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Brethren in Christ Church

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He is waiting to receive you. Would you make him 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? Why do you not want a friend? One who will love you faithfully, and love you to the end? Why will you run the awful risk of all eternity?

What will you do without him? In the long and dreamy day Of trouble and perplexity. When you do not know the way, and no one 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 feters that enchain you, till he hath set you free; if once you saw the fearful load of sin upon your soul. The hidden 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. When the shadow-valley opens, Unlighted and unknown. And the terrors of its darkness Must all be passed alone?

What will you do without him When the great White Throne is set, And the Judge who never can mistake The Judge whom you have never here As Friend and Savior sought. Shall summon you to give account Of deed, and word, and thought?

What will you do without him When he hath shut the door, and you are left outside, because you would not come before; when it is no use knocking. No use to stand and wait, "No use to stand and wait."

The hidden plaque that ends in death, unless he makes you whole. The hush of the congregation deepened. 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 proceedeth 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 effect of the incident on rector and congregation alike was deeply impressive. The young woman who so surprised them all is regarded as one of the most earnest, though at the same time one of the most unostentatious and unassuming workers in the interests of the church and Sunday-school. Selected by Bro. Wildfang.

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Few beliefs are more fundamentally untrue than the belief, often strangely prevalent, that an exalted ideal is an unpractical thing. It would be far nearer the truth to say that there is nothing on earth which can compare, in practical effectiveness, with a great ideal genuinely held.—R. C. Moberly.

This is a healthy, a practical, a working faith. First, that a man's business is to do the will of God. Second, that God takes upon himself the care of that man. Third, and therefore, that a man ought never to be afraid of anything.—George MacDonald.

Temperance is a sign of unselfishness, and the reign of unselfishness will mark the millennium.
EVANGELICAL VISITOR

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GEORGE DETWILER, Harrisburg, Pa., Editor.
ELDER W. O. BAKER, Louis­ville, Ohio. ELDER M. H. ANDERSON, Columbus, Ohio.
ELDER W. O. BAKER, Louis­ville, Ohio. ELDER M. H. ANDERSON, Columbus, Ohio.

Geo. Detwiler, Office Manager.

All communications and letters of business should be addressed to Geo. Detwiler, 1999 Forster street, Harrisburg, Pa.

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EDITOlIAL.

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 equipment.

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. F. 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 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 arriving home at 10.30 p. m. The prolonged session of Conference. The outgoing missionaries during the afternoon of the last day was a precious and inspiring service. The holding of a special missionary service on the evening of 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.

**June 11th—Farewell Meeting.**

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.

**Corrections.**

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 15 from top of page read “necessary data re the various routes.”

Second. Page 5, first column, line 14 from top, 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 widespread 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 members of this company and Bro. Frey, there can be carried on a correspondence, interesting and helpful, through the columns of the Visitor, so that the members will be in touch with others, and be in prayer for each other. May God bless the undertaking.

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 send money will watch this report, and advise us of any mistake, it can be easily corrected. The report will begin with May and reach to the 20th, and in future will reach from the 20th till the 20th of the month following.

Our Contributors.

The Hour of Prayer.

There were only two or three of us, The Master himself was present there, We felt his touch when on knees we bowed.

Outside were struggles, pain and sin, But "Peace" was his token to every heart, He came to redeem the pledge he gave,

As we thought how Jesus himself had come Since after our hymns of praise had risen

Then forth we went to face the rain, But our hearts had grown so warm, It seemed like the pelting of Summer Flowers,

And not like the crash of a storm, "The children are all interested in Bible study and yet it is not done."

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Bible Study.

The people of to-day are great readers. They are searching books of science, of history, of fiction. They read the newspapers and current literature. They read other men's ideas and opinions. Numbers peruse religious books, and papers, and sermons. Then there are some who study the Bible, but this comes at the end of the list. How many are there who really search the Scriptures according to Acts xxi. 11. Let everyone ask, "Do I?"

Everywhere there is a great lack of Bible study. Many have their own religious ideas and some even try to preach them, but they have never searched the Scriptures to see whether their ideas are right or wrong. Children grow up to manhood, and from manhood to old age, without knowing whether Ezekiel is in the Old Testament or New, or whether Jude has one chapter or ten. Many know that much, but know nothing as to what the book contains. Ministers preach Bible-study and yet it is not done. You ask why? The reasons are many—coldness, carelessness, lukewarmness—but is it not true that one great reason for the great dearth of Bible knowledge is lack of system?

Perhaps they read just where the Bible opens—this may be a good plan sometimes—but soon the Bible opens about the same place.

We need a system, a method. There are many good methods. The Topic method, the Chapter method, the Book method, the Word method, the Reference method, the Analytical and Synthetic methods, and then the time-honored method of beginning in Genesis and reading through. All these methods are good, but in order to get good from any of them they must be used.

At present, the writer is visiting in different parts of the Brotherhood with the purpose of encouraging missionary activity; and the conviction keeps coming more and more and more that it is needful to encourage also interest in Bible study. At several places I have asked how many will begin at the beginning and read the Bible through, and a number of hands went eagerly up; and their faces were aglow with enthusiasm. But we must go farther than this to secure the best results. And will not the ministry of every district help in this? My plan is this: Let every minister or Sunday-school superintendent who is interested in this plan encourage his people to begin this study and give their names, with their ages and addresses, to the minister or superintendent keep this list of names and forward copy of same to my address also, that I may know how many there are altogether.

Remember you have the privilege of beginning either with the Old Testament or New and reading just as rapidly as you like until you are through. However, I shall be anxious to know how many get through in one year and how many in two years. The minister in each district should encourage the readers from time to time and perhaps ask questions on the subjects about which they have read. This will add greatly to the interest. Parents also can help by precepts, and also by example.

The method may not seem best to you, but, as I said in the beginning, there are many good methods, this is only one—and will you not unite with us to encourage this one now? Again, for many people, this is really the best, particularly for those who have never thus read it; as many times, specially in the historical and prophetic, one truth depends upon a preceding one.

My heart yearns to see men and women, boys and girls, not only filled with the Spirit, but also with the word which is the sword of the Spirit. How many will help in this line? Do it now. Sincerely yours,

HARVEY FREY.

Address, 1998 Forster St., Harrisburg, Pa.; care Geo. Detweiler.

Later—Since writing the above, many encouragements have come to me in regard to the plan. Some tell me they have begun before, but have become discouraged. Others have desired to begin, but have just been putting it off. Now they rejoice that others are beginning and believe they can be an encouragement one to another. One mother wrote to me thus, "The children are all interested in reading the Bible through. My four oldest children with myself are all reading." If all mothers would thus lead their children, who can tell the results?

At the love-feast following General Conference, this plan was presented; and in answer to the question, "How many will begin with us?" up went a large number of enthusiastic hands all over the house.

But many say, "I have no time." Are you sure? How much time do you unconsciously spend idly. Use it in storing your mind with the truth of God that will stand though heaven and earth pass away.

If the Lord gives grace, I may regularly have something in the Visitor pertaining to the subject, giving such questions or suggestions as may stimulate interest. HARVEY FREY.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Christ Our Example—We His Imitators.

"The disciple is not above his Lord, but every one that is perfect shall be as his Master."

These are the words of our Master himself. We find many people to-day saying, "We cannot be perfect," we are too sinful by nature, we are too deeply fallen, we are in such a horrible pit that it is an impossibility for us to get out in this life." We hear ministers of the gospel say this. When will we be redeemed if it is not in this life? Death cannot change us, it only fixes our state. We don't believe there is a purgatory to get through after death. Then what is to be done? We answer, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, who is our Redeemer.

How far can he redeem us now in this life? Can he redeem us from sin, and from the power of sin. How redeem us from sin? When we come to him as a poor, undone, helpless
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, selfishness, rebelliousness and covetousness, with every other evil desire, and pride, which is the deep root of it all? Perhaps not pride on the exterior, but in the heart that will preeminence, that is not willing to suffer the least reproach for Jesus' sake, but is selfish, and self-willed, and yet professing to be Christlike. We know that in this condition we cannot be as our Master. But, thanks be to God, there is not only pardon, but cleansing in the blood, and as we come to Jesus believing for deliverance, and surrender fully to him, he will perfect this work in us. Glory to his name!

Then when we are delivered from the old sin nature, the fruits of our lives will show forth, as the divine nature, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law (Gal. v. 22, 23). We will love God with all our heart, and will seek only his glory and the promotion of his cause, and the spreading of his kingdom, and giving the blessed light to those that sit in darkness. We will be interested in those as Christ was interested in us. We will not thwart or hinder those whom God has called from doing the work God has assigned to them. We will be willing to make some sacrifice. When God calls our dear brethren and sisters to leave all that is dear to them, we will be interested and do all we can to help them in the great work of God. Jesus said "the fields are good, and white, and ready to harvest." Pray ye, therefore, that the Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers into his harvest.

May we be made perfect in love, perfect to do the will of God, any one coming short in this will, I fear, not weigh up in God's balances. Oh, be-loved, open up the windows of your soul, let the light of heaven come in and illuminate your heart, and see how you measure-up to the standard, see how much interest you have outside your own family circle. If we have the divine nature, the perfect love in our hearts it will surely go beyond our family circle and we will begin to inquire "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Let us continually keep the Christ-life before us, and let us not forget the text, "The disciple is not above his Lord, but every 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, influenced 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 on his tender convictions. But as time passed on he became more hardened to the little sins, and more sharpness had 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 tenderly 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 of 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 t'insure the great reward, 
And while the lamp holds out to burn, 
O, hasten, sinner, to return."

and love, and I still have remembrance.
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 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 spoke 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.
Matoppo 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 intimated by the editor 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 territory, 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 "Minsey Magazine" gives it, murderers and yet unpunished. It availed little when the band played the grand old hymn of Luther: "Ein fes­ter berg 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 Werdtiski 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 drew four quick blasts of his whistle. The warning was echoed from other boats, but all alike, unheard. 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 Harmsburg, 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
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 cooper, of Harmansburg, were busy working for their ship and their mission. A water cask or a suit of clothes could not be bought in Harmansburg 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 missions and colonists went forth, and in seven years’ time they had a “mission house and farm, a reformation for criminals, a theological school, a printing press and paper, ‘mission house and farm, a reforma-

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 left ones are overwhelmed with grief, morn 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 unwel- come 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 question ing. Instinctively the question springs up in some form or other, “How do we know? What proof is there? Who ever saw one in this Res-
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 decays like the seed when planted, yet our inner-man is renewed day by day, until at last freed from the earthly body and clothed upon with 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, thus 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 deaf, 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 at 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. A. McG.

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.
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 spent, 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, brudder," 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 you."

"I'm glad they sent a sensible man for her help, and need't upsetting the minister. You and I's both sarvents of de King, and his busi—

"And not to ax, sir?"

"Then you've got some money for your church, I suppose," said the minister, smiling.

"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 chil'n and gran' chil'n was bound for to come. I was as near de death as a horse was to de water, and heavy laden, and I had no light on de world be­

"Yes, and I believe every word of what you say."

"But why don't you tell people so?"

"I was a waiter in dem days, and was leanin' on somebody's breast; and dere was a good deal with de white folks, good in 'ligion or not!'

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"I was a waiter in dem days, and was leanin' on somebody's breast; and dere was a good deal with de white folks, good in 'ligion or not!"
The minister rose and took the hand of his guest, kindly saying, "Let me brace it, that Christianity commends the way from 'em. Now my errant's sure to be trusted—that he don't always speaks truth!"

"No, no," says I, "auntie,—I never done dat; I trust him wid all my heart."

"Mebby you do, right here on the verge of heaven; but quick's you get out you'll say, 'Dere's no tellin' whether I'll ever reach heaven or not.'" Harkliss,' says she, 'do you believe de Lord has writ yer name on de palms of his han's, and his name on your forehead?'

'I bowed down my head in shame, for I see my sin. And den de truth of God shone out like a great sun, as I never see it before. My soul was full of glory, such like as de world never see, and I says, 'Yes, auntie, he has told me time and again dat he is mine and dat I am his.' 'Do you believe he speak de truth, Harkliss?' says she. 'Yes, auntie,' says I, 'I know now he does. I see his word like fire.' 'Den you quit a doubtin' afore de world,' says she. 'Harkliss, if you'd been as disrespectful to your owner as you've been to de great Master, and if you'd gone 'round saying, he's promised me 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, chill'n, and must go to sleep. Good-night.'

"Dere, sir, dem was old Gimsey'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 dat 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-be' comes 'round to break my peace, I shouts out, no matter who hears me. De Lord says dat I am his, 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 under my feet dat nothin' in it can worry me, only de sin I sees; and dat will be cleared off some day. De Lord's chill'n got a good right to glory; and nobody—not de devil, dat you make such count on—can't take it 'way from 'em. Now my errant's done here. You stick to de gospel—Christ, Christ—and you'll see de glory come down on your people, and soon see them a tramplin' on de world. Good-by, sir."

The minister rose and took the hand of his guest, kindly saying, "Let me 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. In a few minutes, 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 shastras, turned his attention to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and, aided by earnest missionaries, soon found the peace which Christ alone can give. Couragously 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 Hinduisum 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 sin. 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 find who heartily embrace it, that Christianity commends itself to men as reasonable and soul-satisfying infinitely beyond all other religions.
I closely held within my arms
A jewel rare:
Never had one so rich and pure
Engaged my care.

Twas my own, my precious jewel,
God gave it to me;
Twas mine: who else could care for it
So tenderly?

But the dear Master came one day
To deck his royal diadem—
'Twas mine; who else could care for it
But the dear Master came one day
'Twas mine; who else could care for it

"I cannot let it go," I cried;
Never had one so rich and pure
The threshold of my home no thief
"If thou keep'st my gem," he said,
I'll safely guard and keep it pure,
"But, Master, this bright gem is mine,
While in the early hush of morn
Your jewel will be safe above,
My gem to take.

"Close to my heart, that morn, I held,
An empty casket; the bright gem
"This is thine; your jewel will be safe above,
"Safe in the house not made with hands,
"Yes, Master, thou may'st keep my own,
With prying tools.

"And where the heart's rich treasure is,
The heart will be;
"You are a true manliness."
My gem he took.

"The Master said these words, and gazed
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 Eng-
lishmen, from their own experience,
at the request of the paper, for hints
to boys, and they will be equally help-
ful to our boys in America.

From Mr. Walter Hazell, M. P.:
"That foot-ball, however important,
To boys just going out into the
real manliness."

From Mr. George Cadbury:
"That clean living and the fear of
liquor question has been handled as a
plain business proposition. The sa-
loon balked enterprise, reduced the
labor supply, increased lawlessness
and kept communities poor; worse
still, it played havoc with the individu-
al. In more than four hundred
counties the good citizenship of all
parties arose and banished it. Behold
he benefits! This year the South has
more money than it has ever known,
more money for spending; so much of
it, in fact, that three of the great cities
of the North have formed special busi-
ness organizations to secure Southern
trade, while the cities of the West
have met the competition by the most
alluring inducements. But the larger
gain is in the genial uplift of the pop-
ulation. Despite the occasional out-
breaks of crime—in most cases where
the saloon still exists—the whole
trend of the South is steadily toward
wise and safe conservatism and the
evolution of Southern personality is
producing broad-minded Americans
who live clean lives, do good work
and carry no chips on their shoulders.
It has been said that had it not
been for whisky there would have
been no Civil War. Hard drinking,
both North and South, inflamed the
passions engendered by slavery. It
follows as a most hopeful fact that
in the consideration of the race ques-
tion, which lingers long after the abo-
lition of human slavery, the work of
conciliation and adjustment will be
done by men of temperate habits and
temperate minds. In the new condi-
tions being wrought by the South it-
self there must come higher char-
acter and achievement than its older
and finest chivalry could show.—Sat-
urday Evening Post.

As daylight can be seen through
very small holes, so little things will
illustrate a person's character. In-
deed, character consists in little acts
well and honorably performed, daily
life being the quarry from which we
build it up and rough-hew the habits
which form it.—Samuel Smiles.

A child-like trust of heart that can
take a hand, and, wondering, walk in
paths unknown and strange, is the
prime requisite of all religion.—
James Martineau.

There is nothing on this side the
ground worth living for if there is
nothing on the other side worth dying
for.

Company, villainous company has
been the ruin of me.—Shakespeare.
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 should be written on one side of the paper only. Write all business letters on separate sheets.

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

4. For communications to the Evangelical Visitor should be sent in at least ten days before date of issue.

5. Send money by Post-office Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft, to G. C. Cress, pastor.

CHURCH WORK.

Love Feasts.

Pennsylvania.

Lykens Valley, at the home of Bro. J. A. Keefer; 3 miles east of Millersburg, which is the 18th station, May 31 and June 1.


Chicago Mission. Reptr ending May 15, 1905.

Balance on hand April 15. $6.21

Receipts. Eugene Dodson, $2; Jacob Meisenhelter, $1; Bessey Wehe, $2, congregation offering $47.25. Hall rent, $5; Young People's meeting, $1.30; Fanny Barnes, $5; B. B. Bent, $1. Total, $5.23.

Expenses. Hall rent, $65.25, $8, $202; groceries, $5. Total, $41.20.

Balance due Mission, $4.04.

Jno Rellinga, 1 barrel potatoes; M. G. Engle and A. O. Zook, half case eggs; Polo and Shannon districts, 28 yards carpet. May the Lord bless all who have so kindly contributed to the support of the work there.

B. L. Brukaker and Workers. 5059 Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

Messiah Home Orphanage.

Cash donations during March, April and May:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anne Myers, Upton, Pa.</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geo. A. Rice</td>
<td>22 cents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alma, 25 miles south,</td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodstock, Baltimore,</td>
<td>50 cents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elias Good, Manchester,</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amie Enders, Harrisburg,</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Sister, Mount Joy,</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>State appropriation,</td>
<td>$125.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Brother, Philadelphia,</td>
<td>$50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Friend, Derry Church,</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lizzie Landis, Palmyra,</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
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</table>

Total, $187.25.

A. B. Mussier, Treasurer.

Endowment Fund Messiah Home Orphanage. As formerly reported, $1,000.00.

A Sister, Lancaster county, Pa. $200.00

Total, $1,200.00

We feel privileged to thank these kind friends for these donations.

Messiah Home.

Cash donations during March, April and May:

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anna Myers, Upton, Pa.</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Friend, Lancaster county, Pa.</td>
<td>$1.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. H. Keefer, $1.00</td>
<td>Donation box, $50.54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elias Good, Manchester, $5.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amie Enders, Harrisburg, Pa.</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alice Erb, Harrisburg, Pa.</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Durstich, Lebanon, Pa.</td>
<td>50 cents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leah S. Wing, Franklin county, Pa.</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Bolenberger, Franklin county, Pa.</td>
<td>50 cents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isaiah Krayhill, Bainbridge, Pa.</td>
<td>50 cents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Engle, Bainbridge, Pa.</td>
<td>50 cents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Brechbill, Franklin county, Pa.</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liza Brechbill, Franklin county, Pa.</td>
<td>50 cents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allen Brubaker, Mansfield, Pa.</td>
<td>50 cents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Deal, Baltimore, Md.</td>
<td>50 cents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Wenger, Glenville, Pa.</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. L. Brukaker and Workers, $850.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Valley Chapel, Ohio, Love Feast.

Meeting commenced on Saturday, the 14th 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 covenant. The broken body and the shed blood of the ancient 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 our 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 I11. 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 professing to be a stranger to 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 dear ones, and I mention this to you this evening that he has called me, or thought me worthy to give me 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 condemnation and continued it till I gave everything 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.

Our City Missions.

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


De Moline, Iowa, Mission, 253 Ninth street, Church, Thirty-sixth and University Ave. In charge of Bro. J. R. and Sister M. R. Residence, 1226 Eleventh street, N.
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

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 and mercy has followed me all the days of my life." We have our meetings in the house in Lancaster City, Pa. Although that point is to keep filled. But he can do it. It is only he. But I am glad for the things he has made plain to me. In this I have lost blessings because I took man in consideration and did not keep my eyes on Father, and I can say with David of old, "Our Father, and I can say with David of old, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." 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 expect to be laid. I thought, thank God, I desire to live the life God would have me live, but to do that we must be dead to self, and nothing but that, can give us victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. 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,

CORA 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 and how reviving when God's children meet together in the spirit of unity—not with envy and backbiting, but as were the brethren of old. We want to honor him in our bodies, which are his and in our souls which he has made plain to me. I have something better than grave glory. I expect to be laid. I thought, thank God, I desire to live the life God would have me live, but to do that we must be dead to self, and nothing but that, can give us victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. 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,

CORA STOVER.


PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

I think still, we should be as humble as the humblest, even in sack-cloth and ashes. Some feel it out of place to tell of the goodness and mercy has followed me all the days of my life. We have our meetings in the house in Lancaster City, Pa. Although that point is to keep filled. But he can do it. It is only he. But I am glad for the things he has made plain to me. In this I have lost blessings because I took man in consideration and did not keep my eyes on Father, and I can say with David of old, "Our Father, and I can say with David of old, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." 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 expect to be laid. I thought, thank God, I desire to live the life God would have me live, but to do that we must be dead to self, and nothing but that, can give us victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. 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.

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Sincerely your Sister,

CORA STOVER.

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 his continued care and help; she 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 now 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 our part.

The rainy season is over and we have very nice weather, a good breeze of air. We thank God for what we can do here. We have planted broom corn, and if all goes well, will be measured out for the seed stock for the sake of the Master and his cause. It is suffering, as

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.

They are dead who live in sin.

India Correspondence.

CRIPAT PURUNIA, BANKURA

April 11, 1905.

To the Readers of the Visitor, greeting:

"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 suffering that we bring upon ourselves for the sake of the Master and his cause. It is suffering, as

To the readers of the Evangelical Visitor, since our last writing God has been very gracious and kind to us and our large family, which has numbered upwards of thirty most of the time. Recently quite a number of the children have gone out among the farmers to work, which lightens the burden considerably. While a few that have been away a year or over have returned.

It is a pleasure to see improvement in the dear children, and a home of this kind, when reaching the original purpose, cannot help but be a blessing to those who are fortunate to enter the same. Here we see the word of God verified in many ways, both on the good and evil sides of life. Some children seem as though they belong to that class on whom the Lord "visits the iniquities of the parents to the third and fourth generation." Others seem to have inbred some of the mildness, and gentleness, characteristic of the Christian life. Again we see the varied talents quietly developing which, to the writer, is not the least that can be enjoyed. Some, under proper training, would become master singers; others, Marthas in their make-up, while some, we trust, will be imbued with the spirit of gospel work, and in fact all needful occupations from helpers to masters on all needful lines. With all the various dispositions to labor with, much wisdom is needed, and we are conscious that God only can supply it.

Since here I have suggested to some of the friends of the Home that more lines of industry should be taught the children, such as repairing shoes, knitting stockings, making brooms, raising trees, etc. With this in view we have planted brome corn, and if the Lord will bless the same, will secure some man in the Fall to come here to manufacture brooms and teach some of the boys. But all these industries are accompanied with expense, and the Home has been taxed above the available provisions, hence it can be seen that a philanthropist would be a blessing, especially one who would have at "heart" such laudable developments.

Some are working hard to get us out of debt and to make a lot of money, eatables, clothing, and help in doing house work, but we are praying the Lord to send us some good woman help, for the house work is too heavy for the help we have.

We would enjoy very much to meet the Brethren in General Conference.
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 wished to hold a meeting near Peabody, and while the 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 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 praised him 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 oft times 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 caused 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 professors 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 imperiled 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, Harmsville, 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. One day he 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, throughout his epistles, reminds one of the auctioneer in Edwin Drood, who made admiration of himself a test of 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.

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 perfectness of the Son of Man, which is the revelation of the perfectness 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 loveliness, 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 assurance 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 as such 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 warfarer 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 grace 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 grandest perfection is the only imitable perfection. The Sunday-school Times—Sel. by J. Brenneman.

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-filled or faint-hearted?

OBITUARIES.

DEAL.—Catherine Deal, one of the inmates of the Messiah House, 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 15, 1905, conducted by the brethren Eros H. Hess and Geo. Detwiler. Interment at the Penbrook cemetery.

VOGLE.—Died, at Florin, Pa., May 7, 1905, very suddenly, George Vogel, aged 51 years and 4 months. The subject of this notice was widely known, having lived in the community in which 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 Wolfgang. Interment was made in the cemetery adjoining Mellingers' (Mennonite) meeting house near Strasburg. Text, II. Kings xx. 1.

BOOK.—Mary Book, widow of the late Bro. David Book, died September 25, 1825, and 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, to whom she resided. Three sisters and one brother also survive, Mrs. Elias Book, of Aahlen, Kansas; Mrs. Henry Halsey and Anna, of Manor township, Lancaster county, Pa.; Bro. Jacob Book Linderman, near Lancaster. 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.