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Without Christ.

A Young Woman Reads Poem From Chancel Steps.

Montréal Witness: A very remarkable incident startled the large congregation at St. Martin's church yesterday morning, directly after the offertory had been presented. The rector, the Rev. G. Osborne Troop, had placed the collection plate on the communion table and recited the offertory sentence, "God is not unrighteous that he should forget your work and labor that proceeded of love," when a young woman stepped silently from one of the front pews, and, taking her stand on the chancel steps, faced the congregation and read from a book Miss Havergal's well known poem, Without Christ.

The hush of the congregation deepened as the young lady proceeded:

I could not do without thee,
O Savior of the lost.
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost,
Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

I could not do without him,
Jesus is more to me
Than all the richest fairest gifts
Of earth could ever be.
But the more I find him precious—
And the more I find him true—
The more I long for you to find
What he can be to you.

You need not do without him,
For he is passing by;
He is waiting to be gracious, Only waiting for your cry.

He is waiting to receive you,
To make you all his own!
Why will you do without him,
And wander on alone?
Why will you do without him?
Is he not kind indeed?
Did he not die to save you?
If he not all you need?
Do you not want a Savior?
Do you not want a friend?
One who will love you faithfully. And I love you to the end?

Why will you do without him?
The world is passing to its doom
And you are passing too,
It may be, no tomorrow,
Shall dawn for you or me;
Why will you run the awful risk
Or all eternity?

What will you do without him
In the long and dreary day
Of trouble and perplexity,
When you do not know the way;
And no one else can help you,
And no one guides you right,
And hope comes not with morning,
And rest comes not with night?

You could not do without him,
If once he made you see
The fetters that enchain you
Till he hath set you free;
If once you saw the fearful load
Of sin upon your soul—
The broken plaque that ends in death,
Unless he makes you whole.

What will you do without him
When death is drawing near
Without his love—the only love
That casts out every fear:
Without his love—the only love
Of sin upon your soul—
The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters
And wander on alone?

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EVANGELICAL VISITOR

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EDITORIAL.

General Conference.

Since our last issue this important convention has come and gone, and its legislation has become a part of the history of the Brotherhood. It was our privilege to be present at nearly all of the sessions, and can bear testimony to the general unity and good feeling prevailing.

A call had been issued to the Mission Boards and Publication Board to convene for business the day previous to the convening of Conference. Consequently a large number of the brethren went a day earlier than on former occasions. The Pennsylvania delegation, a company of about fifty persons, left Harrisburg at 11.45 a. m. May 15, in a special car furnished by the Pennsylvania Company. While the company appreciated this courtesy, there was nevertheless a feeling that we were entitled to a more comfortable car, and more modern in its equipments.

Our route was over the Pennsylvania lines via Pittsburg. The romantic scenery, including the famous horse-shoe bend, was enjoyed much by the company, some of whom had never traveled over this route. Without any special circumstance on the way we landed safely at Smithville Station, Ohio, at about midnight, and were cared for by brethren living nearby.

We found the weather decidedly cool, and the previous week had been rainy, and continued so during the week. The small number of members of the church in the near neighborhood had their hands quite full in taking care of the large number of visitors, but they did it nobly, and were generously assisted by those of sister denominations of the community. The church in which the meetings were held was taxed to its capacity during most of the time.

The gathering brought together a large company of brethren and sisters from all over the country, from Eastern Pennsylvania to California, from Northern Michigan and from Canada, church officials and also many lay members. A goodly share of Canadian visitors were young people, and we could truly rejoice over the fact that so many have started in Christian service in early life.

The organization of Conference was effected by electing Bishop W. O. Baker, of Louisville, O., as moderator, with Bishops J. N. Engle and B. H. Hoover, assistants. Bro. S. R. Smith being permanent Conference Secretary, had for his assistants the brethren, M. L. Hoffman, W. J. Myers and A. Z. Hess. As Bro. Smith had, under the new arrangements, arranged and tabulated whatever of business that should appear before Conference, and had prepared a convenient programme for distribution to all the members of Conference, the work was much expedited. We believe all were convinced of the need of employing every convenience possible to make the business of Conference go forward with dispatch. It is well to carry on the business end of the church according to business rules.

One of the circumstances that gave added interest to this Conference was the presence of a number of returned missionaries. Including three children born in Africa, there were seven present. In addition there were five—including Bro. and Sister Frey's young son—who are on their way to Africa, and who will sail in company with Sister H. Frances Davidson in the near future. It may well be inferred that the work of Foreign Missions engaged much of the attention of Conference. The Foreign Mission Board availed itself of the opportunity of conferring with the returned missionaries and no doubt was helped much in its deliberations by suggestions from them. In its report to Conference there was evidence that the Board realized the importance of its work, and that it tried, according to wisdom vouchsafed by God, to recommend such legislation as would help to forward the work and make it more productive of good in all parts of the Foreign field. In following her convictions to press farther into the interior of Africa, beyond the Zambezi river, Sister Davidson has the hearty cooperation of the Board, and through sanction of Conference, that of the Church.

We hope the suggestion and recommendation of the Board for locating and establishing a place in Cape Colony which would serve the double purpose of being a mission station, and also a place where missionaries in need of a change of climate and rest, can find entertainment without having to leave the country, will materialize in the near future. It is hoped that the Lord will have the properly qualified family ready soon to launch out in this laudable enterprise. We hope under God's leadings and blessing the Church will not fail to rise equal to the requirements of the situation, and heartily support, firstly by earnest consecration and prayer, and secondly, by material support, so that the great work can go forward unhindered. The self-sacrificing labors of the dear missionaries are truly worthy of a more whole-hearted recognition and support.

In connection with the work of Home Missions, that of the City Missions received considerable attention, and we hope the Church may come more fully to realize the importance of this work, and may consider well what course it is necessary to pursue to make city mission work a success.

Among the questions about which considerable concern was felt in the various parts of the Brotherhood was the proposition that the Church establish a Bible School. It was felt that the question was a critical one, and the committee to which it had been entrusted a year ago had felt that it had serious business on hand. And while, having ascertained the feeling of the Church, its recommendation was unfavorable to the Bible School project, it yielded so far to the evident demand for something on that line, that it recommended the districts to carry on Bible study in the meeting houses under instructors capable of giving such instruction as is needed in order that both old and young may know their Bibles better. We hope to see this plan carried out to the full extent of the intention of the committee. We were glad that the question was discussed in a spirit of love and kindness, and we trust the result will be satisfactory.

The Board of Publication's report was quite encouraging and satisfac-
The Pennsylvania delegation returned home at 10.30 p.m. The prolonged session of Conference to Harrisburg on Saturday, May 20, Des Moines, Iowa.

The outgoing missionaries, consisting of Sister H. Frances Davidson, Bro. and Sister Harvey Frey, Sister Ada Engle and Sister Abby Bert, expect to sail from New York for South Africa, via Northampton, England, on June 17, no providence preventing. They will be kept quite busy during the short interval.

A Farewell Meeting is announced to be held at the Messiah Home chapel, Harrisburg, Pa., on Sunday evening, June 11. It is hoped there will be a large attendance; many from the surrounding districts will want to say good-bye to them. There will be meeting also on that Sunday in the forenoon at 10, and we invite the friends to come early and stay all day. A free-will offering for the missionaries will be taken up at the farewell meeting.

Several serious mistakes crept into the excellent article of Bro. Albert Baker in last issue of the Visitor. Corrections now may not make full restitution, but is the best we can do.

First. Page 4, middle column, line 35 above the last line of the column, read "nearly necessary to the various routes." Second. Page 5, first column, line 12 above the last line of the column, read "channels of honest occupation."

Third. Page 5, middle column, line 20 from bottom, read "less civilized" for "less uncivilized."

We invite special attention to Bro. Frey's article on "Bible Study." There is no doubt in his proposal the germ of a wide-spread work if carried out. Every Christian, young and old, has need of being better acquainted with God's word, and Bro. Frey's proposition is one of the ways that such acquaintance can be consummated. Many have already signified to Bro. Frey their acceptance of his Bible reading proposal, and, as there is something in the "enthusiasm of numbers," the company thus starting out on this line will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are united with an earnest band of readers all over the country reaching even to foreign lands.

The love feast at Mechanicsburg, Pa., on May 24-25, was fairly well attended by the brethren of the district with a sprinkling of visitors from Franklin and Dauphin counties. It was much regretted that the Elder of the district, Bro. Jonathan Wert, was unable to be present. He has been for a month or more, and is yet, suffering greatly from sciatic rheumatism. We hope prayers in his behalf may be answered favorably. The spirit of the meeting was inspiring, and the ordinance service was solemn and impressive. Bro. and Sister Frey, missionaries to Africa, were present and their presence added to the interest of the meeting. Bro. Frey's ministry in the word was instructive and inspiring to the hearers. A liberal free-will offering was given to encourage them on the way. We pray that Cumberland county may experience a grand revival in the near future, so that the ranks may be filled up with earnest, zealous and spiritually alive Christians.

Notice our offer of a $5.20 Red Letter Combination Teacher's Bible for only $3, with thumb Index, 50 cents extra. Send for sample pages.

Money Received.

Beginning with this issue we will give monthly reports of money received on subscriptions. If those who receive the money were to watch this report, and advise us of any mistake, it can be easily corrected. The report will begin with May 1, and reach to the 20th, and in future will reach from the 20th till the 20th of the month following.

There were only two or three of us,
The Master himself was present there,
Came in the teeth of a coming storm.
Outside were struggles, pain and sin,
But "Peace" was his token to every heart,
Nobody saw him lift the latch,
As we thought how Jesus himself had come
It seemed like the pelting of Summer Flow­
Since after our hymns of praise had risen
Then forth we went to face the rain,
To feed us with living bread.

The Hour of Prayer.
There were only two or three of us,  
Who came to the church for prayer;  
Came in the teeth of a coming storm,  
For that we did not care,  
Since after our hymns of praise had risen  
And our earnest prayers were said,  
The Master himself was present there,  
And gave us the living bread.

We knew his look in our leader's face,  
As we thought how Jesus himself had come  
It seemed like the pelting of Summer Flow­  
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sinner, confessing our sins, realizing we can do nothing to save ourselves, casting ourselves wholly on his mercy and by believing on the Lord Jesus, he forgives—blots out our former transgressions, and in the will of God they are as though they never had been. He is also able to destroy the body of sin, the carnal mind or inbred sin. We know some do not like the term "inbred sin;" but we know our disposition to sin is inherited through the fall and is handed down from one generation to another, and it is from this that Jesus came to save us now, not in death or after death.

How could we ever become as our Master if we retained our old Adamic nature, or how could we be made perfect to do the will of God if in our hearts there is still stubborness, self-will, with every other evil desire, and sovereignty, which is the deep root in the heart that wants to do the will of God, any one that is perfect shall be as his Master" (Luke vi. 40).

Yours, burdened for the lost of earth,

MARY ZOOK.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

The Time of My Youth.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven" (Eccl. iii. 1).

There was a time of my natural birth into this life, and though there was life in the little form that had come forth, it lived. Yet it needed the care of the mother who brought a living soul into existence, and I praise God for that dear mother who cared for me. She was the best of all mothers, yes, my dear mother was, oh, so good a mother. I can never forget her care over me. When I think back to my childhood days how that dear mother cared for me! In sickness or any slight misfortune or need, she kindly and tenderly cared for, or in some way soothed me. I remember how she would care for me so lovingly, and would embrace me and say, "Johnny, you must be a good boy," and tell me to be loving and kind to my younger brother and sisters. Oh, a mother's love! Who can fathom the depth of it? Who can pay his mother for her kindness in caring for us when we were in our childhood years?

But these years have gone by and I have grown to manhood, and, to-day I think of that mother who so kindly fondled me in her love, who is now in the glory world awaiting the first resurrection of those asleep in Christ. We do not sorrow as those who have no hope, but turn to the thought of what is the life of that boy whom mother so kindly cared for and we see him grow somewhat wayward, inclined to follow the desires of the natural mind, though the mind is very sensitive of some little sin or disregard of that pious teaching; and the little sins committed, oh, how they did rest upon his tender convictions. But as time passed on he became more hardened to the little sins, and more sharpness to be exercised than the love of that mother to restrain him.

Paul said the law served as a school master to bring him to Christ. Here I remember that father stepped in and demanded obedience to mother and to the rules in the family, for which I thank God. My Christian father did not rule his house with a rod of iron, but with a "yea" and a "nay," and I thank my earthly father for religious training and early admonition to the true faith in the Christian religion.

While father was not as lenient and compassionate as mother, he did his part in children training, and did it well, praise God. I well remember how he used to admonish me, and, as I was the oldest in the family, it bore the hardest on me because I felt it came from the heart. While father was straight through, all who remember him know that, he had a very tender and affectionate feeling, so tender that he soon had to weep, and that would touch my heart, but it did not regenerate me; but, father did his duty in his family and to-day I cherish the sweetness of his departure from this life, with the hope that glorious immortality with the saints in light, praise God.

Dear Christians and all who may read this writing, there is one thing I rejoice in which is that that little boy whom mother so kindly cared for and father so faithfully admonished, was led to seek the Lord in the Winter of 1858, in the month of February, when on a Sunday night there was a meeting at father's house when two brethren from Lancaster county, Pa., Elder Jacob Neisley and Elder Jacob Graybill, paid us a visit. Then I resolved to pay the vows I had often made when under conviction. That night was the turning point of my life, to seek the Lord. I have not forgotten the tenderness of Bro. Neisley's preaching. There was not much eloquence of speech, but of love and power. Oh, so tenderly in tears, as I often heard him speak in later years. Oh brethren, have we travail of soul as our old brethren had? Then I remember Elder Graybill, he was a powerful man and seemed to preach the law, not as the scribes, but of power, he made use of that old hymn in our hymn book—No. 146:

"Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time 'tis made for manhood, And while the lamp holds out to burn, O, hasten, sing, to return."
of that night when I was placed under the judgment of God’s justice in my condemnation. On Monday morning as those dear messengers of God were leaving our home I did not run away as children sometimes do when we visit at the homes; I felt like having more of what we heard in the past evening. One of the brethren in his admonition said as Jesus did: “But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.” How I drank it in, and after them leaving us I went to God in prayer in secret, as I was at work in the barn. I was a school boy then, yet I had some duties to attend to that day and the day following. On Wednesday morning father and mother had a talk with me about my soul. I had not come out in public as yet, but then and there the foundation of my conversion was laid. I endeavored to yield my life to God from that time on. It was in the course of several weeks that I could believe and be saved, as the word teaches. I was penitent, and was willing to be such for a long time. It was not so clear to me then as I see it now, repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Thank God, salvation is a free gift from God to us. We get religion before salvation and that is wrong; we need to get salvation then we become religious.

Well I praise God that farther on the way grows brighter. I came to the place where I realized my acceptance with God, and was born into the family of the Lord Jesus, and was made happy in a Savior’s love. I shall never forget my baptismal vow and the joy of being immersed or baptized in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. I could go on my way rejoicing like the eunuch. I attended a love feast the same year, 1858, in June, in Lancaster county, Pa., at the home in the large barn of Bro. Joseph Lehman, grandfather of the Lehman brothers, now missionaries to South Africa. Oh, how my heart was filled with a joy that I could not express, yet I remember how my love overflowed and how I loved to greet the dear brethren with a kiss of love. Yes, I believe it was a holy kiss.

There are perhaps a few brethren who are still about that place who remember the time, and the place now owned by Bro. Sechrist. Our dear old brother, Michael Musser, and some of the aged brethren, will remember the occasion.

Paul says when he was a child he spake as a child, he understood as a child, he thought as a child; so did I. I was then in my sixteenth year, but I was honest in the Master’s service and I have never needed to regret my step into the Christian religion. Oh, that all boys and young men and women could make the step while they are yet at home at their father’s table, and get some discipline in the Christian religion, if so be that father and mother are truly disciplined in the doctrine of primitive Christianity, and are fathers and mothers in Israel. Dear readers, time and space would fail me to write out the biography of my life. May this help some one into the light and love of God in Jesus’ name.

JOHN H. MYERS.

Mattock Mission, S. A.

Lessons For Us to Learn.

To the readers of the Visitor, I greet you with hymn 389:

“Awake my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on.”

Commit it to memory, and practice it in every-day life. It has been imitated by the editor so that the writer was greatly stirred, which is truly so, and the object of this writing and prayer is that all may be stirred to actual mission work in our different callings which do greatly vary, from the sacred home-life and family altar to the foreign field. But all in their proper place and time.

A certain woman in the old country getting ready to go to America was asked, “What do you want in America?” “Raise governors,” was the prompt reply, and she did. Four or five of her sons were men of (three or four governors of States) renown. “There are diversities of gifts.”

The object of selecting the article of the Japanese sanitary condition, zeal and perseverance, and the Slocum Disaster, as object lessons was to inspire us, that we, with the poet, may “Stretch every nerve, and press with vigor on,” and that we exert us, as a Church, to better organization in sanitary and hygienic teaching, that we at home, and our home and foreign missionaries may be able to teach and practice God’s ordained laws. The Japanese, to prepare themselves to hold their little dwelling, came to this country after the Spanish war, to investigate the cause of the United States coming out victorious with comparatively few men lost in battle. They found that more men die from disease than the bullets kill. They studied the various diseases and the germ theory to such a perfection that in their war with Russia very few die from disease, the worst forms included, and they have so far marched on to victory. Yet, if we look on the map, they are just a mere speck compared with the large Russian territory, some one said, “As an ant to the great white bear.” So much for Japan. Now let us look a little at the Slocum Disaster as a contrast. Under the oversight, or undersight, or no sight, of an ungodly organization, careless, guilty of wholesale slaughter, as the “Munsey Magazine” gives it, murderers and yet unpunished. It availed little when the band played the grand old hymn of Luther: “Ein fester burg ist unser Gott.”

“A mighty fortress is our God, A strong defence and weapon, He keeps us free of all distress In which we now have fallen.”

Before the band was done playing, ten minutes after leaving the dock, fire broke out in a store-room near the bow. A fourteen year old boy named Frank Werditski saw the smoke and ran breathlessly to the pilot house with the news, “Fire in the store-room.” “Shut up and mind your own business,” snapped the captain. A little later William Allowan, a dredge captain saw a puff of smoke break from the lower deck. He blew four quick blasts of his whistle. The warning was echoed from other boats, but all alike, unheeded. As at the Johnstown flood, telegram after telegram was sent down the Conemaugh valley warning the people of the threatened deluge. But they ridiculed the idea, and said, “That’s an old story.” As in the days of Noah, they heeded it not till destruction came and destroyed them. Space does not allow to lengthen out. I wish every reader could read the whole story with the same impression and feeling as I have read it. The Japanese, and the Slocum, and also the following of which we will now take a glimpse, are pictures of different shades:

“Olive Branch,” is a little German village of Harmansburg, on the banks of the Verze, near Hanover. Here Pastor Harms commenced his labors. A studious, earnest worker; he taught his people publicly, and from house to house until every dwelling in the village became a place of prayer, and almost the whole of the scanty and scattered population were interested in the gospel work. The services in the week were as well attended as on the Lord’s day. The laborers had prayers in the fields, the children sung

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their Christian hymns on the streets, etc. In 1849, while the people were rejoicing in the grace given them, it was suggested that they send the gospel to the heathen. They first made the matter a subject of prayer, and soon twelve persons volunteered to go. A vessel was needed, and they said, "build it," and soon the keel was laid and all the smiths, tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, and cooperers, of Harmsburg, were busy working for their ship and their mission. A water cask or a suit of clothes could not be bought in Harmsburg at any price, all were working for the ship.

Women and girls were knitting, farmers brought in loads of grain and droves of pigs and poultry, and soon the mission ship "Candace" was afloat and equipped, and ready to carry the gospel to Africa. The captain was chosen, the cargo placed on board, the church was crowded with people inside and out, as Pastor Harms preached the farewell sermon, and then the missionaries stood up and sung Luther's grand old hymn, "Ein fester burg ist unser Gott."

A mighty fortress is our God.

The "Candace" went and came; new pel to the heathen. They first made their Christian hymns on the streets, and then the missionaries stood up and sung Luther's grand old hymn, "Ein fester burg ist unser Gott."

A mighty fortress is our God.

The same spirit that is in the world will to do them, that the church was crowded with people inside and out, as Pastor Harms preached the farewell sermon, and then the missionaries stood up and sung Luther's grand old hymn, "Ein fester burg ist unser Gott."

A mighty fortress is our God.

The writer is an advocate of mission work from before conception to the grave, yet from past experience and observation, believes in no better organization and vigilant oversight of our City Missions and also foreign is effected, the very work whereby we want to glorify God will eventually become a detriment to the Church.

"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

"That prize, with peerless glories bought,
When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems,
Shall blend in common dust."

Your weak brother,

Benj. Gish.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

A Quickened Seed.

At the spring-time season of the year, when the earth throws off its Winter shroud, and evidences its awakening, thoughts of death and resurrection are forced upon many, who otherwise would hardly ever think of the life beyond. Others continue entirely careless of the beautiful lessons of a future life that even nature seeks to teach. Suddenly, it may be, death enters into the family circle. A dear one is snatched away, and the survivors are overwhelmed with grief, mourning as without hope, and often become hard and rebellious to the claims of God. All this grief, suffering and hardness is because they went through life heedless of the teachings of the eternal God; indifferent to the lessons, both in revelation and nature, which speak of a death and a life beyond, and a need of preparation for this wonderful change.

When death thus thrusts its unwelcome presence upon the unreflective, and we seek to console them by the fact of the Resurrection Life, there is more or less of a doubting and questioning. Instinctively the question springs up in some form or other, "How do we know? What proof is there? Who ever saw one in this Resurrected Life? How are the dead raised, and with what manner of body do they come?"

To the natural eye, as one bends over the abandoned tenement that once was inhabited by a loved friend, it looks as if the departed one had ceased to be, and to think of the future resurrection of their very bodies seems to be an impossibility, and yet all nature's seed-time is teaching the reflective mind that death is not a ceasing to be, not a non-existence, but of a continuous life, lived under changed conditions. Paul, as he points to a little tiny seed of wheat just dropping from a sower's hand, answers such questioning so straight and plain that it is a wonder to me that any one who considers him an authority, should ever advance the thought that death means a cessation of conscious existence.

This Spring many readers will be sowing seed; it may be in the small garden plot or the broad field. As they bury the seed in the prepared soil, will they let Paul's reply to the seed-sower sink with a deeper meaning into their understanding: "Thou foolish one, that which thou thyself sowest, is not quickened except it die"—that seed, that grain of wheat which you buried in the earth, with the germ of life in it, is not quickened, is not speeded into the blade, the stalk, the full ear, unless it die. You simply sowed the bare grain, but the grain had life in it, and that life commenced almost immediately to develop itself, and manifest its departure into a new body. You could not see the life that was there in that tiny seed. It could not breathe nor speak, and yet you knew that life existed, otherwise you would not plant it, and shortly you expect to see the tangible evidences of its continuous existence and activity in the appearance of the blade, springing up in the bright sunshine. This is the first body which God gives this seed life; after that comes the stalk, and then, wonders of divine grace, the full ear increased thirty, sixty or perhaps one hundred fold from the original seed, and yet each seed in this full ear has the very identical life that was contained in the planted seed, and manifested in the blade and stalk. At no time, from the moment of planting to the harvesting.
of the perfect ear, has the life of the seed ceased to exist in some bodily manifestation, originating from the planted grain. What, then, is this death process to which Paul likens our death, and this quickening to which he likens our resurrection? Well, suppose this Spring-time you note the dying process, or rather let us, in imagination, do it now. The seed with all its living possibilities has been planted, its surroundings have been favorable, and in our desire to know what Paul means by its death, we gently uncover the buried seed. We find that already the work of life is going on and the work of death being accomplished. The little rootlets are springing out from the body, and the tiny blade is also shooting out into the outer air; even to our dull comprehension it is evident that a departure is taking place, that everything necessary to the future plant is leaving the seed and taking on another form, and that soon the residue of the seed will be but a mere shell, like chaff, barren of life. And this is death, a departure of the life into a new body. Soon this shell that once held the seed-life will decay away, and for aught we know will be caught up by those very rootlets and incorporated into the stalk and finally into the full ear again. This process Paul calls the death of the seed, and he calls those foolish who do not recognize what death and resurrection life is, when nature so clearly teaches the law which applies to our own resurrection, every time we plant a seed. Paul's teachings are amply confirmed by the Scriptures throughout, which show that although our outward man may die when the seed is planted, yet our inner-man is renewed day by day, until at last freed from the earthly body and clothed upon by God with a body as he wills, answering to the blade and stalk of the seed, we wait the harvest time, when at the resurrection spirit and body will once more be united, like the harvested grain.

Like the planted seed, we are placed in this world with conscious life, but a life that is dead to God and intensely alive to Satan. A development of this life goes on unceasingly; its deadness and enmity to God becoming more and more manifest, even while the body shows signs of its decaying condition.

Although in this living death, God has provided a deliverance from this dead state in our crucified Lord; he is the true life, the wheat planted by a Father's loving hand into this dark, sin-cursed world. This grain of wheat, this good seed, did not remain alone in heaven, but buried itself in our humanity, went through the dying and quickening process, so forcibly illustrated in the germinating of the seed-life and "is now bearing much fruit." Whoever allows this divine seed, this living word of God, to enter and germinate in his heart, receives a new life, for the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus frees the redeemed one from that other law, passed upon fallen humanity, the law of sin and death; he is passed from death unto life and the very life of Jesus, the true wheat, is manifested in him. Most of those who have been thus born anew, and have become a new creation in Christ Jesus, can look back with wonder at their past deadness; they cannot understand how they could have been so blind, and dead, and cold to the love of God. Some when they have got but a partial view even of their lost, dead condition have almost become crazed, but how much more their despair, if they had gotten a full view of that position, under God's wrath, alienated from his life, and forsaken by Him. As we recall the scenes that led up to Christ's sacrificial death, we get but a faint view in the garden and on the cross, of what it meant for Jesus to take the sinner's place—that cry of "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," was surely caused by the sinner's awful condition before God—that xxii. Psalm would never have been uttered, if Jesus had not redeemed us from the curse of the law, by having become a curse for us.

Jesus tasted death for all men, in order that whoever believes on him should not die; we may all die physically, but, praise his dear name, there is no need of any gospel-hearer, tasting of the death that was passed upon Jesus, in order that they might have the life of the eternal God.

Let us glance at humanity, as we find it, in these last days. We see that the whole human race is possessed of physical life, which is common both to the Jew and to the Greek, the civilized and the heathen, the Christian and the unbeliever. The red, the white, the black, alike have this life; there is no discernable difference. But let us seek for the evidence of a different life than this mere animal life which is common both to man and beast, and at once the child of God finds there are two distinct classes existing, each having a life opposite to, and enmity with the life of the other class. Jesus clearly designates the two classes; he states that one class are the children of the kingdom of God; the others are the children of the wicked one; the first are the "good seed;" the last the tares, the spurious wheat of Scripture, sowed by the devil. The children of God have been made partakers of the very life of God in Christ Jesus and are thus possessed of true spiritual life; they were once dead, but have been quickened into this new life through faith in Jesus; they are alive to God and dead to Satan. On the other hand, the children of the wicked one are also possessed of a spiritual life it is true; they are partakers, being the children of Satan, of his spirit; true also, that often they do not realize of what spirit they are, but not having him who is "the Way, the Truth, the Life," they are dead to God and alive to their own father, Satan.

Even now the harvest time is upon us; the tares are being gathered in bundles; soon all things that offend and do iniquity, shall be gathered out of Christ's kingdom and shall be cast into the furnace of God's fire. Dear reader, if you have not yet entered into the new birth from above, if you are still a stranger to Christ, whom to know is "life," you are still in your natural state, and are abiding in a death to God although physically alive; "except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." The gospel is urging you to seek the Life-giver, even our Lord Jesus, who is the living bread, which if any eat he will live forever. Therefore, awake from your sleep, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light, even the light of life. 

The cheerful of heart which springs up in us from the survey of nature's works is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving that is filled with such a secret gladness— a grateful reflection on the Supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind conquers every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into our morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness. —Lutheran.

Thank God that good women are born with greater souls for trial than men; that given once an anchor for their hearts they hold until the cables break.—Gilbert Parker.
“Brother Harkliss Jones from Sou’ Caliny.”

An aged negro, most of whose life had been spent in bondage, but who was now rejoicing in liberty, appeared one day at the study of an eminent minister, and introduced himself as “Brother Harkliss Jones, from Sou’ Caliny.”

The good minister shivered at the thought of another clerical beggar for church money, to be sent, as so much of it usually is, in the traveling expenses of the applicant.

“Well, Brother Harkliss,” he asked, with patient kindness, “What can I do for you?”

“You can listen to me, brother,” replied Harkliss, with a princely air.

“I’ll do that if you’ll be short; but my time is very precious, brother, answered the pastor.

“So is mine, brudder!” exclaimed the visitor with a dignity which almost startled the minister. You and I’s both sarvents of de King, and his business always ‘quires haste.”

“Yes, and your church wants a little help, I suppose, after the war. Well, I’m glad they sent a sensible man for it.”

“No, sir. My church is de Church Universal, and dot has got de Mighty One of Jacob for her help, and needn’t go beggin’ of nobody. I come to give and not to ax, sir.”

“Then you’ve got some money for my church, I suppose,” said the minister, smiling.

“No, sir; what I’ve got to give will come closer home to you then to your church.”

“A little advice and a heap of comfort. I came up from my old home ‘cause my chill’n and gran’ chill’n was bound for to come. I was as near de Lord on he banks of de Great Pedee as I ever ‘spect to be up here; and dere was as many souls for to save down dere as dere is up hear. But young folks, you know, is songunery as I ever ‘spect to be up hear; and dat’s what I’m came here for dis mornin’.”

The cool composure of the sable guest fairly astonished the gentleman used to so much deference and respect; and he asked, in a tone of surprise, “What do you mean, brother?”

“Well, I’ve been to hear you preach two Sundays, and I’ve made up my mind dat you’re off de track! You talks like it was chance anyhow, whether we saints get to heaven after all.

“Dere was too many ‘ifs’ in your sermons. De Master hadn’t no ‘if’ in his preachin’. His gospel is ‘Him that believes shall be saved.’ ‘Him dat comes I will in no wise cast out.’ ‘Come unto me, you dat is tired and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ ‘Dere is no condemnation to them dat are in Christ Jesus.’ ‘Whar I am, dere shall my people be also.’ ‘I give eternal life unto as many as my Father gave me, and none shall pluck dem out of my hands.’ Isn’t dat good gospel, sir?”

“Yes, and I believe every word of it,” replied the minister.

“Is dere eny chance, think you, for Satan to slip in by a trick, and upset de great work of redemption?”

“No.”

“Den why don’t you tell people so? One sermon o’ your’n was tellin’ all ‘bout de doubts Satan pushes into de hearts of de Lord’s people. Why dat sermon was mawn’ half ‘devil,’ all through! and another was tellin’ de saints dat day must do dis and dat and t’other, to get peace and comfort hear and heaven beyont. If you believes dat Christ died, and rose again, and dat ‘kase he lives we shall live also, why don’t you comfort God’s people wid dees words? Let de devil alone for awhile in your preachin’ (you’ll get ‘noff o’ him widout making ‘so much of him”), and just preach Christ, Christ, Christ! ‘Pears like I don’t want to hear nothin’ else but just only dat dear name, while I stay here in de flesh. I rises every mornin’ in Christ, and I walks and talks wid him all day.

“When night comes, I lies down and sleeps wid him, like it was my last sleep, and I might wake next morning wid him in glory.

“I’m black and poor and old to de eyes of de world; but I’m fair and rich and fresh in his sight, ‘kas I’m in him.

“All dat he is got is mine, and dere ain’t a king on ‘arth dat old Harkliss would change places wid. No, no, no!”

“But while you never doubt God’s power to save, you sometimes have doubt of your acceptance with him, haven’t you?” asked the minister, who was by this time seated, meekly taking his lesson.

“No, never: why should I? Dere was a night once, long time ago, when my soul was ‘ceeding sorrowful, like de Master’s when he was in de Garden. I felt like I was helpless for dis life, and I had no light on de world beyont. I hated my hard massa, and I, most hated God, too, for not giving me a better lot. I was out in de cane-brake all alone, a mile away from any livin’ cretur’. I felt like I wanted to kill myself ‘kase my massa he done gone and sold my wife and baby! Dat ar night I got a hint in my soul what hell was; as and I sat dere a ‘thong’ came into me, and I spoke it out. ‘Dere isn’t no God,’ says I. ‘Pears like I don’t believe in no God. I won’t do no work?’ exclaimed the minister.

“Yep, and your church wants a little help, I suppose, after the war. Well, I reckon it’s a mighty hard one;”

“Dere is no condemnation to them dat are in Christ Jesus.” ‘Whar I am, dere shall my people be also.’ ‘I give eternal life unto as many as my Father gave me, and none shall pluck dem out of my hands.’ Isn’t dat good gospel, sir?”

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try to hire de Lord to lift me out of de horrible pit and de miry clay, by good works, helpin' de weak field hands, or givin' away my pocket money. But we never made a bargain—de Lord and me! He always brung me low till I was glad to get peace free; and to take away all chance o' bragging from me, he generally brought de peace when I was asleep, and doin' no good works. Den I would wake wid glory in my soul, and I would run aroun' mighty peart for a spell. I didn't know what Christ was den. He was in me; but dere was else in me besides him.

"Come here and sit in this large chair, brother, it is more comfortable than that one," said the minister, in a subdued voice, as if addressing a superior. "I want to hear how you got clear of the tempter, and filled with Christ all of a sudden."

"Oh, oh, well, it isn't no great story, but here it is. Dere was an old col'd sister dey used to call Ginsey, a sort o' preacher like 'mong de field hands. Well, when she came down to her death-bed, she done call all massa's people and de neighborin' black folks 'round her, 'kase she said she'd been in heaven a whole hour, and came back to give us a word of comfort. We gathered 'bout her, and she lifted her two hands and pray dis way: 'Lor' Jesus, answer dis one prayer of mine, for dy own name sake. It is old Ginssey's last prayer; de next word with me will be praises and hallelujahs. We gathered 'bout her, and she lifted her two hands and pray dis way: 'Lor' Jesus, answer dis one prayer of mine, for dy own name sake. It is old Ginssey's last prayer; de next word with me will be praises and hallelujahs."

Den de' 'ifs' all fly off like they were rice swamps a hundred times in dese years! Better cut off yer right hand and pluck out yer right eye dan doubt the truth of his word. You is his, for he bought you with his precious blood; and as sure as he's in heaven you shall go dere too! I'm tired, chil'n, and must go to sleep. Good-night."

"Dere, sir, dem was old Ginssey's last words on earth; de next one she spoke was 'glory' fore de trone." "Well, dere was a great light all through my soul den has never gave out since. 'Pears like de Lord is in de midst of it, where I can feel his presence, and when de 'ifs' and 'may-bees' comes 'round to break my peace, I shots out, no matter who hears me. De Lord says dat I am him and dat where he am, der shall I be also, and his word endureth forever. Den de 'ifs' all fly off like they were unclean birds, and leaves me in de light! Why, sir, I's got de world so much better. How do you spell Harkliss?"

"'Harkliss—' I don't guess I can write your name down, brother; for I want to see you again, and know you better. How do you spell Harkliss?"

"Her-c-liss—I don't guess I can 'member it, for it's nigh unto forty years since I lernt to spell it from my young massa. He said I was named after one of dem heathen god-dishes dat dey used to make believe dey had in old times. He's 'mong dat nonsense dey teaches in college. He's de fellow dat killed lions and monsters and such like with his club. You's been to college, so you must know 'bout him, de strongest goddesh of them all—Harkliss."

"I know him," replied the minister. "Well, brother Hercules, come and see me again very soon. Good-by."

When the old negro had closed the door behind him, the minister read over the few pages he had already written of his next Sunday's sermon. It was cold and lifeless—there was no Christ in it. He tore the sheets into atoms, and sat down before the fire to meditate on the words of the poor visitor. He never thought so little of himself before. By evening, he went out to visit some of the hidden ones of his flock whom he knew to be great in the kingdom of heaven. Selected by Emma Carbaugh, Chambersburg, Pa.  

Heathenism Does Not Satisfy. About fifty years ago Narayan Sheshadri, a young Brahmin of the highest caste in India, being troubled over his sins and failure to find peace from Hindu sastras, turned his attention to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and, aided by earnest missionaries, soon found the peace which Christ alone can give. Courageously resisting all attempts to dissuade him from embracing Christianity, he received Christian baptism, and became a faithful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, greatly beloved and honored the Christian world over. After many useful years in the service of Christ, he died in the faith which had brought him abiding rest of soul. He once gave the following reasons why, through the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit he forsook Hinduism and became a Christian:

1. Hinduism furnishes no proper, consistent and intelligible account of God. 2. Hinduism gives an erroneous and absolutely inadequate view of man. 3. Hinduism reveals no satisfactory way of salvation by which men may find peace and rest. 4. Hinduism furnishes no rational account of the world to come. On these momentous subjects he found, as all who heartily embrace it, that Christianity commends itself to men as reasonable and soul-satisfying infinitely beyond all other religions. Christ's coming will end all hardships for his own.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR. [June 1, 1905.]
I closely held within my arms
'Twas mine; who else could care for it
"I cannot let it go," I cried;
"And where the heart's rich treasure is,
"If thou keep'st my gem," he said,
"Nay, but the Master comes for it
But the dear Master came one day
While in the early hush of morn
Your jewel will be safe above,
An empty casket; the bright gem
They were written by prominent Eng-
"Yes, Master, thou may'st keep my own,
"Close to my heart, that morn, I held,
"The threshold of my home no thief
"And where the heart's rich treasure is,
The heart will be;
Your jewel will be safe above,
Go to the Master, he said:
While in the early hush of morn
My gem he took.
"Close to my heart, that morn, I held,
Tears falling fast,
An empty casket; the bright gem
Was safe at last.
"Yes, Master, thou may'st keep my own,
For it is thine;
Safe in the house not made with hands,
'To thine and mine!"

What Some Boys Don't Know.

The following are extracts taken from letters published in an English paper called the "Children's Friend." They were written by prominent Englishmen, from their own experience, at the request of the paper, for hints to boys, and they will be equally helpful to our boys in America.

From Mr. Walter Hazell, M. P.:
"That foot-ball, however important,
Empty class, the bright gem
Was safe at last.
"Yes, Master, thou may'st keep my own,
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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

To Subscribers.—Our terms are cash in advance.

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

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

3. If you do not receive the Visitor within ten days after date of issue, write us at once and we will send the number called for.

To the Poor.—Who are unable to pay, we send the paper free on the recommendation of others or upon their individual requests. Individual requests must be renewed every six months as a matter of fair play.

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

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

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

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Harrisburg, Pa., June 1, 1905.

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The binding is Extra French Seal, Divinity Circuit, Round Corners, Red under wall and Lebanon R. R., June 13, 14 Silverdale.

Kentucky, June 17, 18.

Ohio.

Ashand and Richland, June 3, 4.

Maple Grove M. H., Clark County.

June 10-11.

Kansas.

Belle Springs, June 4.

Clay County.

June 10-11.

Ontario, Canada.

Windfield.

Markham.

June 9.

Howick.

June 20.

Nettawa.

June 17.

Emler.

Michigan.

June 10-11.

Chicago Mission.

Reprint ending May 15, 1905.

Balance on hand April 15.

$6 21.

RECEIPTS.

Eugene Dodson, $2; Jacob Meisenhelter, $1; Bessie Webber, $1; Miss Congregational Offering $47.25; Hall rent, $7; Young People's meeting, $1.20; Fanny Barnes, $5; B. B. Bert, $1. Total, $13.75.

EXPENSES.

Hall rent, $35; gas, $1.20; groceries, $4.

Total, $41.60.

The binding is Extra French Seal, Divinity Circuit, Round Corners, Red under wall and Lebanon R. R., June 13, 14 Silverdale.

American Offering.

May the Lord bless all who so kindly have contributed to the support of the work here.

B. L. BRUBAKER AND WORKERS.

Messiah Home Orphanage.

Cash donations during March, April and May:

Amie Myers, Upton, Pa., $2.50; Geo. A. Reese, 22 cents; Tax Collection from Pennsylvania.

Anna Myers, Upton, Pa., $1: Wm. B. Lovett, Harrisburg, Pa., $2; A. B. Mussel, Treasurer.

Total, $2.00.

We feel thankful to these kind friends for these donations.

A. B. Mussel, Treasurer.

Messiah Home.

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Anne Myers, Upton, Pa., $2.50; Geo. A. Reese, 22 cents; Tax Collection from Pennsylvania.

As formerly reported, $1,000.00 A. B. Mussel, Treasurer.

Total, $2,100.00

To the beloved brethren and readers of the Visitor: We greet you in Jesus' precious name, and with a heart full of love to all the dear one's in Christ. My text for this day for us all would be Psalms Ixvi. 1: "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." I have for some time been impressed to speak to the dear ones through the columns of the Visitor. While I am a stranger to a great many of the dear brethren, yet I feel to praise God that through Jesus we are not strange, or through him do no strange things.

I love to read the testimonies and experiences of the dear ones in Christ and God this evening that he has called me, or thought me worthy to give him his grace, that I might be saved by faith after I wanted to be saved by works. Some may think this strange, but it is so. I was in a church and was not saved and that brought no peace, but the Spirit still brought comfort and continued it till I give every thing up that was between me and my God. I am a stranger to a great many of the dear brethren, yet I feel to praise God that through Jesus we are not strange, or through him do no strange things.

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I love to read the testimonies and experiences of the dear ones in Christ and God this evening that he has called me, or thought me worthy to give him his grace, that I might be saved by faith after I wanted to be saved by works. Some may think this strange, but it is so. I was in a church and was not saved and that brought no peace, but the Spirit still brought comfort and continued it till I give every thing up that was between me and my God.

That is, I took I. John i. 9, and obeyed that, then peace and joy came, and ever since he has been my portion, my joy, my comfort and my burden bearer and all, and he has said so will I be with you all the end; praise God for this. Then, for some time I stood alone, about two years; then, by the Spirit, I was led to unite with the Brethren in Christ, and I can say I love the Brethren and oh, that all be dead and our lives hid with Christ in God and be as Christ prayed for us that we might all be one! Then we would truly be a very great people. The Psalmist says, "Great peace have they that love thy law and nothing shall offend them."

My prayer for me is that I may have

The Valley Chapel, Ohio, Love Feast.

Meeting commenced on Saturday, the 19th of May, at 10 a. m. On our general invitation a goodly number of brethren and sisters kindly visited us on their way to Conference from the East and the West and from Canada. The forenoon was spent by opening prayer, reading of Scripture, exhortation and testimonies. The latter were warm and clear. The Holy Spirit pervaded the assembly and was distinctly felt by all who had open hearts. In the afternoon the usual Scriptures were read and expounded. The remaining time was spent in testifying. In the evening the communion meeting was held. All of the members partook of the emblems of the Lord and broke bread together in peace and Master. The preaching was pointed and spiritual. The meetings were continued over Sunday and the attendance was good. All seemed to enjoy the meetings and were edified. We feel grateful to all the brethren and sisters that visited us during these meetings. Among these was one returned and two out going missionaries.

B. Testimony.—Lancaster, Pa., Mission.

To the beloved brethren and readers of the Visitor: We greet you in Jesus' precious name, and with a heart full of love to all the dear one's in Christ. My text for this day for us all would be Psalms Ixvi. 1: "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

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On account of holding the meetings in our house we have a larger house than we otherwise would have. We also received some dried fruits from Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, and some potatoes from our neighboring brethren; so we can say, God is remembering us in a financial way also. We want to honor him in our lives, and in our bodies, which are his and in his service. We thank every one of the donors for the love they have manifested in helping us to enjoy the service of God, and we pray God's richest blessing upon every one that has a part in this work. We want every one to see and know the love and interest in the prayers of all the brethren.

Yours in Christian love, till Jesus comes.

D. W. KAUTZ AND WIFE.

Phila., Pa.

Philadelphia Letter.

Dear Brethren and Sisters: This beautiful month of May we again come, with greeting in Jesus' name. Winter is now gone and all the earth seems to be dressed in its beautiful Springtime garb. Just a short time ago it seemed as if the trees knew nothing of life, but as the warm sun shone forth, all nature seemed to revive. Surely when we look around "the goodness of God should lead us to repentance." Y. E. F. our baptism and love-feast services are now in the past, how rapidly time flies! Yet it leaves us with pleasant recollections. We had a beautiful day for baptism: five young his good Spirit strove with me. Oh, may we all be able to say, "The life which I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God!" Papa Stover intends to leave in the near future for Conference, as he has felt impressed for quite a while to make a mission trip through the Brotherhood, and also to visit some of his brothers in the flesh who are living in the West. I am sure we will miss him very much at home, yet we hope and trust, his trip may be profitable to himself and to all those who come in contact with him. Wishing you all God's choicest blessings, and ever desire to be remembered in your prayers.

Sincerely your sister,

COJA STOVER.


Testimony.

I was very busy sewing and there comes a shower of blessing down upon me. My mother and I were talking of the fashions which I said he would not forget a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple. We try to help such as cannot help themselves as best we can, spiritually and financially, but more spiritually than financially because the heavenly bank overflows and the earthly does not. But we praise God for the love that he put into the hearts of some of the dear ones since we moved to this place a little over a year ago.

The following report will show in a small way what has been done financially for our little mission: A sister, half dozen chairs; 44, a sister, 50 cents; a sister, $2; a brother, 50 cents; a brother, $1; Silverdale, Pa.; $8; District treasury, $2; a sister, 50 cents; District treasurers, a sister, $1; District treasurer, $1; District treasurer, $15; a brother, $1; a brother, $5; a sister, $3; a sister, $1; a sister, $1; a brother, $1; a sister, $1; a sister, $1; a sister, $1; District treasurer, $3. Total during the year, $55.

This was used for rent, coal and gas.

Unfortunately, there seems to be a mix-up in the text. It appears as though the original text was cut off mid-sentence or contains errors, making it difficult to comprehend. However, it appears that the author is reflecting on their personal experiences and the love and support from the community. They mention the use of funds for essential needs and the importance of maintaining a close relationship with God through prayer and service. The text also seems to reflect on the passing of an older generation and how the younger generation must continue their work. It is evident that the author values their faith and the support of their fellow believers.
MISSIONARY.

Africa Correspondence.

"But to do good, and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased" (Heb. xiii. 16).

We presume our home friends are glad to hear from us here at Matoppo Mission. We are told that we are all quite well at present. Sister Sallie Kreider seems quite well, for which we all are glad. Sister Steigerwald has not been quite well; we still feel to look to the Lord for it. It is much needed in the work. Will you all who can, in the full confidence of faith, pray for her that the Lord will strengthen her physically for the work to which he has called her. Our dear Bro. Steigerwald has been quite well and strong in body, yet he needs to take care, as he at times feels his strength somewhat tried.

Brethren, you need to exercise intercessory prayer for brother and sister Steigerwald. I wish I could picture this work here before you as we have learned it since here. We thank God for permitting us to visit other stations as we did, and to compare the work of the different fields of labor. Make mission work a special duty of prayer; then make Matoppo Mission your careful study, and see if you have done your duty. This work is specially under the Brethren in Christ Church, and should be well supported so that it may be a success, and open more stations to push the work forward. The building of the church house is expected to begin next week, and then to be pushed forward till completed, and this means much for Bro. S. We feel as if our help was but little; but we thank God for what we can do.

The rainy season is over and we have very nice weather, a good breeze of air.

Yours in the work for souls,

John H. Myers and Wife.

April 19, 1905.

India Correspondence.

Sripat Purunia, Bankura

Deb, India, April 11, 1905.

To the Readers of the Visitor, greet:—

"He brought me to the banqueting house and his banner over me is love" (Cant. ii. 4). Praise the Lord forever!

These are precious days to our souls. We have many things to try us and to test our faith.

"But the trials will seem nothing when we get to the end of the way." We are told to rejoice in suffering. If the captain of our salvation was made perfect by the things which he suffered, can we expect an easier way? I for myself do not want it any otherwise, and if he sees that this is the best for me then I say "Amen," to his will. I do love the will of God even though it lies through a path of suffering.

We have the promise that "If we suffer with him we shall also reign with him." Then I want to reign, don't you? Oh that reignine time! The glory that will be then revealed, Paul says, will be measured by his "eternal weight." It is well worth striving for. This does have reference to suffering that we bring upon ourselves by our sins, but it means suffering that we have to pass through for the sake of the Master and his cause. It is suffering, as

Peter says, "according to the will of God."

I love that old byan:

"Am I a soldier of the cross,

A follower of the Lamb," etc., etc.

Get it and sing it: it will do your soul good if you sing it from your heart. Well I know you will not mean to pronounce any sermon, but pray you may give the above a thought and it will prove to you the blessing it has to me of late.

You are undoubtedly praying for the missionaries. We feel at times so brough up in our souls that we cannot but believe that some one is praying for us. Oh, it is blessed to enter into the place of prayer and feel the presence of God, and to have communion with him, and to have him to speak such things into your souls as thrill your very being; Praise the Lord! The heavens seem to open to us these days and we speak face to face with our Lord, as it were.

The work in many ways has its encouraging features. The village work has been going on with special interest of late. The Lord seems to be touching the hearts of the people and they listen with an interest as they never did before since we are here at this place. We have our enemies too, some are working hard to get the people out of the country. One man has been carrying the tale that the government had lately made an issue that all we Americans had to leave the country and never would be permitted to come back again. One party, a native king he is called, though he has no authority, has instigated a false lawsuit against us saying that we have taken some of his land and he petitions the government and pull down our house and fill the wells. This law suit is very harrassing and trying, but it shows the hatred of the people and how much some of them would like to get rid of us. They have even threatened to burn down our house, so if ever you hear of such a thing, just think of the truth that must be burning in their hearts that they are unwilling to obey, and the awful hell to which they will have to spend eternity, and help us that much more with your prayers against the powers of darkness, that we may be able to pluck them as brands from the eternal burnings. We take these things as signs that the devil is stirred because the Lord is at work.

We are now in the midst of the hot season. The hot winds that blow seem to draw much upon our strength. We are glad that we have an eternal source from which to draw our bodily strength so that we can praise the Lord even in the midst of all kinds of troubles.

We commend you to the word of his grace that is able to make you abound and to keep you unto the coming of our Lord.

In his name,

D. W. Zook.

Every individual will be the happier the more clearly he understands that his vocation consists, not in exacting service from others, but in ministering to others, in giving his life the ransom of many. A man who does this will be worthy of his food and not fail to have it.—Tolstoy.

and it will prove to you the blessing it has to me of late.

They are dead who live in sin.
but will be compelled 'to forego that pleasure on account of the expense, and none to take our place in the work.

It is remarkable, above our conceptions, how we got to this place, but we want to be passive in the Lord's hands to be used as he may direct.

Last Lord's day the writer was called to hold a meeting near Peabody, and while that meeting was arranged for, some of the Russian Germans, some six miles from the place, were dedicating a house of worship and sent for me to come to the place in the after noon, and preach for them in the English language.

They, having erected a large tent to accommodate the people, fully twelve to fifteen hundred were permitted to hear the word, which they did with seeming profound interest. Thus doors are opened to sow the seed, and we trust the Lord will bless the same. Pray for us.

T. A. AND MARY J. LONG.
Hillsboro, Kansas.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
A Sister's Concern.

Dear Christian Friends: For some time I have felt impressed to write for the Visitor, but kept putting it off from time to time. I want to write something that will do some one some good and I hope God will bless these few lines. I am trying, by the help of God, to live a Christian life. For the past couple of weeks I had been very sick (having trouble with my heart and nerves) and the devil tempted me to use patent medicine, but I wouldn't yield. And I just thought if God wouldn't help me, neither would the medicine, so I just committed myself to God and prayed, that if he would spare my life I would do better than I had been doing. I had tried to do what is right, but still I might have done better. So I have now given myself up to the Lord, believing that what God does is all for the best, and am now able to be around again.

God is so good to me; I have been blessed twice of late and, oh, I felt so happy! I oftentimes have dark seasons, but I believe they are just to bring us closer to Christ. I hear no grudge against anyone, and if I have wronged any person in the past, I sincerely beg their pardon. O, I think a Christian ought to be so careful of what he says or does. For my part, I want to do just what is right. I am so interested in the salvation of souls. I feel so sorry for one of my nephews; a year or two ago he tended church during a protracted meeting held in town and he went forward to the mourners' bench, but he didn't find peace, so he gave it up. I was told some of the members of the church coaxed him out, that he wasn't under conviction but just went forward to please them, which I don't believe is right. I think when persons are interested in the salvation of souls, they should pray for them and talk and plead with them, but not stand and coax till they go forward, and there is a good bit of that kind of work going on amongst most of the churches.

Our Savior pleads, he don't coax, and for my part I believe (and I mean it for myself too) if all Christian professoors would by word and deed, show to the world that they are really trying to live a Christian life, there would be more souls saved. But there are so many that are walking hand in hand with the world, and God's word tells us, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." O, I hope God will give me grace to stand bold for Christ, let it go in the world as it will.

One thing has been on my mind for some time that I wanted to tell the brethren and sisters, I hope none will take offence at me for I have a reason to say it. Don't marry outside the plain church, by that I mean, don't marry a person that don't belong to the Brethren in Christ Church, for you can't save a person by marrying him, and, you know, the Bible says we are not to be unequally yoked together, although I am, and I know and realize what that verse means, now when it is too late, and that is the reason I warn others.

I ask all those that know the value of prayer to pray for me and my husband, that we both may be saved.

From your unworthy sister,

MABEL N. HESS.

New Bloomfield.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.

Over the plum and apricot there may be seen a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever; for it grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning impartially with dew arrayed with jewels—once shaken, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as much as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell lightly upon it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes and trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now, lay your hand upon the glass and by the scratch of your finger or by the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be immediately obliterated. So in youth there is a purity of character which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored, a fringe more delicate than frostwork, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered.

A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss which he can never make whole again.

Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects can not be eradicated; they can only be forgiven.—Beecher.

Selected by Samuel M. Engle, Harnedsville, Pa.

The Imitable Perfection.

"The trophies of Miltiades," said the young Themistocles, "will not suffer me to sleep!" His ambition for distinction would be satisfied with nothing less than a second Marathon, and he got it at Salamis. So the great achievements of many a great man have made other men great by the stimulus to effort which they furnish.

On the other hand, what seems most perfect in any work of man has usually the effect of satisfying us with itself, rather than rousing us to something of the same order. We read Shakespeare's plays without feeling any impulse to attempt to rival his insight into the human heart and his wonderful power of so exhibiting human passion that we feel its reality. We look on the frescoes with which Michelangelo covered the roof of the Sistine chapel without being called to rival their marvelous blending of strength and beauty. We feel that we are praising such poetry and such art best by calling it inimitable.

There is, however, one perfection disdained to us by history which has exactly the opposite effect. And that is the spiritual perfection of Jesus Christ. In one sense, indeed, it gives us rest and satisfaction. We are liable to be wearied and disgusted by the discovery that the best of the men we know fall short of ideal excellence.
They suggest the rounded circle of a complete humanity, but they prove but an arc of that circle. They lack sympathy with some form of excellence, or they show weakness under some social temptation, or they are found defective in hospitality to the thought of others. Whatever the defect, it is sure to be present, and too often shows itself in some way that repels our sympathies. We are tempted to think that defect is characteristic of our humanity, and that, at its best, humanity is a very poor affair.

It is in such moods that the moral greatness of Jesus Christ rests us with the vision of a perfection which comes short at no point. He is the one realized ideal in the moral life of the world. The existence of such an ideal in actual fact is at once the stumbling-stone of those whose philosophy will not allow them to believe in a realized ideal, and the joy of those who submit their notions and theories to the evidence of fact. On him the eye can rest with entire content with what he was and is. In him the heart that is sick and weary with the shortcomings and faults of men finds the healing for its discontent.

On the other hand, the virtues of his character will not suffer our consciences to rest in what we are, and be content with ourselves. Some one says that "God is a pressure of ideals on the human conscience." In that sense Jesus Christ is the revelation of God to us. Ever since he was revealed in the gospel men have been under a new unrest, a new discontent. It was possible to be contented and self-satisfied in the pre-Christian times. The Greeks and Romans counted self-satisfaction among the virtues, and in their literature men praise themselves with a frankness and an evident enjoyment of it which is laughable to-day. Cicero, through-out his epistles, reminds one of the auctioneer in Edwin Drood, who made admiration of himself a test of moral excellence. Ancient art reflected this. It was symmetrical, and in a sort perfect, because so carefully limited in scope. The builder of a Greek temple was satisfied with his work, and saw nothing beyond it.

The characteristic of the Christian era is aspiration, not satisfaction. "Not that I have already obtained, or am already made perfect; but I press on." is its motto. The Gothic cathedral is never finished. It suggests achievements which no architect has ever realized. It runs out into the infinite. It is an aspiration in stone. So the Christian life, while on one side it is rest in Christ, is on another the restlessness of endless effort to attain the perfection of the Son of Man, which is the revelation of the perfection of the Father in heaven. No Christian can rest in his own imperfection or accept it as the law of his life, however he may be constrained to confess it as a fact. As Rutherford says, he may not even be always winning victories over the unseen enemies of the Spirit, but he always is fighting them. There is for him no release from that war. Anything short of the purity, the faith, the loneliness, the kindness, of Jesus Christ, he cannot accept as a finality.

And man's judgment approves this. While we would laugh at a man who said he was going to write, plays as good as Shakespeare's, or paint pictures as beautiful as Michelangelo's, the man who sets out to attain the pattern of Jesus Christ is felt to be undertaking what is the common duty of mankind, and he has the applause of even of those who are not with any seriousness of effort making that attempt.

The good-tidings of this is that the perfection of Jesus is the imitable perfection, because he who undertakes to attain it finds he has help and encouragement such as are offered him in no other undertaking. The disclosure of divine perfection and the call to obey it would be nothing but a message of despair and mockery to us if it were not accompanied by disclosures of divine grace making it possible for us to attain what is thus displayed. No man goeth a warfar­ing at his own charges, and least of all in this war.

The perfection of Jesus Christ is not merely a standard for us to live up to, but a storehouse of spiritual power and life for us to live from. It is at once God's demand and God's offer. We are asked to be like Jesus, not without him, but in him, through him, by him. Every grace of his character can be appropriated by us through faith in him, beginning with his faith itself. The work of the Holy Spirit is to take whatever there is in Jesus Christ and make it ours. It is his work to show us "the things that were freely given to us of God" in his Son.

It is a common fault to take even the gospel as a nobler and severe kind of law,—as a standard merely, and not a help. So Luther was doing in the early period of his life, before he came to peace in believing. He was terrified by the word "righteousness," of which he says he thought it a stern and terrible standard set up for the condemnation of sinners. But the Spirit showed him that it is an active and communicative principle in God, for it is that by which he makes men righteous. Luther went on to discover the same to-be true of all the divine attributes. God's love is that with which he makes men loving; his patience that with which he makes them patient; his wisdom that with which he makes them wise; his grace that with which he makes them gracious; his glory that with which he will make them glorious. His divine perfection revealed in Jesus Christ is that with which men are made perfect, through living and loving communion with the Son of God. The greatest perfection is the only imitable perfection. The Sunday-school Times—Sel. by Jos. Brennamen.

The Lord knows how to make stepping stones for us of our defects; it is what he lets them be for. He remembereth—He remembered in the making—that we are but dust; the dust of earth that he chose to make something a little lower than the angels out of it.—Mrs. Whitney.

Shall we be found faith-filied or faint-hearted?

OBITUARIES.

DEAL.—Catherine Deal, one of the inmates of the Messiah Home, Harrisburg, Pa., died at that Institution, May 12, 1905, aged 80 years, 8 months and 27 days. Funeral services were held at the Home, May 14, 1905, conducted by the Brethren Euns H. Hess and Geo. Detwiler. Interment at the Penbrook cemetery.

VOGLE.—Died, at Florin, Pa., May 7, 1905, very suddenly, George Vogel, aged 78 years, 6 months and 8 days. His family and friends join in expressing the regret of hearing of his death. The subject of this notice was widely known, having lived his comparatively quiet life in the town where he was born. He was a member of the Mennonite Brethren, and was highly respected. He leaves an aged widow, two daughters, four sons and a number of friends, to mourn their loss. Funeral services were held in the Methodist Church, Florin, conducted by Elder Martin Rutt and Bro. Daniel Wolgemuth. Interment was made in cemetery adjoining Mellingers' (Mennonite) meeting house near Strasburg. Text, II. Kings xx. 1.

BOOK.—Mary Book, widow of the late Bro. David Book, aged 80 years, died September 25, 1825, died April 23, 1905, aged 78 years, 6 months and 28 days. Sister Book died at the home of her son, John L. Book, near Lancaster, Pa. Her death was due to old age. Her husband died seven years ago. Her surviving children are Adam, Abraham and Samuel, of Dickinson county, Kansas; David, of Thomasville, Ohio; and John with whom she resided. Three sisters and one brother also survive, Mrs. Elias Book, of Hahler, Kansas; Mrs. Henry Hasey and Anna, of Manor township, Lancaster county, Pa.; Jacob Book Linderman, near Jenner, Pa. Funeral services were held at the house, conducted by the Brethren C. Miller and Noah Hess. Text, I. Cor. xv. 51. Interment at Masonville, beside her parents.