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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.
The Earth Shall Be Full of the Knowledge of the Lord as the Sea Cover the Sea.—Isa. xi. 9.

“Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.”—Psa. xx. 7.

VOL. XVIII.
HARRISBURG, PA., APRIL 1, 1904.

NO. 7.

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A Worldly Mind.

It is easy to fall into the sin of loving the world. The world is constantly with us and makes a deep impression on our minds because of the intimate relation which we sustain to it. Almost unconsciously we fall into the habit of thinking on worldly things, talking about worldly interests, fixing the affections on worldly good, and eagerly seeking after earthly gratifications and possessions. In this state one seldom lifts his eyes above the low rim of the world's horizon.

The next step is to become satisfied with the world. There are men who boast that this world is good enough and to be filled with its pleasures. This world is good. It is not to be despised. The Creator made it for a good purpose, and placed us here because it is a good place to begin that long journey through eternity upon which we have entered. But few know how to use the world. Paul says, "Use the world as not abusing it." John says, "Love not the world." But what do we see? A mad rush and scramble after the world. We have heard a deal recently about the strenuous life. What is the strenuous life? You will not find out what it is by going to the dictionary. You may learn what this generation thinks the strenuous life is by reading the morning papers, by visiting Wall Street, by going through a mammoth commercial establishment, by witnessing a game at golf or football. It is straining every nerve to win the race. To win the race in athletic sports, in financial questions, in political campaigns, in educational improvement, and in all worldly pursuits, is the aim of ambitious young men.

But there is another strenuous life far more worthy. Straining every nerve to win the Christian race: to reach the goal of a pure heart and a crown of glory, is the highest aspiration. No disappointment here. "They that run in a race run all; but one received the prize." In this race all win the prize. Philip Doddridge had the right idea of life when he sang:

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

Sel. by Mary Macklin, from Christian Advocate.

Have you ever heard of Jesus, how he came from heaven to earth, With a name of mighty virtue, though by very humble birth? When the world was held in bondage, under Satan's dismal sway, Jesus healed their dread diseases—he is just the same to-day.

Do you see the people gather round the great and holy man, Bringing all the sick and suffering, coming to him all who can? See him look with great compassion, as they fainted by the way. How he called them gently to him! He is just the same to-day.

See him touch the trembling leper. Hear the words, "I will," "Be clean!" See the suffering one with fever, rise and go about again; See the palsied man rejoicing, take his bed and walk at last.

What a wondrous man was Jesus! He is just the same to-day.

Do you hear the blind man crying, crying out with all his might, In his sorrow for mercy, Son of David, give me sight? Jesus stopped and called the beggar, "Tis by faith," I hear him say, And he healed him in a moment—he is just the same to-day.

As he went up to the city, see him at Bethesda's pool. With the man so long in bondage, asking if he would be his. Instantly the Savior heals him: "Sin no more," I hear him say. This he says to every sufferer: "Rise!" He's just the same to-day.

It is true that every sickness may be laid at Jesus' feet,
All my trouble, care and sorrow, and I rest in joy complete?
Yes, my brother, every sadness, if by faith to him you go;
He'll remove, with tender mercy; for he's just the same to-day.

Thus he went about his mission, healing all; same, and dumb, and blind; Casting out all evil spirits, saying to the weak, Be strong. Then he died on cruel Calvary, sin and death to put away;
But the tomb could not retain him—he's our living Christ to-day.

Oh, that precious, loving Jesus, his compassion still the same.
Toward poor sufferers, mortals who seek refuge in his name.
Hear the blessed invitation, Whosoever will—Come to him, poor weary sufferer, not a day too late.

But he rose a mighty conqueror, offering life and health to all.
He is not an absent Savior; brother, he is here to-day.

Jesus died that he might ransom every one from Satan's thrall, But he rose as a mighty conqueror, offering life and health to all.

Up to heaven he ascended, sent the Spirit back to stay.
Dwelling in his holy people, he is just the same to-day.

Just the same to-day, my brother; saving, healing, cleansing all.
Ready, willing, cheering, all who seek him, great and small.
Come to him, poor weary sufferer, not a moment more delay.
He will give you boundless blessing; for he's just the same to-day.

Selected by J. H. Kieffer.
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EDITORIAL.

While We Were Yet Sinners.

With the awakening Springtime, comes the yearly recurrence of Easter-tide. It seems to be appropriate that the resurrection miracle and the quickening of Nature should occur together. Nature was dead and buried under its cold wintry mantle, but death's power is broken, and everywhere are the signs and proofs of a quickening, a resurrection. Shortly, under the sweet influence of warm sunshine and refreshing showers, nature will stand forth in her Spring-time glory of swelling buds and opening flower, of springing grass and promise of multiplying life everywhere, and the hardships and sufferings of Winter are forgotten in the enjoyment of this season of beautiful quickening life.

So does the resurrection of Christ drive away the shadows of death and the gloom of the grave and enable the Christian to say with Paul, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord passed through, Ere he found his sheep that was lost."

"While we were yet sinners Christ died for us," the just for the unjust, the innocent for the guilty, the sinless one for the sinner. The mystery of godliness is truly great; it is beyond the comprehension of finite mind, yet the fact of it is true, and we who as sinners were the object of his great compassion and love, dying for us, how we should be humbled by this wonderful truth that Jesus died for us, and how our hearts should adore and worship him who became the propitiation for ours sins and so reconciled us to God. Following this we give a few appropriate selections for Good Friday and Easter meditation hoping our readers may profit from the reading of the same.

A Good Friday Meditation.

Good Friday comes before Easter. The Cross comes before the Resurrection. The shedding of blood has been the price of every great victory for humanity and for God. All the great turning points of history are saturated with blood. All great movements cost some big heart its ruddy flow. A sacrament of blood is the altar of every new dispensation. The men who have lifted humanity have always done it with a lever in the shape of a cross, a cross upon which they themselves were crucified—sometimes voluntarily and even gladly, sometimes otherwise.

"By the light of burning heretics, Christ's bleeding feet I track, Toiling up Calvary's ever figuration of pain, the doom of death, the surety that truth, right, life, holiness and love will triumph over falsehood, wrong, death, sin and hate. Against Calvary the waves of all storms beat in vain. At the foot of the Cross all backward movements must be wrecked. As the Cross stands for redemption, so it stands for life, for truth, for progress. And it stands for victory. By that sign Christ conquers. Under that banner his followers march to victory. The Christ of the Cross cannot fail. He must win. It is for us who know something of its meaning, and have experienced its transcendent power, to sound the battle cry of progress and liberty. Forward is the watchword. Even though we, too, go to the cross and suffer. It is always the cross in our lives that triumphs. The true conquerors of the world are those who can say, "I am crucified with Christ." These are they who truly live.—Evangelical Messenger.

Easter Thoughts.

The IMPORT OF CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

It was the first day of the week. There never had been such a first day. It was a new beginning for humanity under a new head. The curse of the sin of the old Adam had been borne, the punishment for the world's sin had been executed. One, the One who alone could, had stood in the breach as the Lamb of God, and had borne our sins in his own body to the tree (I. Peter ii. 24), and had become the propitiation for the sins of for us, that he died, the just for the unjust. He felt the utmost weight of divine wrath against the world's sin poured out upon his innocent head and guiltless heart. He tasted death—death, that monstrous birth of sin and hell, death, that mortal enemy of all flesh, death that outermost rim of the infinite consequences of sin—tasted it for every man. You cannot "taste" death without partaking of it. Christ suffered death, experienced all its bitterness, its anguish, its mystery, its violence. To taste is to experience, to suffer, to participate in. Jesus tasted death for every man, as every man's substitute, every man's sin-offering, every man's brother, every man's Savior.

And the Cross stands for all that. It is thus the holiest of all symbols, the deepest of all mysteries, the mightiest of all facts. It stands for the glory of suffering, it is the apotheosis (glorification) of martyrdom, the transfiguration of pain, the doom of death, the surety that truth, right, life, holiness and love will triumph over falsehood, wrong, death, sin and hate. Against Calvary the waves of all storms beat in vain. At the foot of the Cross all backward movements must be wrecked. As the Cross stands for redemption, so it stands for life, for truth, for progress. And it stands for victory. By that sign Christ conquers. Under that banner his followers march to victory. The Christ of the Cross cannot fail. He must win. It is for us who know something of its meaning, and have experienced its transcendent power, to sound the battle cry of progress and liberty. Forward is the watchword. Even though we, too, go to the cross and suffer. It is always the cross in our lives that triumphs. The true conquerors of the world are those who can say, "I am crucified with Christ." These are they who truly live.—Evangelical Messenger.
the whole world (I. John ii. 2), having tasted death for every man. And now “Christ being risen from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him” (Rom. v. 9). It was a new day when Christ arose from the grave. He had proved in his life on earth that a human being, filled with the Spirit of God, can live a sinless life, and thus the power of sin was broken, and he made the way through. And he took his life again, and proved that the power of death is broken through; he also has made the way. And he has become the head of a company—a body of men who are risen with Christ, identified with him.

The day of Christ’s resurrection is the beginning of days to the true church of Christ, which is his body (Eph. i. 22, 23). Men may make us members of external churches, but God alone can bring about the mighty change which makes us personally to know ourselves crucified and risen with Christ by a living faith created in us by the Holy Spirit, in the Word of God which teaches us this great truth. It is not enough simply to believe that Christ died for us, and that our sins are therefore forgiven. Thank God, indeed that this is blessedly true. But this is only a part of the truth, and this part does not set us free from the power of sin. But if indeed we are identified with Christ, then we see glorious possibilities opening before us. What has been possible to him in a human life may be, can be, as I abide in him, possible also to me. The great matter is to abide in him. This is the great “fight of faith.” Satan is ever seeking to occupy us with ourselves, with what we are, with comparisons between ourselves and others, with our badness or our goodness, etc., while our real place is on the cross, where we have died, and at the same time on the throne to which, in him, we have ascended. On the cross as far as self is concerned, on the throne as regards the life the Lord shares with us. This is real Easter, this is a life risen with Christ, out of which springs a life of power and blessing; and it is only to be had as we abide and continue abiding in Christ; denying, ignoring ourselves, but acknowledging him, filled with his Spirit.

It was the first day of the week. The last days of the week which was gone had seen the Son of God insulted, mocked, forsaken of those who knew him best, crucified, laying down his life, buried. All the hopes in him that he should be the Messiah for whom the Jews were looking had been rudely disappointed. His disciples were perplexed, in despair. Clinging still to their own view of things, his words about his resurrection brought no comfort to them. But there was one who had perceived them. “After three days I will rise again,” had lain hold on the heart of one who had come to the end of all hope in herself, and Jesus had cast out of her seven devils. Mary had counted the days; the third day about to dawn, and, not waiting like the other women for sunrise, she came to the sepulcher while it was yet dark.” There was only light enough to perceive that something had happened—the stone which had been sealed by the authorities, who also set a watch to guard it, had been removed, and the guard was gone too.

What were the thoughts in Mary’s heart as she saw this? Had some premonition of what she saw occurred to her? Did she think the keepers acted treacherously, or did the words of Jesus ring in her ears, “After three days I will rise again?” (Matt. xxvii. 53). She ran quickly for Peter and John, telling them, “They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulcher, and we know not where they have laid him.” Neither she nor they, as yet, understood the resurrection.—Mrs. M. Baxter, in Christian Herald.

**Weeping Mary.**

When weeping Mary came to seek her loving Lord and Savior; To say good night, for lo! she knew She had seen the Lord in her morning brake, With tears to gain his favor.

The guardian soldiers stood around Where the stone had been, From which he rose—His world was won, His name is written, hallowed, holy.

But how her mournful heart was torn, To find the tomb was empty; In solemn silence she did mourn: While outward she did venture.

Two angels in bright raiment shone To anticipate her sorrow, And say why this gloomy horror. With tears to gain his favor.

“Why weep ye, Mary,” they did say? “Why are you thus in mourning?” “Because they’ve taken my Lord away.” “They have taken my Lord away.” (Matt. xxvii. 53).

**Our Benevolent Fund.** Our Benevolent Fund for this year is so far hardly half of what it was the year preceding.

Brother Elliott writes interestingly in this issue, as he always does, although all do not always agree with him. What he says this time with regard to the position of the ministry in our church may possibly bring him criticism from the side that applauded his last article, but he can plant himself squarely upon the position he takes because it is Bible, and it has long been our opinion that an unsupported ministry has not been an unmixed blessing to the brotherhood, to say the least.

A correction in City Mission addresses should have been made in our last issue as regards the Buffalo Mission. Brother Rhodes and his daughter, Sister Anna, have handed the charge of the Mission over to the new workers, Brother George Whisler and wife, Sister Effie Whisler. All communications should be addressed to the new incumbents at 25 Hawley street, Buffalo, N. Y. We wish that this Mission may prosper as never before. God bless the workers.

We had to still further delay considerable matter for a later issue that we intended to insert in this issue.

**OTHER EDITORIAL, PAGE 16.**

Ours is eternal life and work, so why should we not be patient?
A little hand that softly stole
When I needed the touch that I loved so much.
To strengthen me on my way.
And the clasp of a little hand.
And see my hand, and reach hither thy finger, and see my hand, and reach hither thy finger.
Fell over that little hand.
To our contributors.
For the Evangelical Visitor.
A Little Hand.
Perhaps there are tender, sweeter things
Somehow in this sun-bright land; But I thank the Lord for his blessings, And the clasp of a little hand.
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ter into our former temple, and then in our perfected state, we shall be enabled to serve God continually, with our entire being, our body, soul, and spirit.

Our Lord shall descend from heaven, and those who are fallen asleep in Jesus shall he bring with him; at his voice the graves shall yield up the sleeping dust, and then those who sleep in Jesus shall be united once more to their quickened bodies, which shall be changed like unto his own glorious body; for Jesus himself is to fashion it anew; in a moment in the twinkling of an eye we shall all be changed.

But also for those who with the message of salvation ringing in their ears, have not yielded to Christ and become temples of the Holy Spirit, the death of their bodies only ushers them into the spirit world in all their wilful rejection and disobedience; it surely will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for them, in the day of judgment.

What peace flows from a life of obedience to our loving Father, whilst in the body; how glorious the certainty that death is no interruption to that life of loving service, but that we still can serve him in our spirits, and that soon, perhaps very soon, we will again take possession of our glorified bodies and be more active and efficient in his joyful service than ever.

On the other hand what sorrow and misery there is in a life of wilful disobedience to God; how awful the thought that at any moment, the hardened, impenitent spirit may be separated from the body, and live on in self-wrought misery, until possession is again taken of the resurrected body, thence to stand before the bar of God to answer for the deeds done in that body.

Reader, in spite of the fact that you have heard of this dread Judgment Day, and the way to escape its awful condemnation, are you still on the broad road leading to destruction, are you still withholding yourself from Jesus, still letting the spirit of Satan claim you as his, and your body as his temple? If so, you are destroying yourselves, and if any man destroy the temple of God, him shall God destroy: your body was intended for the in-dwelling of God; you are destroying it, it is becoming an awful ruin, by permitting another to desecrate it to his use. Oh, be wise in time, and hasten to Jesus, that you may become a child of God, and your body his temple, for if not, in a little while, your life in the flesh will cease, and soon you will have to regret the worst deed that you have ever done, the rejection of a loving Christ, the refusal to allow Jesus to reign over you. Unsaved one, fear God and in penitence for your hard-heartedness, seek his mercy, for if not, after he has killed, he has power to cast into Gehenna, and in that awful hell to destroy both your quickened body, and your poor rebellious soul.

You were created to enjoy and serve God, both in your soul and body; you are not fulfilling the purpose for which you were created; you are destroying yourself; soon you will be in a confirmed state, your destruction will be complete; you will live on, an awful ruin, like a buried city, and yet in endless misery, never knowing the happiness of serving God; repent, before it is too late, and become a temple of the Living God.

A. McG.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Here and There.

Some time ago I wrote a few thoughts on "Bible Training School." It has been criticized severely in a couple of letters received some weeks ago, so much so that I carefully re-examined said article and signally failed to find any cause for such sweeping condemnation except that I saw fit to differ in opinion from them. On a few points I might have expressed myself more mildly or omitted them.

The point I wished to make I will try and illustrate. When I started farming I had very little means to start with. As I could not afford to buy many implements or machines, I was glad to hire or borrow a cultivator, mower or reaper, of my excellent neighbors. Though it was not so convenient as having them of my own, yet I got my crops off in good shape— till I became able to buy such things myself. This gives my idea exactly on the "B. T. S." It has its disadvantages like the hired reaper or mower but as I intimated is expected and can be prepared for. I wished to emphasize the desirability of engaging such neighbors' services, that had the best machines, and were the most capable of running them, and as a rule the best machines are those that make the least rattle. I simply ventured my personal opinion on the matter, as a temporary bridge over the present need, and let time develop things more perfectly.

While confined to the house for the last three months during the awful weather of this remarkable Winter I have often thought, how thankful one should feel for plenty of good food, clothing, and fuel, and above all for good health. I often think of the days gone by when through many a drifted mile of road I drove to distant appointments to tell the tidings of salvation. How gladly would I exchange the enforced idleness and confinement I must suffer each Winter, for to be in the thick of the battle. You ministers who are well and strong, don't shrink at going to your duties; the time may come—may come all too soon, when you may have to leave the work to others. My life experience has been a trying one indeed. I have never been very strong and farming and preaching together, to a person of nervous temperament and weak constitution, is a dreadful strain. Many a time have I groaned in spirit as I followed the plow, at the pastoral duties that had to go undone because I had not time to go. I used to sometimes almost wish I had not the gift of preaching so I would not need to run at high pressure seven days in the week. Not but what I did it cheerfully "as unto the Lord," but natural laws are inexorable, and I was sure the crash would come. My convictions are clear cut long ago, that ministers should not be tied down to so much worldly care and toil. Our church has suffered, the cause of Christ has suffered, and the ministry itself has suffered untold loss by a system that has no real scriptural foundation. Certainly, Paul used none of these things himself, for stated reasons, which seldom exist now. Paul says the Lord has ordained etc. and yet some say it is not right, for it has not been our custom. If I had a fortune like Rockefeller has, and was well enough to go, I think I would travel all over our church, and seek out all our earnest useful but struggling preachers, and release them from their bondage, and urge them to visit faithfully through all their field, preach where and whenever possible, read and study and pray, and not be afraid to handle a fork, axe, or hoe when necessary. This makes me think of a mission trip in Western Ontario. One night I had a meeting in a place called Corinth. I was stopping at the home of an old Corinthian whose son was busy drawing in buckwheat. I asked him to come to the evening meeting; he said he would if he could finish in time. I threw my coat on a stump, told him to load, and the boy who loaded to drive. I fired those sheaves up in a hurry till it was in. Then to my surprise and disgust, though the church was only 40 rods off, he made excuses and would not go.

How wonderful God's dealings are with his servants; dear Elder Zook...
lifted up to the Master's presence while the words of his last sermon were still ringing in the ears of his auditors! Just a step from the scene of active labor, to the rest that remaineth to the people of God. Dear old Elder Winger, laid aside for years, deprived of sight, in second childhood. Oh, how different, but it is all the same now for both are at Home together! In all reverence, I often think when I hear of the death of our old well-known leaders, that when they enter the gates of paradise those who have gone before, will hasten to the portal to greet them. I can fancy the glorified form of Elder Jesse Engle joyfully meeting his old comrade, explaining, "Oh here is Brother Samuel safe at Home." Oh my heart gets so full when I think of these things I can hardly write for joy. Such a real Savior, such a real Salvation, and such an Everlasting Portion! 

RICHARD HILL, Ont.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

To-morrow.

Ex. viii. 10.

This fatal word so often used, so easily uttered, with all its fatal consequences nowhere stands out with more emphasis than in the Scripture noted above and its context.

The hand of God is upon Egypt, its king and people with a plague of frogs. Frogs on the street, frogs in the parlor, frogs in the dining room, frogs in the kitchen, frogs in the bed chamber, frogs, frogs, everywhere frogs. Their hateful, slimy presence, makes us shiver to read it. Do you wonder Pharaoh cried to Moses to intercede for deliverance?

And Moses heard his plea and said, "When shall I entreat for thee," or as the R. V. has it against what time. There must be an understanding as to this incident. How long would she enter the gates of paradise those who have gone before, will hasten to the portal to greet them. I can fancy the glorified form of Elder Jesse Engle joyfully meeting his old comrade, explaining, "Oh here is Brother Samuel safe at Home." Oh my heart gets so full when I think of these things I can hardly write for joy. Such a real Savior, such a real Salvation, and such an Everlasting Portion! 

F. ELLIOTT.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

An Earnest Appeal.

I greet you all in Jesus name. Again I feel to write a few lines for the visitor, always enjoying to read about others and learn how they are getting along and knowing that others are glad to hear from us, and in this way we can be an encouragement to one another, it is so at least with me. Since I have been in the hospital I am confined to the house a great deal as the cold weather is very hard on me as is also walking and I am not privileged to be in meetings and church as much as I would like, and so it seems this is about the only way I have of knowing how my brethren and sisters are progressing in this Christian war, for it is a war we are in, continually warring against sin. My dear father was up to see me yesterday, came through the blinding snow-storm, and I just thought what a busy man he is. Life seems so different than it did to me since I went through so much, and God gave me back my life, when it was despaired of for 48 hours after the operation, and gradually came back to me. I cannot tell you how different life seems to me since that time. O how earnest we should be for God and not be afraid to give; if we do it unto the least we do it unto him and we have so many to care for. Times are so hard; when we look around us and see with the spiritual eye the strife, the tumult, the murders and greed, the signs of the times, we can only think of the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. Let us be earnestly active that we may be ready when he comes, when his chosen ones will be caught up with him in the air.

Your Sister in Him,

MAMIE MORRISON.

4316 North 4th St., Phila., Pa.
for the Evangelical Visitor.

Experience of Salvation.

Dear Readers: By the grace of God I will tell you how God sanctified me. Eleven years ago one night, while standing on the sidewalk at about seven o'clock, I saw a vision and that vision was hell. In a moment's time I saw all the woe and misery there, caused by giving way to temptation and sin, and that I had no power to stop of myself. But the Spirit revealed the remedy to me and a voice said to me, "When are you going to stop?" I said, "Now. Lord help me!" And immediately I was a new man; born of the Spirit. All things were new to me; the desire for the world and all its pleasures vanished. Praise the name of the Lord.

I went home and began reading the Bible. I came to the New Testament first. I came to Matthew, chapter vi. I read the wonderful promises there, but the one that said, 'they that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled,' is the one that impressed me most, and I said, Lord, make me hungry, and he did, and he kept filling me till I was running over. After I got the filling the work that the Lord laid on me was to straighten out the kinks among the brethren where trouble existed and urge them to go on and to keep their eyes off others and keep saved. This I did not only in my own church, but any where that I knew of trouble. Not only so, but to advise and help worldly people both temporally and spiritually. But alas, two and a half years ago I was induced to join the Carpenters' Labor Union, and so grieved the Spirit of God, and was left to rely on my own strength, and when I saw or heard of any one opposing united labor a spirit of bitterness would spring up in my heart and it grew on me till I had lost all power to defend my Lord and Savior who is, and always was my best friend. Then I became so deaf that I could not hear the sermons or prayers or testimonies, and I had no power to stand the pressure; try as hard as I could I lost on every hand. Sometimes I would cry and at other times I would get vexed over lost battles, and ever since the day I united with the Labor Union I have been miserable, brokenhearted, because I could do nothing for my Lord nor for myself. I had grieved the Spirit and broken the link that bound us together, for the Lord said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto others, ye do it unto me." So if we have envy toward others we have it toward him. Then he says we are

to overcome evil with good, pray for them that despitefully use us,

I never heard a prayer in the Labor Union meeting. On the contrary, I heard swearing. And I did not pray for our opponents. I knew I had lost the love for the Lord. I once had because I was a coward and could not defend him. In fact I was of no use to the cause, and was a burden to those that were. But I thank God that they were willing and able to bear the burden. Three weeks ago I was asked to help in a revival meeting. While I was willing, yet I knew the revival would have to begin in me, and in the darkness that I was in I had said I did not believe in making promises to God, for we have no power to keep them, and that kept me down. Last Thursday night, January 28, I said to the Lord, I surrender all, everything I know and don't know. I had given up the Union long before this. When I said I surrender all, I felt a little better, but did not have the evidence that the Lord had sanctified me. The next morning I started out to invite people to the meetings. I went to a house and told a lady about the meetings. She said she needed to come and would come and asked me to pray for her. I said I would, but went away without doing it. Then and there I was a coward. — the of Texas, spake that afternoon down in the city at the Holiness Convention. I went down town to hear him. On my way down I thought I would testify if the opportunity was given, but I had no testimony and came back at night to our own meeting brokenhearted and discouraged. While the sermon was going on I asked the Lord not to let me go out of the house till I was sanctified. We had an aftermeeting. While the congregation was going out, the Lord presented ray any one opposing united labor a spirit of bitterness. I was willing, yet I knew the opportunity was given, but I had no testimony and came back at night to our own meeting brokenhearted and discouraged. While the sermon was going on I asked the Lord not to let me go out of the house till I was sanctified. We had an aftermeeting. While the congregation was going out, the Lord presented my marriage vow to me and said you have broken that vow. I got down right there and asked the Lord's pardon. Then I renewed the vow and said yes Lord, I will love and cherish Thee, and then I would sob; my heart was broken and the tears ran down my face on the pillow, that the pillow was wet. The next morning the chain was broken; the lion of the tribe of Judah had driven the enemy out and taken possession. I was out early in the morning to tell the good news. So that very morning I went back to that very place where the enemy had defeated me the day before and they were glad I came, and I prayed with them. Glory to God, he will do his part if we do ours. Sweet peace and joy is given unto me. It is no more I, but he. I am so glad I persevered and would not give up the battle. I often wonder why people are so quick to give up this most important battle of life—their soul's salvation. E. R. DODSON.

6007 Peoria St., Chicago, III.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Eternity.

Eternity! What a solemn word. What a solemn thought it should bring to our minds when we see or hear the word Eternity. Oh, how much it means to each of us. It means to the Christian to still be earnest and faithful, not to grow weary in well doing, but to always abound in good works; to fight manfully the battles of the Lord, as he is the Captain of our salvation and will help us to overcome.

It means to sinners to awaken out of their deep sleep of sin, to forsake sin, to flee to Christ for refuge. As Eternity is coming on, just as sure as a soul is born into this world, just so sure will it pass into eternity sooner or later. The great solemnity of the word eternity is that it has no end. Then what should we think so much about as eternity.

How sad it is that multitudes are hastening on to an endless eternity, scarcely giving it a thought or at least making very little if any preparation for the eternal world. Spending all their time in providing for the temporal man or having a good time, taking in all the vain enjoyment that this lost world affords them. "As in the days of Noah so shall it be in the days of the Son of Man. "—They were eating and drinking, etc. "—Till the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the floods came and all were drowned." So also in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah. They were indulging in revelry, banquetting and all the amusements that Satan could invent, heedless of the warnings that just man Lot, "whose righteous soul was vexed from day to day with their ungodly deeds."

My beloved friends does it not seem as if the coming of the Lord draweth nigh? Yes I'm afraid it is very nigh, even at the door, which makes me feel
 UNITARIANISM IN A NUTSHELL.

A certain woman died: "She was a good, kind, patient, loving wife, devoted mother, filial daughter, sympathetic neighbor, kind to the poor, a benefactor of mankind. If any one gets to heaven she will".—That is the quintessence of Unitarianism; saved by good works. Theologians say about her being washed in the blood of Jesus; saved by faith in him. But Scripture says, "All our righteousness is as filthy rags." "There is none righteous, no, not one," and "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus. Which will you believe, Divine or human testimony?

For the Evangelical Visitor.

DOCTRINES OF DEVILS.

Good judgment vs. Millennial Dawnism. "Now the spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy: having their conscience seared with a hot iron" (I Tim. iv. 1, 2). That we are now in the zenith of the latter days is no question to be proven to the considerate prayerful Bible reader of deep spirituality. St. Paul, in writing to the Thessalonian Christians, speaks on this wise, "Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first." That there is a falling away from the faith once delivered to the saints is self-evident to the spiritual. Many had never known love. The love of many who were once hot for God, has leaked out. A falling away! Yes just try a service in one of the dead denominational churches. Awful deadness! Pride supplants lowliness of heart, energy of flesh substituted for power of the spirit, mental culture and moral refinement for the work of grace in the heart. The Holy Ghost is not honored at all,—scarcely a thought; but in case of contamination of the soul, great judgment. A person must reject the conscious truth, and be given over to reprobacy of mind, before such awful doctrines of devils can be imbued. In these doctrines the precious blood of Jesus and the supernatural of the Holy Spirit is in part or wholly ignored. Jesus is set aside by the free sensual love of the flesh. Whatsoever does not honor and magnify the merits of Jesus' blood above all else as the only means of salvation, is from beneath and certainly savors of error.

But we have other doctrines which are far more subtle in ensnaring the unfixed hearts, on account of the much truth as its principle ingredient. One of such doctrines is that of Millennial Dawnism. We will notice only a few of the many errors, to wit, that the chiefest is that of making Christ our Savior a mere human being with sinless character. The fact that Christ took upon himself the form of a servant, did not of necessity make him a mere servant, nor did it divest him of his divinity. "The Jews answered him, saying, For a good work we stone thee not, but for blasphemy; and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God" (John x,
33). Jesus said “I am the Son of God.” The divine took upon himself a body of humiliation. If Jesus were human only, then of necessity must the sacrifice for sin have been mere human. If Christ was not God incarnate, then consequently we have a hope founded only on human blood. Christ was not the human body; but the body was only fitted or prepared for his abode while pilgrimming on earth. See Heb. 10:5 also margin, “The house we live in” is suggestive of our present visible body into which God blew the breath of life: otherwise we were mere apes with mental developments. Christ was fore-ordained before the foundations of the world were laid; but was made manifest in these latter days. Glory to God for­ever and ever! Our redemption was purchased by more than human blood.

J. MYERS BOSLER.

Canton, O.

(To be continued.)

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Encouragement.

Take my life and let it be Consecrated, Lord to thee,—Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of thy love.

“Take my feet and let them be Swift and beautiful for thee; Take my voice and let me sing—Always—only—for my King.”

While reading God’s Word and meditating over his blessed promises, I felt impressed to write a few lines for the Visitor, which I pray may be of some good to some one, though written in great weakness. It is only through the merits of a crucified Re­deemer that I am what I am. We each have our work to do, some in one way and some in another.

The Lord has given each and every one a talent, and we are to improve them in honor and glory to his name.

My desire is that I may use the small talent he has given me in such a way that may be pleasing in his sight. He has promised to reward us abundantly. Is not the reward worth striving for?

May we as God’s people ever be ready to obey the Lord. The word says, “To obey is better than sacrifice.” It is his will that we conse­crate our lives wholly to him. In so doing he can use us to his own good will and pleasure.

Give to him our lips filled with praises to him. Our feet swift to do his bidding, to carry the message of truth wherever he bids us. Give him our moments and our days, that they may flow in ceaseless praise. Give our love to him and our will. And best of all give him our heart, and let him be sovereign ruler on its throne. Have our treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

If we give our whole lives to his service, and lay everything on the altar, and consecrate our lives to him, he has promised ever to guide us in the narrow way of truth.

May we lift the banner of “King Jesus” high above the perishable things of earth and help to push the work along. I come short so often, in that I do not promptly obey the lead­ings of his Spirit. I ask a special in­terest in the prayers of God’s people wherever they may be, that I may be willing to surrender all to his blessed service. We see every where there is a great demand for workers in the vineyard of the Lord. May I be more humble at the foot of the cross. It is there where he can best use us. Having our feet shod with the pres­cription of the gospel of peace; and taking the shield of faith where with we shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and take the hel­met of salvation and the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God, and in love, as Christ has loved us.

Let no man deceive you. Be ye kind one to another; tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake has forgiven you. That Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith; so we may endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ. That we put on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. Pray for me that I may be always able and willing to say:

Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee.

From your Sister in Christ,

MARY E. TIPPY.

Osborn, Ohio.

The common tasks are wholesome herbs. Work is a restorative, in spite of the instinctive aversion which a sore heart feels towards it. Why should every-day toil go on when life within is changed by some sharp stroke or slow arrow? Because the comfort of others depends upon the doing of homely duties, and because the small drudgeries themselves are remedial. There is a compulsion about them which acts like a tonic, and they arrest the attention from the inward wound till it has had time to heal a little.—Julia H. Johnston.

Wordly Attire.

“Be not conformed to this World” (Rom. 12:2). Many who profess to be followers of the lowly Jesus con­form to the fashions of the world, ig­noring God’s command. Do you say, “I think it is alright if I can afford it”? Can you afford to spend money on ribbons, feathers, flowers, embroid­ery, ornaments or jewelry, which gratify the lust of the eye and pride of life which God says is not of the Fa­ther but of the world (I Jno. 2:16), when to every five dollars given to missions one precious soul is rescued from darkness? Even one or two dollars a year spent on needless things, if spent for tracts and Bibles, might rescue many souls.

Perhaps you say, “What will people say if I do not dress in style?” Hear what God’s Word says, “For they loved the praises of men more than the praises of God” (John xii. 43). Whom would you rather please?

“Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?” (Jas. iv. 4). If your friends love you be­cause you dress and look stylish, and would shun you if you should obey God’s word by not putting on “out­ward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel,” and should wear the “ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price” (1 Pet. iii. 4) whom would it pay to please? Some say, “You might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion.” We will soon be out of this world never to return: shall we live for God or the world?

We hear it said, “I want to look de­cent.” By all means do so, but one can be decently and modestly attired without worldly adornments. Women professing godliness wearing thin lace sleeves and neck cover, ribbons, rUFFLES, rings, and huge hats arrayed gaudily, look indecent from a Bible standpoint.

Some say, “I wear these things, but not for looks. I never think about my dress.” What inconsistency! If they are not for looks what are they worn for? Why spend so much money for a ring? People say, “I wear my ring for my friends’ sake.” Real friends will not desire us to disobey God in the wearing of gold to please them. Much precious time is spent in hard work to make clothes stylish, thus robbing those who need our service.

Our own families are sufferers from this cause. To make their children stylish, mothers neglect their child­ren’s hearts and bodily comforts, and their own minds are barren. Our
neighbors are also neglected for the same reason, and the sick and suffering ones.

Do you say, "Why harp so much on this question?" For the above reasons, and because that pride of which worldly dress is an indication, is an abomination to the Lord. "The proud he knoweth afar off." Thank God there is power in the blood of Christ to deliver from pride and all other sins, an experience where there is "no thirsting for earth's pleasures, nor adorning rich and gay," for we find the richer treasure of a purified heart.—Selected by Susie Caskey.

The "Valley of Humility."

This valley is a most delightful place in which to live. The air is pure and healthful, the situation is beautiful, and it abounds in "green pastures," "still waters," "quiet resting-places," "sure dwellings," "peaceable habitations," etc., etc.

The Lord of the valley himself dwells there with his people, and they enjoy the most blessed fellowship and communion with him. He is their "chief joy," and they are his "peculiar treasure." To be sure, storms sometimes sweep over the valley in fury, but provision has been made for such occasions. There is a great Rock there, and in its cleft there is ample room for every soul to hide in safety until the storms are over. Even if floods should come, there is perfect safety, for their Lord has promised, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee;" and if fire should break out, there is provision made for that, also, for he says, "When thou passest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee." Is it any wonder that the people who live there sometimes sing and shout, and weep, and leap for joy? O, it is a wonderful place to live!

In the "Valley of Humility" the people have a deep and tender love for each other, and also for those who are not so happily situated. They "look also upon the things of others," and it is their delight to serve. In this valley there are no seekers for worldly honors, and for the praise of men, there is no desire to make a show; their motto is, "Not I, but Christ." Before coming here to live, they were continually harassed by one giant, Self, and were in bondage to him, but since he has been slain, there is a wonderful transformation in their lives, and you would hardly know them as the same people. They used to glory in selfish enterprises, in foolish and sinful pleasures, in costly apparel, in houses and lands, in mansions that will soon crumble to dust, in riches that will soon "take wings and fly away," and in a thousand and one things in which there is no lasting profit, but now you may hear them singing joyfully:

"In the cross of Christ I glory. Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story, Gathers round its head sublime."

To the left of the "Valley of Humility" there is a very hilly country, where all its inhabitants dwell at one time, and it is still densely populated. Some of the most prominent of these eminences are Mt. Iniquity, Mt. Pride, Mt. Folly, Mt. Passion, Mt. Self-conceit, Mt. Love-of-the-world, Mt. Love-of-pleasure, Mt. Avarice, Mt. Carnality, Mt. Falsehood, and others too numerous to mention. Among the inhabitants of these mountains there is much strife, confusion, selfishness, drunkenness, hatred, wretchedness, and misery. If storms come, they have no hiding place. They are in bondage to a hard taskmaster named "Satan," who seeks only their present and eternal destruction. If they would only surrender to the Lord of the "Valley of Humility," and be subject to his rule, they would be gladly welcomed to that happy place.

To the right of this "valley" is another hill-country, whither its inhabitants are at liberty to roam at will, and language would fail to tell of the blessed times they have on these beautiful hills. There is Mt. Holiness, Mt. Faith, Mt. Hope, Mt. Love, Mt. Joy, Mt. Peace, Mt. Victory, Mt. Persecution (on this mountain the Master has given special directions that his children shall "rejoice and be exceeding glad"), and many others. The inhabitants of the "Valley of Humility," and of this hill-country to the right, are the happiest people on earth, but are not understood by the nations around them. In fact, they speak a strange language, and are only sojourners here, for their treasure is all above, and they seek a "city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God." Sometimes, while on the highest point of Mt. Faith, or Mt. Holiness, they can even catch glimpses of that city, and are so enraptured at the vision, and the prospect is so transporting, and so glorious that they can hardly stay upon earth, but would fain fly away and join the mighty throng of angels and archangels and redeemed spirits who are "harping with their harps," and ascribing glory and honor and dominion to the Lord God and the Lamb for ever and ever.—Bell Staples, in God's Revivalist. Sel. by S. Bert.

Jesus and Tobacco.

Imagine, if you can, Jesus asking Peter for a chew of fine-cut and then saying:

"Peter, lovest thou me?"

Imagine, if you can, Jesus expectorating tobacco juice, and then, setting a little child amongst them, say to the disciples, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Imagine Jesus, if you can, cleansing the temple, with a cigar in his mouth.

What would be so repellant in him who was our example should not be found in any of his followers.—Will N. Hirst.

The Spiritual Blessing on Divine Healing.

The sweetest aspect of divine healing is that it always brings a spiritual blessing far transcending the physical. Even though I might know something that would relieve me, yet I could not afford to lose the spiritual blessing to be received in pressing nearer to my Savior, to come in closer touch with him. I would rather suffer in my body until I had gained the victory of soul and the victory of faith that would bring the healing, than to seek through nature that which can reach the body only. When we place the body in the hands of Jesus we come to know him in a new relationship. We know something of Christ we have never known before. Would we know him in the fulness of his redemption in the full power of his resurrection; in all his relationship to us; in full and perfect union as "members of his body, his flesh, and his bones." Let us take him for our Physician, place our bodies in his care and keeping, then will we know for spirit, soul and body, his flesh, and his bones?" Let came to give.—Selected by Ada G. Wolgemuth, Mount Joy, Pa.

The world without Jesus Christ would be spiritually blind, and it has been the church's mission throughout the centuries to direct the eyes of men from sin and wickedness and turn them into the true light. It is the mission of every man who professes Christianity to lift up the fallen, visit the sick, and help the unfortunate. It is a great work, but there is a great reward for faithful service and a great punishment for faithlessness.—Rev. George Banks.
EASTER.

Among the glad days that come to every boy and girl is Easter. It is the time when the fable of the rabbit is repeated. The time when the colored egg attracts the eye of youth. The time when the older youth wears “the Easter bonnet.”

But Easter should be a glad day to us, not because of these things, but because it was the day that Christ rose from the dead. The resurrection has a real meaning for each of us. “He was offered up for our sins and raised again for our justification.”

Vain would have been his death had he evermore lain in the grave. When God raised up Jesus, he accepted his work and now we are justified from all things which we could not be justified by the law of Moses. Justification means much more than forgiveness. It takes away the sin and we are as though they had never been committed.

Easter has a personal gift for each apart from colored eggs; rabbit nests and a “love of a bonnet.” These things are not to be despised and as long as man is what he is the boy will delight in the mysterious and the bright colored things around him, and the girl will delight in personal adornment; but, in the midst of these things we should not forget the greatest gift.

Had Jesus never come we would be in our sins. Had God never raised him from the dead we would be without hope.

Dear young readers of the Gem, forget not the real meaning of Easter. I would not deprive you of a true pleasure; I would not rob you of its gladness; I would not speak harshly of your love of adornment, but I would have you know that these are the trifling things, the things that pass away; the real blessings of Easter; its true joy; its great gift, comes from accepting the finished work of Christ.

He that confesses him with the mouth and believeth in his heart that God raised Christ from the dead, shall be saved. Are you saved? If not you can have no real Easter joy.—R. W. McGregor, in Sunday-School Gem.

The Choice of Good Reading for the Young.

There is one piece of advice which I would give with intense earnestness to all; it is: “Never be tempted by curiosity to read what you know to be a bad book or what a very little reading shows you to be a bad book. Bad books—by which I do not mean merely ignorant and misleading books, but those which are pernicious and corrupt—are the most fatal emissaries of the devil. They pollute with plague the moral atmosphere of the world. Many and many a time a good book, read by a boy, has been the direct source of all his future success; has inspired him to attain and to deserve eminence; has sent him on the paths of discovery; has been as a sheet anchor to all that was noblest in his character; has contributed the predominant element to the usefulness and happiness of his whole life. Benjamin Franklin testified that a little tattered volume of “Essays to do Good,” by Cotton Mather, read when he was a boy, influenced the whole course of his conduct, and that if he had been a useful citizen “the public owes all the advantages of it to that little book.” Jeremy Bentham said that the single phrase, “The greatest good of the greatest number,” caught at a glance in a pamphlet, directed the currents of his thoughts and studies for life. The entire career of Charles Darwin was influenced by a book of travels which he read in early years. On the other hand, it is fatally possible for any one—especially for youth—to read himself to death in a bad book in five minutes. The well-known minister, John Angell James, narrated that when he was at school a boy lent him an impure book. He only read it for a few minutes, but even during those few minutes the poison flowed fatally into his soul, and became to him a source of bitterness and anguish for all his after years. The thoughts, images and pictures thus glanced at haunted him all through life like foul specters. Let no one indulge his idle curiosity under the motion that he is safe. “He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.”

“O who can hold a fire in his hand, By thinking on the frosty Caucasus.”

Were we not warned two thousand years ago that “he who touches pitch shall be defiled?” and three millenniums ago the question was asked, “Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned, and his feet not be scorched?”—Dean Farrar, in the Independent.

FABULOUS WEALTH.

“Oh, my!” said Ben, “I wish I were rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school.”

“I say, Ben,” said his father, turning round quickly, “how much will you take for your legs?”

“For my legs?” said Ben in surprise.

“Yes; what do you use them for?”

“Why, I run and jump and play ball, and—oh, everything.”

“That’s so,” said the father. “You wouldn’t take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?”

“No, indeed!” answered Ben smiling.

“And your arms—I guess you would not take ten thousand dollars for them, would you? And your voice. They tell me you sing quite well, and I know you talk a little bit. You wouldn’t part with that for ten thousand dollars, would you?”

“No, sir.”

“Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than five thousand dollars apiece at the very least; don’t you think so?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Your eyes, now. How would you like to have fifty thousand dollars and be blind for the rest of your life?”

“I wouldn’t like it at all.”

“Think a minute, Ben: fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money. Are you very sure you wouldn’t sell them for so much?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Then they are worth that amount at least. Let’s see now;” his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper; “legs ten thousand, arms ten, voice ten, hearing five, taste five, good health ten, and eyes fifty; that makes a hundred. You are worth one hundred thousand dollars at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh, and hear your schoolmates laugh, and look with those fifty thousand dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you, and come home with your usual appetite for dinner, and think how rich you really are.”—Selected.
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HARRISBURG, PA., APRIL 1, 1904.

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Brother and Sister Isaac O. Lehman, Brookport, Transvaal, South Africa.
Brother and Sister Jesse R. Eyster, Fordsburg, Box 110, Transvaal, South Africa.
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(Only the Matoppo Mission, first mentioned above, receives support from the Foreign Mission Fund. The others depend on the free-will offerings of the people.)

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Philadelphia, 2427 North Second street, in charge of Brother Peter Stover and Sister Stover.


Chicago Mission, 5955 Peoria street, in charge of Brother and Sister B. Breelarther, Sisters Anna and Sarah Bert and Brother G. C. Creger, pastor.

Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, Second and Grand streets, Church, Thirteenth and University streets, in charge of Bro. J. R. and Sister Anna Zook, 225 Eleventh street, N.

Although our Bible Offer does not appear in this issue it still stands open for acceptance on the same terms as before.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR

CHURCH WORK.

Love Feast.

Ohio.
Ashland and Richland, May 28th, 29th.

Kansas.
Kansas State Council will be held (D. V.) at the Bell Springs M. H. on April 7. A cordial invitation is extended to the brethren.

Pennsylvania.
Cross Roads (Donegal Dist.), May 25th, 26th.
Air Hill (North Franklin Dist.), May 25th, 26th. Railways: On the C. V. R. R., Scotland; on the W. M. R. R.

Philadelphia, April 30th, May 1st. (Baptism at Philadelphia, April 24th.)

General Conference Notice.

1. General Conference will convene in Nottawa district, near Stayner, Ont., Canada, on the 18th, 19th and 20th of May next.

2. All who contemplate coming from the U. S. and Black Creek district, Canada, will come via Toronto, Ont., to Stayner, where conventions will be held. Please correspond to all place of Conference.

3. Passenger trains arrive at Stayner 12.30 p.m., 5.40 p.m. and 9 p.m. daily.

4. If possible, all who come to Conference, please make arrangement to arrive at Stayner 12.30 p.m.

5. All mail matter to be addressed Dunstorn, Ont., Canada, in care of General Conference.

6. Concerning railway rates to place of Conference, we believe it is best for those who contemplate coming to Conference from the U. S. to procure club rates from place of starting to Buffalo, N. Y.

7. Then, from Buffalo, we suggest that a brother, say J. H. Heise, of Clarence Centre, N. Y., who would confer with the railway officials and obtain rates from Buffalo to Stayner, for all who come that way. A cordial invitation is extended to all who contemplate coming.

CHARLES BAKER.

Chicago Mission.

Report for month ending March 15, 1904.

RECEIPTS.

Pleasant Hill S. S., Hamlin, Iowa, 1 00
Mrs. Dave Stoner, Lanark, 111., 1 00
Robert Shirk, Shannon, 111., 1 00
In His Name, Chicago 5 25
Franklin Corner S. S., Morrison, Ill., 1 00
In His Name, 3 25
Ashland and Richland Dist., Ohio, 8 45
Offering box, 4 65
Young people's collection, 3 65
Tithe-payer, 5 00
In His Name, 2 00
Robert Shirk, Shannon, 111., 1 00
In His Name, 1 00
In His Name, Chicago, 2 00
In His Name, 4 65
Mission S. S., Chicago, 3 00
Mrs. Madison, Chicago, 1 00
In His Name, 1 25
Rent, 4 85
G. Clifford Cress, 1 00

Total, 953 97

Balance due Mission, $8 84
Groceries, 8 50
Gas and repairs, 2 00
1 06 tons coal, 15 13
Rent, 35 00

Total, 1 06 94

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO MISSION.

We are very grateful to our Heavenly Father and to our dear friends who have made possible another month's work here in our Mission house. It has been a good month, a time of sweet and precious waiting upon God and of active service to men. Our midwinter revival meeting, which lasted six weeks, have been so richly blessed and have merged into our con- gregations so many blessedly saved young men and young women who are so willing to sing, pray, testify, to invite others to come to Christ, that we daily exclaim with the Psalmist, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." We can say to the praise of God that our attendance, offerings and response are better now than at any previous time since the writer assumed the duties of pastor here. Among other things the past month are, Miss Jennie Shirk, I. John Hunsperger, Isaac Trump and others. None of these came empty-handed, either financially or spiritually, but blessed us in many ways. In addition to these, Brother Trump remained one month and preached four times to very much interested and appreciative congregations. He is growing old but has lost none of his zeal for Christ nor love for his church and he brought Bible messages that built us up in our faith in God. We extend a hearty and loving invitation to any of our brethren who may be passing through the city to visit us and break to our hungry hearts the bread of life or to mingle with us in our daily ministry. We want to announce that God has graciously moved the hearts of the agents from whom we rent our home to re-lease it to us for another year at same rental. They have promised to aid some cement walk, and treated us very kindly. We expect to have our winter and revival meetings about April 17th or 24th. Will you not pray that God will again bless us with many souls saved and brought un- to himself.

Poly 3, 1 00
Polo, 3 50
Polo, 111., 1 00
Gormley, Ont., 2 00

Benevolent Fund.

Mansfield, Ohio, 11 00
Harrisburg, Pa., 1 00
Millersburg, Ohio, 1 00
Chambersburg, Pa., 1 00
Stevensville, Ont., 1 00
Ashland, Ohio, 3 50
Donegal, Kans., 1 00
New Carlisle, Ohio, 1 00
Gormley, Ont., 1 00
Cherryvale, Kansas, 50
Ashland, Ohio, 1 00
Manchester, Pa., 2 00
Polo, Ill., 1 00
Polo, 111., 2 00
Polo, 111., 50

Meetings at Chicago Mission.

The meetings, began here January 17th, closed February 20th, after a period of six weeks, with encouraging results. While some of the previous revival services had been conducted, more or less, by outside helpers, it was felt that the Lord purposed the meetings of this Winter should be under the immediate direction of the mission workers. Accordingly, during the previous weeks, special prayers were offered up for the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit and for the ultimate success of the work. Brother Cress undertook, in the name of the Lord, to preach to us the full word of life, earnestly exhorting all sin- ners to turn to God and all Christians to purify themselves meet for the Master's
EVANGELICAL VISITOR

13

April 1, 1904.

Dear Readers of the VISITOR: Our last report dates February 17, 1904. Since that time the dear Lord has been very good to us in sparing our lives and blessing us with good health, and through the kindness of our beloved brethren and sisters and kind friends, we were permitted to enjoy our sweet and soothing home circle in comfort and peace. We would like to thank you once more for your constant interest in the work for us and your prayers and defeats, the dear Lord at all times went on there came a time when I felt that if I would be an obedient child I was made applications to the General Mission Board. I received an encouraging letter, which stated that my case would be considered and the writer said he thought that by a little effort everything could be arranged in such a manner that I could be ready to go with Sister Emma Long the following April. This was in January or the first of February of same year.

Well, after much patient waiting the month of April at last came, but with it no letter of acceptance and consequently no going. After that I underwent varied experiences, concluding at last while the Board did not (for reasons unknown to me) send me the necessary papers, that after all I might stay at home and so tried to put it away for the time. But the dear Lord would not let me rest in that way. He kept talking to me and reminding me from time to time, until finally, last Fall, the wonderful thing had come to pass. I was now going, providing I would go out in faith and trust in the Lord and do all that was required. But this was not all; I had been looking for so and so for a long time, and at last could bring me to the place where I could all my nothingness and weakness together with my faults and neglects, show me my utter inability to help myself, and that he would do the work for me if I would only yield myself entirely to him and let him. Then when I became willing to do so, letting go of self and everything that was hindering, the bands that were holding me were broken and I was set free, as a river flowing like a river. A “glory to God” went up from the depths of my full heart. And so I wrote to the dear Lord: “Lord, keep him to keep me and lead me, and I would humble bow to wherever he would be.”

The way to Africa now been opened and by his grace and in his name, I now mean to go forth and do all the little things along the way that he has thought of me to do, not seeking too long, and will say to all those that have the saving of souls at heart, and that they be encouraged to be bold and fearless, for the Lord would ever keep me, yes, keep me humbly but fully, and let him trust and abiding in him, and “let him” keep that which I have committed unto him.

Your humble sister, yielded to God.

HARRISBURG, Pa.

LYDIA S. HEISEY.

March 24, 1904.

Leaves Taking.

Dear Readers of the VISITOR: Our last report dates February 17, 1904. Since that time the dear Lord has been very good to us in sparing our lives and blessing us with good health, and through the kindness of our beloved brethren and sisters and kind friends, we were permitted to enjoy our sweet and soothing home circle in comfort and peace. We would like to thank you once more for your constant interest in the work for us and your prayers and defeats, the dear Lord at all times went on there came a time when I felt that if I would be an obedient child I was made applications to the General Mission Board. I received an encouraging letter, which stated that my case would be considered and the writer said he thought that by a little effort everything could be arranged in such a manner that I could be ready to go with Sister Emma Long the following April. This was in January or the first of February of same year.

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Your humble sister, yielded to God.

HARRISBURG, Pa.

LYDIA S. HEISEY.

March 24, 1904.
It was the cause of my giving myself unreservedly to the work. I have never regretted it, although it has led through some deep waters and severe trials; yet, thank God, dear readers, we are in the midst of this people, doing all within our power to give them the light and to make them see the light, then they cannot rise up in judgment against us and say, "You knew the way but you did not tell us, and now we are cast out.

We are made to wonder sometimes what will become of that soul that is so selfish that it looks only after its own interests—so glad they do not have to go, or any of their children, who are stopping to think of God's claims, or his blessing which they are missing.

"Behold the hands stretched out for aid. Darkened by sin and sore dismayed, In darkest lands, the world around, Till all the earth from pole to pole, Shall full salvation echoes roll." In him,

D. W. ZOOK.

From Africa.

To the Readers of the Visitor: We come with greetings in Jesus' name. Our salutation to you is Ephes. iii. 17 to 20. This is also our desire and prayer to God for you. Let every one read these three verses prayerfully and I believe they will prove a blessing to you as they have to me. Our hearts are rejoicing in God, who is our salvation and strength, and who has counted us worthy to be co-laborers together with him in the salvation of precious souls, and also to be partakers with the sufferings and afflictions of Christ. We naturally shrink from suffering, both in body and reproof for the sake of Christ, and thus lose the blessing of the promise. "If ye suffer with him, ye shall also reign with him," and "come out as gold with the stamp and with the fire of trial." We shall conquer. Yea, he has promised to triumph over us, and we believe it caused heaven to rejoice.

Lost wand'rs down to endless woe?
Darkened by sin and sore dismayed,
In darkest lands, the world around,
Till all the earth from pole to pole,
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DEAR READERS, I WILL TRY TO DESCRIBE SOME OF MY EXPERIENCE IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. IT WOULD TAKE TOO MUCH SPACE TO ITEMIZE MY WHOLE LIFE, BUT I HAVE FOUND IT QUITE DIFFERENT. I MADE SO MANY MISSTEP AND MISSTEPS, BUT ALL THROUGH MY DISOBEDIENCE AND UNWILLINGNESS. IF I COULD TAKE PART IN THE WORLD AND MY GOD'S SOCIETY, IT WOULD HAVE SUITABLE NATURE BETTER.

The Lord led me to be separate from the world in which I obeyed as soon as convenient. It is not so with others, but had real peace until I obeyed. I believe if I had my life to live over I would not quench the Spirit so often. When we look back over our lives, or mine particularly, truly it is of God is great. I feel to give God the praise for the enjoyment I have, both spiritual and temporal. But I still feel my shortcomings and feel there is room for improvement. I would ask an interest in the prayers of those that know the worth and value of prayer that I may improve my time and talent, and that I may distribute to others that is required of me. I would say to those that have not made their return to God, do not delay for life is uncertain and death is sure.

From your unhappy brother in Christ, Grenville, Pa.
J. M. Myers

For sometime I have been impressed to give some of my experiences to your Visitor. And will now, by God's help, do so, trusting God to overrule my thoughts, that his name may be magnified. The good Spirit strove with me when a little girl, and so in my fourteenth year I gave my heart to God, and vowed to God I would serve him, it may go with me in the world as it will. I had different things to rectify. I obeyed step by step. The good Spirit led me to baptism in which I also obeyed. I not realize the great experience I de­ sired on that occasion, but while in the water I realized such a sweet peace, and shortly afterward, once in prayer. I seemed so real to me that I was like a child praying to a father, thus enjoying a bless­ ing. As years rolled on I was sur­ prised once that I didn't have more temp­ tation. That Scripture was made very real to me, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." (1 Cor. x. 12.) The eye did not remain single (Luke xi. 39), so began to look out on others. Various tempta­ tions were presented to me, especially in apparel, and while yielding to some, God's keeping power for me would not permit me to yield to all, for which I do praise God. I still wanted to be a child of God and testifie, yet had such a proud state I thought if the Lord would spare my life until a certain time then I would see how all he required of me. But I found it quite different. I made so many missteps and mistakes, but all through my disobedience and unwillingness. If I could take part in the world and my God's societies, it would have suited carnal nature better.

The Lord led me to be separate from the world in which I obeyed as soon as convenient, but was not so willing in some other things, but had real peace until I obeyed. I believe if I had my life to live over I would not quench the Spirit so often. When we look back over our lives, or mine particularly, truly it is of God is great. I feel to give God the praise for the enjoyment I have, both spiritual and temporal. But I still feel my shortcomings and feel there is room for improvement. I would ask an interest in the prayers of those that know the worth and value of prayer that I may improve my time and talent, and that I may distribute to others that is required of me. I would say to those that have not made their return to God, do not delay for life is uncertain and death is sure.

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EDITORIAL.

Missionaries Say Farewell.

According to announcement a fare­well meeting for the departing mis­sionaries was held at the Messiah Home, Harrisburg, Pa., on March 27th. The day was pleasant though somewhat cold. Visitors commenced coming on Saturday, and kept on com­ing during Sunday until evening.

There was an introductory service on Saturday evening. On Sunday morn­ing the attendance was already large, but on Sunday evening the house was crowded, and it was evident that there was genuine interest in and sympathy for those who contemplate going now, but, we think, it was more than the in­terest in the persons, but with it a larger interest in missionary enterprise.

We certainly believe that the gathering of such a large number of the members of the church on such an occasion is an indication that missions have a large place in the hearts of our people than they formerly had.

The persons included in the com­pany now going are Bro. John H. Myers, Sister Catty A. Myers, Sister Sallie Kreider and Sister Lydia Heisey. These all are going to the Matoppo Mission. With them will sail A. D. Musser and wife and three children, of Franklin county, Pa., to Cape Town. They are booked to sail from New York on April 9th, at 9.30 a.m., on the steamer Netherland of the American Line.

At the final farewell meeting all of the departing missionaries addressed the large congregation feelingly, as to the fact of their call to this work, after laying on of the hands of the elders.

The service was most solemn and im­pressive. At the close nearly all of the large congregation came forward to bid a last good-bye. Many tears were shed, giving evidence of the es­teem in which they were held.

A large assortment of different kinds of goods, consisting of dried and canned fruits, dried meat, clothing and bedding, etc., etc., has been accumulating at the Home, which goes with the company. The hearts of the workers at the Mission will be made glad when they receive these goods, and we believe through these meetings, and attendant activity with these col­lections, interest in our Mission at Matoppo is revived, and we trust the interest may not only not abate but that the tide may rise higher all over the brotherhood.

May God bless the outgoing party, give them a safe voyage, keep them in health, and full of the divine Spirit, and in humility, and make them a blessing wherever they go is our wish and prayer.

The Messiah Home thanks friends at Moversville, Pa., for donation of potatoes, apples, etc., also a dear friend at Hanoverdale, who has for years do­nated 1 pound of butter per week to the Home during the time her one cow was in profit. Also friends at Union Depósito for a nice donation of a variety of catables, and friends at Rowanna, Pa., for some table linen and a barrel of crackers. God bless all those who kindly share their bless­ings with us.

Do not fail to read Elder Charles Baker's announcement re General Conference on page 12. We doubt whether it can be arranged to reach Stuyaner as early as he suggests, from the fact that those going via Buf­falo will go by boat to Toronto and will hardly leave Toronto before about noon. Yet there is time for correspondence on this line.

MARRIAGES.

HALBERT — WOLVERTON. — Mr. Duffield Halbert, Rapids, Dickenson county, Kans., and Miss Bertha Pearl, daughter of Sister Sarah Wolverton, of Abilene, Kans., were united in holy wed­lock in the Baptist church, Abilene, Kans., March 9, 1904. Elder Halbert officiating. Mrs. Halbert did a great deal of work on the Visiting Mission, while at Abilene as a composition.

OBITUARIES.

PYKE.—Died, at his home, near Detroit, Kans., Jan. 28, 1904, Brother John D. Pyke, of paralysis. He was born in Dauphin county, Pa., July 24, 1849, and died March 18, 1904, aged 54 years and 9 months of pneumonia. He was a fine moral young man and much thought of among the young, but put off the thing needful until a late hour and then sought earnestly and found that sweet peace which paseth all understanding. He was united on Sunday, the 12th, at the Black creek cemetery adjoining the Brethren's M. H. Obsequies improved by A. Bearss, from Psa. xxxiv. 4, to a large as­sembly of sympathizing friends.

BREHM.—Andrew, Leslie and Mary Catherine Brehm, twin children of Brother Enoch and Sister Katie Brehm, of Palmyra, Pa., died of whooping cough. Andrew died March 9th, aged 5 months and 26 days, and Mary died March 12th, aged 6 months. Funeral services were held at the home on Sunday morning, the 13th, and inter­ment was made in the cemetery afternoon when the little angelic forms, lying side by side in one coffin, were consigned to mother earth in the Palmyra cemetery. Elder Jacob Kreider and Brother Henry Kreider officiated. Text, 1. Peter I. 24, 25.

ENGEL.—Died, near Ramona, Kans., March 14, 1904, Lydia B. Engel (nee Hos­sietter), aged 42 years, 6 months and 7 days. She was born in Asplingen, Nov. 2, 1861, near Chambersburg, Pa., and lived there until 1875 when she went with her parents, Brother David and Sister Susan Hostetter, to Kansas. She was married to Engel, May 15, 1879. She was a faithful and loving wife, a good mother, a devoted daughter, and was perfectly resigned to his will. Funeral services conducted by Elder J. W. Eagle and J. W. Book at Rosebank church, March 15, 1904. Text, 1. Peter I. 24, 25.

RINKER.—Died, on March 13, 1904, in Pelham, Welland county, Ontario, at her daughter's, Mrs. Silvester Bradshaw, Sister Mary whom aged 84 years and 11 months. Sister Rinker was a lifelong member of the Brethren church and sound in the faith of the same. She was born and always lived in the township of Pelham. Her husband preceded her to the beyond twenty-eight years. She leaves five sons and two daughters to mourn their loss of a kind and devoted mother, she was a faithful and beloved father. Funeral services conducted by J. Sider, from Job v. 25 to a very large assembly. Interment in the Hensler ceme­tery north of the mountain.

BAKER.—Died, on March 24, 1904, in Berrie, Welland county, Ontario, in his 22nd year, Benjamin Baker. He was an old resident of this county and much respected as a moral, honest, upright man; yet, he put off the needful work that should have been first until the last, and then sought earnestly and found that sweet peace which paseth all understanding. He leaves a side companion (Sister), four sons and five daughters, besides grandchildren and great grandchildren to mourn their loss. Funeral on Sabbath at the Brethren's M. H., obse­quies improved from Job xvi. 22. "When a few years are come, then shall I go the way whence I came; but it is a very worse, falling asleep in Jesus on the above date. Brother Sholly was converted, and united with the Brethren about eleven years ago. About six years ago he was chosen a deacon, which place he held with great ability. When last November choice was made of a minister the lot fell on him again, which he accepted, and again with willingness took his place whenever his health permitted. He was the son of the late Elder Benjamin B. Shelly. Through his death the Brethren feels the loss deeply. Funeral services were held at the Brethren's M. H. Cemetery adjoining the Brethren's M. H. Obsequies improved by A. Bearss, from Psa. xxxiv. 4, to a large as­sembly of sympathizing friends.

SHELLEY.—Died in Ripley township, Lancaster county, Pa., Feb. 20, 1904, Brother Abraham G. Shelly, aged 35 years, 9 months and 22 days. Brother Shelly was the son of a prominent family for about three months, but most of the time confined to the house for a few weeks at a time. Nothing serious being anticipated, until the fever and ague set in, which became worse, falling asleep in Jesus on the above date. Brother Sholly was converted, and united with the Brethren about eleven years ago. About six years ago he was chosen a deacon, which place he held with great ability. When last November choice was made of a minister the lot fell on him again, which he accepted, and again with willingness took his place whenever his health permitted. He was the son of the late Elder Benjamin B. Shelly. Through his death the Brethren feels the loss deeply. Funeral services were held at the Brethren's M. H. Cemetery adjoining the Brethren's M. H. Obsequies improved by A. Bearss, from Psa. xxxiv. 4, to a large as­sembly of sympathizing friends.

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