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An Extraordinary Christian Gathering in the Khassee Hills.

Some of the most wonderful services ever held since the Day of Pentecost were held from the 15th to the 18th of March at a little village called Kairang situated about 30 miles from Shillong in the Khassee Hills. This was the Annual Assembly of the Welsh Presbyterian Mission. For years now the entertaining of the assembly has been such a serious undertaking that many questioned the advisability of holding it in such a small village. Hitherto it has been held in one of the chief stations, such as Shillong, Cherraponjee, Jowai and Shangpong, and these places feel that it is a great tax on their resources; but the few Christians in Mairang, headed by the Raja of the District, who is a deacon in the church pleaded so hard for a service, and the consciousness of it. It is difficult to account for these trances and quakings. I believe that the Spirit comes so powerfully upon them that their weak bodies were not aware that the people walked, some of them travelling for four or five days in order to reach there in time.

Paul's injunction to be given to hospitality is faithfully observed in the Khassee Hills; all the Christians were entertained free of charge at Mairang and on their way to and fro at the Christian village where they stayed. The system of charging so much from each person for entertainment has never been introduced into the Khassee Hills and I hope it never will be. The Raja entertained over 2,000 persons daily and others provided for some hundreds, and even the heathens threw open their doors and welcomed the Christians to their homes.

It was a grand inspiring sight to see the people marching in parties to the assembly, reminding one of the verse in the Psalms:—"They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God" or as it is in the margin, "from company to company." Also the tribes go up, the "tribes of the Lord unto the testimony of Israel to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." The Khassias, like the Jews of old, went up rejoicing unto the house of the Lord, and many sang as they marched along. Some parties halted here and there on the roadside to hold prayer-meetings; when they turned into any Christian house it was an excuse for a service, and the conversation all along the way was about the revival and the wonderful work that God is doing and is going to do in the near future.

As soon as the people reached the place they crowded into the chapel for a prayer-meeting. The chapel is not a large one, but the friends had removed one side-wall and had put up a temporary roof, over a good area in order to increase the accommodation; but in spite of all this, one-tenth of the people could not enter, though the place was literally packed. All the seats had been removed and men and women sat on the floor.

Is it a prayer-meeting or a praise meeting? Listen to the singing; it is only a short hymn of two or three stanzas; but it takes nearly an hour to go through it! Sometimes a line, is repeated hundreds of times, and all seemed lost in joyful praise. One hymn ending with "Jesus only."

That can satisfy my wants!

She made some of the people wild with joy at one service. Several new hymns were introduced and these were called "The Heavenly songs" or "The Angel's hymns" because they were sung first of all by some girls in a trance and noted down at the time. It is said, and this is verified by the missionary of the place, that a girl in a state of trance sang a hymn which was dotted down in solfa by her brother at the time, but he failed to write down the words. When the girl had come out of the trance her brother asked her to sing the hymn again and to give him the words, but she was not aware that she had sung any hymn and had no recollection of all the tune even when it was sung to her. Some days afterwards when in another trance she sang the same hymn again and this time the brother was able to take down the words as well. The people soon picked up the words and music and it was a favorite hymn at the assembly. The air is a taking one and the words forcibly appeal to the emotions.

Many Christians at first would have been shocked at the dancing, if it can be called dancing, the way they sway their bodies, their hands and their feet, but there is something wonderfully fascinating in it. Some hundreds went into trances and the way they trembled and shook was extremely painful to witness, but they seemed quite unconscious of it. It is difficult to account for these trances and quakings. I believe that the Spirit comes so powerfully upon them that their weak bodies cannot stand the strain. I feel certain it is not merely physical, for some...
long the burden of proof has been unjustly placed upon the wrong party's shoulders. It is time that the other party expose its hidden secret life openly to the people and prove its claim to goodness and virtue.

But, can a person not have a correct estimate of the character of an institution without himself having inside knowledge? In the civil courts the testimony of competent witnesses is accepted and cases are decided according to the testimony. Witnesses testify to facts known by them, and the court receives the testimony. And, is a man not justified in accepting the testimony of competent, honest witnesses, such as have been there themselves, as regards the secret lodge, and form his opinion of its being an institution that in its essential nature partakes of the character of the kingdom of darkness?

Free Masonry lays claim to a high standard of moral excellence, but the recent revelations of immorality in business circles gives the lie to that claim. Every last man, we venture to say, has come into unfavorable prominence through the revelations of graft, greed, and corruption, stands as an honored member of the fraternity, and which membership will certainly be a shield between him as a criminal and the punishment which would be due to his crime.

In this connection we present the experience and testimony of Evangelist M. L. Haney who for more than fifty years has been a minister of the gospel in the M. E. church, and for thirty years an evangelist preaching the gospel of full salvation. In his recently published book we find the brotherhood to solicit contributions and offerings toward a fund to be called a Church Hymnal Fund. I would kindly refer the same matter as hereinbefore stated and trust that the Brotherhood at large will take immediate steps to take recognition of said Articles.

A. B. MUSSER.
68 N. Twelfth St., Harrisburg, Pa.

That Lodge.

In a recent conversation between two young men about secret societies one remarked that his old father is strongly opposed to them yet if he were asked to give sound arguments for his attitude towards them he would not be able to do so in that that he did not have inside knowledge, having never been a member of any. It occurred to us whether it would be required of a person to be able to prove argumentatively his opposition to rattlesnakes or mad dogs. Too
go back to God, I have felt that I must leave the above testimony. There are a few temperance organizations which have their signs and pass-words. I have been in them, but had to come out of them, and question seriously whether the cause would not be further advanced if they had not existed.

"I object to the lodge: 1. Because it is a great waste of time and money. 2. It exacts a heart affiliation with wicked men, destructive of spirituality and forbidden in the word of God. 3. It is a painful menace to the rights of men. It never has been otherwise in either church or State where judge and jury are lodge men that the man out of the lodge stands on equal footing. 4. It is an open door to the shielding of wrong-doers. 5. It is a painful barrier in the way of men being saved by the gospel. In a practical sense, with tens of thousands, itself becomes a Christless religion. How many say, when asked to seek God:

"Well, I don't know about this. I belong to a good society now. If I live up to its rules I will get through all right." There is no such thing as a Christian lodge. The ruling spirit of such orders is always worldly. Its spirit is of the world. No man has to become a Christian to be a member. Its overwhelming majorities are unconverted, worldly men. This being the case, every awakened sinner in the lodge, to become a Christian has not only to stem the downward tides of his sinful nature, but the whole world force of the lodge. Hence, but few people who are thoroughly in lodge fellowship are found at the altar of prayer. In the white light of the judgment day it may be seen that no one agency has hindered the salvation of so many souls as the lodge system of America."

Undoubtedly the report published elsewhere of a special meeting held at Nottawa, Ont., June 13, re the proposed mission to northwest Canada will come in the nature of a surprise, since General Conference through the Home Mission Board, had acted on the matter and confirmed the appointment of Bro. Noah and Sister Mary Zook, evangelists, to undertake the mission, and who consented to go, and planned to start so as to reach Winnipeg on June 30. It seems to be the opinion of the promoters of the Canada move, that General Conference exceeded its privilege in what it did. The editor has not been informed how the matter came to be brought to Conference, but presumably it was brought there by the delegates from Canada, and the action taken was agreeable to the Canada delegates, and the present development of the matter seems to be most unfortunate. That the matter was taken to General Conference at all was a surprise to us, as, from the first announcement of the undertaking we understood it to be a purely Canada affair, and since Canada has its own Mission Board, and a fund which can only be used in mission work carried on on Canadian soil, it seemed to be a providential opening for Canada to launch out in this work within its own coast. Soon after the first announcement through the Visitor of this projected mission tour, we received $5 from Bro. A. A. Plum, Greencastle, Pa., as a contribution to the expenses of the mission since he has two sons near Caron, Sasa., several hundred miles west of Winnipeg. We forwarded this contribution to Brother Elliott requesting him to see that it got to the proper place. We confess that to us the issue appears most regrettable. To have two parties make a tour over the same territory at the same time would certainly not look like a united house, and seemingly the only open course for the Mission Board to take was to cancel Brother and Sister Zook's commission for the present. That Canada had too few delegates at General Conference was not the fault of Conference and is not to blame on that score as we see it.

After the above was in type, learning of arrangements already being made for meetings in anticipation of Bro. and Sister Zook's visit, at Winnipeg and other western territory points, making it a great disappointment to the members and others who had been apprised of their coming, we decided it would be better, after all, that they carry out the projected mission, and undoubtedly they will be in Winnipeg over July 1, and arrive at Didsbury, July 7. We pray that the two expeditions may not conflict.

We publish elsewhere another communication re chain letters. The news development of this fad is a chain post card, which gives a prayer which the recipient is to repeat at stated times, and failing to do so, he is likely to meet some serious calamity. It prophecies to have come from Jerusalem, and is originated by a bishop Lawrence. The recipient must further write cards copying from his card and send them to nine persons. The editor has been asked by several persons who received the card, what best to do about it. Our answer to all such was and is, break the chain. Don't have the superstitions fear that something will happen to you because you ignore the message. We notice that several of our exchange editors have come in contact with the same scheme and their advice is the same as ours. Let it severely alone.

If there were twenty or thirty of the Visiter's friends who would take up the matter of swelling our subscription list as did an active brother in Lancaster city we would soon have a hundred new names. The Lancaster brother gathered the subscriptions on the strength of our special offer to send the Visiter the balance of this year for thirty-five cents. This is of course intended for bonafide new subscriptions; not such as had lapsed, and are only taken up again, taking advantage of the reduced price. It is hoped that some, at least, of these new subscribers will become permanent patrons of the paper, hence the special offer. We would be glad to receive one or two hundred new subscriptions on these terms at once. Who will help?

God's children show God's character.

Lost Little Ones.

I sometimes look beyond the gateways golden. When sleep comes silently, And there within the Savior's arms enfolded, The little ones I see— The little ones that in the glad time olden Were kissed by you and me. I see no longing on their tender faces; Upon their dimpled cheeks No touch of cares has left its tearful traces; No pain for pity speaks. They laugh and sing in happiest of places Through all the Sabbath weeks. I wonder if amid their gleeful singing, Perchance they ever miss the mother's soft caresses around them clinging, Her fervent, loving kiss. Or if they wait her coming, for her bringing Of yet a sweeter bliss. And then when sleep has fled, and with it dreaming, I lie with open eyes, And weep to find so real a thing was seeming In sorrowful surprise, Till through the darkness there does come a gleaming From out the shining skies. And softly then a voice said to me weeping— "'Twas not a dream you had; Your little ones are safe within my keeping So wherefore, then, be sad?" And o'er my heart a holy joy came creeping That makes me strangely glad.

—Selected.
OUR BIBLE READING CIRCLE.

Bible Study.

(Continued.)

There is something about David's writings that draws one. His language is simple. He is very childlike. He talks to God as if he were talking to a person. He tells his sorrows his joys, his defeats, his victories. He was not always victorious, but I think God must have been pleased with his open-heartedness. So he is to-day. The whole tenor of David's writings betrays a lack of David's confidence in self, but confidence in God's power.

This is the secret of success.

Several times while studying the Psalms I have studied for perhaps two hours at a time. These were spiritual feasts to me. Every Psalm seemed good, and the next almost better. The truth was firmly forced upon my mind, that we need not go to cheap, trashy, worldly reading for enjoyment. We have it within the lids of the Holy Bible. Yet how often this book of books is laid aside for reading more interesting. The more we read this book, the more we desire to, and the more interest we have in it. The less we read it, the less interest we have in it, and the less we desire to read it.

I know of a number of dear young boys and girls who are really interested in the study of God's Word. Children, keep on.

Fully yield your young lives to God, and he will use you to do much good. I am praying for you.

Notice the author of every individual Psalm. They were not all written by David.

See frequently the word, Selah. The Psalms were set to music, and where "Selah" is used, the singer was supposed to stop, and all meditate on what had been sung, while the instrument played on. Let us meditate today on what we read.

QUESTIONS.

After what great sin did David write Psalm lii.?

Did David hide his sin? What did he do?

In Psalm lii., what is the difference between the end of the evil man and the end of the good? Psalm liii. is almost like what other Psalm?

Do you think the conditions described therein are true of all times and peoples? What sin does David complain of in chap. ix. Who was David's confidence and strength?

Into what pit did David's enemies fall? If we to-day fight against God and his people, where are we likely to fall? If riches increase, where should our hearts be set?

When did David meditate on God? Who watereth the earth, and bringeth forth the fruits thereof? Will God hear us if we regard iniquity in our hearts?

In Psalm liii., why was the psalmist anxious of the foolish? When did he see their end? In what kind of places are the ungodly set?

Where had the Psalmist put his trust? Who will drink of the dregs of the cup of God's wrath?

How can the wrath of man please God? How did the Holy Ghost lead David into the wilderness?

How did God provide for them? When would Israel repent?

How did God in his dealings with Israel show his mercy and also his power? Under what conditions did God feed his people with honey out of the rock?

Who were Sisera and Jalmi? Zebah and Zalmunna. How many verses in Psalm lxxvi. are specially good?

If we dwell in God's house, what will we do?

How much better are the courts of God than the tents of wickedness? To whom is God's salvation nigh? What is the allotted time of life? Even if we live longer than this is it a long time?

To what should we apply our hearts? Where is our hope to dwell? Then shall we be afraid? How often is it good to praise the Lord? Through whose works are we made glad? Do we merit salvation by our own works?

How shall the righteous flourish? Is it possible to drink fruit in old age? Who made the sea and the dry land? Who then is worthy to be praised?

How many times in Psalm xciv. are we exhorted to tell of the Lord among the heathen? Do you think the heathen need salvation? What are we doing to give it to them? Are we doing enough? How should we worship the Lord? What is the general tenor of Psalms xviii.-c.

Should we to-day make a joyful noise before the Lord? Commit to memory Psalm e. How many good verses in it?

HARRY J. FREY.

Balwyn, South Africa.

An Extraordinary Christian Gathering in the Khassee Hills.

(Continued from page 1.)

would be shaking violently for hours and then come out of their trances and feel as well as ever. Some ungodly men have been attacked in the same way, without any warning, but they came out of the trances as new men.

No doubt they had been the subjects of prayers, and their sudden conversion was due to this. There is a ring of reality about everything, the people are tremendously earnest. This can easily be seen by the behavior of the people as well as by their singing and prayers.

I shall never forget the prayer of a young man on the Saturday afternoon. A long ordination service had been held in the open air in the presence of over 5,000 people, and it was characterized by intense earnestness and the service lasted for hours, though a cold wind was blowing the whole time. At the close of the service a letter was read from a New Zealand Minister asking for the people's prayers on behalf of the 2,000 Europeans in his parish. Two persons were asked to lead the vast congregation in prayer, one in Khassee and one in English, then as the service was closing a young man came forward, and said that he wished to pray. The agony of his face, and his words—they pierced the heart of every one present. He is a young man that was powerfully moved by the Spirit months ago, but he said that he had disobeyed God, and oh how he pleaded for forgiveness. He was using the interjection generally used by the Khassees when in great distress, Waw! Waw!! Waw!!! and every time he repeated the word it shook the whole congregation. One of his friends came to him but almost immediately he fell on his face and he began to pray also, then another man who had been deeply moved by the Spirit came forward to join them in prayer, and did so with much sobbing and weeping. Some of the missionaries also joined them, and in a few minutes the whole congregation seemed to be praying and weeping at the same time; and the piercing cry of the young man could be heard through it all "Waw!! Waw!!" and he used a sentence which children use when punished by their parents, "I shall never do it again;" "I shall never do it again."

The scene was awful: it was not exultant but agony, anguish, excruciating spiritual pain. One seemed to realize something of the grief of our loving Father's face when his beloved children sin against him.

Some one tried to sing, but the Spirit of prayer was too strong; but after fifteen or twenty minutes the scene changed, a quiet peace came over the people and then the praise began, and many became wild with joy.

On Sunday, thousands more had come in from the neighboring villages. Very early in the morning and praise was heard from the chapel and schoolroom; even at that early hour the two places were crammed with earnest intercessors.

At 10 o'clock the service commenced in the open air with a congregation of over 8,000 people; it was a wonderful sight to watch the eager, reverent faces of the multitude; one could see that the people had come together expecting a blessing. Two persons had been appointed to preach, but the rush of praise and prayer made preaching impossible, and a few earnest addresses only were given.

Look at that man standing in the middle of the crowd with his hands uplifted to heaven. What a stern, expressive face! And listen to his burn-
ing words: oh, how he appeals to men to repent; he reminds us of one of the old prophets, his words are so piercing that they are distinctly heard by all. His attitude as well as his words are such that he commands attention: he is silent for a few minutes, then he utters a terrible warning, then another solemn silence, and again an agonizing appeal to men to repent. His face is a study, one feels in looking at him that he has a message from the unseen world and he is determined to deliver it. He comes from one of the distant villages and has been powerfully used by the Spirit in his own neighborhood. By his side another man rises and begins to pray; his prayer, like his face, is full of tenderness—full of love. Oh! how he prayed, how he pleaded with God! I thought that Sinai and Calvary had come down; one man thundered terrible words to men; the other lovingly pleaded with God for men. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

There is no doubt that many were convinced of sin at that meeting, for the presence of God at times was overpowering. One old woman came screaming to the front, declaring that she was the greatest sinner that ever lived; it was some time before she could be persuaded to throw her sins on the Savior, but when she realized that Jesus had forgiven her, her joy was unbounded and she wanted to find her husband that he might also share the blessing.

A party of Lushais had come to the assembly, hoping to get some of the revival fire and carry back the flame to their own country. It had taken some of them over a fortnight to reach Mairang, and all were delighted to see that they had all been greatly moved though they did not understand a word of the Khassee language. Let us pray that they may be the means of setting North and South Lushai Hills ablaze on their return. Thousands prayed for them on the hills and we feel assured that their prayers will be answered.

The morning service in the open air lasted over four hours; then it began to rain and the service had to be closed, but many parties remained on the field for a long time to sing and to pray. In the afternoon and evening services were held in the chapel and school-room, where short sermons were preached. The earnestness, and joy were beyond description. Some good men who had hitherto refused to join the multitude in yielding themselves entirely to God, were forced to bend at these services and their confession of pride and stubbornness were most heartrending. There are a few still who look very critically at the enthusiasm of the people, but these are men who are known to have secret sins, not heinous sins in the sight of men, but no doubt they are terrible sins in the sight of God—pride, selfishness, laziness, debt, etc., all sin and the Holy Spirit cannot remain long in the same person. One could not help admiring the humility of many of the people; some who had been manifestly used of God in certain districts of the hills were present, but they shrank from coming forward. The young girl that has been so wonderfully used of God was present, but kept in the background the whole time, though she said that she was enjoying the service immensely. I only noticed one or two who appeared anxious to show themselves. The thousands of earnest prayers that had ascended to heaven for the presence of God at the assembly, were manifestly answered and Satan was not allowed to interfere.

The missionaries had some precious seasons among themselves. Many, if not all of them have had a wonderful uplift the last twelve months, and are full of joy; for they are now reaping the fruits of years of patient sowing, and there is every prospect that a still richer harvest will soon be gathered in. Over 5,000 souls have been brought into the church during the twelve-month that the revival has been going on, but there are yet over 200,000 to be gathered in. When will this be? This is the great test of the revival; if the thousands that attended the assembly will only go forth in the present of God at the assembly, were manifestly answered and Satan was not allowed to interfere.

Our CONTRIBUTORS.

What is Christ to Me?

Christ is to me the only hope of glory. Through countless ages in a world above, The one grand subject of the old, old story, Forever new, as his unchanging love.

He is my light, in gloom or darkness guiding.

As through the devious ways of life I stray,

In his sure word and promises abiding,

My path grows brighter unto perfect day.

He is my Friend beyond an earthly brother,

A never-failing help in time of need;

Trusting in him, I would not seek another,

In all the world, my wandering steps to lead.

He is my refuge when the battle rages,

And sin and Satan press on every hand;

In him alone, the Living Rock of ages,

Confiding humbly, may I hope to stand.

As the good shepherd watches on the mountains

The many sheep committed to his care,

Or brings them to green fields and cooling fountains.

So doth the Lord my daily food prepare.

He leadeth me in paths of his own choosing.

He knoweth surely what is best for me,

Then will I follow on, for fear of losing

My heavenly Guide through all eternity.

He is my Savior, let all praise ascending

Be to that holy name from every tongue,

The ever venerated in hymns by mortal sung.

For me he left the Father's throne in heaven

An offering and a ransom for my soul;

For me he died that I might be forgiven,

Washed in his blood and from my sins made whole.

Is he not, then, to me the dearest treasure,

Priceless beyond all wealth that worlds can buy?

His love eternity alone can measure.

The best and choicest gift of God most high.

He is my Comforter; his Holy Spirit

Consoles me in the hour of deepest gloom;

I know, that resting in his grace and merit,

I cannot dread the darkness of the tomb.

Buried with him in death, what power can sever

The spirit tie, stronger than triple cord,

Rising with him, I know my soul shall ever

Rest in the joy and glory of my Lord.

Christ is my all. Stiff to his promise clinging,

I find in him a "living way" and true,

And if to me such peace his love is bringing,

May I question, "What is Christ to you?"

—Selected.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Justification.

What is a Bible justification? Made free from the law; the law justified by works; grace justifies by faith in another, the Lord Jesus. The young ruler who came running and kneeling before Jesus, (related of by three of the evangelists) Matt. xix. 16, said, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" This ruler was a noted man among the Jews; he no doubt belonged to the Jewish Senhed-
rim and stood high in society. Jesus said, "Why callest thou me good, there is none good but one that is God; but if thou wilt enter into life keep the commandments." Jesus said if we love him we will keep his commandments. Now salvation is by faith—yet faith without works is dead. This ruler when reminded of what the law required to do so as to appear justified before men said, "Which?" Jesus said, "Thou shalt do no murder. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Honor thy father and thy mother." And, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Now, notice, dear reader here we have a man supposed to be justified by the law—at least he says to Jesus, "All these have I kept from my youth up." Let us believe he did. Yet he lacked. Jesus commands him to "Go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me." Jesus spake of being perfect when he spoke of keeping the commandments and now right here his justification is a failure. The law is imperfect. Paul says it served as a schoolmaster to bring him to Christ. The law condemns. Grace justifies when we take our place.

This young ruler was in the Jewish church, but the declaration that he gave of his life in keeping the commandments is no proof that he was free from sin. Sin is sin where it is found; in the church or outside. We are justified by faith in our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. We must get to the place that we will be willing to sell all that we have.

Let us for a little while see what Jesus asked the young ruler to do to enter into life. He first spoke to him about murder or killing. We know that if a man is found guilty of murder in our courts he is executed. This young ruler says he is free, and John in his epistle says, "If a man hate his brother he is a murderer, and no murderer shall enter the kingdom of heaven." There are secret sins committed in the family circle that when judged by God's all-seeing eye will keep men and women out of heaven because they are guilty of murder.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery," Jesus says if a man looks on a woman to lust after her he hath already committed adultery in his heart. Oh, dear readers, what justifies us? Nothing but the blood. Are we under the blood? Does it wash us and are we whiter than the snow?

The command is, "Thou shalt not steal." This young ruler must have been a very well-bred and cultured young man. Who is here to-day free? Justified before God of the sin of stealing. Paul says, "Let him that stole steal no more." King David's son, Absalom was a thief. He stole the hearts of the people and turned them against David. Oh, what a pity for the young man's end!

This ruler was straight according to his testimony as regards bearing false witness, oh, how different to what we so often have heard, even in church council, when an interest was at stake or when we took sides. Yes we do seek to be justified. "Honor thy father and thy mother." This he had done from his youth up. Would to God it had been true of us who are fathers and mothers, and true of our children in this present age. This young ruler did quite well in that he loved his neighbor as himself. He did as Paul writes, "Let no man look to his own but to another's wealth."

As to the justification attained to in obedience under the law this man seems to come quite near to perfection if his testimony is correct. In our testimonies we witness to facts. A witness at court is apt to be cross- questioned to find out if his statement is correct. Jesus had no faults in the statement made by his young disciple, yet he told him of his lack that he did not realize perfection. Many like him justify themselves to-day when they know that they are not right with God.

Dear reader, have you sold all as is Jesus' command? And as he (Jesus) said, "And thou shalt have treasure in heaven." But the hardest command is yet. "And come and follow me." Bible justification, according to the New Testament requires no long preambles of itself. There were two men went up to the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, the other a Publican. The one prided in his justified righteousness that he fancied he had before God justified under the law. The Publican had nothing to justify himself but acknowledged his condition as a sinner, prayed from a penitent heart, smiting his breast, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The light of the gospel shining into his heart caused him to pray God to forgive him, though he may have been a murderer, or an adulterer, or had stolen and perhaps borne a false witness and had dishonored his parents and covet his neighbor's goods. But thank God he repented and obtained justification by faith. He sold out all he had and followed Jesus according to his command, and is laying up treasures in heaven. Hallelujah to God; for justification brings us on the Rock; then we can stand Bible sanctification and holiness up to our loins, yes, even to swim in the love of our God.

Dysart, Iowa. J. H. Myers.

For the Evangelical Visitor.
The Reward of the Upright.

"The house of the wicked shall be overthrown; but the tabernacle of the upright shall flourish" (Prov. xiv. 11).

There are many people in the world to-day, who care little for the way of the upright and often is as Job says, "the just and upright man is laughed to scorn," but nevertheless the words of Solomon are true when he says that the house of the wicked shall be overthrown; but the tabernacle of the upright shall flourish.

There are many incidents in the word of God where the wicked were overthrown and the upright flourishing. One of the greatest of these incidents is that of Saul and David. We find that after Saul had reigned over Israel for some time, his heart turned away from God and became wicked, and David, who was upright before God, was anointed king in his stead, and in the course of time Saul was overthrown and his kingdom was given to David. David, we find flourished for he was upright and Saul was overthrown because he was wicked.

Let us go back to the time when spies were sent to the land of Canaan and on their return some of them "brought up an evil report of the land which they had searched unto the children of Israel," and we find that the people murmured against God and against Moses and their hearts became wicked and all were overthrown in the wilderness except Joshua and Caleb, who were upright before God, flourished and inherited the land.

Another beautiful illustration, showing that the words of Solomon are true, is in the overthrow of the wicked in Sodom. Lot, who was an upright man was permitted to escape from the city, but the wicked were all overthrown as will be also the wicked in our own time. The upright and the righteous man will never be overthrown or perish with the wicked, but will flourish and will, as David says, dwell in the presence of the Lord.

Let us, dear readers, be upright before God and man and we are sure, as Solomon says, "to flourish." If we do as Paul says, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men," and walk uprightly in this world, we have the
promise of being saved, (Prov. xxviii. 18); but he also says, “he that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once. The reward of the upright will not be the vanishing gold and silver of this world but will be life eternal. Let the wicked who read these lines, forsake their ways, and become upright in all their ways, and pray to him, for “The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord; but the prayer of the upright is his delight” (Prov. xvi. 8).

May we all strive to become more perfect and upright before our God and live such lives that God may be honored and glorified and sinners be brought to God, and heed the words of David, when he says, “Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous; for praise is comely for the upright.”

Your brother in Christ,

Floris, Pa.

LEVI F. SHEETZ.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Moro About Chain Letters.

Dear brother in Christ, I feel constrained to write a few words of encouragement and support to the truth contained in brother E. L. Byers’ letter of Upland, Cal., touching the chain letter affair, as I came in contact with a good many of them already. But lately I received two of the same chain with nine letters to the link, and there were such sharp threatenings with it, in this way, if you do break the chain or neglect such a prayer daily, some terrible things might befall such a person. While I do believe that it is right for saints to admonish each other to good works, yet I find no threatening compulsion in the whole New Testament of any service of God (with this one exception) “ye must be born again.”

I think it reasonable to touch this matter some, as there are dear ones, some little lambs of Jesus, others are the weaker ones, not so well able to decide things, and get confused, or to clear their conscience as they think, are imposed upon by means of unnecessary yokes. Christ made us free from all yokish slavery, for each true-born child of God has the very nature and life and sympathy for the souls unsaved, and will surely pray God to save others as he saved us, without a bishop to compel them, for this feeling for humanity must be born within, not outwardly laid on us.

Then the expensiveness connected with it, as the brother showed plainly. I think we would please God more in giving just that much money to our poorer class of brethren and sisters in Christ for milk money and offer up free prayers to the God of our salvation.

Some dear brethren and sisters, may not just now see as I do. I hope they may pray over it, and still love me, and hope we all get to see that we are in danger of getting entangled with carnality and childishness when we ought to be men and women in Christ Jesus our blessed Lord.

Ever your sister in Christ for the Christ-like truth,

ANNA M. BRANDT.

Bainbridge, Pa.

To the readers of the Visitor.

Balky Doors.

We have three doors in our house that give us a great deal of trouble the year round. Why? Because they are too large, or the frame is too small, or they are some way warped so that they don’t shut well; and the first puff of wind opens them. What do they need? Why, an architect an hour or two. If he is a good carpenter he can see at a glance where the trouble is; and can, with a few sweeps of his plane or some other tool, make it just right.

How like the heart of carnality in the visible church which gives the Master, the great God of love and mercy, trouble, so to speak, because of its crookedness and unfitness for service. But oh, how patient the great Master, the great God of love and mercy, is, and has been for years. But behold, the great architect undertakes. Does he add to? No, not by any means. He begins to cut down, plane off, and has been for years. But behold, the great architect undertakes. Does he add to? No, not by any means. He begins to cut down, plane off, make small, eliminate. When King Saul was small God could use him. But he was rejected because of disobedience. So we see it takes a prepartion, and a fitness, an adjusting for the dear soul to be in harmony with God Almighty, and fit in where God in his infinite wisdom sees fit to place him. Amen.

How is it dear soul? Is our dear heavenly Father having trouble with you? Are you out of harmony? Do you shrink or swell up when Father asks you to accompany a brother to visit that saloon-keeper and speak to him about his soul, in love for his poor soul? Do you shrink? How about a real saved, sanctified, testimony? How much joy have you in service?

We are glad that there is a good way; a way where the redeemed walk; the highway of holiness where the redeemed walk, where the soul can say, yes, dear Lord, because it loves to obey the blessed Christ. “Who shall stand on God’s holy hill or dwell in the tabernacle of the Most High? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.” Amen.

Z. P. MULL.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Nottawa District for Missions.

“We the brethren and sisters of Nottawa district, being afresh stirred up regarding the necessity of mission work in northwest Canada, in as much as we have special interest there, as a number of our members and children of our members reside there already, and more are expected to follow this Summer, and as we deem it feasible to look out likewise, for the good of the church, a suitable location where brethren moving from Ontario, or elsewhere, may colonize, and as two of our ministering brethren, Elder Chas. Baker and Isaac C. Baker, have offered themselves for this service, to go if possible not later than July 3, we have thus encouraged them and wish them God’s blessing in the undertaking. As we expect all the Canadian brethren to share in the benefits, we invite their co-operation and aid, in the sending.

As Brother I. J. Ransom, a member of our district, has volunteered to personally solicit and collect funds for this purpose, we have authorized him to do so. But the funds collected are to be devoted only to the expenses incurred by the two brethren above chosen for the service.

Any subscription not paid at once may be sent later to brother Josephus Baker, Duntroon, Ont.

(Signed) WILLIAM KLIPPERT, Moderator.

A. CARMICHAEL, Secretary.

June 13, 1906.”

The above speaks for itself and shows that the Canadian brethren, especially Nottawa district, are keenly alive to the need of mission work in the north-west of Canada, and also of establishing a center of church influence where brethren and sisters emigrating there may have church associations and privileges. The Joint Council of Canada took the initiative last September and last Spring it was decided (Markham district leading in the matter) for the districts of Canada to vote by ballot for two ministers to go to the north-west this Summer. Three out of four the districts responded. But while the matter was in progress someone, through the Home Mission Board (that is, General Conference Home Mission Board, not Canada’s) sprung the matter in Conference, and voted to send brother Noak Zook and wife without previous-
The following incident in the life of Dr. Wm. Flint, of England, was a real and truthful occurrence, and forcibly illustrates how God sometimes uses singular methods by which to save unawakened souls.

Many years ago, before railway lines had spread their network over the country, when making a long journey in Winter which was accompanied with weariness, Dr. Flint dismounted from his tired horse in the courtyard of a hotel at Salisbury, and leaving the animal in the care of the hostler, ascended to the warm, cheerful parlor, to wait until his own room should be ready.

He had been invited to Salisbury by the deacons of a church whose pastor was then absent, and, weary as he was with his day’s traveling, he yet felt full of eager pleasure in thinking of the morrow’s duties, for preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ was the very passion of this man’s existence, and he was well known for his fiery eloquence and deep investigations into “hidden wisdom.” So he sat, physically resting; but mentally every energy of his soul was pantingly girding itself with new power to speak once more for the Master whom he served. God had highly honored him already by owning his ministry in the conversion of souls precious in his sight, and it might be that the coming day was to be one of fresh victory over Satan, of liberty for another captive hitherto “sold under sin.”

So he mused and hoped, and ere he slept that night, earnest pleadings with God had ascended for the coveted blessing.

The Sabbath morning rose clearly calm in its rich beauty, and the appointed hour for public worship found the house of the Lord thronged with an expectant audience. Strangers were there that morning to hear the preacher of whom fame spoke so well. The intellectual anticipated a mental fusion that had ever subjected him to moroseness; and he began to regard the episode at Salisbury as something to hide it from the astonished looks directed towards him from all sides.

A deacon, to cover the pastor’s strange confusion, rose and gave out a hymn. At the close of the singing, a deep cry of prayerful anguish arose from the bitter tried servant of God. The first words of that thrilling address to infinite mercy fell on the awe-struck congregation as an echo from the darkness of Calvary:

“My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?”

He could speak to his Father out of the depths of his distress, but to him only, and after pouring out his agony in importunate pleadings, never to be forgotten by the hearers, he pronounced the benediction and left the chapel.

Going to his hotel he called for his horse and rode wildly out of the city, resolving never to return to a place which he might say a few extemporaneous words. His hand then passed confusedly over his forehead, and an uneasy sensation began to pervade the congregation.

He had totally as by a sudden blankening of the mind, forgotten what he had intended to say that morning. Even the text was wholly obliterated from his memory. The cold drops rose on his brow, as he again hastily turned over the leaves of his Bible in search of some familiar verse on which he might say a few extempore words. In vain. A complete and unaccountable panic had seized on all his faculties.

The old promises of the Scriptures which had for years been so precious to his soul, and on any of which he could have freely spoken were closed to him now. The terrible thought rushed into his mind that on account of some unknown sin the Lord had forever rejected him from further ministrations in the Holy Name. He sank on the narrow pulpit seat in blank desolation of heart beyond all power of description, burying his ghastly face in his hands to hide it from the astonished looks directed towards him from all sides.

There is no hope for man except what comes from above.

When you pray do not forget to believe that he will help, as the answer comes according to your belief.

The Speechless Sermon.

The gospel of Jesus, says Morrison, never says “be happy.” But the gospel of Jesus says be holy; aim at the highest, and happiness will come. Forget it; trust in God, do the next duty, go round by Calvary, if the road lies there. Like an angel unbidden, happiness will come. Like its Lord, we shall find it when we sought it not. Seek happiness first, says Jesus, and be baffled. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you.

When you pray do not forget to believe that he will help, as the answer comes according to your belief.

There is no hope for man except what comes from above.

The Canadian brethren have latent missionary interest and zeal. All that is needed is to arouse it. A live church is a missionary church. We trust the time will soon come when Canada will not only be sending missionaries to north-west Canada but from there and other parts of Canada they will be aroused to send, equip and support missionaries of their own in other parts of the world. The design and last commission of the Great Head of the Church is that she should preach the gospel to every creature.

I. J. Ransom.

New Dundee, Ont., June 18, 1906.

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The following incident in the life of Dr. Wm. Flint, of England, was a real and truthful occurrence, and forcibly illustrates how God sometimes uses singular methods by which to save unawakened souls.

Many years ago, before railway lines had spread their network over the country, when making a long journey in Winter which was accompanied with weariness, Dr. Flint dismounted from his tired horse in the courtyard of a hotel at Salisbury, and leaving the animal in the care of the hostler, ascended to the warm, cheerful parlor, to wait until his own room should be ready.

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Four years passed away. Mr. Flint had preached all through these years as in former times. No strange confusion had ever subjected him to mortification, and he began to regard the episode at Salisbury as something to be left with the Great Disposer. He could assign no reason for the singular occurrence. That God had not forsaken him was assured by the blessing which had followed his subsequent labors; and the pang of that one failure was almost forgotten, when a letter from one of the Salis-
bury deacons revived it in all its acuteness.

The letter contained a request that Mr. Flint would again visit the city for the purpose of occupying the same pulpit from which he had so disastrously hurried four years ago. At first he thought he must decline, then some secret impulse seemed to urge a compliance with the request. He said to himself that surely the former visit must have been forgotten, and so wrote an acceptance of the invitation.

He was not allowed to go to a hotel on this occasion, but was entertained by one of the influential members of the church. He had scarcely entered the drawing-room, when the lady of the house came forward, and after a few words of more than formal welcome asked in tones of deep emotion:

"Do you remember your visit to Salisbury four years ago?"

The very thing he had hoped was forgotten thus thrust itself upon him in the first moments of his arrival, from the lips of his hostess, the very first person to whom he had spoken.

He replied, with humble sorrow:

"I have indeed cause to remember that most unhappy day.

"And I," rejoined the lady "shall have cause to remember it with thankfulness throughout eternity.

Mr. Flint looked at her with a face of eager inquiry, as she continued:

"I went to the chapel that morning wrapped in sorrow on account of heavy trials which had recently bowed my whole being to the earth, and I felt no comfort, nor expected any. I nursed my grief in sullen endurance, not in vain, since through your means I have learned to say, 'My God.'"

Mr. Flint had listened to this account with full eyes and a throbbing heart.

"Henceforth," he said, humbly and solemnly, "let the Lord do with me as he pleaseth. Let me preach or be silent, let me be all or nothing, so that he but use me in his work, and save souls in his own way; not in mine!"—Selected by Fred Elliott.

An Angel in Disguise.

"There's old Mr. and Mrs. Linn coming up the road; they are always on time," said Dot Lyons, as she looked out of the vine-wreathed windows of a cozy sitting room that was arabsqued and embroidered from floor to ceiling in beautiful golden designs wrought by the flitting lances of the setting sun. "Yes, see how they totter, Dot continued. "Father, I wish you would be more lenient with these good old people. I think we could well afford to let them have the cottage free of rent; it wouldn't be long they would want it, judging by their looks."

"Now, see here my child, I am tired of your pitying ways. I don't want you to grow up a chicken-hearted woman, wasting your sympathy on every poor wretch."

"But mother was tender and loving to everything," Dot replied, as she smoothed out the folds of her little black gown, and her lips quivered.

"Yes, so she was; but I don't want any of the Moreland blood to show in you. I want you to be a full-blooded Lyons. I want you to take after your father."

At this juncture of the conversation the old tenants entered. They were such a pathetic old couple. The nervous hands clasped and unclasped, the dim eyes roved uneasily around the room, and the quavering voices paused between each long sentence to gulp down a-mastering emotion. The landlord counted a little heap of money, then bent over the well-thumbed rent book and signed his name with a flourish. Dot looked on and gave a deep sigh, for she felt keenly for these desolate people. She considered that this unnecessary acceptance of hard-earned money shadowed their little household, but she dared not confide such scruples to her father, who had an unsympathetic ear for complaints, and, having invested his savings in small property, naturally regarded these transactions from a strictly business point of view. The present case made her suffer acutely, and vainly she sought for some word of comfort, since relief seemed out of the question.

"Two more weeks still owing," remarked the landlord laconically, turning his hard blue eyes on the couple.

The old man coughed and fidgeted, then began, garously: "We're that sorry, but it can't be helped; and, please, we've come to give notice, sir. We ain't fit to earn anything any more, so we've got to turn out. We've put it off and off, and to-night I says, 'Wife, it's got to be done; we must settle up and go to the poor house.' But there's the separation," he murmured, looking on his old wife, with watery eyes.

"Nonsense," rejoined the landlord, with a smile; if one of you died, as might happen, since you are well on in years, then you might have something to grumble about. As it is, you will see each other fairly often, and you know it is better than starving together."

"Yes, yes," muttered the old man.

But his wife, who had borne up so bravely, even defiantly, all along, suddenly burst into a passionate flood of tears. "Never an angry word for forty years," she sobbed.

The landlord's daughter could not bear it. She came to her father and whispered something to him. He drummed on the table with an abstracted air. "Have you no relatives who can help you?" he asked at length. "What's become of your son?"

"He went away years ago, and we've never heard of him," added the old woman tremulously.

"Well, I'm sorry for you, my good people, very sorry: so I'll sign the book up to date. I won't bother you about two weeks; only let me know what day you'll be moving out."

"Thank you sir; we'll soon get out, sir," and the old people took leave.

Dot followed them to the door, and pressed the old woman's wrinkled hand. "Don't despair," she whispered, "God has pity for the poor."

The slow shake of the head that answered her kindly encouragement was pathetic in its helplessness as they passed out.

"O how I pity them!" and Dot sighed as she saw the old people totter down the path.

"You worry too much about matters that are of no concern to you, my child; you are getting too morbid for one of your years. You shall have the bicycle if promised you next birthday. Let's see; yes, it will be on the roth of this month. Cheer up, now,
and run and romp like other girls. I must go to my work."

"Papa," said Dot, a few days later, "will you give me the money for my birthday instead of the bicycle?" after long entreaty Dot persuaded her father to do as she asked, and as she clasped in her hands a roll of crisp bills she was as happy as a child could be.

One year passed, and John Lyons and his little girl again sat together in his office. "Well, a very good year," he said, rubbing his hands with vigorous satisfaction. "Even the old Linn couple have paid up regularly, and with no more complaints. They are the people you wanted to live rent free.

Dot bent a little lower over her work. There was a strange inscrutable smile about her mouth.

Strange to relate, at that very moment there was a tap at the door, and old Mr. and Mrs. Linn entered the office, and with them was a robust young man, who approached Dot and handing her a little pile of gold coin said: "My dear Miss, this is in return for what you sent my poor old parents."

"Yes; and God bless you," responded the old people, as tears of gratitude fell.

"May I speak, ma'am?" said the old man, turning to Dot.

She nodded by way of reply, for her voice was choked with emotion.

"It come every week," quavered the old woman, "and I kept a true account of it against the time should I have to go to my work."

"Let's kiss and make up, papa dear." John Lyons was not given to demonstrations, but he caught the little upturned face and kissed it many times, while his cold, cruel eyes were softened with moisture. "Well, you are surely an odd little one, but I can't for the life of me scold. You are a true-blue, a genuine Lyons."

"Better say, papa, I am my mother's own little girl."

"Well, yes; I must confess you are right. That's just like she would have done. Her way may be the best, and I have been wrong all these years."—Sunday-School Visitor.

July at Northfield.

July will be a busy month this Summer at Northfield. The little town will witness four distinct assemblies during this month, each standing for a specific line of Christian work and each attempting to give the best possible help to those interested in that field.

The first of these, the Student Conference, will be over by the beginning of the month. The second, the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Mount Hermon School, which represents a part of the educational work begun by D. L. Moody, will take place from June 30 to July 3. The third gathering, the Northfield Young Women's Conference, July 5 to 15, promises to be one of the most attractive times ever seen at Northfield. Through the united efforts of a few devoted women, this conference has developed in a marvelous way.

The closing half of the month will be occupied by two Summer schools, which in the past few years have grown from a handful of people to important factors in the departments which they cover. These are a Summer School for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies, July 17 to 25, under the auspices of the International Conference of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions, and a Summer School of Methods for Sunday-school workers, July 21 to 29. So crowded, indeed, is the month that these two assemblies overlap in such a way that any one may take advantage of both. They both stand for the most thoughtful handling of missionary and Sunday-school work and both are under the guidance of well-known leaders. Less than a week after the close of these schools, the General Conference for Christian Workers begins, and continues from August 3 to 19.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

This page is prepared by Bro. J. H. Englhe.


25 And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and made a question of him, saying, What shall I do to inherit eternal life? 26 And he answered him, saying, What is written in the law? what sayest thou thereunto? 27 And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. 28 And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live. 29 But he, sitting over against him, said to him, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' 30 Jesus made answer and said, "Who is my neighbor?" 31 A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among the robbers, who stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead. 32 And by chance a certain priest passed by on the same day, and seeing him, passed by on the other side. 33 And also a Levite, when he saw him, passed by on the same manner. 34 But there was a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, who, seeing him wounded and bruised, came to him, and he lifted up his eyes. 35 And he, when he saw him, had compassion on him, 36 and went to him, and bound his wounds, pouring on oil and wine; and he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. 37 And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the innkeeper, saying, 'Take care of him; 38 and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back, will repay thee.' 39 And he answered and said unto him, 'Lord, what wilt thou that I should do?" And he said unto him, 'Go, and do likewise.' 40 And he said, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'—July 15, 1906.
this day. The spot pointed out is an in- 
visible place from which to operate.
V. 31. A certain priest. One of the number residing at Jericho, but serving there only a few days, and then removed.
V. 32. A Levite. The priests were Levites, but the Levites were not all priests of Aaron. The angel was thus exalted. Levites performed and served as musicians and performed the Jerusalem acts connected with the temple service.
V. 33. A certain Samaritan, of mongrel birth, and with no disposition to serve the temple service, but the Levites were not all musicians and performed the menial acts connected with the temple service.

Priests, only the family of Aaron were thus connected with the temple service. Their Bible was the five books of Moses. The Jews despised them. (John iv. 9.)

A Lezite. The priests were with no disposition to serve the temple service. The Levites, but the Levites were not all musicians and performed the menial acts connected with the temple service. Of course he is mistaken, but his Christian scholarship is evidenced by the fact that he exhibits the oldest manuscript copy extant, of the books of Moses.

At Jerusalem, a few days later this same Jacob, son of Aaron, addressed the Sunday-school convention in Hebrew. A certain priest. (V. 31.)

A Samaritan, not down in the chief seat; lest haply a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him, 9 and thou art not worthy to be bidden by him, 10 when he saith to his servant that sent him, A certain place, that when he that hath bidden thee and him shall come and say to thee, Give this man place; and then thou shalt begin with shame to take the lowest place, 11 and of which of you will he give him a scorpion? 12 If ye then, being assembled in the house of your God, shall break forth into reproach, or shall strive in the gates of Jerusalem, 13 if ye break forth into reproach, or shall strive in the gates of Jerusalem, and of which of you will he give him a stone? or a fish, and he for a fish shall give him a scorpion?

Jesus Teaching How to Pray.

1. And it came to pass as he was praying in a certain place, that when he that had bidden him was at table, one of his dis- ciples said unto him, Lord teach us to pray, even as John also taught his disciples. 2 And he said unto them, When ye pray, say, Father, Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; 3 thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. 4 Give us this day our daily bread; 5 and forgive us our sins; for we ourselves also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And bring us not into temptation; 6 and he said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go a long journey, and shall need something to eat; 7 and he saith unto his friend, There is none at hand to help me, but I go and seek a friend, and both he and I shall find knock and it shall be opened unto us. 8 For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. 9 Or if he shall ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? 10 If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him? (Luke xxi. 31.)

Sunday. (Acts xii. 1-17.) Sunday. (Rom. ix. 30.)}


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Harrisburg, Pa., July 2, 1906.

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Testimony of Divine Healing.

I want to give my testimony of healing some three years ago to the readers of the VISITOR. I am sorry now that I put it off so long, for some poor soul might have been encouraged to trust God more fully. Oh, there is nothing too hard for the Lord. Praise his holy name forever and ever!

I was a stranger to God, and I had not experienced the power of the Holy Ghost. I knew this was not the way the Lord taught me. I was often reminded of Job, for I could not see how one could have impure blood on the food we use at the Hillsboro Orphanage. We have plenty to eat but no dainties. We do not read that our Savior ever pronounced a blessing on anything that I could see.

This has been my experience on different occasions that I was not healed immediately after prayer, but my duty, and it is a blessed privilege, is to obey the word and to leave the results with the Lord—believe and trust. Oh, dear saints, the life of faith and trust in God is so grand that it is better experienced than told.

I am glad that I can realize myself to be in God's order in being away from the work. The Lord called me from the very first time I was divinely healed to work among the poor. I count it a real privilege to be among the poor, and, as I remain down at the foot of the red cross, filled with the Holy Ghost and his power, the Lord can work in, and through me, to his honor and glory.

Any one desiring to write must address me at Harrisburg, in care of the EVANGELICAL VISITOR, 30 N. Cameron street. I crave an interest in the prayers of God's children.

M. J. Long.

Testimonies.

About four months ago I gave my heart to God and became willing to do his will whatever it should be. This afternoon I feel impressed to write a few words for the readers of the VISITOR and tell others how I was led to give up a life of seeking pleasure in worldly things for the far sweeter life of enjoying fellowship with God.

In conversations with an unconverted church member lately, I was told that, although unconverted, I was a Christian and a saved soul because I believed there was a God and also believed that Jesus Christ died to save sinners, but I didn't believe that he died to save me, and I was in about the same position as a man would be in a shipwreck out in the midst of a body of water where there is no hope of escape except by means of the life-preserver, which he sees hanging up before him. Would just simply believing that the preserver was able to save him be sufficient? No, he must take one and experience a personal saving, and so we must take Christ as our personal Savior or we will never find peace or rest in God.

I am glad that I can realize myself to be in God's order in being away from the work. The Lord called me from the very first time I was divinely healed to work among the poor. I count it a real privilege to be among the poor, and, as I remain down at the foot of the red cross, filled with the Holy Ghost and his power, the Lord can work in, and through me, to his honor and glory.

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It is thirty-six years since I started to serve the Lord and I can praise the way. It is a happy and glorious way to all God's children. When we are obedient to God in all things, then we have a happy life. Then it matters not what comes in our pathway, God is our help at all times. I have experienced it so in my lifetime, and he has promised in his holy word that he will never leave nor forsake us when we do his will.

There is nothing in the world that I enjoy better than to be in God's service, and I can't praise and thank the Lord sufficiently for his love and kindness to me ever since I am in this world. He has forgiven all my sins and given me all I need in this life. Sometimes I wish I had better health, and my prayers are for better health if it is his will so. Still I often think these bodily afflictions keep me closer to Jesus, and I want to be patient and obedient in all things, doing God's will. I need God's help at all times for of myself I can do nothing, and with the hymn would say:

"Nearer to thee."

Remember me in your prayers. My prayer is for all God's children. Amen.

Your sister in Christ,

SUSAN C. WOLFE.

Greencastle, Pa., June 20, 1906.

Our surroundings have much to do in making us what we are. Those who are strong can resist and live well in spite of the evil surroundings. But the immature and those of weak will need to be kept from temptations. It is our business, then, as good citizens, and good Christians, to purify their surroundings, to remove temptations, to protect the weak.

We are not practicing our profession until we love self less than we love the brethren.
MISSIONARY.

Addresses of Missionaries.

Africa.


Jacob R. and Malinda Eyester, Fordsburg, Box 116, Transvaal, South Africa.

Jacob O. and Mary C. Lehman, New Primrose, G. M. Co., Germiston, South Africa.

Isaac O. and Alice J. Lehman, Box 136, Roodepoort, Transvaal, South Africa.

India.

A. L., Mrs. A. L. and Ezra Musser, Maggie Landis, Ghaseri Mund, Lucknow, India.

D. W. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Sripata, Purunia, Bankura district, Bengal, India.

Josiah and Rhoda Z. Martin, Baghunathpur P. O. Manbhoom district, India.

N. H. and Mrs. N. H. Reichard, Raj Nandpura, T. P. & N. R., India.

Fanny Hoffman, Khamagne, India.

Central America.

Mrs. William Keech, nee Hoffman, San Salvador, Salvador, Central America.

At Home Again in Mapanaland.

Dear friends in the homeland,

greeting,

from the Lord, that "the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which can never be removed, but abideth forever" (Ps. 110). "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord." (Ps. cl. 6.)

This trip to America—(the spiritual and physical refreshment—has been enjoyed beyond expression. The little visit at Capetown, the realization of being in Africa again and the kindly reception to the field circle make me feel the more indebted to faithfulness.

In company with Brother and Sister Steigerwald we arrived at Bulawayo on April 23, at 9.30 p. m. Brother Frey and three native brethren, Matshoba, Mchobe and Mlobega welcomed us at the train. Our friend, Brother Sheriff (a missionary in Bulawayo) kindly entertained us while in town.

We had a very prosperous voyage across the Atlantic. The weather was very pleasant as this is the beginning of the dry season. The natives are very busy harvesting their amabele (grain) which is a fair crop this year.

Once more I will ask you to pray for us.

In his service,

May 10, 1906,

LEVI DONER.

From the Sailing Missionaries.

SOUTHCUMPTON, ENG., June 7, 1906.

Dearly beloved in the homeland:

Thus far God has graciously led us on our long voyage to benighted Africa. Oh! how our hearts are stirred as we view in our spiritual vision her pressing needs and the little response is given as our dear Savior looks upon his people—his own by the purchase of his own blood. Dear Lord help me to do all I can! It is very precious to feel the vibrations at this end of the line, of the prayers of some true active child of God. Oh, how it cheers our hearts to press on all the way with Jesus and not count our lives dear unto ourselves. God bless all the dear ones at home throughout the various States who responded to the Holy Spirit and made it possible for us to again return to our field of labor, also may God graciously bestow his blessing upon all who gave gifts for his work. It is our desire to walk humbly before God so he can work in us both to will and to do his own good pleasure so that when Jesus comes he may find something put to your account—giving you the heathen for your inheritance.

Thank God for the present extent of cooperation there is seen in rescuing the lost and for the failure that sees yet greater possibilities, "If God be for us who can be against us."

We had a very prosperous voyage across from New York City to England; on account of poor coal it took us nine days. We had services on board, two for second-class, class and one for third-class. Brother Friend was instrumental in making arrangements for them and he also helped in conducting them. God blessed his word and it gave us much joy to hear testimonies of God's grace in acknowledgment of blessing received. The bulk of the people are cold and indifferent and careless, living godless lives. We leave here D. V. on Saturday, June 9th, for South Africa on the Durham Castle.

Beloved, pray for us. Any one wishing to write us can reach us by the address below.

ISAAC O. AND ALICE LEHMAN.

Box 136 Roodepoort, Transvaal, South Africa.

The Skeptic's Daughter.

A TRUE STORY.

"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." (Matt. 10:37.)

On the banks of Rosedale's water,

Where the blooming flowers smiled,

A rich skeptic's only child.

Crowned with knowledge, health and beauty,

Learned in all her classic lore
And for virtue, love and duty,

She was queen of Rosedale's shore.

Famed for genius, sense and wisdom,

She became her parents' pride;

When she gained the skeptic's system,

She was almost deified.

Far and wide they saw her power,

Over all disputants rise;

And her genius seemed to tower,

Like a goddess in their eyes.

A large meeting was progressing
Near her father's flowery grove,

Where poor sinners were professing
All the bliss of Christian love.

Father, let me show the Bible
To this poor illiterate clan;

That it's nothing but a libel
On the character of man.

Go, my daughter, you are able
To destroy their Sabbath theme;

Go and prove their book a fable,

And their doctrine all absurd.

Dressed in all her pride and glory,

She became her parents' pride;

Where the blooming flowers smiled,

Her genius seemed to tower,

Like a goddess in their eyes.

Soon a thrill of deep conviction
Swept over her in all her pride,

Drowned in her heart with an affliction,

That her mind could not control.

Calmly rose she without falter,

And her follies bade farewell,

And came in before the altar,

Where in humble prayer she fell.

Casting all her care on heaven,

Every prayer went to the throne,

Till her sins were all forgiven.

And the Savior was her own.

Then she hastened to her father,

To inform him of God's love,

And to tell her aged mother,

There's a better world above.

Well, my daughter, it's reported
You have joined that ignorant horde;

To their doctrine was converted
Against your father's will.

O, dear father, show me favor;

I've not joined that ignorant horde,

But I've found the Nandgoan Spirit,

Who is Christ the righteous Lord.

Well, my daughter, your behavior
Seals your doom without delay;

You must either leave your Savior,

Or your father's house to-day.

O, dear father, I will love you,
July 2, 1906.

Thou drive me from your door,

Not on earth I'll place before you.

But I love my Savior more.

Then be gone from me forever;

None on earth I'll place before you.

I cannot yield my Savior.

There's your likeness, clothes and purses,

For your prayers seem more like curses,

And the father's heart was broken,

And the pink of all my life.

But only let me have your favor.

None but the Son of God.

My dear mother, I have often

Tongue, honest of heart, pure of con-
"I mean just what I say."

"Explain yourself."

"Don't you know," I said, "that there is somebody to join the church this morning. You know that if I open the doors of the church this morning that little idiot who is giving you brethren so much trouble here will present himself for membership. Is not that the reason why you don't want me to open the doors of the church?"

They bowed their heads for a moment and said, "Yes, it is. That child doesn't know good people and we don't want to make them mad by refusing him."

"Well, brothers," said I, "I will admit that the child is not old enough to join the church, but his people are. This is an interesting case. If I know anything about it, this church has had the devil in it for twenty years, and I have never heard of your making any ado about that. Now a little simple half idiot child that cannot do anybody any harm wants to join the church, and you are scared out of your wits."

At the close of the sermon I gave the invitation and the little fellow came. I knew he would. I asked the usual questions and took the vote, and he was received.

That night in the meeting a man arose and said: "Brother Broughton, I want to ask prayer for a man who is in this house, one of the most honored citizens of our town, a man eighty-five years of age, who has not been inside a church for twenty-five years until to-night. He has been known as a sceptic, but I see him here to-night and I think he will pardon me for asking this request, yet I feel so deeply the weight of his soul."

As soon as he sat down the old man arose and said: "Friends and neighbors, I am the man you are about to pray for. I want to tell you why I am here to-night. This little boy who sits by my side is my grandson. You know that he is an unfortunate lad. It is because of that that we have loved him so. This morning he came home and threw his arms around my neck, and said, 'O grandpa, I have got religion and joined the church, and I am so happy, I don't know what to do. I wish grandma was here. O grandpa, you know she went to heaven three months ago and I have nobody now to talk to about Jesus.' The old man then said: 'As that child said that something struck my heart that had not struck it since I was a boy and left home to go to college. You may call it what you please, but if you can by your prayers bring the grace of God into my heart I shall be thankful.' Before we left the church that night he was converted.

The next morning this little fellow went out in the town and climbed up over his father's bar counter for he was a bar-keeper, and said, 'Papa, won't you come with me to hear our preacher?' He promised him he would that night, which he did, and at two o'clock the father was converted. The next day he went out declaring he was going to be a missionary to his fellow saloon keepers. He got them, every one of them, to close up their places of business and come to church. There were seven of them in number and during that week six out of the seven gave their hearts to God, and all of them agreed to close up their business. A great revival broke out in the town which extended all through the county, and several counties. Every bar-keeper agreed to quit business and in six months' time there was not a bar-room in that county, and so far as I know there has not been one in the county until this day.

Such a gracious revival of religion! How did it all come about? Not by great preaching; not by great manipulation; not by great singing—valuable as these all may be. It came about through a little half idiot boy against whom the church itself had set its back, and at whom the community even laughed—a little half idiot boy who had no better sense than to trust God the best he knew, and do his level best.

* * *

The foregoing incident was a great encouragement to me as we cannot tell what God will be able to do with those whom he permits us to rescue.

Yours, for the homeless,

A. L. EISENHOUR.

Pras, of the Jabbix Faith Orphanage.

Thomas, Okla.

OBITUARIES.

STAUFEF.—Nancy Brukner Staufer was born January 5, 1837, died June 3, 1905, aged 69 years, 4 months and 28 days. She was the wife of brother William Staufer, with whom she lived in Christ for many years and to whose exhaustive labors she contributed. She was a member of the Chestnut Grove meeting-house, conducted by Elder B. F. Hoover, Interment in adjoining cemetery.

Another loved one is now gone. Another warning is given. Oh, may we each our vows renew, And strive to gain a home in heaven.

MARTIN.—Bro. Tobias Martin was born near Elizabethtown, Lancaster county, Pa., July 27, 1846, and after an illness of six months died near Hillhouse, Kansas, May 29, 1906. His long life was spent in loving service to him who said it is more blessed to give than to receive. His funeral sermon was preached by Bro. T. A. Shoemaker. "The book of Ecclesiastes Matt. xxxv. 34-40 was read; all very appropriate to one who had spent his time in helping others. He was much to the joy of the German Mennonite ministers also paid tribute to his memory. For the present his body is laid to rest in the ground. On the 5th of last December he received injuries from a fall from which he never recovered. Besides his second wife, he is survived by one son, Dr. J. M. Martin, Mercersburg, Pa.

"There is no flock however watched and tended. But one dead lamb is there; There is no household however defended. But has one vacant chair."

GRAYBILL.—Died, June 4, 1906, at her home, near New Providence, Lancaster county, Pa., sister Emma Graybill, relict of the late brother Simon E. Graybill, after retiring in usual and apparently good health, fell asleep; aged 65 years, 8 months and 28 days. On Saturday afternoon her Master's call. The subject of this notice was a daughter of the late Rev. Bro. John Breneman, of Lancaster county, Pa., who was united in marriage with Simon E. Graybill, October 23, 1860, and who has lived this life about eight years ago. Two sons, IRA B., of Lancaster, Jacob B. at home, and three daughters, Sarah, Hattie, and Catherine Book, Quarryville, Pa., Mary, wife of Jacob Bachman, Harrisburg, Pa., and Ada, at home, survive; also three sisters, Mrs. Sarah Graybill, converted, and united with the Brethren in Christ. Interment in cemetery adjoining.

HEISTAND.—Died, in Rapho township, Lancaster county, Pa., June 11, 1906, brother Frank M. Heistand, aged 71 years and 30 days. Brother Heistand suffered more or less from cough and bronchial affections for many years, but the last eighteen months of his life were spent in much suffering; yet his desire was to be submissive to God's will, and wait until he saw fit to remove him from a world of sorrow and pain to a place of eternal rest. Brother Heistand was converted and united with the Brethren at the age of five years ago. He leaves a sorrowing widow, six daughters, all about grown up, an aged mother, three brothers, one sister, and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss which we believe was his eternal gain. Funeral services held at Mastersonville M. H., conducted by Bishop Aaron Martin and brother Henry O. Musser. The text, an appropriate one, was taken from Ii. Cor. iv. 17, 18 and v. 14. Interment in cemetery adjoining.

PRTZ.—Sarah E. Pritz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Pritz, of Lancaster, and daughter of Sister Hetty Pritz, died at her parents' home, Oberlin, Pa., on June 8, 1906, aged 18 years and 9 months. Sister was a consistent member until death. Her estimable Christian character, and the grace that made her life lovable, have won for her the respect and admiration of a large circle of friends. The church also realizes the loss of a worthy sister, "a mother in Israel." Funeral services were held at the New Providence Mennonite church, on Thursday, June 7, at 10.30, being conducted by the Brethren Jacob N. Martin, Noah Z. Hess and Eli M. Engle. Text, Rev. xix. 7, 8. Interment in cemetery adjoining.

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DEAREST Sarah, thou hast left us,

Here thy loss we deeply feel;

But 'tis God that hath bereft us.

He can all our sorrows heal.