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A New Game of Cards.

One Sunday morning, visiting the vessels lying in the Regent's Canal basin, I found three captains playing at cards. When I had bidden them "Good-morning" and shaken hands, one of them—the captain of the ship I was on—asked, "Will you join us in a game or two?"

I replied, "Yes, with pleasure, but not till you have finished that game."

When it was finished there was quite a little stir, and the captain gathering up the cards, called out:

"Now then, my lad, will you shuffle them or shall I?"

"You may place them on one side," I replied; "they are old and greasy; I won't touch them. I have a new pack in my pocket which has never been used; and as it is the Sabbath, we cannot have a better day for beginning with them.

I shall not soon forget their looks of astonishment at the mention of "new cards" to be introduced by the missionary. Taking the cards out of my pocket, I said, "They don't need shuffling; I will serve them round. It matters not how many are present, all can play." The cards were embellished with texts of Scripture, and had been given to me for distribution.

When eight cards had been dealt out to each person, we took them up to see what they were.

"Ah! we are licked!" said one of the captains; "he has done us brown and clean. How are we to play with these things?"

I asked them to be seated, and I would show them the game. I then took my card and read, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Now it was the next man's turn, and he read, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

I then took my new card and read, "They are old and greasy; I will serve them round. It matters not how many are present, all can play." The cards were embellished with texts of Scripture, and had been given to me for distribution.

When this game was over, it appeared to be a great relief to the men, and yet they seemed uneasy. I of­fered to change cards with the captain.

"Yours are very old and greasy, only fit for fishes; let me throw them over the ship's side, and you shall have my new ones."

"Done!" he shouted. "It's a good exchange."

I then proposed prayer, and two of them joined me in kneeling, but the other one declined, saying: "I like a bit of tobacco, and will have a little smoke while you hold forth." But, thank God, the Holy Spirit soon began to work on his heart, and dropping the pipe, he sank on his knees, weeping.

Before leaving, I invited them to God's house, but not one of them would promise to come; so I shook hands, went on board the next vessel, and, when my work was done, hastened to the chapel. What was my sur­prise to find my three card-playing captains present there, listening to the gospel. The minister's subject proved to be "the sin of backsliding." On leaving the chapel I followed one of the three, and asked how he had en­joyed the service.

"Ah! my lad," said he, "you ought not to have been so hard on a fellow.

You must have made haste to tell the parson about me, and he's been hitting me from beginning to end. Like Peter, I am a backslider."

I assured him that I had not seen the preacher that day until he was in the pulpit; and that I had not breath­ed a word about our morning card-playing to a living soul. It was the Holy Spirit that was calling him back; would he listen and obey?

"Yes,' he replied, "I will, God being my helper."

He spent most of that day with us, and on the following Tuesday, after we had been praying with him, light broke in upon his soul, and he was enabled to rejoice in God his Savior.

Friendly Greetings.

Let us examine ourselves; let us be honest as we examine into the evidence of departed blessedness. A man is really what he is when he is alone with God. There is no ear listening that he wishes to captivate, there is no eye that he seeks to favor. Just as you are with God, that you really and find yourself to be on the last day. So your drooping may be traced. A life without religion fades. What water is to the plant, what winding is to the watch, just that is prayer to the Christian. There may have been times when you cried out, 'Oh, for a closer walk with God!' If this is your spirit, you are near the Lord.

Rev. Madison Peters.

It is true, and it is a great comfort that it is true, that the giving of a glass of water can please God, and the sweeping of a room can glorify him. But woe be to us if we are content with small services. Too much thought of little things belittles. We should "attempt great things for God." Caleb said, "Give me this mountain;" Mark broke the alabaster box that was exceeding precious; the disciples left all to follow Jesus, and counted it joy to suffer for his sake. Let us not be easily content. The note of heroism should be in our battles with sin, in our speaking, in our giving, in our serving. Our King deserves and ex­pects kingliness.—Dr. Babcock.
EVANGELICAL VISITOR


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EDITORIAL.

A New Year Wish.

We wish unto all the readers of the VISITOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR. This we wish not in a trivial way or in the sense of jollity as is the way of the world, but rather in the soberness and calmness of living, as it were, under the eye of the Lord Jehovah. We wish for ourselves and for all

"—a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame."

We wish that we may all be like Stephen, "(1) full of faith, Acts vi. 5; (2) full of the Holy Ghost v. 5; (3) full of grace v. 8, R. V.; (4) full of power v. 8; (5) full of the Word, chap. vii.; (6) full of courage vii. 51-54; full of love vii. 50." Like Paul we would exercise ourself in Philip ii. 12-14—let go the things which are of doubtful utility and to follow after and reach out for God's best. May God help us all to forget "the things that are behind and reaching forth un­
to those things which are before; press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Thus we desire that the VISITOR may become better as time goes on, that it may still go forth under the blessing of God to exert an influence for good in the homes to which it goes.

Special Notice.

We have perhaps nearly 50 names on our list whose subscription was paid by some friend under the special offer of last May. These all are now expired but they will yet receive the January 1 number, hoping that at least some of them have become suf­

ficiently interested to prompt them to become permanent subscribers, and will send in their renewals before the January 15 issue goes out. Please give this matter your immediate con­sideration and write us your decision.

An Explanation.

In the December 1st issue we pub­lished an article entitled, "What is Baptism?" from the pen of P. T. Alexander. The brother feels ag­rieved because, as he sees it, we mis­quoted him. Therefore we make this explanation. It will be remembered that a brief editorial note was pub­lished in connection with the article. It will also be remembered that we said that we submitted the article to one of the associate editors before publishing it, and that the criticism published was not our criticism but was quoted from the associate's letter. Therefore it will be seen that we did not misquote the brother, since the mistake occurs in the part quoted by us. However we are to blame for not detecting the mis-quotation. The mis-quotation makes Bro. A. say "all * * ordi­nances have a significance in the com­munion," which, he says, is not cor­rect. Briefly stated, the M.S., came to us without any punctuation and we had to judge by the sense intended where to put the commas and the periods. It happened that we punctuated correctly and it is so print­ed in the article, but our associate editor failed to notice the period in­tended by the sense of the article, and quoted it as given above. Any one who will take the trouble to look over the article again can see what we are trying to explain. We are sorry that we failed to notice our associate's mis­take and so prevent any injustice to our brother.

For the information of several inquirers as well as others, we are in­structed to say that the committee en­
gaged in preparing the new Constitu­tion and By-Laws, etc., etc., has not been able as yet to put it into the printer's hands, but expects to be able to do so in the near future. The work required much more time than was antici­pated; but the committee feels that the work is of sufficient importance to take time to do it right, though to those waiting the time seems long. When finished the work will be found to be a handy volume of information, and with the completed index it will be possible to immediately turn to page and paragraph where the desired article may be found. It is expected that the price will be about 15 cents per copy; it will certainly not exceed 20 cents. The committee is as yet at a loss to know how many copies to publish, since so few districts have sent in orders of the number that are required. There should be no longer delay by any district, but at once no­ti­fy the committee as to the number required. The price of production will largely depend on the largeness of the issue.

Because of the large quantity of matter that was set up for this issue early, we make room on our editorial pages for several interesting letters and articles. "In Memoriam" will no doubt be read with hearts full of sym­pathy, and possibly many eyes will be suffused with tears. And the letters of Bro. Steigerwald, and Bro. Doner, the bereaved husband, although writ­ten previous to Sister Doner's death, will no doubt come with special inter­est at this time. And as you read a prayer for the little company at the Matoppen Mission. And remem­ber also the bereaved parents and brothers and sisters of the deceased.

Sister H. Frances Davidson is still knelt busy in the West. She is expect­ed to spend New Year in Brown county, Kansas. She expects, D. V., to reach Bedford county, Pa., January 20, and spend about nine weeks in the different districts in Pennsylvania. Africa lies near her heart, especially now that Sister Doner is gone, and she feels that she ought to be there instead of speaking about it here. Her ad­dress is still 1185 Bailey street, Har­risburg, Pa.

As it is not our intention to bind many volumes of the VISITOR of the last two years, it is especially of im­portance that all who want one write to us immediately and order the num­ber wanted. So far we have only re­ceived one order, that of Bro. J. K. Forney, of Abilene, Kans. The price will likely be one dollar and a half per copy. If you want one write us im­mediately.

By private correspondence under date of December 21, 1904, we learn that Bro. J. R. Zook was still in the work at Valley Chapel, Canton, Ohio, with the result that "sinners are might­ly stirred, of whom a number have been saved, and believers are glori­ously sanctified and anointed with the Holy Spirit." May God receive all the glory and all the honor.
Emma Long Doner.

No doubt the brief announcement of Sister Emma Long Doner's death in Africa, in last issue of the VISITOR, came as a surprise and shock to many of our readers, as it truly did to the editor. We felt that it would be fitting that something should be said as a tribute to the memory of the departed sister in this issue, but hardly knew how to say it. We are glad therefore that Sister Davidson, who, on account of her intimate connection with her in the work, is perhaps better fitted to write something befitting the occasion than we or any other person could, has been obedient to the promptings and has contributed the following brief article, to which we gladly give room in our editorial space.

IN MEMORIAM.

It was truly a shock to every one, and to no one more than to the writer, when the sad news came that our beloved sister and co-laborer, Emma Long Doner, had passed "over the river." The last letters received from Africa had stated that she was well, but how soon is all this changed. That short message over the wires can have but one interpretation.

Sister Doner came to the Mission as one of the workers in June, 1901. She came filled with the Spirit and with a warm love for the work of the Master. Bravely she struggled against the disease which was seeking to undermine her strength. The foundation of the disease must have been laid ere she reached the African shores. About a year after she landed, her condition became so critical that we were afraid she would then be called to her home above. She herself thought her time had come and bade her sorrowing husband, as well as the rest of us, adieu; but while we were mourning, she was calm and triumphant over death and the grave and rejoiced in her Redeemer. It pleased the dear Father to again raise her up and we could rejoice that our little number was not so soon to be broken. She continued to grow stronger until over a year ago she again was prostrate, although the attack was not so severe as it had been before. I well remember how, at this time, she bitterly wept for fear she might have to leave the work and return home. From that time on she grew better, however, and we hoped she might be spared yet many years for the work of the Lord.

Sister Doner had a warm love for the natives and never wavered in the faith that the Lord had called her to Africa. She was getting hold of the language nicely and enjoyed nothing more than being out among those dear people telling them the blessed story of the cross. It was a pleasure to see her on Sunday seated under the large wakami tree surrounded by thirty or more little girls telling them of God and his love, or to see them kneel in prayer and hear their childish voices ascend to a throne of grace.

We believe that one of the greatest blessings that ever came to the Mission has been the advent of little Oliver, who to-day is left without a mother's love. It is wonderful how he warmed the hearts of the natives, both old and young, toward the Mission. He was at home with all, both white and black, and our departed sister had her wish in seeing him love the dear dark faces.

But she is gone, her work is finished and yet we believe her prayers and tears are had in remembrance before God for the work at that place. I can see her yet as I bade her good-bye there by the wagon shed in that early morning hour. With the tears streaming down her face, she said, "I could not bid you good-bye, did I not feel that it was the Lord's will for you to return to America at this time."

We may not understand it all, but he does and we shall some day. Instead of repining or allowing doubts to come into our hearts, let us rejoice that she was permitted to spend at least three and one-half years in that needy field. May the Father comfort him who has lost such a noble companion, and may baby Oliver who is thus deprived of a loving mother, grow up to be a missionary to that country.

The Lord had permitted almost five years to elapse since he had called one from our little African band; and how many, many here in the homeland have during that time been called home.

I know that this visitation will not discourage the true soldier who is volunteering for that work, and may many put themselves on the altar and say, "Here am I, Lord, send me." The Japanese or Russians do not falter when they see thousands and tens of thousands fall around them, but they step in and fill up the breach and the work goes on. Shall we do less when the Lord calls and souls, not lands, are in the balance?

H. Frances Davidson.

The gift of prayer may have praise from men, but it is the grace of prayer which has power with God.—Selected.

Jesus Wept.

LUKE XIX. 41.

Jesus approaches Jerusalem, once the most sacred spot on earth. The capital of the Jewish nation, the only people that ever were under a true theocracy, the place God permitted Solomon to build him a house; in it was a HOLY PLACE, in this the holy of holies, where the High Priest entered once a year and sacrificed for his sins and the sins of the people. This was separated from the holy place by a thick vail or curtain, which was rent from top to bottom during the crucifixion, giving access to the holiest for all who come to God through Christ, the true sacrifice for sin. Here God communed with his chosen people. Here prophets received messages from the Ruler of the Universe. But now, alas! The words of the Prophet are fulfilled: "Your house is left unto you desolate." Its former glory was gone. The priesthood had become corrupt. The High Priest was an ungodly man. The temple had become "a den of thieves." Its destruction was imminent. Jesus in his omniscience saw its destruction, razed even to the ground. The prophets, by inspiration, foretold its fate long before. Jerusalem had its day of grace, and there was still mercy in store for the once sacred city. "If thou hast known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass the round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation." (Luke xix. 42, 43. 44.)

The destruction prophesied came to pass in due time. This awful corruption that caused the terrible destruction was all plain in the omniscience of the Son of man, and caused him to weep as he looked over the doomed city. His heart was full of sympathy and love for "his own" which received him not, but rushed on heedless to destruction. Here divine tears were shed over the impending doom of the sacred city that caused "distress greater than ever had been or ever shall be."

John xi. 35. Jesus stood at the grave of Lazarus. Mary was weeping; her Jewish friends were also

(Continued on page 4.)
New Year Wishes.

What shall I wish thee?
Treasuries of earth,
Songs in the Spring-time,
Pleasure and mirth;
Flowers on thy pathway,
Skies ever clear,
Would this assure thee
A happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?
What can be found
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round?
Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee
A happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,
Walking in light,
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright,
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear,
These shall ensure thee
A happy New Year.

Peace in the Savior,
Rest at his feet,
Smile of his countenance,
Radiant and sweet.
Joy in his presence,
Christ ever near,
This will ensure thee
A happy New Year. —Selected.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
Crucifixion With Christ the Past Tense of the Believer, Symbolized by Baptism.

The undersigned, an interested reader of the Visitor, is always glad to receive its periodical visits. And although busied with special daily Bible studies and religious work in and near the city of Toronto, which delight him much (though it is not always sunshine, to the flesh at least), he still finds time to scrutinize most of its articles, be they long or short.

He was specially interested in two articles in the issue of December 1. The one, by P. T. Alexander, on "What is Baptism?" the other on "The Offense of the Cross," by J. S. Lehman, which is exceedingly interesting to one like myself who loves to magnify not our good works but the grace of God as the basis, not only of our salvation, but of everything we receive, achieve and enjoy in the divine life "hid with Christ in God." I imagined the necessity for an exegesis connecting the thought of the two articles. The second article, which properly comes first, speaks of the cross—the glorious fact in the divine economy for human salvation and sanctification. The first, which properly comes second, speaks of the expression of this fact in water baptism.

At least the latter never meant anything more by the early Christian church, if the Bible is our authority for judging. The undue stress laid upon it, as Bro. Lehman implies, has cast odium upon its simplicity and symbolic meaning, which its original design never stood for.

The grand old Bible needs no revision so far as its truths are concerned, no additions, no subtractions, which some are so ready to bestow upon it in these days. It is still the written word of God, and "is profitable for doctrine, correction, instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." It needs no borrowed heathen expression as "sacrament," which it is to be regretted a committee of the Brethren have substituted for the better and more Scriptural word of ordinances. The word "sacrament," borrowed from Romanism in her apostasy, was the name of a Roman military oath taken by every Roman soldier on enlistment, pledging fidelity to that ancient empire. Protestantism borrowed this expression, as it did a great many other unscriptural expressions and actions, from that apostate church.

While this expression, therefore, is less expressive of Scriptural truth than ordinances, it is more stylish and popular to suit our present-day advancement—"in what?"

But though Bro. Alexander's article may not be perfect in all details, as doubtful is the case with all of us in our conceptions, knowledge and actions of truth; for most of us can conscientiously declare we "have not already attained, neither are already perfect," as we "look through a glass darkly." Yet I wish to come to his defense when he states that water baptism is intended to signify not only the death but the resurrection life of Christ. It simply means to teach that we have been crucified with Christ, and are raised up with him by faith in the operation of God. Does not this meaning attach to the ceremony in the Brethren's view of it? If I understand correctly, they have always stood for this, though it may not have been intelligently apprehended by all members as it should be. The last two revisions of the Bible bear them out in this view. The crucified life and identification therewith is the blessed testimony borne of the Christian the moment he has by living faith accepted the Lord Jesus as his sacrifice. This is always put in the past tense when it is mentioned in connection with the believer—i.e., the R. V. has it this way.

Then if it is so, how say some that being crucified with Christ is a subsequent experience to accepting Christ by faith? If the Christian is not identified in Christ's crucifixion by faith, when the latter worketh by love in its manifest change in the life of the believer, then the ordinance does not express what it is intended to do. If he has not actually been brought into Christ's death and raised to walk in newness of life with him, when is he going to be? Does baptism witness to a future or to a past experience? If not to a past, but to a future fact, why not justify baptizing infants and unconverted people? The latter are on the same footing with those who have not as yet, but are waiting to have the "experience" subsequent to their accepting the Lord Jesus. This latter view has been carried to its logical conclusion by some who were rebaptized after they discovered what they understood to be another crucifixion subsequent to their conversion. The Brotherhood processes to believe in "one Lord, one faith and one baptism." Will it "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," or will it out of regard for the weaknesses of some, adopt Hush Policy and surrender their convictions so tenaciously adhered to for generations? Has it discovered its unbiblical position in the past and is it now ready to revise its creed? The word of God declares that what is sown will be reaped. If error and looseness and uncertainty and ignorance be sown, and is watered by toleration and tacit encouragement because we are too lazy and otherwise encumbered to read, to study, to pray and preach—do we suppose we will "gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles?"

In the pastoral epistles to Timothy and Titus Paul enjoins them to stand for "sound doctrine," "wholesome words," etc. If the Holy Spirit thought this necessary in the babyhood stage of the church, how much more is it necessary in the days "when they will not endure the sound doctrine"? (I. Tim. iv. 3.) Of course, the浸信派 is also given as to the manner and spirit to be maintained in standing for "the sound doctrine" and "contending for the faith"—"in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus;" "suffer hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ;" as "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth;" "the Lord's servant must not strive, but be gentle towards all, apt to teach, forbearing in meekness, correcting them that oppose themselves;" "PREACH THE WORD [not men's thoughts or creeds or fancies]; be urgent in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort
As one of those who is seeing more and more how ignorant he is concerning the profound teachings of the Bible, the writer is loath to accept anything, but plain Bible statements. He is not anxious for creed-making or creed-taking, especially on the simple, plain facts of Christian faith, life, and experience, so much contorted and garbled by commentators who do not so much as make pretensions to inspiration. I like the Bible doctrine of simple faith as a matter of accepting grace, which Bro. J. R. Zook in his evangelistic meetings is noted for laying emphasis upon—salvation by faith alone, though never with faith alone. Godly works will as surely follow a living faith as heat and light follow the sun's course, or the foliage and fruits of a living tree follow its life. True, as Bro. Lehman states, some may have an altar to come to in order “to labor” for salvation, and by “some wonderful demonstration” work themselves through to a “new birth.” I heartily agree if this were a fact salvation would not be “by grace through faith.” At the same time let us not call that faith which shows no works or fruits in a changed, godly life thereafter. It may not be, of course, fruit in its fullest perfection; but it will at least demonstrate some change, some quickening, some purpose than the old, former life indicated. Holiness of heart and holiness of action are sure to follow in some degree, though it may not always be unmixed, in the life of the believer. Perfection is the objective, of course; and if the believer had but one nature we might expect to behold the acme of it maintained at all times. But if like the writer and many others of God's children, he has discovered another law in his members warring against the spirit within him, then he must often repent with bitter tears when he neglects the higher and better law to subserve the lower. There is not, of course, the least justification for this sort of experience; but there is the need for the perfect, present cleansing (typified by the ordinance of the red heifer during Israel's pilgrimage in the Wilderness, Numb. xix.), the intercession of our High Priest and the prayer and watchfulness enjoined, requisite to living the victorious life.

Praise God for the fact that we need not be wandering in the wilderness of uncertainty, doubt, restlessness and the sin-dominion policy. It is our privilege to be enjoying the fruits of the Canaan life offered to us without labor. This does not mean Canaan has no sin in it. It does not teach sinless perfection or eradication that stops the law of subjugation, or victory without conflict. For the promise is that every foot of ground trod upon (and only as trod upon) should be the victor’s. The Canaan enemies of Israel did not vanish the moment foot was set upon the soil, but they were to be driven out “little by little.” Israel, however, was to keep on driving them out—not adopting a slower policy in the operation than God designed—until they were completely conquered. Israel was not to withhold his hand or make alliances with the enemy. Neither are we to do so with sin within or without us. We have been crucified with Christ. Let us therefore “put to death our members which are upon the earth.” Let us continually manifest in our lives and experiences what we symbolized in baptism, and let us remember that it is not of works, lest we should boast, but that it is by grace through faith, God working in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure. “We are his workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.” The accomplishment, fruition and glorious realization of this fact, however, is not the result of a moment, but of a life-time; not the result of a naked faith at the commencement of the battle, but of a faith that endures by suffering, purging, trial, pravine and fighting. “Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life.”

I. J. Ransom.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

A Shut-in Brother.

Thos. F. Lockhart, of Wellington, Mo., is a young man about 34 years of age and has been in bed over half of his life with rheumatism. The joints of his limbs have become so stiff that he cannot bend them and his life is almost a living death. He is a Christian man and as cheerful as he can be under all of the circumstances, but often feels lonely. He does not possess much of this world's goods, but is trusting his heavenly Father for his daily needs.

Will not all of the readers of the Visitor who are ever inclined to sympathize and comfort the afflicted and shut-in ones, send him good reading matter, papers, magazines, books, or write him a cheerful letter. Comfort this poor brother with the same comfort you would desire in his condition. Send him a flood of letters. Do it for Jesus' sake.

W. R. Smith.
his brother and judge his brother, speaketh evil of the law and judges the law. But if thou judge the law thou art not a doer but a judge." (James iv. 11.) Here comes disorder, not helps. The governor is not in the machine, the Holy Ghost has withdrawn. Oh how blessed where the order of God's house prevails. There is governments, diversities of tongues—speaking of God's mighty power through the Holy Ghost—not mutters, not whispering to some one else about our brother.

Our theme is a Holy Ghost or apostolic church or missionary church, going forth in Jesus' name. In Ephesians iv. 11 we read of evangelists, pastors and teachers, for the work of the church in the perfecting of the saints. Paul writes to his son Timothy, "Thou therefore my son be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus," and to commit the work to faithful men. (II. Tim. ii. 3.) "Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." But mark the fourth verse, "No man that wars entangled himself with the affairs of this life that he may please him who has chosen him to be a soldier." Mark how the church has lost power because of her worldliness. Now we read in I. Cor. ix. 14, "Even so hath the Lord ordained that they that preach the gospel should live of the gospel." Some one has said, it means spiritual. Please read the preceding verse.

It is astonishing to my mind how we can lose sight of the true essence of a subject. It is however somewhat truthfully set forth by the mother's teaching, and the boy's idea of giving. One day at the dinner table there was a plate of good meat served and the boy having received a piece put a part aside. The mother asked what that portion was for. The boy said, for my pet dog. But the mother insisted on the boy to eat the meat. So after dinner the boy gathered the bones and scraps of the table and took them to his dog and said "Here, poor fellow, I had intended to give you an offering but mother would not let me. So here I just give you a collection of what no one wants, poor dog." I beg pardon for this narrative. It however truly represents much of the way in which the Lord receives offerings for the work of the church. When the tenth, as much now belongs to the Lord, as it did at the temple at Jerusalem. When the Master comes, will he receive his own with usury (interest)? The Lord being our helper, we mean to stand for the faith once delivered to the saints. Yours, for the lost till Jesus comes. JOHN H. MYERS. Oct. 28, 1904. Eatakout, Natal, S. Africa.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

My Experience.

A letter to the brethren and sisters in Christ. I greet you in Jesus' name. Praise the Lord! "As the heart panted after the water brooks, so panted my soul after thee, O God." I praise the Lord for the deeply settled peace in my soul. Blessed be his name. "I can feel the fire burning in my heart." Praise the Lord for his saving, sanctifying, healing and keeping power. Oh, brethren and sisters, let us provoke one another and to love, and not to anger. His yoke is easy, his burden is light. I found it so. Glory be to God. I am on the highway of holiness. I praise the Lord for the meetings that are in progress at Valley Chapel Meeting House, with Bro. J. R. Zook as evangelist. The Lord has saved six souls from destruction, and twenty-four believers sanctified, and they received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and three believers were instantly healed. There is need of valiant soldiers in the army of the Lord to rally round the standard of the cross. Good news, pass the word along! I praise the Lord for what mine eyes have seen and ears have heard. I feel to-day as though I was walking above the clouds. Hallelujah. I want to learn more about Jesus. We have such a large field to develop in. I am so glad for the light I received for the upbuilding of my soul. I can not praise him enough for what he has done for me and for what he is continually doing for me. The Holy Spirit has been prompting me to write my experience for the Visor.

"Be ye therefore also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." He will come as a thief in the night and in a day that is unwarnes and appoint your portion with the hypocrites, there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. The word goes out Jesus is coming. Who is ready? Oh, I am so glad that he did not leave me in that great darkness but brought me into this marvelous light! Blessed be his name. I know that I am a child of a king I praise the Lord for what I enjoyed in the meetings. Christ is an easy taskmaster; sin is a hard one. We cannot serve masters. "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." God's abiding peace is in my soul to-day. Hallelujah! "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Oh, for the precious promises in God's word! "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name." I am heir to the cross as well the crown. "If a man say he love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen." Then he who loveth God loveth his brother also. "Perfect love casteth out fear." The Lord will strip us from all pride if we only let him. I praise the Lord he has stripped me from many a thing. We are having real Pentecostal showers—times of rejoicing and refreshing showers. Glory! There is a reality in the religion of Jesus Christ. "Farther on the ways grows brighter—count your mile-stones one by one." "Sin can never enter there, sin can never enter there. So if the judgment bar, sinful spots your soul shall mar, You can never enter there." The Lord has put a continual go in me, and a yes to God's word. "And must I be to judgment brought. And answer in that day, For every vain and idle thought, And every word I say?"

"Am I my brother's keeper?" If we are not we should certainly be. I am so glad I am my brother's keeper. Praise the Lord, I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Oh, my life is hid away with Christ in God. I am on the way rejoicing. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." I am so glad I am saved from all sin. I praise the Lord for the chastisements he gave me. "It is a fearful thing to fall in into the hands of a living God." Unreformed. "Prepare to meet thy God" in peace. As you live so shall you die: as a tree fall, so it shall lie. "Watch and pray that when the Master cometh, if at morning, noon or night, he may find a lamp in every window, trimmed and burning clear and bright." I praise the Lord. I gave my body, soul and spirit over into the hands of the Lord. I had a sad experience when I was serving the adversary of my soul. When I wanted to be saved then I thought Jesus had forsaken me. I warn every sinner to flee from the wrath to come. "To-day if you hear his voice harden not your heart." I praise the Lord that God's smiling approbation is on me again. Oh, sinner, seek salvation. After storm comes a calm. Oh I am so happy in Jesus. The way is so
delightful. I mean to travel on until I arrive in heaven to receive a starry crown. He is my sanctifier, healer, and coming King. Yours, in hope of Christ's coming.

Your sister in Christ,
MISS MARY MYERS.

Canton, Ohio.

From Sister Beulter.

Dear Readers: I greet you all with Matt. xiv. 27, "Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid." Oh how often I have felt a comfort in these few words the past few weeks. I praise the Lord this morning for his loving kindness to me, for truly God is good to me; how I wonder sometimes at God's patience; his watchful care; his great, great, great love. Oh, if we all could just love one another with such a love as the Lord has for us what a beautiful world this would be to live in.

Dear reader, if you will hear with me just a little, I will endeavor to tell you of what has transpired since last I wrote to the Visitor. One day, while feeling quite lonely, I took a walk through the pine forest close to our house. I walked, I dare say, a mile, when I reached an opening in the woods. As I looked around me I saw a little and very old hut. A sudden feeling came over me to go closer. I wanted to find out if any one lived there. I entered the gate and rapped at the door; no one came, but I thought I heard a low voice from within, but the voice sounded so far away and muffled. I thought I was mistaken. I walked around to the south side of the house and tried to peep in through the window, but everything looked dark inside, so I was about to walk on when a short distance away in the woods I heard children's voices. I stopped and waited. Then I saw six little children come toward the house from the age of three to ten. All were carrying an armful of brush or limb wood, and shortly behind them came limping along an old, old woman also carrying an armful of brushwood. They seemed startled at seeing me. I advanced toward them and bid them the time of day. They told me they lived there and asked me in. I accepted their invitation, but oh, dear friends, the sight that met my gaze, the awfulness of that dingy, bare room made my heart bleed with pity. On a bed in one corner of the room lay an old man. It was his voice I had heard from without. They informed me he has been laying there just six long years. There were no warm comforts to cover him, but old pieces of carpet and old clothes. He is entirely helpless. The floor was bare, with cracks half an inch wide and the cold, bitter cold wind, blowing in at every corner; great holes in the door, and worst of all there was no stove to keep the place warm. There was an old chimney fire place half tumbled down, and soap boxes for chairs. The dear little children, who are fatherless, were standing around shivering, their clothing nothing but rags. They had pieces of burlap bagging tied on their feet for shoes, the old lady having scarcely anything on.

The mother of these children was out working at add jobs at 50 cents a day. She gets work about three days a week, Monday, Tuesday, Saturday. This is all they have to live off—six children and three adults. Can you imagine what their table looks like when they sit down to eat? Oh, my dear sisters, and brothers, you who have never known the awful sting of hunger! When they buy flour they buy five and ten cents' worth. You all know how dear flour is. Butter they never see. Black, cheap coffee, dry bread and what is known here as fat side-meat is all they have. The old man was nibbling on a hard piece of corn bread. Can you imagine the awfulness of this scene? They tell me no one ever comes there. The old man, who is a child of God, prays continually for God to take him home. They had no Bible and the children cannot read. The old folks are too old. I had my Bible with me, and he asked me to read the 8th of Romans, which I did. Shortly after I left them to come home. Words cannot express how I felt on my way home. Oh I begged the Lord to tell me what I could do to help these dear, suffering souls. I had nothing on hand to give them; but did the Lord turn a deaf ear to my pleadings? No, he is unlike man, he is ever ready to help us.

It was but three days when a box of such nice things came from Lancaster; also the Ishi Sunday-school. The Lord's hand was surely in all this, and those dear sisters and brothers will surely reap their reward. With the donation sent by the Sunday-school I bought flour and potatoes, and there was a pair of shoes in the box for each of them, and the clothing I altered so all could have a share. Oh, how happy this made this family. With no income save what this poor, weak mother can earn. Washing is done here for twenty-five cents and ironed for twenty, fifty cents a day being the very highest pay she can get, and oftentimes never gets paid, and scarcely any work to be had for a woman.

Many, many thanks to the ones who contributed to that box, also the school. Now I am trusting in the Lord, to help me get a stove for these dear people to keep this dear old man warm, and a couple of loads of coal, being too high. Again, I want to thank all, each and every one who has remembered me. I pray the Lord to richly bless them. Pray for me, beloved. I surely truly need your prayers. And now, may the eye of him who never sleeps ever watch over you and yours. Amen.

Your sister in the service of the Lord,
BERTHA BOULTER.

Wachapreague, Va.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Testimony.

"Since I lost my sins, and I found my Savior.
There is glory in my soul!
Since by faith I sought and obtained God's favor,
There is glory in my soul!"

Chores.

Yes, there's glory, glory, there is glory in my soul!
Every day brighter grows,
And I conquer all my foes:
There is glory, glory, yes, there's glory in my soul.
There is glory in my soul!
"Since he cleansed my heart, gave me sight
for blindness.
There is glory in my soul!
Since he touched and healed me in loving kindness.
There is glory in my soul."

This evening I feel the glory in my soul and feel again the loving touch of heavenly power in healing me, soul and body, and I felt impressed to make it known that I may gain divine power to go on in my Master's service. This Fall one year ago I felt that God wanted me to let my family fall into his hands in consecration in an actual way, fully consecrated so he could use them for the benefit of others in the uplifting of his cause. I thought I could, but I have tried all this year and I fear I have tried too much in my own strength. It is one thing to say, and quite another to do. I feel I don't want to be a hindrance to the cause of Christ, but a blessing; for we are to present our bodies "a living sacrifice," and with me it takes all. I thought last Fall I could for a year, and this Fall I am right where I was last year. This time God wants all I have. To think how good God was to me. The woman that brought part of the box for each of them; and the clothing I altered so all could have a share. Oh, how happy this made this family. With no income save what this poor, weak mother can earn. Washing is done here for twenty-five cents and ironed for twenty, fifty cents a day being the very highest pay she can get, and oftentimes never gets paid, and scarcely any work to be had for a woman.

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I could still praise the Lord, and kept praying, "Oh, Lord, heal mine infirmities," for I realized how powerless I was to do these things without God. And he has helped me. Praise his dear name. Here we can really see what it means to wander far from God.

Oh, if there are any who may read this who are not on acceptable terms with their God, I would say, let the fear of the Lord stop you if his love won't, for if we have been far out over the rough mountains our way home will be a hard one for God's word says the way of the transgressor is hard. But, bless God, he says, "My grace is sufficient," and his grace being sufficient makes us still go on singing:

"Yes, there's glory, glory; there is glory in my soul; Every day brighter grows, and I conquer all my foes. There is glory in my soul."

I believe God wants us to have our possessions fully given in his care and a living experience means something. It also costs something, but glory only shines the brighter. Praise the Lord.

To-day, when my dear little son rode
shines the brighter. Praise the Lord.

"Come angel death at last,
With Autumn's falling flowers
Out into ocean's desert, drear and vast."

There is glory in my soul."

God will be a hard one for God's word
won't, for if we have been far out over
the rough mountains our way home
would have been severely tried, and had
talked seriously of locking the little church, and giving up the battle as lost. There were many things to encourage us; the people came out in large numbers to hear the word, and for a time we were provided with all necessary things, food, fuel and a house to live in, averaging eighteen or twenty dollars each month. Then, for some reason, there came a season of carelessness, and the necessary money did not come, until we were reduced to the last thirty-five cents. It was Sunday night, and I had come home from the church, weary, and disheartened, more so than I had ever been. The tempter was there to suggest that I was a most wretched failure; that I had missed my calling; that someone else could do the work better; that I was not called upon to labor and want for the very necessities of life. I walked the poor, rag carpet with aching heart and throbbing temple, for we were greatly in need of all things. Should I break my resolution, and go to the church officers and tell them?

They knew, why should I tell them? In the midst of my confusion and anxiety, wife's voice came: "You are tired to-night and that is the reason you are despondent. We have always been provided for; we must trust and do our duty. Let us commit all to God, and then, after a night's rest, we shall see what will come in the morning." We knelt and prayed with disheartened, more so than I had ever been.

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The Remarkable Experience of a Pastor on His First Charge.

How His Dream Came True.

I have been deeply interested in the articles that have recently appeared in The Ram's Horn upon "Things That Are True," but thus far, have found nothing quite so remarkable as an experience of my own some eighteen years ago. I had given up teaching high school, and entered the ministry at the very small salary of $200 a year. In doing so, I, together with my young wife, had firmly resolved upon two things, first, we would never complain, no matter what came to us in the way of privation; and, secondly, that we would never run in debt, nor mention the matter of salary in any public way. Our first church was a small one, in a village of some one hundred people. They were very kind, but very much discouraged, for they had been severely tried, and had talked seriously of locking the little church, and giving up the battle as lost. There were many things to encourage us; the people came out in large numbers to hear the word, and for a time we were provided with all necessary things, food, fuel and a house to live in, averaging eighteen or twenty dollars each month. Then, for some reason, there came a season of carelessness, and the necessary money did not come, until we were reduced to the last thirty-five cents. It was Sunday night, and I had come home from the church, weary, and disheartened, more so than I had ever been. The tempter was there to suggest that I was a most wretched failure; that I had missed my calling; that someone else could do the work better; that I was not called upon to labor and want for the very necessities of life. I walked the poor, rag carpet with aching heart and throbbing temple, for we were greatly in need of all things. Should I break my resolution, and go to the church officers and tell them?

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"Hello, older, glad to see you; been thinkin' of you all night; don't believe you've got any money, and jest had to drive down and see. Say, have you any money?"

"Yes, Brother H., I have some money."

"Well, you hain't got much an' I know it. Here's a little, take it an' use it. I'll make me feel a heap better."

He handed me a five and a two-dollar bill. I thanked him, looked up, breathed a prayer of thanksgiving, and drove on, wondering what next? wondering what kept him awake all night, thinking of me and my wants. Reaching Pontiac, I alighted from my buggy, and was tying my horse, with my back to the buildings, when some one gave me a friendly tap between the shoulders. Looking about, I saw a brother of the man who had given me seven dollars, and he began:

"Mighty glad to see you; jest sold my wool, an' soon as I sold it thought of you an' wished I could see you. Here's a V. I know you need it."

Then turning to his son, who stood just behind him, he said to him: "See here, Harve, you've got as much
monev as I have, hand the elder a V."

"Father, you have no need to tell that. I thought of IT before you said a word, and I was wishing I could see the elder as soon as I got the money for the wool." And he handed me another V, and the entire $17.00 had come, and all from one family, and before I had entered a store to spend a cent.

When I drove home that day, happy hearted, with many of the necessaries of life, and some money left, and told the companion who was anxiously awaiting my return, there were tears of gratitude, and there was renewed confidence in him who said I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Many wonderful and quite as inexplicable experiences have been passed through since then, until we have learned to believe in him, who said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." I fear that ministers of the gospel often trust too little; they are too anxious about that rise in the salary; they are not always willing to go where the way seems hard and the reward meager; they do too many things beside preaching the blessed gospel of the Son of God: We have now had twenty-two years of blessed experience in the line of trust and work, and he has honored us and taught us to rest assured that "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." I have never allowed the above to appear in print, and seldom spoken of it; but the thought occurred to me, that possibly it might strengthen the faith of some soul that has been, or is under the shadows, to know how tenderly and graciously he led one of the weakest of his children to larger trust and more joyous service. There is great honor and rich reward in being permitted to feel that one is a co-worker with God.—Dr. C. W. Stevenson, in Ram's Horn.

The narrow way was never hit upon by chance, neither did any heedless man ever lead a holy life. We can sin without thought, we have only to see the elder as soon as I got the money for the wool."

Any one who is interested in the coming of Christ's kingdom would enjoy noting its practical workings, as shown in the life of this wise and witty Comishman whose name is one of the best known throughout all the region where he lived. A friend said of him that "Billy could not be happy with two hats when he knew that a neighbor had none."

He was born in June, 1794, and lived for years a very wicked life. "I became the companion of drunksand," he said, "and during that time I was very near hell." He had many hairbreadth escapes while working in the mine, and during his drunken frolics, but in 1835 Bunyan's "Visions of Heaven and Hell" proved the means through which he was aroused to better things.

From that time on, his life was as completely consecrated as possible. He and "Father" had but one purse so far as Billy was concerned, and his meagre wages were freely given to any of "Father's" work. Numerous incidents are given of the way in which he took God at his word and received a blessing. I quote the following: "At one time we had no bread in the house, and the 'Captain' lent me ten shillings. On my way home I found a family worse off than myself, for though we had no bread, we had bacon and potatoes, but they had neither. So I gave them five shillings and went towards home. Then I found a family in greater distress than the former and gave them the other five shillings." When his wife said, "I never saw the fellow to you in my life," Billy answered, "The Lord isn't going to stay in my debt very long." Within the week a friend gave them a sovereign, and his wife went towards home. Then I found a family worse off than myself, for though we had no bread, we had bacon and potatoes, but they had neither. So I gave them five shillings and went towards home. Then I found a family in greater distress than the former and gave them the other five shillings."

When a good friend said, "The Lord has told me to give you a coat and waist-coat, but I don't know whether they will fit you," his characteristic answer was, "If the Lord told you to give them to me they will fit me right, for he knows my size tactfully."

He had no patience with extravagance, and frequently exhorted the women thus: "You might wear a garden full of flowers on your head if it would do any good, but you know it wouldn't, and besides flowers only grow in soft places." "Looking at the elegant appoint-

ments of our city churches we call to mind Billy's speech when opening one of the humble chapels he had helped to build. "Bad furniture looks disgraceful in a good house, and good furniture for the Lord's house is sanctified souls. When we are pardoned, sanctified and sealed, we shall not only be fit for the Lord's house on earth, but we shall be good furniture in heaven."

The faith he exercised and the sacrifices of time and means that he made while building chapels were simply heroic. Though a very poor man, with a wife and five children dependent on his wages earned in the mine, he stopped at no gift which the Lord needed. Every Sunday he preached, walking often twenty miles and more, speaking three times. "I have worked twenty hours in the twenty-four: and had not the Lord helped me I could not have done it, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

The incentive that had him is shown in the following speech, made while standing on the corner stone of "Bethel," the first of the series of chapels: "If this new chapel stands one hundred years, and one soul be converted in it every year, that will be one hundred souls, and one soul is worth more than all Cornwall." He then danced on the stone and shouted, "Glory, glory! Blessed be the Lord."

This "Glory" was most characteristic of Billy. He could not understand how many could be dumb who were born of the Swirl. They needed at least to pray, "Oven thou my lips and my mouth shall show forth thy praises." If the lame man who was healed entered the temple bearing and praising God, Billy thought he ought to lean four to the other's two, for he "never was a cripple or lame."

Beecberr says, "It is always injudicious when men fall into the habit of sneaking of religion as the mother of trials." And he compares such people to farmers who would exhibit at a fair Niceweed, thistles and burdock as fruits of the earth: "what sort of husbandry would that be?" Billy Bray always presented the bright side of religion to his fellows, saying that "The Lord gives the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

When his shouting was objected to, he said: "It is not my fault. If a person were to pour water into a basin already full and it were splashing all about, you would not blame the basin; but tell the person to stop pouring, as the water was splashing about and you could not enjoy yourselves. I am
only the vessel; my heavenly Father is pouring the water of life freely, and if you can’t bear it, call to him not to pour so much."

With Billy Bray, "Religion was not a duty to be done, not a privilege to be enjoyed in leisure hours, not a benefit club, a comfortable provision for rainy days; it was life."

"Billy had lighted his candle and resolved that it should give light to all that were in the house. His religion was not a safety lamp, laid by till he should be going down into the dark valley, nor like the chapel gas light, that burned on Sundays. Once lighted, it was put into a commonplace sort of candlestick, but all at home could see by it. One thing about this candle Billy never forgot; it burned none the worse for every candle that was lighted from it."—The Kingdom.

The Mother’s Prayer.

Mothers, do you pray for your children? A great man relates how, on one occasion, he suddenly opened the door of his mother’s room and saw her on her knees beside her chair, and heard her speak his own name in prayer. He quietly withdrew with a feeling of awe and reverence in his heart. Soon he went away from home to school, then to college, then into life’s stern duties. But he never forgot that one glimpse of his mother at prayer, nor the one word—his own name—which he had heard her utter. He well knew that what he had seen that day was but a glimpse of what was going on every day in that secret closet of prayer, and the consciousness strengthened him a thousand times in duty, in danger, and in struggle.

A mother, whose children were all converted, when asked concerning them, said: "While infants, when I washed them, I prayed God that he might wash them in the blood which cleanseth from all sin; as I clothed them, I asked him to clothe them in Christ’s righteousness; as I fed them, I prayed that he would feed their souls with the bread of heaven, and give them to drink the water of life; when I prepared them for the house of God, I plead that their bodies might be fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in; when they left me for the weekday school, I followed their infant footsteps with prayer, that their path might be like that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day (Pro. iv. 18). As I committed them to rest at night, I prayed God to take them in his embrace, and hold them in his paternal arms. I taught them to commit themselves to the Lord, and he has cared for them. What he has done for me and my children, he is willing and has promised to do for all who seek his face."—Selected.

Money Not the First Thing.

We sometimes fear that entirely too much stress is being put upon the business advantages of prohibition. It does not seem to us that the financial argument ought to be accorded the high standing it usually occupies in temperance campaigns.

We consider it a low and sordid view of the utility of a reform which places its value chiefly in dollars and cents. It is appealing to an unworthy motive to unduly emphasize this aspect of the advantages of temperance. We have little respect for a man who will deliberately weigh the lightening of his burden of taxation by a few pennies or dollars derived from the saloon against the moral degradation and moral woe the presence of the saloon causes.

The strength of the temperance reform at least ultimately, is not going to rest on its ability to prove that it pays in dollars and cents, but in the demonstration that its chief value consists in enlarging manhood, in true social development and in the greatest good to the greatest number. In relation to this matter there is much of truth in the thought of a recent writer in the Chicago “News” when he says:

"Prohibition can no more be considered from a business point of view than can religion. We do not build churches and pay ministers because they make us richer, but because of the moral good they do. For the same reason we want and need prohibition, for a community where there are no saloons and where drink is not sold is a much more pleasant place to live than where there are saloons. Where saloons are there are drunkards. Why think of the money side at all? We are not here on this earth to get rich. If we were most of us would be failures. It is not the money that is spent for drink that hurts us, but it is the sin and suffering and low morals of the community in which we live that make life miserable.

"All we need in this life is enough money to live comfortably, trying all the time to make this world better. If the world is better for us having lived in it, we have made a success. If not, we have made a failure. We cannot make life a success by upholding drink in any form."

We suppose, however, that as long as so many persons entertain low ideals and look at life from a merely material standpoint, temperance reformers will have to continue making a large appeal to the financial argument. Only we protest against doing this so predominantly as it often is.

I learn that you are agitated by many tempers, and that your soul is tossed to and fro by the waves.—The cross of Christ is divided among all the world, and each man has his share. You should not, therefore, reject that which has fallen to you. Receive it rather as a holy relic, not in a vessel of silver or of gold, but in what is far better—in a heart of gold,—in a heart full of meekness.—Luther.

Jesus Wept.

(Continued from page 3.)

Weeping. There were two bereaved sisters. Their only brother lay buried beneath the cloths already four days. Decomposition was advancing. He was their stay and comfort. On the way to the grave as Jesus saw the friends weep, "He groaned in the Spirit and was troubled." His sympathetic heart caused the tears to flow. As he neared the grave he again groaned in himself. The groans were prayers he sent to his heavenly Father. At his request the stone was removed from the cave. Jesus looked up to heaven and thanked his heavenly Father because he heard his prayers. He now called with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" And he came forth to the joy of his sisters and friends. It may be that there were some skeptical ones there that did not expect to see Lazarus come out of the grave. Perhaps there was a derisive smile on their lips when the stone was removed from the cave and in whispers failure prophesied. When God wills there will be no failure. How we ought to rejoice that we have such a sympathizing Savior, who understands all our trials, who was in all points tempted as we are. Who is evermore ready to help than we are to make ourselves submissive to him and pray for his help. He who wept over Jerusalem—if there were tears in heaven—would he not weep over the corruption of church and State?

B ——, Associate Editor.

General Conference for 1905 will be held in what is known as the Paradise church, located near Smithville, Wayne county, Ohio, about 130 miles west of Pittsburgh, Pa., on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago R. R.
he found his sister was reading the book: "Give me my book," he cried.

"Oh, New, I'm right in the middle of a chapter, and it is so interesting! Might I just finish this chapter?"

"No," he answered crossly. "You had no right to get my book.

Then as he noticed her regreifful face he thought: "Now, I guess that's not just as I'd be done by;" and added: "Well, finish the chapter, then, Nellie."

"Oh, Ned," exclaimed his little brother, "won't you show me how to spin my new top?"

"Not now, Freddie; I'm reading, don't you see?"

"But I'm lonesome," pleaded the little fellow, "and I can't do it right."

"Come here," said Ned, suddenly recoUecting himself. And in a few moments the little fellow was as happy as could be.

That afternoon Ned went coasting. It was fine sport, and Ned's sled was recognized as the swiftest on the hill. It's queer how boys will tug up a long, tiresome hill just for the sport of riding down again, when, if asked to work half as hard, they would think themselves awfully abused. But they always have, and they always will, I guess—and girls, too, for that matter—and Ned was no exception to the rule.

No one noticed the poorly dressed lad who had no sled, and stood shivering with the cold and wistfully watching the merry-makers. Ned saw him. "It must be pretty hard," he thought, "to have no ride at all, but it's none of my business."

And his sled, when he reached the top went merrily down the hill again. But he was not as easy as he climbed back again.

"Suppose you had no sled, and he had one," whispered a small voice, "what would you like him to do? Your sled is large enough for two. Why not take him on with you?"

"But my sled would not go so fast," answered Ned.

"Supposing it wouldn't. Do as you'd be done by." By this time he reached the top of the hill.

"Here, you," he called to the boy; "wouldn't you like to ride?"

Wouldn't he? His cheeks flushed and his eyes sparkled.

"Well, come, jump on then."

And away they went. Not once, but many times, they went, for Ned never did things by halves; and he acknowledged to himself that somehow he felt lots happier, and the boy was such a nice fellow, too.

"Come next Saturday, and you can ride some more," he said, when he started for home, and his new friend promised as he ran joyfully off.

"Well," agreed Ned that night as he thought over the day, "it may be a much harder way, but it's also much nicer, and I think I'll keep right on for the year."—Michigan Advocate.
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

CHURCH WORK.

The Brethren's Fire Relief.


Jan. 17. A tenant house; owned by Bro. J. D. Kipe, of Franklin county, Pa., was destroyed by fire. Origin of fire unknown. Amount of loss, $350.00.

Jan. 22. A barn, the property of Bro. Jno. Stern, of Blair county, Pa., was destroyed by fire. Cause of fire supposed to have been incendiarism. Feb. 8. Bro. G. D. Clark's barn, Ohio; small loss, $375.00.

March 15. Bro. B. H. English's barn, Kansas; small loss, $8.00.

March 28. A house owned by Sister Elisabeth Stidler, Kansas, was damaged by fire to the amount of $147.00.


June 25. Two head of stock killed by lightning for J. L. Musser, Franklin county, Pa. Amount of loss, $100.00.


Aug. 18. Barn and cornfield destroyed by lightning for Bro. Gipe of Richland county, Ohio. Amount of loss, $1,100.00.


Paid sundry expenses, interest on borrowed money, $68.00.

Paid secretary for rest of the year's service, $35.00.

Total expenses for the year, $3,144.00.

Balance in treasury, 1903, $914.00.

Amount to be raised, $2,230.00.

As it is difficult to borrow money from farmers after April 1, and since bank interest is 6 per cent., we, the committee, decided to lay a tax of 20 cents per hundred of assessed value on the poor families for Christmas. Each basket will contain meat, bread, vegetables, etc., sufficient for a dinner for six or eight persons.

There are many who are so willing to bestow their bounties whoreserewith the Lord has blessed them, to his work for which the Brethren's fire relief fund is provided, from whom he has received such gifts as to make it possible for his people to have a real share in the Lord's work. To these we are truly grateful.

Letter from G. Clifford Cress.

Dear reader: We are now making our final appeal for your help on our Christmas services. The year that is closing has brought us very great blessing in every way. The interest has not abated and we are grateful to God for a very fruitful year. Out of the two hundred and fifty families who have supported us at one time or another, we have had many excellent teachers and a good attendance. The enrollment has been over two hundred and an average attendance of over one hundred and fifty at each service. One thing about our school which is noteworthy is the fact that it is not self-supporting, but has made considerable contributions toward the coal fund for the Chicago Mission and other missionary offerings. The children and young people have grown up in the work and look upon the school as their own, and therefore contribute toward its support in a very commendable way. The children are now providing the means to fill fifteen large baskets for poor families for Christmas. Each basket will contain meat, bread, vegetables, etc., sufficient for a dinner for six or eight persons.

Our series of meetings have closed. They were attended by a large and interested audience. The children and young people have been called to help in the Lord's work for which they will have their reward. The Brethren's fire relief fund is not to be considered a permanent fund. It is to be used for the benefit of the Lord's poor who are so willing to bestow their bounties whoreserewith the Lord has blessed them, to his work for which the Brethren's fire relief fund is provided, and who are in need of help. The Lord will bless those who assist in the work of mercy and of education for his people. The Brethren's fire relief fund is not to be considered a permanent fund. It is to be used for the benefit of the Lord's poor who are so willing to bestow their bounties whoreserewith the Lord has blessed them, to his work for which the Brethren's fire relief fund is provided, and who are in need of help.

Our special classes for young men and for young women have been discontinued until the first week in January when they will be resumed again. This cessation is owing to our protracted meetings and the holiday activities. Pray that these classes may have a very special blessing from the presence of the Lord.

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given by the corps of teachers who have worked in this service for the past two years. J. E. Spahr gave a very excellent lesson on "Helping Together," showing how the young people can help in the work of Christ and the church. Miss Helma Nelson gave a very solemn illustration of "Evocating the Spirit from the Grave," and pointed out the true value of correctly estimating our lives as we will one day have to view them when ready to step down into our own graves.

An interesting and beautiful address on the subject, "Books." He held up the Bible as Text Box and then point- ed out the errors made in not reading other good books and in reading evil papers and books. In this connection of trashy literature, such advice is needed to save our young from wasting their years and poisoning their minds with the noisome products of a worldly press. Miss Beskie Weber gave a biographical sketch of the early French missionary, Father Marquette, and his work among the American Indians. She reversed the ordinary missionary lecture scheme and showed other missionary narratives to America, to Illinois, and even to the very spot upon which Chicago now stands. The writer used a chalk talk on the parable of the "Prodigal Son," and endeavored to show the irreplaceable loss of time, even to the spot which Jesus died.

A dark cloud has hung over our work for the past few days. One of our lovely aged thirteen years (see obituary), was suddenly prostrated and after three weeks' illness passed over the harbor bar and sailed out into God's great eternity. In visiting her home, we heard from her lips sweet words of resignation to the will of God and she was not only willing to suffer but ready to die because she loved God and fully trusted Christ. She lived in God and only fell asleep here to awake with Christ there. We were all broken-hearted at our loss and mingled our tears freely at the home, at the funeral, and by the grave, covered with its winding sheet of Winter snow. The Roll of Honor, upon which her name was registered, and her chair in the hall were draped for one week with white crape and we all agree to turn to God and rely on him, not knowing who will be the next to be called away.

So we press on by the grace of God endeavoring to lift up the fallen, save the lost, revive the weary, comfort the sick and give consolation to the mourners around us. Pray for us that our spiritual and temporal needs may all be supplied from God. We ask you to do this part if we allow him to work through us.

It has become necessary to get a new heating stove for our hall as the old one is completely worn out. It will cost ten or twelve dollars. Anyone who desires to help may write the address and the word American Missionary will be ready for shipment. The weather has been fine, not extremely cold, and roads good. The Lord has also been very good to us, giving us joy and peace in the Holy Ghost, in giving us good health of body. In connection with the labors in the gospel, Sister Zook has also been busy in getting some comforters ready to send to Sister Bertha Boulter for the benefit of the worthy poor in her work in Virginia. Twelve good comforters, all new but one, (given by a brother), and some suiting hand clothing will be ready for shipment by to-morrow night, by the assistance of some of the dear saints, and others. A few brethren contributed means for the good work which had to be done. While these things are for the comfort of the poor in keeping their bodies warm, we pray that God's grace and love may also warm their hearts and make them bright and shining lights. By the 10th of this month we expect, Lord willing, to go to the vicinity of Im- lay City, Mich., where we are expected to find a good field for the work. We are preparing for the winter and I am glad to say that we are now ready to face the winter with hardly any part of the truth that we have preached having been withheld from the people. We are preaching a full gospel "Jesus Christ, our Savior, Sanctifier, Healer and coming King." The weather has been fine, not extremely cold, and roads good. The Lord has also been very good to us, giving us joy and peace in the Holy Ghost, in giving us good health of body.
Hoping the Poor.

The needy shall not always be forgotten: the compassion of the poor shall not perish forever.

 Truly this is a great encouragement to the poor Christian, to wait patiently upon God and not to think because you are needy, nor to do as David did, and call your poverty upon the Lord. Now we can see by what God has done for us, here at the Mission, as we have quite a number of the household of faith, that are really God and not to think because you are in need. They seem to do what they can to help pay rent and coal so that our dear Lord may be able to do what he wants to do, or as the Mission, as we have quite a number of the poor Christian, to wait patiently upon God and not to doubt his will, or as the Lord directs, or as the Lord points the way.

Dear Lord, you have nice homes, warm firesides, and God has blessed you, with so many good things to enjoy. O, won't you remember the poor in this great city? You may think that I am pleading much for the poor. So I am, for I am poor myself. But after all I have plenty. Jesus said, "foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man has not where to lay his head." He became poor in this world and yet he supplies all our needs.

Let us lift up our heads and open our eyes and hear the cry of the poor brother and sister. Do you know in the time of Peter and Paul, how they chose seven men of good report to look after this business? Now, I am one of these men, if I am faithful to my calling. Now as your dear brother and sister, wherever you may be: remember what our business is, not to build houses and to have nice homes, but to be a living sacrifice, holy acceptable to God. If you have not many suffering in your district, remember we are here in this great city. I have my hands so full I don't know what to do. I have nothing but what I make with my coal business and that isn't much. I must give from my earnings to help pay rent and coal so that our dear ones are not set out on the street. O brother and sister, hear the cry of the sufferers, for it is true I meet some that have not bread enough to eat. If we give to the poor we lend to the Lord, we lay up treasures in heaven.

Some dear brethren and sisters sent us clothing and cornmeal and shoes, and I and my wife are grateful for it, and O, how glad we made those hearts. O brother and sister, if you knew how much good you do when you help the poor you would do much more. This is mission work to look after the poor and needy. Jesus died for the poor sinner. He gave his life. Let us consider what we are doing; let us push the battle hard. You who live in the city do not realize how it is in these large cities. I hope you do not doubt my words, since I am pleading so hard for the poor. You know when I plead for the poor my heart is broken. The tears begin to fall when I pity them. O see how God pitied us; he gave his only Son to redeem us. Now, if we have the Spirit of God we will do something. Don't think hard of me for doing this for this is my mission. I know I have to face this and stepped aside since I set out in God's business, but I praise his holy name this morning that I am counted worthy to be an ambassador for the cause of Christ. Dry up your tears and trust your father and patience, try a throne of grace once more, deliverance will shortly come. The darkest part of the night is a little before day. Poverty will see; see Jesus consider Jesus, who had not where to lay his head. He sees you, considers you, and hears a part in all your griefs; "for we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly to a throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." Our treaties will all soon be over; the whistling winds of adversity will shortly cease to blow upon your humble cot; you will soon be freed from the iron hand of poverty, and the frozen looks of icy-hearted friends. You can never take any real harm from poverty in pocket, so long as you remain poor in spirit. "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Deliverance will shortly come. "He raiseth up the poor out of the dirt and lifeth the needy out of the dung hill." The Lord has good things in store for you and you shall have them. Thy congregation hath dwelt among those who O God, has prepared of thy goodness.

Dear Lord, touch hearts and tender them, and help them that their ears may be open to the cry of the children! Your brother in the battle,

Peter Stover.


To the Converts.

Dear ones: I cannot tell how my heart was made to rejoice, as I read the Visitors from time to time, during the past Winter and Spring and learned through its columns of the many who gave their hearts to God. We who are on the way are made to feel that there are others still following, learning of the blessed Master. But I have had much thought about you of late, wondering where you are standing to-day. Have you given God your hand as well as your heart, and are you following where he leads? Those who can answer yes have already learned the joy, peace and comfort of God's children. But you who long to have your hearts cleansed and yet are not willing to place your hand in his and say, "I will follow where he leads," do not yet know the real joy and peace of a child of God. It may appear to you, as it once did to me, that it would cost too much to give up all and follow Christ, but when we become willing to walk in God's ways to learn that the debt has been paid and all we receive is free from cost.

I have heard some say, "If I just knew God's will concerning me I would obey." Oh, dear ones, God's will concerning you is written so plainly in his word that you cannot err by following it. Search it daily, and you cannot help but find what he would have you do as well as what he would not wish you to do.

May you all who have started on this way give yourselves up wholly into God's hands and live a life pleasing in his sight, and be a help and comfort to those round about you.

A. L. C. HAMILTON.

From a Sister.

Dear Editor: I felt impressed to write a few lines for the Visitor. As I am here in my quiet room and was reading in the Visitors about Ruth, it made the tears come. Oh, how I wish that many more children would come to Jesus like Ruth did! I gave my heart to the Lord about twenty-one years ago. Old things passed away, all things became new. I got such a love to the brethren and sisters, I haven't been to see my folks since the Conference at Black Creek. We have no church here. I have been an invalid all Summer and would ask an interest in the church to pray for me and my family as I feel myself poor and weak. My love to you.

A true sister,

Wardsville, Ont.

ELIZA WINGER.

The Glad New Year.

The glad new year! What secrets lie Within its folded, untold days! We long to know them, you and I. We long to try the untrod way; And yet the leaves of memory turn To many a page we linger o'er; And still our hearts with pain are sore; To be our bane or happiness.

"Behold, you make all things new," New grace and strength for each day's need; New promises, we know them true; New wants before the throne to plead; And o'er the earth's bright morning beam Temptations new our hearts to prove To be our bane or happiness.

And oh, we know the year so fair Holds grief and pain for me and you; Perchance a sorrow that shall dare To hurt us sorely through and through. We know that bright day is a bless Each day in some poor saddened heart, That sin and pride in tumult swell Some soul in tremulous unrest.

"Old things are past." "Old things," ah me! A touch upon our heart-strings wakes Some vibrant cord of memory That trembling through our being makes. And still o'er "might have been" we grieve; And still our hearts with pain are sore; Still unatoned for sins we leave Within the silent exiles.

O gracious God! this prayer we make— We shrink from voicing out our fear— Yet, lest our burdened hearts should break, Grant us our need this coming year: Take—thee—yield all up to thee. But give—thyself with what is best; And may our every movement be Within thine arms—eternal rest!—Helen F. Boyden.

Brief life is here our portion; Brief sorrow, short-lived care; The life that knows no ending. The tearless life, is there. The morning shall awaken To yon bright morning beam. And each true-hearted servant Shall shine as doth the day.
MISSIONARY.

Addresses of Missionaries.

Africa.

Brother and Sister H. P. Steigerwald;
Brother and Sister W. A. Doner.
Brother and Sister J. H. Myers, Sisters
Sallie Kreider, Lydia S. Hesey, Matoppo
Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.
Brother and Sister Isaac O. Lehman,
Roodeport, Transvaal, South Africa.
Brother and Sister Jesse R. Eyster, Pors
burg, Box 116, Transvaal, South Africa.
Brother and Sister C. O. Lehman,
New Primrose, G. M. Co., Germiston,
South Africa.

India.

D. W. Zook, Mrs. D. W. Zook, Mrs. A.
W. Zook, Josiah Martin, Rhoda Z. Martin,
Sripat, Purunia, Bankura Dist., India.
Brother and Sister J. O. and Sister
Mary C. Lehman, Khamane, India.
Brother and Sister Jesse R. Eyster, Fords
burg, Box 116, Transvaal, South Africa.
Brother and Sister Isaac O. Lehman.

Central America.

Brother and Sister J. D. Cassel, Box 74,
Guatemala, Central America.
Brother and Sister J. L. Roome, Box 74,
Guatemala, Central America.

Texas.

Brother and Sister S. H. Zook, Hidalgo,
Texas.

Word from Mapano Mission, South
Africa.

Dear readers of the VISITOR: We greet
you with I. Thess. viii. 8-10. Since our last
communication to you we had the plea­
sure of spending about one month at the
Matoppo Mission, and while there we wit­
nessed the baptism of seven native breth­
ren and one sister. We also enjoyed the
mission services, and more especially so
because a goodly number of native breth­
ren and one sister. We also enjoyed the
mission services, and more especially so
because a goodly number of native breth­
ren took part. Generally, the interest
seems good.

While there we also made some further
preparations for the work here, and on
October 24th, we left, accompanied by Bro.
Steigerwald. But we soon found that our
load was too heavy for our few donkeys,
for we had about one ton weight. Mr.
Jackson, of Fort Usher, kindly offered us
the use of two of his donkeys; but it was
still slow going, as the rain had made the
road a little soft, and we had some steep
hills to climb. At one place we were
obliged to unload part of the goods and
carry them up the hill. But even on the
level the load was too heavy for the
donkeys. We tried to divide the burden
between our conscience and the donkeys
by giving them plenty of time. On the
third day we unloaded part of the goods
and left them in care of Bro. Steigerwald
over night, while we went on with the other
part and reached here safely and thank­
fully on the fourth day, when we sent the
team back for the remainder of the goods.
We found everything well cared for by
the native brethren who were glad to
see us come, as they were short of food.

On Sunday only a few people came out,
as the weather was not exactly good;
they were busy digging in their gardens;
but those present were very attentive.
Bro. Steigerwald remained with us for
four days, during which time we used the
team to draw ground and fire wood. On
Thursday the native brethren returned
with Bro. Steigerwald to Matoppo Mis­
sion, but will return to us in a few days.

On Thursday we had some natives to
draw a garden for us, for which we gave
them a meal of venison and tea and a lit­
tle salt which they seemed to enjoy, but
possibly not as much as beer, for which
they help another.

At our service we have been quite
busy putting things in running order. We
are as it were dropped down into a place
work, as we see work on every hand. We
are at it were dropped down into a place
where the first thing is to be done.
The natives are raw and some of them have
funny ideas. Last Saturday a native came
over to ask permission to dig on Sunday
and give the people beer. He said they
did not wish to grieve the Lord of heaven,
but that we might grant them the privi­
gle. We were glad to leave all rights of
granting privileges with the Lord and
practh to him Jesus as the Savior of men
and advised him to turn to God with his
whole heart and seek his salvation.

On the following Sunday we had the
largest congregation of any time since the
work is begun; and the people were very
attentive to the word. Among those pres­
tent were the native chief, his family and
servants. After services a number of the
young people with a native brother, who
came a long way to be here for services,
gathered in a group and sang a number of
good hymns which heartily interested the
audience.

Thus the work is more encouraging and
we feel like pressing onward in the work.
A number of young people came regularly
about six miles to services. These would
like to be taught daily, but the distance is
too great to travel. We hope therefore to
open a school in that neighborhood some­
time.

We praise the Lord also for real good
native neighbors, who are ever ready to
show us kindness. It is remarkable how
their fear has given place to confidence
since they learn that we have come for
their good and not to harm them.

We had a few showers of rain two weeks
ago, but now the weather is very dry again.
If rain does not soon come a lot of the first
sowing will be lost as the grain is just
beginning to come up through the ground.

Dear readers, continue to pray for us all.

Your brother in Jesus,

LEVI DONER.

Mapano Mission, Bulawayo, So. Africa,
Nov. 9, 1904.

Matoppo Mission Letter.

BULAWAYO, So. AFRICA,
Nov. 18, 1904.

To the readers of the VISITOR: Greeting in Jesus' name. We again
take the privilege to speak to you through the medium of the pen as best
we can. How often we would desire to speak face to face with all who are
interested in the work. As far as I know we are all well at present. Bro.
Doner being away at the new station, we do not hear every week from them,
but we hope they are well.

The Lord still gives us evidence that we are of some use in this land of
sin. How glad we may be when the Lord calls us to work for him; to
sow the precious seed of truth.

We rejoice to say there is a good
outlook for spiritual work. People are
becoming interested more and more;
especially is this true of the young.

While this may not be visible in all, it
is in some at last. For proof of this,
some are coming out from their former
belief and publicly manifest their de­sire to follow Christ. What does this
mean for them?

Let us take for example our own
America with its Christian religion.

Children are taught to believe there is
a God, who is all powerful, who cre­
atid all things, that he sent his Son into
the world to save men, and that we
reverence and worship him, or we
shall receive punishment at his hand for
our disobedience. These things are
taught us from childhood until they rest
on our minds as though placed there
with an indelible pen. Whether we
obey or not, we still believe it true.

Under these conditions, would one
find it an easy matter to persuade peo­
p to forsake this faith, and accept
another of which they knew nothing?
Would not the parents say one to the
other, "what is this new thing we hear
about?" Would they not caution their
children, even threaten them, not to
have anything to do with it? Would
they not view it from a distance to see
what the result would be? Would
they not, with the prejudice towards a
strange doctrine or religion, and with
the thought of reverence to their fore­
fathers' faith, be slow to accept? I
fancy such an undertaking would
meet with slow progress.

This is what we meet with in this
land, as do others in other places. It
means, first, taking away the religion
of the people. This cannot be done by
force, as some think, but by earnest
prayer this mountain can be removed,
and, praise the Lord, we can see it
moving. By earnest prayer, gentle
pleading, and Christian persuasion, it
can be done. For this we need the love
of God, the faith of an Abraham, to
believe the things which we cannot,
as yet, see; the patience of a Job to
endure under all that we may see
against us.

Should one, however, be persuaded
to forsake his former trust for the
new, what might be expected but
jeers and scorn, to be cast out as
weak-minded and a traitor. This kind
of conduct we find here when one of
these people turns to Christ. All sorts
of insults are hurled at him from his
own family as well as others. He is
often asked why he is such a fool as to
believe what the white man tells him.
All manner of sport is made at his ex­
 pense. If this does not have the de¬
The effect of their true character is given, in a night of drunkenness in which they lose all human appearance and are possessed with the spirit of the wicked one. Here the victim, unless he leaves, is tempted with all sorts of evil. I wish to say, it is nothing but the prayers of God's people that will hold this soul at such times; and let us not forget such who are thrown open to great temptation.

We are glad to say, not only among the natives has the work here been a blessing but last Saturday evening, while sitting on the porch singing songs which turned our minds homeward, we were surprised to see a man coming through the yard leading a horse. We rose, greeted him with a handshake and asked him to off-saddle his horse, for which he thanked us, telling us how he felt he should come over to us for the night. How he wanted to be a Christian, but Satan was hard after him and he felt the need of spiritual help and came here for that purpose. I may say places where one may receive help in the spiritual life are few and far between. His daily surroundings are anything but a help to him. We gave him a welcome, tied up his horse, and gave him some supper. The evening was spent in talking of the good things of God. We found our guest very even to talk on this line. One could tell at once salvation was his chief concern.

He told us how he was reared in a Christian home in England; how he fell away from his first love into sin. In this condition he enlisted in the army and was sent to Africa to fight the Boer; after the war he went home, but his wild spirit was not content. So in a short time he joined the government of Africa and was sent to Rhodesia, finally landing at Ft. Usher, which is ten miles from here. On one of his patrols he was sent here. We invited him to our worship where he came in contact with prayer, and he now says that is what brought him to his senses. From that time on, which was about one year ago, he began to seek the Lord and has found him precious again, saying, Christ has forgiven his sins. "But oh the wickedness with which I am surrounded is awful, Sunday was spent reading the Bible, singing, praying and talking of God's goodness. As he turned to leave us he said surely the Lord had led him here and strengthened him.

As I watched him ride away, my heart rejoiced to think that we can be of some good in this life to cheer souls on to God. How easy it is to minister to those who are hungering for the bread of life! Asking a deep interest in all your prayers, I remain, as ever,

Your brother in Jesus,
H. P. STEEWERDHALM

MARriages.

HEIM—BREHM.—On December 14, 1904, at the home of Bro. and Sister S. E. Brehm, of Hummelstown, Pa., parents of the bride, Rev. Geo. E. and Bessie Brehm, officiating, Rev. Samuel J. Heim, of Warrensville, Lehigh County, Pa., and Jennie M. Brehm were united in holy wedlock.

OBITUARIES.

PRUTZ.—Died, near New Blooming, Perry County, Pa., by farm hand Fritz, aged 64 years, 11 months and 14 days. A wife and two children survive him. Burial took place at Mechanicsburg, Eldor Jonathan Wert, David Nisley and John Dick, conducting the same.

HOOVER.—Herbert R., infant son of Bro. J. N., and Sister Mary Hoover, born Nov. 27, 1904, aged 6 days. Funeral services were held at the home of the parents and the remains were sent to rest in Eng­land cemetery near West Milton, O., Nov. 30, 1904.

To save the darling child from woe,
And guard it from all harms.
From all the griefs you feel below,
I called it to my arms.

LENHART.—Sister Mary Magdalena Lenhart died at her home of in-law, Amos Engel, at Maytown, Pa., Dec. 9, 1904, aged 73 years, 6 months and 3 days. She was a member of the Brethren in Christ for many years. She is survived by one daughter, two sons and four grandchildren. Funeral services were held Dec. 11 at the Brethren church in Maytown conducted by Elder Aaron Martin and Rev. Martin Rut. Text, selected by the children, Isa. xlvii. 2. Buried in the adjoining cemetery.

WINGER.—Died, oh the 9th of December, at Bridgeburg, Welland county, Ont., Susan Winger, aged 75 years, less 8 days. Sister Winger was a life-long member and was noted for her piety, patience and faith in God. Her death came very suddenly, although she had been afflicted more or less for some years. She fell asleep in Jesus for many years. She is survived by three sons and three daughters to mourn their loss. Her funeral was held Dec. 15 at the Brethren church in Bridgeburgh conducted by Elder Jonathan Wert, David Nisley and John Dick, conducting the same. The last day and night he was so well, but took worse and died shortly after having engaged in family worship. The funeral was held in the Brethren church at Bridgeburgh, Eldor Jonathan Wert, assisted by Rev. Hughes, U. B. Sunday School, and was very largely attended. Six little girls friends dressed in white acted as pallbearers, a choir of ten voices rendered two sweet and solemn hymns, and the little form was laid to rest in Oakwoods cemetery, Chicago.

PEIFER.—Died, Dec. 13, 1904, John Peifer, of a lingering illness, but without severe suffering until of late when his sufferings were great. The last day and night he was so well, but took worse and died shortly after having engaged in family worship. The funeral was held in the Brethren church at Mechanicsburg, Elder Jonathan Wert, David Nisley and John Dick, conducting the same.

Minnick.—Grace Ermie Minnick, daughter of Walter and Valinda Minnick, fell asleep in Jesus on Jan. 21, 1905, aged 13 years, 4 months and 3 days. She was a member of the Chicago Brethren in Christ Mission Sunday school, and was at the Mission School, and was much beloved by the pastor, workers and others who knew her. Her death occasioned great sorrow, but she was conscious to the end and left a beau­tiful memory of her love toward God and faith in Christ. The funeral was conducted by G. Clifford Cress, at the Mission, and was very largely attended. Six little girls friends dressed in white acted as pallbearers, a choir of ten voices rendered two sweet and solemn hymns, and the little form was laid to rest in Oakwoods cemetery, Chicago.

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