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Brethren in Christ Church

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Evangelical Visitor.

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

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


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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 Shangpung, 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 the privilege of entertaining the assembly, that at last their request was granted. But the assembly of 1906 being the first after the breaking out of the revival was unique in every respect, in the number present, in enthusiasm, in power and in blessing.

Men have to find their way to Mairang on horse-back or be carried on men's backs, or by walking, as there is only a bridle path from the Shillong main road to the village, a distance of about 15 miles. Some few had ponies and a few were carried in a kind of basket-chair on men's backs, but most of the people walked, some of them traveling 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 from 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 houses.

It was a grand inspiring sight to see the people marching in parties to the assembly, reminding one of the verses in the Psalms:—"They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." (Ps. lxxx. 3). 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!" 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 tunes 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 and twist and shake; 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...
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EDITORIAL.

Notice.

Conference of 1906 created a tract fund, appointing me as Treasurer and solicitor of said fund with authority to appoint sub-solicitors throughout the brotherhood to solicit contributions to this fund (See Article 13, Minutes of Conference of 1906).

I hereby appeal to the Bishops and overseers of the respective Districts throughout the Brotherhood to see that an effort is made to raise funds to be applied as stated in said Article. Also, under Article 21, Conference appointed me as solicitor for contributions and offerings toward a fund to be called a Church Hymnal Fund. I would kindly refer the same to this fund and the Unity of the church. I had not been seated at the Homestead when the Holy Spirit gave me the new birth, and seeing that I was depending on my own head, he gave me time to learn by experience.

"Next lodge night came round, and I, as a new convert, was on hand. I put my little apron and sat down to take in the excellencies of my new brotherhood. I had not been seated long when the Holy Spirit suggested that I look around and see my brethren. I slowly and thoughtfully scanned the whole circle; and to my surprise there were the most profane men in the city, drunkards and vile characters mixed up with a few good men. Having made the survey and considered the heart relations I was brought into with these characters, the Holy Spirit, as by a pen of fire, wrote these words on my heart: 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord.' I tarried not to confer with flesh and blood, but obeyed the heavenly vision, and at the opening let those dear souls know that I could not stay with them and go with God. I took off my little apron, and have never seen it since. That little experience has led me all these years to a close observation as to the whole subject of secret societies, or oath-bound societies. I have known many good men who have gone with them, but not one spiritual man who has not sustained serious loss by remaining with them. I have known many ministers whose path was as a shining light before they entered, but in no case have I had the same joy. In my experience I have had, it is well nigh impossible to have a wide, deep, thorough revival in any community, town or city which has been honey-combed with the influences of the lodge. In my seventy-ninth year, and before I 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, that 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 has been an evangelist preaching the gospel of full salvation. In his recently published book we find the following with reference to the evils of secret societies:

"In the first part of that conference year two good men came to me urging me to join a secret order to which they belonged. One of these was a local preacher, much older than myself, and I had much confidence in him. The other was an experienced class leader, and both joined in saying they had large numbers of young men in their lodge, and with my zeal for soul-saving, if I would join I would get the whole lot saved! I knew but little on the subject, and the bait put on the hook enchanted me. I said, 'you can take my name.' In due time I was accepted, and the night of my initiation came. I saw nothing bad in the initiation, and some good things were said. I had been accustomed to special prayer and getting counsel from God on every important movement, but in this I took the counsel of the brethren. The Holy Spirit gave me the new birth, and seeing that I was depending on my own head, he gave me time to learn by experience.

"Next lodge night came round, and I, as a new convert, was on hand. I put my little apron and sat down to take in the excellencies of my new brotherhood. I had not been seated long when the Holy Spirit suggested that I look around and see my brethren. I slowly and thoughtfully scanned the whole circle; and to my surprise there were the most profane men in the city, drunkards and vile characters mixed up with a few good men. Having made the survey and considered the heart relations I was brought into with these characters, the Holy Spirit, as by a pen of fire, wrote these words on my heart: 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord.' I tarried not to confer with flesh and blood, but obeyed the heavenly vision, and at the opening let those dear souls know that I could not stay with them and go with God. I took off my little apron, and have never seen it since. That little experience has led me all these years to a close observation as to the whole subject of secret societies, or oath-bound societies. I have known many good men who have gone with them, but not one spiritual man who has not sustained serious loss by remaining with them. I have known many ministers whose path was as a shining light before they entered, but in no case have I had the same joy. In my experience I have had, it is well nigh impossible to have a wide, deep, thorough revival in any community, town or city which has been honey-combed with the influences of the lodge. In my seventy-ninth year, and before I
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. 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 Can-ada 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 Con-
ference, 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 Can-
da has its own Mission Board, and a fund which can only be used in mis-
sion 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 contribu-
tion to the expenses of the mission since he has two sons near Caron, Sasa-,
several hundred miles west of Winni-
ppeg. 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 seem-
ingly the only open course for the Mis-
sion Board to take was to cancel Bro-
ther 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 Win-
nipeg 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 mis-
sion, 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 communica-
tion re chain letters. The news-
est 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 professes to have come from Jerusa-
lem, 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 some-
thing 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 Vistor'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 Vistor the balance of this year for thirty-five cents. This is of course intended for bonafide new sub-
scriptions; 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 enfolden,
The little ones I see—
The little ones that in the glad time olden
Were kissed by you and me.
The mother's soft caress around them
Perchance they ever miss
Our answer to all such was and is, break the chain.
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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 enjoys, his defeats, his victories. He was 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 enjoys, his defeats, his victories. He was 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 enjoys, his defeats, his victories. He was 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. 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ing words: oh, how he appeals to men to repent; he reminds us of one of the old prophets, his words are so pierc­ ing 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 abaze 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 men are 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 name and power of God to their several villages, the demon-worship of the hills will soon be driven from the land.

Some may think that the revival in the Khassee Hills is a thing of the past, but this is not the case. It was never so general as it is now and never as powerful. May it continue, and may it spread all over India, and over all the world, so that our Savior's name may be abundantly glorified. —The India Witness, Published by request.

The trouble with most easy-going people is that they make it hard going for others.

Courage is a consequence of convictions.

How much time do I spend in prayer?
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 all that we have.” Then let us for a little while see what the young ruler did quite well in that statement made by his young disciple, and as he (Jesus) said, “And thou shalt have treasure in heaven.” But the hardest command is yet, “Go and sell all that we have.”

Bible justification, according to the New Testament requires no long preamble 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 coveted 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.

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 flourished. 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, "be 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. xv. 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.

DEAR BroTHEr, 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 to bear 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 expenses 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 loving heart of Christ our Savior 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, 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 preparation, 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. Ranson, 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 KLEPPERT.
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-
ly notifying or consulting Canada about it. The brethren of Canada in general think this move to be premature, but, of course, if General conference wishes to send any missionaries to north-west Canada or elsewhere they have no right or good reason to object. As the matter proceeded so far with the Canadian brethren, Nottawa felt we should go ahead with our own missionary project. In about two days, less than fifty hours after the above minute was adopted, Nottawa brethren and sisters alone subscribed $200.00. There are about one hundred members and forty families included in the Nottawa district.

In every family visited but one I received a subscription, twenty-five subscribed $5 each; five subscribed $10 each. The remaining ten families visited gave from $1 up to $4 each. The undersigned is now visiting the other districts in Canada to seek their co-operation. He is succeeding splendidly in his mission thus far, Waterloo subscribing $24, Springvale and Rainham together $24, and there seems to be nothing in the way of the two ministering brethren leaving July 3.

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.

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 Speechless Sermon.**

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 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 treat from one of acknowledged ability, the curious went because it was something new, while earnest followers of Jesus hoped to have their faith strengthened by the words of a man who was known to be one of those whose life is genuine "walking with God."

The intellectual anticipated a mental treat from one of acknowledged ability, the curious went because it was something new, while earnest followers of Jesus hoped to have their faith strengthened by the words of a man who was known to be one of those whose life is genuine "walking with God."

The preliminary parts of the service were gone through, and Mr. Flint arose to announce his text. He turned the leaves of the large pulpit Bible with hesitating hand, fluttered them to and fro as if in doubt where to pause. 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 drop 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.

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 where he had been so forsaken and disgraced.

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 he 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, for I knew not the sorrow bearer. To the opening services I gave no attention, but when your unexpected and evident confession drew all eyes toward you, I, too, looked and felt a dull, feeble sort of pity for what I knew must be your feelings or mortification. But when you began your subsequent prayer with those words, "My God, my God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" then my heart was touched to the quick. I knew then that you had your God, and you claimed him as yours even in the midst of your heavy trials which had recently bowed you, and I claimed you as mine.

"Why, Dot, Lyons, as she looked out of the vine-wreathed windows of a cozy sitting room that was arausked 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 off 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 thin 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 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 I promised you next birthday. Let's see; yes, it will be on the 10th 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 rested fondly on the face of her son.

"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," he began huskily, "just when we were making up our minds to a wicked thing; it was going out of this world blackened by a horrible sin; but, Lord forgive us, it seemed better than living apart. It come in a packet addressed to me, without any name as to who or where it came from, only there was a bit of note inside.

"I don't make any inquiries about it. Which of our friends can afford to help us, all having relatives of their own to keep? She answered me, without any more complaints. They are surely an odd little one, but I can't help but feel that she was 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 end of the month. The second, the Twentieth 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 drawn 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. Angle, School of Religious Literature, University of Chicago.


25 And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and made trial of him, saying, "Teacher, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" 26 And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself. 27 And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live. 28 But Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? One there is only a man that is called good. 29 He answered, No man, Teacher, thou knowest who it is. 30 Jesus made answer and said, "Who is my neighbour? 31 A certain man was going down that way, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. 32 And in like manner a Levite also, when he came to the place, and saw him, passed by on the other side. 33 But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion, 34 and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring on oil and wine; 35 and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. 36 And he answered on the morrow, 'I was an innkeeper of the road, and behold, these three, thou, and the innkeeper, and the man that fell among the robbers.' 37 And he said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself."

"Who is my neighbour?" He stood up which seemed to be a somewhat formal assembly, perhaps indoors, and tempted, i.e., tested Jesus. Master, Rabbi, or teacher.


V. 20. How readest thou? Being a "lawyer" he ought to know what the Scriptures say.

20. V. 27. The duty of man is to love the Lord thy God (Deut. 6:5), with heart, soul, strength, and every thing that liveth, and the seat of the will; and strength, the combined powers of one's being and intellect. This love must express itself toward one's neighbor.

V. 29. Who is my neighbor? Affording an excellent opportunity for the parable which follows.

V. 30. Jerusalem to Jericho. The way is unsafe for travelers without escort to
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 among the Levites and not among the priests. Passed by with no disposition to serve the wounded man, to be delayed or to take charge of his affairs. (John iv. 9.)

V. 32. A Levite. The priests were Levites, but the Levites were not all priests of Aaron's line. The Levites were 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 parentage but the Bible was the five books of Moses. The Jews despised them. (John iv. 9.)

V. 35. Which. . . . thinkest thou? The lawyer is made responsible for the expression of an opinion.

V. 37. Do thou likewise. Now you know who your neighbor is; are you willing to show love to him? Note the ex­
alted. Levites performed and served as menial acts connected with the temple service.

Passed by with no disposition to serve the
vating place for robbers to operate,
ment of an opinion.

Whose aching heart and burning brow
for others it is a sign that he has the

Whose eye with want is dim;

Whose years are at their brim,

Go thou and comfort him.

Go thou and ransom him.

Of every earthly gem;

With any need or grief,

To him that knocketh it shall be opened.

—


EXPLANATION.

1. This represents the work of the lawyer. He too is a lawyer, but he is a pure lawyer, one who confines his operations to the legal side.

2. This represents the work of the priest. He too is a pure lawyer, one who confines his operations to the legal side.

3. This represents the work of the lawyer. He too is a pure lawyer, one who confines his operations to the legal side.

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11. This represents the work of the lawyer. He too is a pure lawyer, one who confines his operations to the legal side.
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2. When writing to have your address changed, be sure to give both old and new address.
3. The date on the printed label will show to subscribers when their subscription expires.
4. If you do not receive the Visitor within ten days from date of issue, write us and we will send you the number called for.

To the Poor,—who are unable to pay, we send the paper free on the recommendation of others or upon their individual request.

Individual subscriptions will be renewed every six months as a matter of good faith.

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2. Communications without the author’s name will receive no recognition.
3. Communications for the Visitor should be sent in at least ten days before date of issue.

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Harrisburg, Pa., July 2, 1906.

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We are able to offer our subscribers a good combination Bible with the Evangelical Visitor at a small cost. For $3.25 (INDEX FIFTY CENTS EXTRA) we will send the Bible to offer our subscribers a good combination Bible with the Evangelical Visitor at a small cost. For $3.25 (INDEX FIFTY CENTS EXTRA) we will send the Bible at a small cost. For $3.25 (INDEX FIFTY CENTS EXTRA) we will send the Bible at a small cost. For $3.25 (INDEX FIFTY CENTS EXTRA) we will send the Bible at a small cost. For $3.25 (INDEX FIFTY CENTS EXTRA) we will send the Bible at a small cost. For $3.25 (INDEX FIFTY CENTS EXTRA) we will send the Bible. Register Letter, or Bank Draft, to G. Heise, 36 N. Cameron St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Our City Missions.

Chicago Mission.

Report for two months, April 15 to June 15, 1906.

Donations.

Balances on hand, $8.96
Elizabeth Gaug, Dyersburg, Iowa, $1; In His Name, $15.90; Grandma Brown, Ind., $1; Upland, Cala., S., S., $10; W. H. Trider, Shamrock, Okla., $1; Mary Root, Dekaota, Ill., $5; In His Name, Hamlin, Kan. $1, $10; A. B. Musser, Harrisburg, Pa., $3; D. Glass, Chicago, $3; Samuel Whisle, Iowa, $1; Mary Long, Hillsboro, Kan., $5; Brother Ogle, Chicago, Ill., $1; Ellis Chimpenham, Ont., $1; H. G. O., Ont., $1; W. O. Baker, Canton, Ohio, $1; D. V. Heise, $2; Peter Steckley, Ont., $1; Sarah Dorer, $1.90; Brother Linkey, Ohio, $5; Sister J. Byer, Hamlin, Kan., $8; Hope, Kan., $5, $20; Brother Cassel, Ohio, $5; Bessie Weber, $2; Jessie Powell, $2; In His Name, $5; E. Dodson, $1; rent, $9; Y. P., $2.40; Sister Harri, Chicago, $4; In His Name, Kan., $5. Total, $103.71.

Expenditures covering two months.

Gas for lighting, $3.44; groceries, $27.35; water tax for six months, $3.25; building fund, $70; total, $103.98.

Received from the hands of the sainta, Hamlin, Kan., a case of eggs; brother Baker, Millford, Okla., three sacks potatoes; brother Solemberger, Polo, Ill., eggs, butter, apple butter, dried fruit, potatoes and clothing; W. H. Trider, four pounds butter; sister Aimsworth, jelly; sister Alfred, bread; sisters Shirley and Shelley, soap and eggs; In His Name, a box of clothing.

The workers have felt that it would please the Lord for them to lay aside $35 each month to the building fund. Hence the above $30, which is to that fund in stead of paying rent.

The workers feel the need of good sister helpers and are praying the Lord to send wholly consecrated workers to help in this great work. Helpers in the Sunday-school, visiting and looking after the poor and needy. This is a very important part of city mission work. The workers express their humble thanks to those who have been instrumental in supplying their needs, and pray that the Lord will bless and use them. Owing to the press of duty on other lines that were beyond their ability, looking after the sick and burying the dead, this report has been delayed for which they beg forgiveness, and by request of the workers, this report is made by your servant whose privilege it has been to be here and lend a helping hand for a short time.

You are interested in the work of the Lord at home and abroad. Noah Zook, Evangelist.

NOTTAWA, ONT. Lovefeast.

The brethren of Nottawa district met according to announcement, to hold their Lovefeast, which was very enjoyable to many of the brethren and sisters and probably to all.

The testimonies were spiritual, pointed and encouraging, showing that the brethren and sisters were still willing to go on in the service of the Lord. Some members from Markham district met with us, which is pleasant at such seasons. Bro. Benjamin Gish and wife and Bro. T. Gish and wife from Kansas, on their trip through Canada, were with us several days.

The ministerial help was Bishop H. R. Heise, Peter Baker and Benjamin Gish. They gave additional instructions. May we all profit by the same.

There were four received by baptism and one by the right hand of fellowship. There was also an election held for a minister and the lot fell on Bro. Ernest Ditson. May the dear Lord help us all to press forward in his work is my prayer. Isaac Swalm.

From Watertown, Ont.

Our love feast is now on one of the past events again—never to return. Truly the Spirit of the Lord was in midst, as was especially shown by one who one from other places to join in the sacred rites with us. The word of God was strongly pressed upon the hearers by the visiting ministers, Benjamin Gish, Peter Baker and Benjamin Ditson. The Sunday morning text was "What are they that were born of woman?" May we all examine ourselves and see that we are ready to say, "Here am I," when the Lord calls us, and may we again be assembled together in the coming kingdom of the best.

Notes from the Mountain Work.

Greeting in the precious and worthy name of Jesus. I praise the Lord this morning for his mercy, love and kindness, and for the way he has blessed me since I last wrote for the Visitor. I have heard and answered prayer. Bless his name! Another instance of clothing was brought to the door on the first day of June to the mountain missionaries, at Cleveland, Tennessee who will distribute properly, and who will receive some special gifts in the way of clothing purchased especially for the missionaries. They are worthy, and are doing a good work by earnest consecration and much of real toil. Often they must have a guide to pilot them or they would not be able to find the little homes here and there on the mountainside; some cabins are up where a horse could never reach. Here they cultivate small patches of ground with hoes. Somehow, somewhere some of them seem to be so far off, and are so delighted when the missionary appears at their door. They have no Bible; one poor woman when asked if she had a Bible said, "No, I have not, I have longed for one, and I have been made so happy when you gave me a Bible all her own. She took it and wept for very joy; others that were in the room were almost overcome, touched by the presence and power of God. Dear readers, I thank you, O much, that God has touched the hearts of some of you and that you have been willing to lend a helping hand. Let us be up and doing, Jesus is coming. O, the good we all may do, as the days are going by.

I have sent two large orders to the work South, from the American Bible Society and will soon send again. God has led me to send a larger print than has been used, but it is more expensive, but little more expensive and answering the kind in demand. The workers tell me there are so many weak eyes. They rejoiced greatly on receiving the larger print and wrote me how pleased they were. Please keep praying for more of this work of sending the gospel to the poor mountain whites of the South. I fully appreciate every line of encouragement sent me by the dear ones that have sent of their means. God himself will your loving deeds repay.
Your sister in Jesus, pleading for the poor and the lost,

Mrs. Annie Cross.

Afton, Kan., R. F., No. 4.

Receipts.

Missionaries, Johannienburg, S. A., $1; a brother, Ohio, $2; a sister, Ohio, $2.50; a sister, Netherly, Ont., $1; a sister, Gormley, Ont., $1.

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. I had a brother and a sister in Ohio, and a sister in Netherly, Ontario, who were in such need that I was able to help them. I have been encouraged to trust God more fully. 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 me can 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.

Mark 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 felt impressed to write a few words for the Visvoro 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 conversation 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. I wonder how many people live through this short life with such an erroneous idea of what it is to be a Christian? I believed that Christ died to save sinners, but I didn't believe that he died to save me, and I was in 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 were must take Christ as our personal Savior or we will never find peace to our souls.

In my boyhood days I lived a good, moral life and didn't feel much need of seeking for a change of heart. But, in the Spring of 1899 I was brought low on a bed of sickness and while hovering between life and death made the resolve that if I ever got better I would devote the rest of my life to God's service. My intentions were sincere enough, but I did not ask God's help to carry them out, and so, when I got well enough to go around again, found myself following after the same old path that leads to God.

Some three years ago the enemy of my soul got the better of me through the cares and duties of life, and I took to worrying, so long, for some poor soul might have found myself following after the same path that leads to 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.

Any one desiring to write me can 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.

Mark J. Long.

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

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

India.

A. L. Mrs. A. L. and Ezra Musser, Maggie Landis, Ghasetri Mundu, Lucknow, India.

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

Josiah and Rhoda Z. Martin, Baghunathpore P. O. Maniboom district, India.

N. H. and Mrs. N. H. Reichard, Raj Nandpur, P. B. & N. Ry., India.

Fanny Hoffman, Khamjeon, India.

Central America.

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

At Home Again in Mapanaland.

Dear friends in the homeland, greeting: "Let the Lord's shall be as Mount Zion, which can never be removed, but abideth forever" (Ps. cxxv. 1). "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord." (Ps. cl. 6.)

The journey back to England has been very good to me in bringing me back to this place again, so well. One year and four months have quickly sped away since I left Mapanaland. The trip to America—the spiritual and physical refreshment—has been enjoyed beyond expression. The little visit at Cape-town, 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, Mabusha, Mabillo and Mlobega welcomed us at the train. Our friend, Brother Sheriff (a missionary in Bulawayo) kindly entertained us while in town. The goods had arrived, so we took them along home. We arrived at the Matoppas on the 27th, and found all well on our arrival, though Sisters Sallie Kreider and Addie Engle both were taken with fever several days afterward. We learned yesterday that they are about able to be up again. The goods were in reasonably good condition and were fully enjoyed by all. The fact that the goods, especially, the dried fruit, are so valuable, there might modify an impression I gave through the Visitor to you that it was hardly economy to send goods so far as from the Western States to Africa; probably that was a little bit of the pride.

A number of improvements about the station were noticeable, especially does the house of worship add to the appearance of the place as well as to the convenience in worship.

In a few days preparations were made and Brother Frey accompanied me to this station in Mapanaland. Brother Ndhalambi was just finishing the last session of school when we arrived. Their voices rang out in song at the close, then about twenty-five bright looking boys and girls met us and gave us a hearty welcome. We all returned to the school and sang a hymn and thanked the Lord for what has been done here during the last year and ahalf. The general services on Sunday were well attended by very attentive hearers. The grass hut was much too small to accommodate them comfortably. When they were asked how many would like to see a larger, and more permanent building put up they all quickly raised their hands in favor of it. The engravers class was quite large and they all said they wanted to walk in the light. However, some had not been living right, but they became very much convinced and made confession of their sins.

I do praise God for the manifestation of his convicing power. Will you dear friends keep on praying for the work, especially for the native converts, that they may be saved from the power of sin.

Brother Frey set out yesterday morning on his long walk of about twenty-five miles to the Mitiabesi river, to look up a mission site, thence about twenty-five miles to the Matoppas. I felt as though I could scarcely let him go. Brother Ndhalambi will D. V. spend some time at the Matoppas after this week. He says he wishes to return here to resume the work. Ndhalambi is a faithful brother and worthy of commendation.

The weather is very pleasant as this is the month of Autumn and the beginning of the dry season. The natives are very busy harvesting their amalbele (grain) which is a fair crop this year.

Once more I will ask you to pray for us all.

In his service,

May 10, 1906.

Levi Doner.

From the Sailing Missionaries.

SOUTHAMPTON, 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 our 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 co-operation there is seen in rescuing the lost and for the faith 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 ac-count of poor coal it took us nine days. We experienced services on board, two for second-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 19th, for South Africa on the Durban 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,

Like a pure and lovely daughter,

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 for virtue, love and duty,

Like a goddess in their eyes.

A large meeting was progressing

Near her father's flowery grove,

Where poor sinners could profess,

All the bliss of Christian love.

Father, let me show the Bible.

To this poor illiterate clan,

That'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 against your father's word.

Dressed in all her pride and glory,

She went forth to join the throng,

Where in humble prayer she fell.

Soon a thrill of deep conviction

Sized upon her slumbering soul,

Filled her heart with an affliction,

And in humble prayer she fell.

Casting all her care on heaven,

Every prayer went to the throne,

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,

And against your father's word.

O, dear father, show me favor,

I've not joined that ignorant horde,

All against your father's word.

There's a better world above.

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,
For your prayers seem more like curses,  
Up the wild and rocky mountains,  
Good by Father, will you greet me,  
There's your likeness, clothes and purses,  
Then be gone from me forever;  
Up the mountain, dark and lonesome.

And the night had spread her mantle,  
To the bright and distant halo,  
I've a friend more dear than brother,  
Though my father and my mother  
Only let me have your favor,  
And the father's heart was broken,  
The wife came on the veranda,  
O, dear Mary, come and listen  
To the lovely sound I hear,  
As the skeptic left his door,  
In sweet zephyrs fanned the moor;  
Filling the valley with her song.

Where she heard the notes abroad;  
To the lovely sound I hear,  
As the skeptic left his door,  
In sweet zephyrs fanned the moor;  
Filling the valley with her song.

Where her path in twilight lay.  
From the scene she turned away,  
Thought of riches, pride and wealth,  
When you leave your father's door.  
And I'll be your willing slave:  
When you leave your father's door.

O, my child, forgive this wrong.  
When you leave your father's door.  
And I'll be your willing slave:  
When you leave your father's door.

The soul, when it leaves the earth,  
To our Savior's glorious name,  
And we'll join the heav'nly theme,  
In the joys of heaven above.  
With their all their sins forgiven  
In the South. A large crowd had  
In the joys of heaven above.  
With their all their sins forgiven  
In the South. A large crowd had

The next morning I ran the same  
On the week. Now and then he would  
And I'll be your willing slave:  
When you leave your father's door.

The next morning I ran the same  
On the week. Now and then he would  
And I'll be your willing slave:  
When you leave your father's door.

So the boy went on for the rest of  
In the South. A large crowd had  
In the joys of heaven above.  
With their all their sins forgiven  
In the South. A large crowd had

On Sunday the pastor had to go to  
In the joys of heaven above.  
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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 it. 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 making this request, for 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 me 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 glorious revival of religion! How did it all come about? Not by great preaching; not by great manipulation; not by great singing—valuable as some of these may be. It came about through a little half idiot boy against whom the church itself had set its neck, and at which 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. EISENHOURL.

Pro. of the Jabbok Faith Orphanage.

Thomas, Okla.