the only one given.
His word is the guide book, its teachings are plain,
You'll surely be lost if you take the wrong train.
Then be not deceived in making your choice.
But follow the Word and the Spirit's small voice,
Take the train they advise, and then stay on your board.
And you will ride home to eternal reward.
I've a ticket for home, Hallelujah! Praise God
My baggage is checked, I am now on the road.
I've said to the world and its honors goodbye.
My soul's on the wing, I'm enroute to the sky.

Happiness is the great paradox in nature,
It can grow in any soil, live under any conditions. It defies environment. It comes from within; it is the revelation of the depth of the inner life, as light and heat proclaim the sun from which they radiate. Happiness consists not of having, but of being; not of possessing, but of enjoying. It is the warm glow of the heart at peace within itself. A martyr at the stake may have happiness that a king on his throne might envy.
Man is the creator of his own happiness; it is the aroma of a life lived in harmony with high ideals. For what a man has, he may be dependent on others; what he is, rests with him alone. What he obtains in life is but acquisition, what he attains is growth. Happiness is the soul's joy in the possession of the intangible.—William George Jordan.

As we go to press we learn that Belle Springs, Kansas, is also experiencing a gracious outpouring of revival fire. Brother Eyster, of Thomas, Okla., was there three weeks and was followed by Brother J. R. Zook. Last Sunday evening 23 made a start, ranging in age from 7 to 40 years. The meeting was large and orderly. No undue excitement.—EDITOR.

God promises favor if we promise faithfulness.

Only the heart fully surrendered to God can be established.
EDITORIAL.

Elder Samuel Zook.

It becomes our painful duty to record the passing away of another one of the most prominent elders in our Brotherhood. This time it is Elder Samuel Zook, who passed away on the 8th inst., at his late home in North Dickenson county, Kansas. In him the church loses one who has been an acknowledged leader and wise counselor in it for many years. Our first acquaintance with him dates back to General Conference of 1889, which convened at Markham, Ont. Elders H. Davidson and Jesse Engle we had previously met. If we remember correctly, the three were present then, although Elder Davidson was not one of the moderators at that Conference. At that time the conviction forced itself on us that these three elders were men of marked ability and were regarded as wise counselors by the church in general. During the years since then we have not had occasion to change our mind about them. Now all three of them have finished their course and have gone to their reward.

Not that there were not other brethren of ability, we are not reflecting on any, but so long as it was possible for these to take part in the councils of the church they were active and exerted a large influence in the work of the church. The first to go was Elder Engle, whose remains rest under the shade of the bread-fruit tree at the Matoppo Mission in South Africa, having himself, under God, been instrumental in locating and establishing this, the first Mission of the church's venture in missionary enterprise. Nearly a year ago Elder Davidson's course was run and now Elder Zook, the last of the three, is gone. These three elders were intimately associated with this first departure from the hitherto practice of the church as regards foreign mission work, and from the time of the inception of this new enterprise until his resignation became necessary on account of failing health, nearly two years ago, Elder Zook held some office on the Missionary Board, being its treasurer for a number of years. His concern for, and interest in, the Matoppo Mission and workers, were most warm, and to the end of his life he prayed for and desired the success of the enterprise.

But while he was thus an active and intelligent supporter and advocate of foreign mission work, he was no less actively interested in the work and success of the church at home. THE EVANGELICAL VISITOR found in him a warm friend and active supporter, and for one year was its editor. To all the problems of the work of the church he was able to give intelligent consideration and we noticed that his lucid explanations frequently helped Conference over hard places, and his counsel commanded the respect of the Conference.

As a preacher and expositor of Scripture he always stood abreast of his comperees. He was listened to with satisfaction and profit, and while his labors in revival work were not as extensive as that of some, yet his labors on that line were not without fruit and the number who looked up to him as their spiritual father is not small.

He was converted when only seventeen years of age and spent about fifty-three years in the service of God. He entered the ministry in his early married life, and was chosen to the office of elder when yet comparatively young. He enjoyed some educational advantages in his early years, being at one time engaged in school teaching. This early training was useful to him throughout his long and eventful career. Even those who in recent years during the troublous times through which the Kansas church passed became more or less alienated had to acknowledge his ability and administrative power in piloting the church through the troubled waters of bickering and strife. We doubt not the experiences, pleasant and otherwise, thus passed through in the recent years, helped to hasten his death. He remained in the harness until nearly the end. He preached at a revival meeting about four miles from his home on Saturday evening when he took to his bed the next day and eight days later the spirit took its flight.

He was born and raised in Franklin county, Pa., and emigrated to Kansas at the time when many of the brethren left Pennsylvania to build up homes and accumulate a competence in sunny Kansas. In a material way this move was very successful, and we noticed that in him Kansas had a warm friend.

Well, he has gone to his reward. Thus one by one we are crossing over the river, and blessed are we if we can say with the great Apostle, "I am now ready...I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest in the Lord forever."

At the time of going to press we had not received a regular obituary. It will likely appear in our next issue. Peace be to his ashes. Amen.

Concerning the Pill Ad.

It is a common saying that accidents will occur even sometimes in the best regulated families. We do not wish to transfer the qualification with which the saying ends to THE VISITOR as we would not dare to claim that it is the best regulated paper, yet we venture to say that we endeavor to keep out of its columns that which has no business there. But we are sorry that in our last issue an advertisement of a certain doctor's headache pills offering a free sample to the subscribers of this paper, got into the paper, much to the surprise and chagrin of the editor. After the forms were made up, and before it went to press, the editor went away on a visit to Philadelphia, and only learned of the intruder when he came home when the whole edition practically was in the hands of the readers. We could not change it. Every copy told its readers of this wonderful pill. So it becomes our present duty to apologize and explain.

THE VISITOR is not the only paper printed at the establishment. The other paper admits advertisements, and patent medicines are not excluded.
In making up the forms it frequently occurs that to fill out a column the printer must use a little "filler," of which he keeps a supply on hand which are supposed to be of a suitable nature for the purpose. So in adjusting the column this pill ad was used and there it is to stay. No, we are not in the pill business, and especially of this class, as we believe many have taken what are known as headache powders or pills to their undoing. The printer is as sorry for this mistake as the editor, and will no doubt in the future not let the pill ad be among the fillers. The good brethren who wrote us such many protests, (God bless them for it) will, we hope, accept the explanation and our apology.

But while we are referring to this question of medicine or no medicine, we are prompted to say more. We print elsewhere in this issue an article from a good brother on "The Means Used," which seemingly was intended as an answer to an article under a similar title which was published a short time ago. These two articles prove to us that our people are far from being of one mind on the subject of healing. Some may censure us for publishing an article like this, while others feel that the other side has had all the say. We do not publish Brother Alexander's article because we agree with it, or his reasoning, but it shows what some people think, and how differently good people look at things. And perhaps in nothing is this divergence greater than in the matter of healing. Much could be said on this large subject, but would it be unto edification? Perhaps not, so we forbear for the present. We believe a certain prominent advocate of divine healing speaks of God's best which is divine healing, and God's second best, the using of means. He says if you can't take God's best take his second best, and we don't know but we must leave it with that. Let everything he done unto edification.

The Sunday Morning Breakfast Association of Philadelphia is engaged in an important work of benevolence. Every Sunday morning from November to April, and every Sunday evening during the year it gives a free breakfast and supper to a large number of men who are down, who have no home, no friends but are wanderers, being made so largely because of the drink. When we were in Philadelphia a few Sundays ago we paid a visit to this place and were astonished at what we saw. Perhaps five hundred men filled the large room, enjoying its comfort and eagerly expecting the sandwiches and coffee. To see one or two or a dozen men who are down may fail to interest us, but to look into the faces of so many at once we become interested. We are glad for such a charity, but we also wonder whether such conditions are a necessity. Of course Jesus said, "The poor ye have always with you and ye can do them good if ye will." There are always the poor who claim the charity of the rich, but at least three-fourths of the poverty and misery would be avoidable. We saw these half-a-thousand men and saw them fed, but there will be no end to the product as long as the mills continue to grind out the grist. So while this large charity is being exercised, and it is a noble work, the saloons and clubs and other drinking places are grinding away continually and the boys go into the hopper and eventually the finished product will be found at the Breakfast Association or some other charity. When will the people of our land rise up in their might and privilege and say this dreadful evil must be stopped?

Immediately after the last issue had been put in form the editor went to Philadelphia for a few days' visit. It was our first opportunity since we came east a year ago to have a glimpse of the Quaker City. We appreciated the opportunity very much, and our visit with the membership that looks on the Philadelphia Mission as its church home, was pleasant and, we hope, not without profit in a spiritual way. The Mission is no doubt doing a good work, and its leading spirit, Brother Stover, has a busy time of it in looking after the varied interests of the work there. Our visit was at a time when weather conditions were unfavorable, which no doubt diminished the congregation. May the Mission long flourish and may God take care of the little flock in the city.

"Ye are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ." When the people asked Jesus, "What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?" Jesus answered, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." O ye who are turning to God and are become honest with yourselves and are longing for deliverance from the guilt and power of sin and Satan, let nothing deceive you and switch you off from pressing through unto victory. Your "work of faith" is to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ"—to turn from your idols to God, and then "serve the true and living God," which to the child of God is a labor of love. Beware and don't get entangled in any sort of legal bondage.

We are considering whether the "blue mark" would help in reminding those who are in arrears on their subscriptions? Possibly we will resort to it again ere long unless our friends will wake up. We request that all those who have been appointed in their respective districts to work for the Visitor make an extra effort to collect what is due and also procure new subscribers.

The Unchanging Father.

In the silence of a sorrow
Heard a thou e'er a voice divine,
That gave courage for the morrow,
Beating against that heart of thine?
Or within the gloom around thee
Sawest thou a face agoing?
Beating on the grief that bound thee,
And whose smiles gave peace to woe?

"Twas thy Father's voice that thrilled thee
With its tender, loving tone;
And with courage new that filled thee,
Hushing all thy sighs and moans;
And thy Father's face that brightened
With its smiles thy shadowed grief;
He it was thy crosses lightened,
And that gave thee soul relief.

Therefore, learn to trust him ever
For the untried days to be;
He his children leaveath never,
And he'll have his care of thee;
Sooner may the stars above thee
Fall to flash their silver rays
Than thy God will cease to love thee;
He'll be with thee all thy days.


Trust.

I cannot see, with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me;
I only know he hath said, "Child, follow me;"
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straitly hedged, so strangely barred before;
I only know God could keep wide the door;
But I can trust.

I find no answer, often, when beset
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,
And often have but strength to faintly pray;
Still I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground.
If ripened fruit for God will there be found;
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;
But this I know, God watches all my path—
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight;
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide
To see, while here, the land beyond the river;
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;
So I can trust.

Selected by Mary Macklen.
Dwell deep, my soul, in God.

And rest in him alway;

Deep down in arms of love,

Thy yearning, longing heart he'll fill,

Thy peace will as a river flow,

Thy thoughts, thy pressing need he'll satisfy.

And mighty works he'll do through you,

Oh, let him dwell and walk in you,

And let him be your counselor,

And let him be your guide

Dwell deep, my soul, in God.

When problems e'er perplex,

In tend'rest accents hear him say:

"I am the Truth, the Life, the Way!"

Dwell deep, my soul, in God.

And rest in him alway;

Even midst the noonday glare and heat,

In him thou'lt find a cool retreat.

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Way out. Well, speaking for this end of the church, there is in Toronto a Bible Training Institute so far and beyond anything we could attempt; so noble in character, and free from sectarianism, fanaticism, or any other isms, that one can safely trust a properly balanced young brother or sister to come out with convictions unweakened, and loyalty unimpaired. In the States the "German Baptists" (Dunkards) have excellent educational institutions in different places, easily accessible to our people and perhaps other reliable schools that I am not aware of. The difference in doctrine in some cases would not be more than exists among our own people, and would be looked for, and prepared for. They would not rat at our sister's covering, and get them spirited out of sight, nor persuade them to observe the law of Moses, after having learned of Christ. Sister Davidson, all will admit, was never seriously hurt by teaching at McPherson College, neither would any outside pupils who would let their light shine as she did. With this I will conclude, hoping you will believe me just as anxious for the church's welfare as those who differ with me. If you can demolish all the above objections and "show a more excellent way" you will only increase the love and respect of your Brother in Christ,

F. Elliott.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
The Work of Sowing and the Joy of Reaping.

The Christian sows to the Spirit. He visits the fatherless and widows in their affliction. He scatters the seeds of kindness, mercy and love. He is never weary in well doing, knowing that in due season he shall reap the reward of his labors. When he does a good deed he does not try to bring it before the people and if his kindness fails to be appreciated he commits it to God. When he is reviled, he reviles not again. When he is persecuted he threatens not. If he suffers for righteousness' sake, he is happy. He casts his bread upon the waters, knowing that he shall find it after many days. He enjoys perfect consolation in Christ. He is like unto a wise husbandman who prepares his soil and sows his seed in due season and waits patiently for the harvest. He commits his trials and his victories to God and goes about his Father's business as the Holy Ghost directs him. He reaps of the Spirit, life everlasting. His harvest yields the precious fruit of love, joy, peace, etc. He reaps the fruits of righteousness, which is not meat and drink; but peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The promise of the Psalmist is, "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy."

Praise God for the work of sowing and the joy of reaping, realizing that not only in the future state, but also in the present, I reap that which I sow. "Now I see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

Yours in Christ Jesus,
H. K. Kreider.
Campbellstown, Jan. 20, 1904.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
Arise, Shine.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." (Isa. 60:1.)

These are days when the light of God's eternal truth is shining more brightly upon his church than for ages past. The light of holiness, divine healing of the body and of the return of our Lord has shone in upon the hearts of many and as such walk in it we see as a result a pushing out into the highways and hedges, the streets, lanes and slums of the cities, the swamps, jungles, deserts and plains of the foreign fields to gather in others, that they, too, may receive the benefit of this glorious light.

How long the people of God have been lying in lethargy, living far below their personal privileges in Christ, and asleep to their duties and responsibilities toward him and the millions of the lost of earth. Many are still in this dead condition, but God is saying in these last days, "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem." This passage directly refers to the Jews, but does it not also come home to the Church of God to-day. There is holiness, healing, strength, power and all that is needed for triumph and victory over the world, the flesh and the Devil, within reach of every soul. All day long God is stretching out his hands filled with eternal benefits and equipments for the battle, and it is our privilege to take them.

Why shall we "arise and shine"? Because darkness has covered the earth, and "gross darkness the people," and God has commissioned us to give the light to them. He has divinely purposed that each member of the body of Christ have a part in sending out the light and letting it shine. He requires it. Not only is there a work for the missionary who forsakes home, friends and all for Jesus' sake to go to the ends of the earth. Sacrifice is not only required of him, but of every child of God. Those who stay at home are under just as great obligations, and unless one is doing all in his power for the salvation of souls, his skirts shall be found stained with their blood. Can we say with Paul, "I am free from the blood of all men?"

Oh, beloved! God is speaking today, "Arise, shine!" Unless we receive the light into our own hearts and walk in it, we shall not be able to reflect it. We are to be the reflectors to the world of Christ's own image, being made clean through his blood.

There are many whom God has been giving the light of full salvation who are not accepting but opposing it, and the same people are saying, "We do not believe in missionary work." Ah, if we have not a missionary spirit, one that will arise and shine, we have not the Spirit of Jesus, for he was a missionary, and his last work on earth was to lay upon his people the great responsibility of going into "all the world" to "preach the gospel to every creature."

Some say the apostles did go into all the world. It is evident they did not. Jesus said, "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." If the apostles had gone into all the world would not the end have come long ago? They did a great work toward evangelizing the world, and God's people are to-day enjoying the fruits of their labors, but there is yet a vast work to be done. May God let the responsibility weigh heavily upon our hearts, and may each one quickly find his place, for time is short.

"Let none hear you idly saying 'There is nothing I can do,' While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you..."

Yours seeking the lost,
Rhoda Z. Martin.

Our prayers often resemble the mischievous tricks of town children, who knock at their neighbors' houses and then run away; we often knock at heaven's door and then run off into the spirit of the world; instead of waiting for entrance and answer, we act as if we were afraid of having our prayers answered.—Williams.

Wheat and tares look alike when growing, but by their fruits are they known.
For the Evangelical Visitor.

Know the Scriptures.

"From a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures." (II. Timothy iii. 15).

I wonder how Timothy knew the Scriptures. When, how or where he learned them. Did they have Sabbath-schools in those days? It might be that Paul was his teacher when he was a boy. How grand and charming those words of Paul when he spoke of the faith of his (Timothy) grandmother and of his mother, and how encouraging to a young man the 6th and 7th verses of the 1st chapter of II. Timothy. "Stir up the gift of God which is in thee by the putting on of my hands." At one place we read, "faith cometh by hearing." This would tell us, first of all, that grandmother and mother must have taught this boy the unfeigned faith that Paul speaks of.

I am afraid Christians and preachers are too careless in our days about teaching the boys and hide their carelessness and say, "I read the Bible every morning." another one, "I talked with my class is so indifferent they do not listen when I talk." Let us not forget, excuses will not clear us. Perhaps we talked too much and do not do enough of teaching the word of God, power and love. The command less one of the most moral cities on earth is search, teach. If Paul did say a woman should not teach a man, we have a boy in view now. He must be taught.

The father can be his best teacher: the little boy looks up to father. He tries to do as father does. Before he can read he likes the books his father has best. Fathers be careful that he does not see the newspaper in your hand more than the Bible.

If father neglects his duty and does not send him to Sunday-school, and mother has too many household cares to take time to teach her son the word of God he must go unlearned. But let us remember Satan has teachers and of his mother, and of his son, and of his brother shall fall into destruction. Oh how sad for us who have tasted of the goodness of God and have found him to be precious to our souls, to see multitudes thus going on to destruction, some very near and dear to us by the ties of nature. Should it not awaken us to a sense of our duty. I fear too many are slumbering by the way not thinking of the great danger of losing the precious roll out of their bosom, as described by Bunyan.

Oh let us awake and put on the whole armour of God that we may be able to stand against the wiles of the evil one, who is continually going about, seeking whom he may devour. Let us be bright shining lights to the world, and to all around us, that they may see the living God, whether it be on our loving in the footsteps of our blessed Jesus. Let us look around and see if there are yet any idols that we may be worshiping, instead of the true and living God, whether it be on our dying bodies or in our dwellings, or any place in our surroundings. If so, let us tear them down, destroy them, turn from them, that we may worship the Lord our God with all our heart, and serve him only.

Oh, to live holy, consecrated lives while here in a world of sin, surrounded by trials and temptations, means much! We need much of the grace of God, and a very humble contrite spirit, so that we may be obedient in all things, whatsoever he has commanded.

Would to God there were more holy mothers in this our day, who would consecrate like Hannah of old, their children to God, from their birth, instead of rebelling against giving them an existence into this world, and then became a preacher and went through the world praising his master for the whipping he got.

It would be a good thing if some of our preachers had been sent to Sunday-school by that master. They would know a little more of the Bible to talk about. I praise God for Christian parents and for being sent to Sunday-school and that I was taught the word of God and now I see Jesus died for even poor me. I am kept by the power of God, praise his name.

Sarah Wismer.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Put Away Your Idols.

"If ye do return unto the Lord with all your hearts, then put away the strange gods from among you and prepare your hearts unto the Lord and serve him only." (I. Sam. iii. 3).

My dear brothers and sisters and readers of the Visitor. Should God raise up another Samuel, a child consecrated to the Lord, from his birth, by his mother, would he not have just as much reason to cry unto the people of to-day the same as the prophet Samuel cried unto the Israelites in days of old. When they mourned after God, they were to put away the strange idols from among them, and prepare their hearts unto the Lord, to serve him only. We find in these days as well as in the days of Samuel that people are very easily led to serve idols. I do not mean that the people of this enlightened age, in this land of Christendom are ready to bow down to worship gods of wood and stone. But whatever we worship more, than the true and living God are idols of some kind. It is for each of us to ask the Lord to search our hearts and show us if there is any evil thing dwelling within.

We are commanded to love the Lord, with all our heart and with all our soul, and with all our mind. (Matt. xxi. 27). If we have our hearts filled with the love of God we will have very little room for world or the pleasures thereof. John tells us to "love not the world, neither the things that are in the world, if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world, and the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever" (I. John ii. 15, 16, 17). What a life of self denial is required of God's children. Why wonder then that they be a peculiar people, known and read of all men. What an influence the true humble follower of Jesus Christ sends out during his pilgrimage on earth. I say the true followers, as there are so many professing godliness, but denying the power thereof, going on after the course of this world. It is lamentable to see souls so deceived by leaders, and leaders deceived by the great soul destroyer.

No doubt there are a few faithful servants of the Lord crying unto the people to "prepare their hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only," but how many more are holding these sacred offices, and are as the sons of Levi, "Yet in their sins." How then can they win souls for God, seeing they know not the way themselves. They are blind, leaders of the blind, and both shall fall into the ditch. Oh how sad for us who have tasted of the goodness of God and have found him to be precious to our souls, to see multitudes thus going on to destruction, some very near and dear to us by the ties of nature. Should it not awaken us to a sense of our duty. I fear too many are slumbering by the way not thinking of the great danger of losing the precious roll out of their bosom, as described by Bunyan.

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Would to God there were more holy mothers in this our day, who would consecrate like Hannah of old, their children to God, from their birth, instead of rebelling against giving them an existence into this world, and then
When they are born, bringing them up in all the pride and fashion imaginable, never telling them of the great love of Jesus, who died for them. May God have mercy.

It is my earnest prayer that I may this coming year be more devoted to the cause of Christ than ever before. That I may study deeper into the word of truth. That I may see more and more of my own nothingness, and more and more of the beauty of him who has called me from darkness into his marvelous light. Praise his name forever.

Yours in Christian love,
Sister Sarah McTaggart.
Steyer, Ont.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

The Means Used.

Noticing an article, "On Using Means," I was impressed with this subject which I will say is my experience. David's means that he used was the sling and the stones. With these he slew Goliath. It was a desperate case, a case that baffled all the army. They were afraid of him, just like we are of some dread disease, some one that can, and know this that if any one has knowledge to heal or cure disease, God has given it and not the devil; and he who would attribute the healing by doctor or medicine to the devil, is near, if not quite, sinning against the Holy Ghost. If it were not for sin, disease would not come against us, but because of sin man must toil for his own bread, and in so doing our bodies wear out, get crippled, maimed, diseased and death follows. If our body were not con demned to death we would be free, but be you a saint or a sinner you must die, and just as you obey, or disobey, the laws of health, you will have to suffer.

Perry T. Alexander.

Going Backward for Prayers.

Walking one day in the grounds of a large campmeeting, we met a good brother, a preacher of the gospel, and in some little conversation enquired how he was prospering in the good work of the Lord. He said he was not getting on well adding: "I feel as if I was half back-slidden, and ought to go forward for prayers." We suggested that it might be well for him to go backward for prayers, up in the woods, and passed on. Some time afterwards we met him again, and enquired as to his prosperity. He was rejoicing in hope, and he said that our suggestion worked admirably. He "went backward for prayers," and had no more complaints to make of his leanness and desolation.

There are many people who "go forward for prayers," because they have not gone backward for prayers. They neglect praying for themselves, and then ask other people to pray for them. They forget their closet devotions, and think to make up by some public exhibitions of penitence or zeal. Such persons would do well to go backward for prayers. And many who depend upon the enthusiasm of crowds, the inspiration of eloquence, and the rush and hurry of a multitude, need more than anything else to get alone with God, and pour out their hearts before him.

Good friend, unless there is something about your religion which the world knoweth not, which is beyond the view of friends and associates, something which is between you and God alone; be sure that there is a radical defect there; and the sooner you go backward for prayers, and get right with God, and settle your soul in him, the better it will be for you. "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."—Sel. by Susie Cashby, from The Christian.

Agonizing Unto Perfection.

They are marvelous words that the Apostle says of himself. In our own version they are sufficiently startling: "Christ in you, the hope whom we proclaim, admonishing every man and teaching every man in all wisdom that we may present every man perfect in Christ, whereunto I labor also, striving according to his working, that worketh in me mightily." (Col. i, 28, 29.) But in the language he wrote the word striving is agonizing. It is the word used of a racer, or wrestler, of a man straining every nerve and muscle for the prize. Similarly, the words rendered working and worketh are really energizeth and energizeth. The words gain vividness and intensity whilst we read them thus: "Whereunto I labor, also, agonizing according to his energizeth, that energizeth in me mightily."

In the Spring, when the first flowers herald the advent of the boundless wealth of natural life, we become keenly sensible of the putting forth of God's energy. It throbs in every flower and tree, in orchard and hedge row. So it is in the heart and life of each regenerate man. God is in him, and energizes in him; and it is for him to agonize, according to the working of the Divine Spirit of life.

But what was the goal of the Apostle's agony? What object was that towards which which the Divine energy bore him? Why that straining nerve, that eager strife? To the superficial glance, it seems as if he sought nothing else than that each of his converts should be presented perfect in Christ; but the word also conveys an added thought, a touch of deeper meaning. It is doubtful true that the Apostle was eager to see each spiritual child stand complete in all the will of God.
but it is equally true that he sought it with equal earnestness for himself.

And what of this perfection, which he so strenuously sought? The thought at the root of the Greek word is, end, or fulfillment. The perfect thing is that which fulfills to its utmost limit its idea. Everything has an ideal, towards the fulfillment of which it strives. There is an ideal for the waterfall dropping from the uplands, where the snows are melting; an ideal for the Alp, that rears itself in splintered glory against the deep blue of the sky; an ideal for the tree that spreads itself in the parkland, and for the flower that unfurls its secret loveliness in the glade. The ideal is possibly never realized. It exists in the mind of God alone. It combines in perfect and finished beauty, too fair for earth, all the essential properties of grace, beauty, and usefulness, peculiar to the order of which it is the worm or type. But every member of the family, of which it is the ideal, is impelled by an inward impulse to strive towards its attainment. Though it has never been realized, and never can be realized, in texture however delicate, in hue however exquisite, in form however shapely; though ages have striven for it, and failed; yet it is the supreme goal for which each member of the family makes.

So there is an ideal man. In nature the ideal exists only in the mind of God, and has never been perfectly realized, because sin has blighted creation, and the creature is made subject to vanity. But the ideal man has been manifested. Human hands have touched him, human eyes beheld him, weary heads have rested near his heart. And each regenerate soul must strive even to agony to realize that ideal, and to be conformed to the image of the Son, that he may be the first born among many brethren. This is perfection, the fulfillment of the Divine ideal, the realization of the Divine type.

We must agonize for this. All around us there are indications of such agony. See how the forest trees strive to realize their ideal growth, though they are pent in on all sides by their competitors. Mark how the bird will persevere against every discouragement and difficulty to fashion the ideal nest. Consider the ingenuity by which nature tries to gain her end, even when there is malformation and disease, as though she would not be thwarted in her purpose, or defeated in her design. Would that such agony were ours! In spite of difficulties, discouragement, natural drawbacks, let us agonize to fulfill so far as possible the Divine ideal presented in Jesus Christ our Lord.

But the parallel between natural and spiritual growth holds still further. We have within us the germ of the perfected manhood of Christ. His seed remaineth in us. We have been made partakers of the Divine nature. What is that incorruptible seed of which we are begotten again, except it be the germ of the Christ-life? And as the seed of flower or tree, as the young life of bird or beast, aspires to realize their perfect ideal, so that holy thing which has been born into our hearts by the Holy Ghost can do no other than aspire towards an ever closer approximation to the likeness of the Lord Jesus.

It may not be possible that we should ever perfectly attain unto it. "Not as though I had already attained" must be our perpetual confession—"I follow after." There will be some curl in the leaf, some stain or freckle in the flower, some defect or excellence. The limitations of our mortality, the taint of our nature, the conditions of the atmosphere, all militate against the perfect attainment of our quest; and those who are nearest it will think themselves furthest away. Still we must agonize towards it, prompted by the inherent nature of that which was begotten in us by the regenerating Spirit.

Then, to put the same thought in another form, we are joined by faith to the perfect man himself. As the vine-root, hidden far away in the earth, tries to repeat itself in every green frond that waves in the balmy air, and every reddening grape, so does the Christ-life, pouring into our nature from the heart of our Lord, yearn to repeat itself more fully and perfectly within us. Every time we fasten our eyes on the image of the Son, that we may be the first born among many brethren. This is perfection, the fulfillment of the Divine ideal, the realization of the Divine type.

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Poisons in Liquor.

Rev. Frank S. Weston, pastor of Westmount Baptist church, delivered a lecture in Knox church, Montreal, a few days ago on “What They Drink and How They Drink It.” The speaker remarked that he wanted to call attention to one great fact that had to be faced to-day. There were features in the liquor problem to-day which did not exist fifty years ago. The drinking of to-day was a secret poisoner of the people. Alcohol had been potent in all ages, but to-day something worse had to be dealt with. It remained for the nineteenth century to discover a way to make all kinds of intoxicating liquors without one drop of pure alcohol in them.

The American drinks were of the same order; they were mixtures of drugs. A large druggist in New York made no secret of the fact that he sold tons of poisonous drugs to make drinks, and the brewers were not ashamed to acknowledge that the largest bills they paid were to the druggist for drugs imported for use. The wines that went into the houses of the rich were just as great cheats as the liquors taken by the poor.

No pure port, Madeira or Rhenish wines ever came to this country. He saw signs in windows in this city, “Pure Port,” but he would be safe in offering $100 for a pint of pure port wine. The jolting incident to a sea voyage would sour it; and so to get the wine to this country at all, it had to be fortified with brandy or whisky up to 25 per cent. of alcohol.

One hundred times more port wine was sold in the United States than was produced in the Oporto valley, and it was the same with other wines that were supposed to come from abroad. Three of the large cities of the world consumed fifteen times as much wine as was made in one year.

Coming to the commoner drinks, he said that they were composed of the cheapest and most poisons drugs. If the law against adulterated liquors for the use of drugs were enforced in the United States not a single saloon could stand; they would be compelled to shut their doors, because the great bulk of their trade was in drugged drink.—Selected by Mrs. McClellan.

Danger of City Life.

A great city may well be compared to an ocean on which men are wrecked. Hence we find an apparent attractiveness in the language of the text, “Is the young man Absalom safe?” It is wise and proper to charge this question in relation to the thousands of young men who resort to a city to gain a livelihood who come from various directions and find homes or seepulshes. There are dangers threatening every one of them. We need look at the city but a single moment to discern the perils to which young men are exposed. Philadelphia is doubtless one of the most moral cities on this continent. Thousands of influences for good are at work and young men are saved from some sources of public debauchery which prevail in New York and even in puritan Boston. But a man’s whole Christian nature will be shocked when he looks at the crimes which abound, and the temptations which are opened in a large city: conspicuous on the most public streets are the play-houses, the dram-shops, the gambling resorts, while spreading out in all directions are irresistible forms of evil to lure and destroy.

I have time to specify only a few general forms of danger which visit young men in the city. I mention (1) the danger of an artificial, unnatural life, (2) the danger of imbibing false notions of life and false views of honesty, (3) the danger of indulgence. When a young man comes into the city everything is changed with him, he steps out into the great world. A new existence opens to him, unless his views are fixed and his opinions all formed, and his heart all guarded, he is in danger of having perverted notions of life. Unless he is, the customs of the city will corrupt and poison him. Now in a great city the means of self-indulgence, and the temptations to it, are so numerous, that the young man is liable to be swept with the current and borne on with it to a most brutish and shameful life; the pains and penalties of self-indulgence are marked on every side. City life is a hot bed, where unnatural things ripen fast.

We find here also the danger from religious error. There is no town so small, no village so obscure as to be without its heresies. The young man leaves home and comes here with the idea, now he will test everything, and see whether the religion of his father and mother is true or false. He soon falls into the hands of those who have lies to sell. He is met by one who tries to shake his faith in the existence of God; by another who strives to weaken his confidence in this pure blessed Bible; by another who tells him that the idea of hell is a fiction and the judgment a fable; by another who ridicules the divinity of Christ; by another who scorns at the atonement as an inhuman device. Every doctrine of this word is denied, every grand fundamental fact is scorned and derided, and often, the young man bewildered, casts off all religion, saying in the midst of all these conflicting creeds, I can believe nothing, and from that hour he begins to drift, and continues to drift until he loses sight of shores and beacon lights, and head lands, and is crushed to pieces at last among the icebergs of atheism and unbelief. This has been the fate of thousands of young men who are sceptics as to all that is beautiful and true in the Bible; they have been cut loose from the Bible, and are drifting. Ah! whether are they drifting. Nearer to death nearer to judgment, nearer to eternity.

The danger of fashionable amusements, of which the theatre stands as the center. Every theater in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston, would die out in a single year if the plays of Shakespeare were alone acted. There must be crime, loathsome intrigue, ghastly criminality insinuated in the play, and the ballet must be lown and low. What harm does the theatre do? asks the young man. Why can I not go and see the play and be uninjured? What harm will it do? What harm will the wine cup do? What harm will gambling do? This question always comes up. We have an answer to it; the tendency of the theatre is to public corruption, it perverts the conscience and puts a false estimate on virtue and vice; it makes men frivolous and vain, women worldly and foolish, and takes away true nobility of soul. The more you attend theatrical amusements, the more you vitiate national character. Ovid advised Augustus to suppress theatres as a grand source of corruption. The theater Archbishop Tillotson pronounces the devil’s chapel. Collier declared that nothing had done more to debauch the age in which he lived than stage poets and the play house. John Wesley describes it as the sink of all profaneness and debauchery. John Newton said theatres
are fountains of means of vice. I am speaking at length of the theatre, though that is only one form of fashionable, sinful amusement. I give it this prominence because its position is a central one in the circles of temptations. It plants its obscene handbills on the corners of the streets, it parades its hideous placards on every wall and unoccupied building; it drives a carriage on the pannels of which is painted vice by the doors of our churches. The conclusion to which I bring you is full of dangers and perils and that against them protection is needed, and where can such protection be found? Only alone in the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. O it is the cross your young men need, a cross to carry and a cross to lean upon, a cross to bear our sorrows and take away our sins.

Safety for young men is found only in the religion of blood, the religion of atonement, the religion of mercy. No powers of evil, no assaults of temptation can overawe you if you stand near the cross and have your hand in that of Jesus. Would it not be well to try to look at things now as you will look at them when you come to the bed of death, when you are but an inch from eternity? An inch from eternity! and what will you do when so near that? I tell you young men, that if you live among the temptations of this world without an interest in Christ you commit an awful mistake. "I am safe," you may say. No, you are not. death is on your track, judgment waits for you, eternity is near and will you go on—go on to ruin.—Selected from Young Man's Friend, by Henry Rodes.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

The Only Foundation.

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."—I. Cor. iii. 11.

"All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made." Of all literature, none has half the influence of this Book. It is read on a Sunday in all the pulpits of our land. In all temples of Christendom it is its voice lifted up week by week. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar and colors the talk of the street. The boat of the merchant cannot sail without it. No ship of war goes to the conflict but the Bible is there. It enters men's closets, mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life. Men are married in the Scripture. The Bible attends them in their sickness and when the fever of the world is on them. The aching head finds a softer pillow if such leaves lie underneath. It goes with the peddler in his crowded pack, bears him at eventide where he sits down, dusty and fatigued. It blesses us when we are born, gives names to half Christendom; rejoices with us, has sympathy for our mourning, tempers our griefs to finer issues. It is the better part of our sermon. It lifts man above himself. Our best uttered prayers are in its storied speech, wherewith our fathers and the patriarchs prayed.

Isaith xxviii. 16, "I lay in Zion for a foundation stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation." Everything beneath the sun will fade and pass away. The hopes and promises that make the morning of life so bright are seldom realized at its noonday, and the sun at evening, as far as temporal things are concerned, often goes down amid cloud and disappointment. Blessed hope that we can build upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. Since that night when the song was heard in the skies announcing glad tidings to all the world, a great many men have come and gone. Where are they to-day in the world's thought and life? Gone forever, forgotten by the children of men, but the name of Christ gathers about it an abiding fragrance and occupies a large place in the hearts of men. What the sun is to the earth, that Christ is to the world's thought, life and civilization. Subtract Christ from history and the remainder will be zero. Let us consider a moment the elevating influence of the gospel. First, that the love of God is able to save the vilest sinner, the upward and onward look, and we are never ashamed of that which points onward and upward. Africans, the South African chief was in the middle age a cannibal, blood thirsty, cruel to his last degree, and some fifteen years ago he stood before Queen Victoria, a scholar, and eloquent orator, asking for missionaries that his people might know the glorious gospel of the Son of God. Gough, the homeless drunkard, became Gough, the silver-tongued orator of our country; and Macauley, the thief and occupant of a penitentiary cell for more than sixteen years, gave his life to God, and Macauley became one of the greatest preachers of the nineteenth century, dying after many years of loving service to outcasts of the great city New York. We are told that his funeral was one of the largest in New York. Oh, what a gospel that lifts man to honor and influence.


Bound Hand and Foot in Sin.

A Town missionary while one day visiting his parishioners was asked by one of them why he never called to see Bill Blake. This Bill Blake was a notorious poacher and drunkard, a fierce, wild man. "He needs ye more than the lot of us, and ye never call. I say, aren't ye a bit afraid of him." Now that was the truth. The missionary went straight off home, got down on his knees before the Lord and said, "Lord I am a coward, give me courage to go and see Bill Blake, and I'll go." Strong in the Lord, he went to see Bill. Bill Blake was astonished, "I suppose you're come to try and convert me," he said. "I suppose you're about right," said the missionary. "Joey," he said to his boy, "Go upstairs and bring me that coil o' new rope that's lying there." Bill's boy soon returned with the rope. "Sit in that chair, Joey," was the next command. The missionary stood by wondering what Bill Blake was up to, as Joey seated himself in a great wooden chair that stood by the fireside. In silence Bill tied his boy's body to the chair, and knotted his arms and legs hard and fast all over. When he had done he turned to his visitor and said "Is he fast?" "That he is," said the missionary. "Can he get away?" "No, indeed, he cannot," was the reply. "Well, see here, missionary, that's just what I am; I'm fast bound hand and foot by my sins, and have been so for years, and I can't get away." Then pulling a knife from his pocket, he cut the rope all round his boy, and again turning to the missionary, said—"Is he free?" "Oh, yes," "Did he free himself?" "No, that he did not," said the now delighted missionary, who saw his chance to tell poor Bill of Jesus. "Well," said Bill Blake, "when you can do that for me, I'll be glad to see you, but since you cannot, there's the door." "Stop a bit, Bill," said the missionary, "stop a bit; although I cannot, I've a Friend who can." Very soon the Jesus who was manifested to break every yoke, broke Bill Blake's and set him free.—Sel.
OUR YOUTH.

For Love's Sake.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur, 'That life is flying away, What are we doing? May we may be Filling each busy day: Dancing mock o'clocks and corners, Making the house look fair, And patiently taking on me The burden of woman's care, Comforting childish sorrows, And warming the childish heart With the simple song and story Told with a mother's art; Setting the dear home table And clearing the meal away. And going on little errands In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another! Sewing and piecing well Little jackets and trousers, So neatly that none can tell Where are the seams and joinings. Ah! the seamy side of life Is kept out of sight by the magic Of many a man and wife! And oft when ready to murmur That life is flying away, With the selfsame round of duties Filling each busy day, It comes to my spirit sweetly, With the grace of a thought divine: 'You are living, toiling, for love's sake. And the loving should never repine.'

'You are guiding the little footsteps In the way they aught to walk; You are dropping a word for Jesus In the midst of your household talk; Living your life for love's sake, Till the homely cares grow sweet, And sacred the self-denial That is laid at the Master's feet.'

Margaret E. Sangster.

Coal Heaving Girls of Japan.

If I were asked to say of all that I saw in Japan, what that is that lives most vividly in my memory, I should probably shock my artistic reader by saying that it was the loading of a steamship at Nagasaki with coal. The huge vessel, the "Empress of Japan," was one morning, soon after its arrival at Nagasaki, suddenly festooned with a line of baskets holding, I should think, a thousand men. I was told, more than one thousand tons of coal. I am quite free to say that I do not believe that there is another body of workfolk in the world who could have performed the same task in the same time and with the same exactness. —Bishop Potter, in the Century.

Don't Act a Lie.

When I was quite young I once acted a lie, and my heart is sad whenever I think of it.

"One day, when my mother had company, she took the china sugar bowl to the kitchen to fill it. I stood beside her while she was cutting up the large pieces. For a moment she left her work, I knew I ought not to do it, but I thought I would try to cut a little; but as I brought down the knife I hit the handle of the sugar bowl and down it fell; and in a moment I put the handle in its place and shoved it against the wall, so that it need not fall off. I had hardly done so when my mother came back and went on with her work; but soon a heavy blow jarred the bowl, and down fell the handle. If mother had looked into my face, she would not have said, 'Why! Can it be that such a jar should break the handle? but I was careless in setting it against the wall.'"

"I was on the point of saying, 'No, mother, it was I that was careless; I did it,' but something said, 'Don't tell it all now, it can't be helped,' so I kept still, and acted a lie. I did not say I did not do it; but I meant a lie, and it is the thoughts we have in the heart that God looks at.

"Not many months after that my mother was taken sick. I was sent away from home to stay most of the time, and she died before I could tell her. Oh, what bitter tears I shed as I looked upon that sweet face and remembered how I had deceived her.

"Many years have passed since then; but my sin still comes up before me. I never think of it but my heart is heavy. I hope God has forgiven me, though I can never forgive myself. —Selected.

Make Every Day Count.

The one who starts out in the morning with a determination to do something during the day that will amount to something that will be distinctive, that will have individuality, that will give him satisfaction at night, is a great deal more likely not to waste his day in frivolous, unproductive work than the one who starts out with no plan.

Begin, every day, therefore, with a program, and determine that, let what will come, you will carry it out as closely as possible. Follow it up persistently, day after day, and you will be surprised at the result.

Make up your mind, at the very outset of the day, that you will accomplish something that will amount to something; that you will not allow callers to fritter away your time, and that you will not permit the little annoyances of your business to spoil your day's work. Make up your mind that you will be larger than the trifles which cripplc and cramp mediocres, and that you will rise above petty annoyances and interruptions, and carry out your plans in a large and commanding way.

Make every day of your life count for something; make it tell. In the grand results, not merely as an added day, but as an added day with something worthy achieved.—Sel.
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Our City Missions.

Philadelphia, 3423 N. Second street, in charge of Brother Peter Stover and Sister Stover.

Buffalo, N. Y., Mission 25 Hawley street, in charge of Brother Henry Rodes and Sister Anna Rodes.

Chicago Mission, 905 Peoria street. In charge of Brother and Sister B. Brubaker, Sis. Anna and Sarah Beth and Brother G. C. Cress, pastor.

Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, Second and Grand streets, which has been opened by the church and the lady's union.

Mary Lyon.

REVIVALS AT BLAINEWELL, OKLA.

Our Brother D. L. Graybill, of Sedgwick, Kans., felt the call of God to go to Oklahoma this Winter, and when he received a letter from the writer inviting him to come to Blackwell he said surely this is of God and arrangements were made for his coming. He came in the power of the Spirit and meetings were commenced on the evening of January 16th and continued to the 31st. The result was that ten gave their hearts to God. These varied in age from ten years to old age. The children's meetings were very encouraging. They had all expressed the desire to come to the church. Five revival meetings were progressing at the same time and we trust every one was doing some good. The number of converts in all may reach 200. May the church pray that both writers and ambassadors may be kept very humble so that God alone may be honored and glorified through all the meetings that are being held this Winter. Pray much that God's Spirit may not cease to strive with men. In the antediluvian world the Spirit ceased to strive and the result was, mercy was no more. —W. P. Kern.

Blackwell, Okla.

Philadelphia Mission.

We are glad to say that we have had the pleasure of having our Brother George Detwiler with us for a short time. This has been the first time he has been with us, and the meetings seemed to have a marked interest. On Sunday eve, the Mission was crowded, and we are glad to say that one man came forward for prayer, leading his little boy. We hope seed has been sown that will yield a bountiful harvest and will spring up in everlasting life. May God richly reward our dear brother for laboring with us. —Peter Stover.

Feb. 3, 1904.

Meetings at Mechanicsburg, Pa.

There was a protracted meeting held at Mechanicsburg, Pa., which was commenced November 29th and continued to December 13th, a period of two weeks. The word of the Lord was vividly held forth to the people by Brother Detwiler, from Harrisburg throughout the two weeks with the exception of a short time. While there were no sinners willing to turn to the Lord, yet evidently some seem to have been deeply convicted concerning their salvation. We trust, however, that the seed sown may be as bread cast upon the waters and gathered many days hence. We could also say believers were revived and showed more interest in the cause. May the Lord bless Brother Detwiler for his faithful labors is our prayer. —J. R. CHARLESTON.

Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Ohio Meeting Notes.

Commencing Nov. 24, 1903, and continuing two weeks, Brother J. R. Charlston of Louisville, Ohio, conducted meetings at Pleasant Hill, whereby those who attended were much encouraged.

On Dec. 15th Brother H. L. Trump and wife of West Milton came to the Dayton district where they engaged in special meetings, both at West Milton and at Englewood.

S. C.
Experience and Testimonies.

Dear Brethren and Sisters: The help and the grace of God, I will write a few lines for the VISITOR, which I felt to do so for the past year. I do praise the Lord this evening that I became willing to leave all and come to him. I never have regretted it, but am sorry that I did not set out for the kingdom sooner. I do praise the Lord daily for his goodness and mercy shown towards me, and that he drew me out of sin and darkness and let me see the Divine Light, which was so good for me. It has strengthened me and I have fully surrendered my will and desire to him. I can truly say that the Lord is my best friend and can say I have had happy seasons since I am on the way, although at times sad and dark seasons prevail, yet if we come down to the feet of Jesus, the light will again shine into our hearts. Oh! I am so glad that I received something that the world did not give me, nor can take away from me.

I have made a vow with my Lord to serve him as long as life lasts, and still better than before, as I want to live nearer and closer to the Lord day by day. Oh! I feel so much encouraged to read the testimonies and experiences in the VISITOR, but sorry that so little is seen or heard from our young brothers and sisters in our district. Oh! I think we should all have a praise for our dear Savior, who died for all, and that all who will can be saved. I hope and trust that there are some that have a word to write for Jesus. I ask an interest in your prayers for me.

Your sister in Christ,

ELIZABETHBEAN, Pa.
KATIE A. MOYER.

I feel I want to write a few lines for THE VISITOR. By the help and the grace of God, I will do so. I am glad the Lord called me in my young years to serve him, for I do think it is so important to live through this world and then to appear before a righteous and a just God. Christ Jesus died upon the cross for us and I think we should rejoice for the good news. I do want to be ready when I come to leave this world. I think we have such blessed passages of Scripture in I. John v. 1: "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God," and also in verse 10 it says that "whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." I have realized when I obey God in everything I have it so good. I believe you will much in secret prayer. It says if we pray in secret our heavenly Father which seeth in secret, will reward us openly. I remember when I was under heavy conviction, things seemed so dark, and all at once something came to me in this wise: The Lord Jesus Christ has power to save, and it seemed to make me feel so much better. I was reading in THE VISITOR at the time and it seemed to raise my voice.

I am very thankful that the Lord brought conviction upon me in my young years. I know that I escaped many a snare. I ask an interest in the prayers of God's people that I may prove faithful to Christ.

Yours in Christ,

ELLA B. WISERG.

I thank God to-day for salvation, and that it reached me. It is wonderful to know that Christ did come in this world to save us and set us free, and cleanse our hearts from all sinning that is not right and take all the worldly desires out if we ask him. But often we are so light-minded. We think we can help ourselves and forget to ask God to help us, and we lose the blessing. I am glad that I learned to ask him in little things, and he will always help us aight, and we will come out victorious. I often have to weep for joy when I look back over my life and see where I was standing and how the good Lord has just brought me out and saved me. I am so glad that we must come to a place where we really know for ourselves that we are saved and sanctified, then we will not be carried about with every wind of doctrine. We will stand up for the right and look heavenward, from whence comes every good gift. Praise God for his saving and keeping power, and that all of self out of us if we let him have his way with us. We have to sell every thing out to the world that belongs to the world, and come empty-handed to Christ, then we will fill our heart and soul with that heavenly manna. Praise God for glory in my soul. I often have to think we, as Christian people, claim to be separated from the world, and then the commandments, which is all right. They belong to the child of God, but I often feel we are lacking some. We are not filled with the Spirit as we should be. That is a great command. We are to open mouth and he will fill it, and my desire is to obey the Lord whenever I have the opportunity, and be the means that some soul may be saved. If we would have that in view I believe many that the world put on the Lord's side, and then we could go our way rejoicing. It means much to live in this world unconcerned about souls. If we have the true light of God, let us make out and do God's work, and do it full desire, working till he comes. I would ask the prayers of all the brethren and sisters for me.

Your sister in Christ,

SISTER MARTHA ANGLEMOYER.
Silverdale, Pa.

Dear brethren and sisters and readers of THE VISITOR, as I have often felt impressed to write a few lines for THE VISITOR, will try and do so this morning by God's help. I know without his help I can do nothing, but through his strength we can do all things. I do feel this morining that I have so much to praise God for. I do praise him for the wonderful things he has done for me. For the sweet peace, joy and satisfying portion he has given me in my soul. Sometimes I think that the world cannot give, and, praise God, it cannot take it away. Oh, I do praise God for this blessed way which he has made for us whereby we can be saved. For the gift of his only begotten son who suffered and died on the cross for our sins. The thought often comes to me if only the unsaved would think and realize what Jesus has done for them they could not help but want to do what little he has given us to do. I am so glad that I ever came to the place that I realized what Jesus has done for me and that I became willing to yield my all to him. Praise the Lord to-day I can say I am happy on the way. I find it a good way and the only way that leads to eternal life. I must say it meant much for me to get to the place that I was willing to take the way with Jesus. I know that in a little over about three months I came to the place that I could say, yes, to the will of God. I then received a joy in my soul that words cannot express; only the child of God knows. As we look round about us in this large city and see the many souls going the downward road, it makes our hearts ache. We feel that there is much work to be done here, and as there are only a few of us workers in our little Mission, (yet we feel God's presence with us), we feel that we need the prayers of the brethren and sisters.

Brother Rhodes and his daughter, Sister Anna, have been with us since Brother and Sister Myers have left us, and
as we expect. Brother and Sister Whisler, to come among us we pray that they may come with the Spirit and power in The Visitor, and we read that to live a life of victory, as Jesus did when who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. God has wonderfully healed me and brought me out of an horrible pit, but it took wrestling with the angel of the Lord, and a willing mind and heart to do God’s bidding, but the healing power came from the upper world, blessed be the name of the Lord. The Lord found me quite frequently on my knees, in dead earnest about having his whole will accomplished in my heart and life; that my being in the world might be to his honor and glory, and that the Holy Ghost might teach me how to live in this world so that there might be stars added to my crown in that celestial city whose streets are paved with pure gold. O, who would not try to live pure and holy in this world so as to have part in the first resurrection? Beloved reader, if you have not received the anointing, keep on asking largely of the Lord, that your joy may be full; may the Lord teach us all how to conduct ourselves so that our prayers may not be hindered, and so that our petitions may be accepted of our God, whose will it is that: we shall all be saved and have right to the tree of life. There is a narrow path that leads to eternal life, and few there be that find it. Oh, may God’s searchlight so shine in all of our hearts that we may see ourselves as our heavenly Father sees us, so we may all get on the narrow way. If we are not where God can use us to his honor and to his glory in winning souls to Christ Jesus, who has been so kind to us, and done so much for us, and is still willing to lead us in the ways of truth. I feel that as we professors are responsible to a degree for those that are unconverted about having their names written in the Lamb’s book of life. (Rev. 13:17-18.)

My prayer to God is that the Holy Ghost may teach us how to conduct ourselves before the unsaved so that their blood may not be required of our hands at the day of judgment, which we all will have to face sooner or later. Jesus says, “Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.” Naturally speaking, I take my rest when I have labored and become weary. I can truly say that there is perfect rest when we come to Christ, and say “lead me by thy gentle hand;” but we must have willing hearts and be led wherever he would have us go, before we can receive the great blessing of rest and perfect peace. May God therefore lead us unto perfection, and also keep us pure, is my prayer.

I remain, your unworthy brother,
Union, O.
Elia M. Hoke.


D. Steckley. I realize that God has been definitely moving in this place.

H. Engle. I praise the Lord that I am washed in the blood of Christ, and not white-washed.

W. Bohem. I praise the Lord for this Sabbath day. It is the first Sabbath I ever spent in the service of the Lord and is the best I ever spent in my life.

John Sheets. I praise the Lord for the faith I have in him, expect great things. J. E. Bowers. I praise the Lord for this wonderful salvation. My desire is to follow where he leads us.

A. Hostetler. I praise the Lord for salvation and that it is free to all.

F. Lemley. I am glad I have taken the hand. Pray for me.

Sister Hoover. Well, I praise the Lord we are going heart in hand and hand in hand.

Sister B. Engle. I praise God for full and free salvation. I know he fills us with his love so that we cannot contain it.

Sister S. I do praise the Lord for what I learn day by day. I want to be just where Jesus can use me to his glory.

A. Blesley. I am glad I am free, and I realize that it has made me free; and I have the authority to ask largely of him. I enjoy the fellowship of the saints that has come to this place. It is blessed. I am so glad for those who have started on the way in this meeting.

Sister Barnard. It seems to me if any one in the house has reasons to praise the Lord it is I. I praise him for what he has done for our family.

D. Breckinridge. I praise God for shows of blessings.

* * * I praise God for the living witness in me.

* * * I praise God for the happiness and bliss in Christian life. It is the happiest day of my life.

R. Byer. I praise the Lord I am living in Canaan now. Thank God for the rich clusters of grapes I find there.

Sister D. Hostetler. I praise God for living in Canaan now. I feel it does good to hear these testimonies. I praise God I feel at home here. I want to go every step of the way.

Sister M. Book. I praise the Lord I became willing to leave him have his way with me.

Sister A. Hostetler. I praise the Lord I am happy on the way and I want everybody to know it.

Sister Faulon. I praise the Lord that he is my strength.

Sister F. Barnee. I praise the Lord too, for this wonderful salvation I want to go on. I praise the Lord for joy and peace in my soul.

Sister A. Bohem. I praise the Lord that with my soul ’s it’s well.

Sister D. Steckley. I praise the Lord for what we enjoy in our souls. Unbelief is a wonderful sin. I am glad that Jesus has delivered me from it.

H. Brubaker. I praise the Lord for joy and peace every day.

J. Hoover. I praise the Lord for the wonderful work in my heart. I am glad for what he is doing for others here. It is satisfactory.

Sister Mary Book. I am glad that I am not ashamed of Jesus any more.

S. Hostetler. I praise God for these meetings. I tried to live a Christian life secretly, but I have found that these meetings there is a better way, and I am going to take it. Pray for me.

G. Barnard. I praise the Lord that I am living in Canaan now.

S. Book. I praise God for the desire he put in my heart to go all the way.

Sister E. Noll. I praise the Lord for the blessing I have received since I am here.

S. P. Noll. I praise the Lord for his nearness this day. I feel there is something lacking yet and I want it settled before I leave this house to-morrow.

Martha Bowser. I have been on this way for many years and I have never had a desire to go back into the world.

Sister J. Fike. I praise the Lord for what salvation does for me, and as the sister has said, so also he has delivered me and healed my body. Praise the Lord.

E. Barnard. I am glad salvation is free. I am determined to go on. I ask an interest in you.

Sister J. Book. I praise the Lord that I enjoy this wonderful salvation. He has done it, I am glad I am free and he has made it this start for the kingdom. I ask you all to pray for me.

Sister D. H. Breckinridge. I praise God for the pentecostal blessing, and it paid me so well to deal honest heart in heart in the anointing, keep on asking largely of the Lord.

S. Bollenberger. I praise the Lord for the extra spread I got to-day.

Sister O. Button. I am so glad that Jesus never leaves us alone.

Monroe Book. I want to praise the Lord. I am on the way. Pray for me.
Cyrus Book. I praise the Lord for the blessing of to-day. It is getting better every day.

Sister L. B. H. Bowles. I praise the Lord for these new converts, and I pray that there may be many more before these meetings close.

Etta Falen. I praise the Lord for these meetings. The best life to live is the Christian life.

Sister Lizzie Mellinger. I feel to praise the Lord for this wonderful salvation, and it is free for all.

T. Fike. I praise the Lord for blessing my heart and mind, that I may be obedient.

Sister M. Brechbill. I praise the Lord that I can live with the brethren and sisters. The Lord has wonderfully healed my body in answer to prayer. I am glad that my neighbors are coming out to serve the Lord.

P. Bert. I am glad it is my privilege to be among you.

Sister E. Long. I praise the Lord for his love and peace that he has put in my soul.

J. Hostetter. I want to praise God that he gave me the courage to make this start. And I mean to go through.

S. S. Brechbill. I praise the Lord for the blessing of this day. I am having a good time in the service of the Lord.

Many of these testimonies were given by the young converts of this meeting.

L. H. and L. B.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

God's Work.

Dear readers of The Visitor: Since my last visit to the Mt. Carmal Faith Home and Orphanage, I have been frequently impressed to write a few lines for The Visitor and give a little information about the Home. We see that God has his hand upon the Home; our heart was touched when we behold the number of homeless and uncared for children who were taken from cities and other places. We could not help but praise the Lord for raising up such a Home where the children all seemed to be so happy and were being brought up under Christian influences. A number of them are giving their hearts to the Lord in their young years. Oh, what a harvest! Brother A. G. Zook was led by the Spirit God to give his farm, with a large dwelling house on it, to the Lord for this purpose, while a number of other saints saw the need and were praying for God to raise up a home like this. Out of a band of saints having an all night prayer-meeting that God should raise up a home for the outcast, the uncared for and the fallen. So we can not help but believe that the Home was raised up in answer to prayer. The Home was dedicated to the Lord over three years ago and God did witness with his presence that his approval is upon it. Now we stand sometimes a cloud stood over the Home, sometimes the devil, with great power, tried to overthrow God's purpose and destroy the Home, but God, who is all powerful, has given his faith to a few of his children to stand true to the work through much anxiety and toil. But it was not the worker, but it was God who has so wonderfully helped them and unto him we give all praise.

The Home has been prospering; children have been coming right along, until the number has reached 27, and other workers who are filled with the Holy Spirit are being called of God to come in to help to take care of the work until they are overcrowded. No room any more, although there are little hands being stretched out for help and calls coming in to enter the Home, but they must positively be rejected and no room. So we, as trustees, in the fear of God and with much prayer, have decided to prove the Lord to send in the means to build another house next Summer. We are very anxious to let the Home in the hands of God, and not to go faster or slower than he wants us to go, but we feared by taking any other step than we did, we may make our selves responsible for precious souls and we are proving God for this much-needed building. It is to be built by free-will offerings. We hope and pray that God will touch many hearts to help and to have share in this work. Will you not earnestly pray for the work and workers at this place, and also that the means may come? I know that the fervent and the effectual prayer of the righteous will avail. Praise his dear name.

Oh, dear reader, in conclusion I will say, Jesus is coming soon; great opportunities are opening in these last days; will we not step forth, getting away from our selfishness, not seeking our own but another's wealth and receive the great reward of being kings and priests and reign with Christ? Amen.

All those who will help and desire to send in money will send it to Brother A. G. Zook, Mt. Carmal Faith Home, Morrison, Ill., and it will be used for the house.

Yours, interested in the homeless and the fallen.

D. H. BRECHBILL.

Moonlight, Kwa.

MISSIONARY.

Matoppo Mission.

BULAWAYO, SO. AFRICA,

Dec. 23, 1903.

To the readers of The Visitor. Greeting in Jesus name: Since we last wrote, we have had the privilege of attending a Missionary Conference of the various bodies who are doing missionary-work in Rhodesia.

The meeting was held in Bulawayo, the first one of the kind for this country. We enjoyed the meeting very much; the spirit of love and goodwill which prevailed all through the three days' meeting was one that will linger long in the memory of those who attended.

It does one good to meet with those of various parts, who are striving in their self-sacrificing way to promote the cause of Christ, although isolated, and far from friends and civilization, yet do not murmur, but are seeking to know how they may be more successful in the work to which God has called them.

People are naturally inclined to think their own work more difficult than that of anyone else, but when we come in contact with those who have long been in the field, who have for years met with the same oppositions that we now meet with, and, more than this, lived in the days when the savage kings of this people were in authority and by whom their work was much hindered. At present they have no right to say we shall not teach, but, at the same time, they can keep the children from coming to school. But even this hindrance is fast vanishing and we hope the day is not far distant when every parent will be compelled to send his child to school, at least a certain number of months in each year.

The meeting was also a great help to us, in hearing how others overcome the same difficulties which meet us, such as how we may be most successful in bringing children to school, also to what extent others have been successful in stopping carousing among the natives around.

All these things can only be best-learned by many years of experience in the field, consequently, we have much for which to thank the old missionaries who have over twenty years. Mr. and Mrs. Helm, who came all the way from Cape Town, a distance of fourteen hundred miles, by ox wagon, are still in charge. They are now both growing old and, no doubt, they will spend the rest of their days in this country, which has become dear to them and whose people they have long loved.

Not wishing to worry our readers with too long a letter that may possibly not be of much interest to some, yet we feel if people knew more about missionary work among the heathen, there would be more of a general interest shown. The Lord has kept them well in body, and at present we all are enjoying reasonable good health. He has also been sending such good rains, which is causing crops to grow nicely, and we hope it may continue until they are developed.

We ask a deep interest in all your prayers for the work at this place as well as others.

H. P. STEDGERWArd.

Brother and Sister Sparrow's Letter.

RAGHUNATHPUR, P. O.,

MANIKROOP DIST.,

BENGAL, INDIA,

Dec. 30, 1903.

Dear readers of The Visitor: Beloved for Father's sake: "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them. If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee." (Ps. cxviii. 17.)

We are glad to again give our testimony through these columns. Another Xmas has been enjoyed by us in this land, and the first day at this place. The few of us who were here all seemed very happy. The na-
Sometimes God sends severe blasts of trial upon his children to develop their graces. Just as tortures burn most brightly when swung without a sound of just the juniper plant smells sweetest when hung into the flames; so the richest qualities of a Christian are developed under the north wind of suffering and adversity. Bruised hearts often emit the fragrance that God loves to smell. Almost every true believer's experience contains the record of trials which were the paraphrase of the shaking the spice tree.—Theodore Cuvier.

Successful is the day whose first victory is won in prayer; holy is the day whose dawn finds thee on the top of the mount. Health is established in the morning, wealth is won in the morning, the light is brightest in the morning. Wherein is a purpose, and no purpose is shaking the spice tree.—Theodore Cuvier.

In Memory of Our Dear Mother, Lydia W. Heisey.

Death has robbed us of our mother. Whom we loved and cherished dear! It was a blow we feared no more.

Can we help but shed a tear?

Yes, we miss her, oh we miss her.
When we see her vacant chair;
And how sad the room without her.
For there is no mother there.

Oft we think we hear her coming.
Coming through the open door;
Then we tearfully remember.
Mother will come back no more.

Mother's work on earth is ended.
Faithfully she has gone to be.
Now her loving soul's ascended.
Over to fair Canaan's shore.

Though her voice is still, 'tis calling,
Sweetly calling us to come:
Memory hears the accents falling,
Bringing to our hearts...calling.

Meet me in this heavenly home.

Had God asked us, Shall I take her?
We had said, 'Oh, spare the day!'
Yes, with streaming tears, entreat him,
'Lord, we love her, let her stay.'

Yet in love she lived, and calmly
In sweet Christian peace she died,
Mother's God now can be knowing
She is with the glorified.

OBITUARIES.

DICK.—Died, Jan. 23, 1904, near Osna-
burgh, Ohio, of tuberculosis, Sarah
brother of Bro. Harry and Sister Katie Stover,
age 2 years, 1 month and 23 days. Funeral
was held at Valley chapel, Jan. 26, 1904, conducted by Brother D. H.
Text, Isa. xli. 11. Interment made in
adjoining cemetery.

STOVER.—Mary Ida, youngest daugh-
ter of Bro. Harry and Sister Katie Stover,
of Philadelphia, Pa., was born Feb. 28,
1902, died, weekend of last year, aged 1
year, 2 months and 26 days. She was a very
bright and affectionate child and will be
greatly missed in her home, but she now
is sweetly resting "safe in the arms of
Jesus." Funeral at the Philadelphia Mis-
sion, conducted by Brother S. G. Engle.
Interment made in adjoining cemetery.

LINDEMUTH.—Died, at her home near
Lemaster, Franklin county, Pa., Jan. 14,
1904. Sister Fanny, wife of Brother Abra-
ham Lindemuth, aged 60 years, 7 months
and 27 days. Deceased was born near Mt.
Joy, Lancaster county, Pa., and was a
daughter of Benjamin Hershey, and the
last surviving member of Ephratah. One
of her sisters preceded her one week to the
spirit land, and another sister preceded her
three weeks; thus we see the thorn of death.
Sister Lindemuth was converted and
united with the Brethren 52 years ago.
According to Dr. H. D. Rorer, she was a
consistent member. She leaves a sorrow-
ful husband, five daughters and two sons,
her husband, two sons and one sister,
Mrs. Mary Copenhaver, of Elizabeth-
town, Pa.; Mrs. Barbara Fry, Rahoons,
Pa.; Mrs. Minnie Wittle, Milton Grove,
Pa.; Brother Abraham Shank and Jacob
B. Shank. Funeral services were held at
Conoy M. H., conducted by Brother J. N.
Martin and Elder Aaron Martin. Text,
Mark x. 14-15. Interment made in ad-
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