5-1-1907

Evangelical Visitor- May 1, 1907. Vol. XXI. No. 9.

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A Socialist Saved.

John Spencer was born and brought up in the lap of luxury. His parents were professing Christians, and were members of the Society of Friends. But he had never really accepted of Christ as his Savior and Lord. At his mother's death he gave up all pretensions of being a Christian, and professed to be a sceptic and a socialist. For years he never entered a church, and if he saw any one preaching in the street he would cross the street lest his conscience might be troubled by what he heard.

Eventually he got into financial difficulties through speculations, and he saw nothing but poverty and destitution ahead of him. This his proud spirit could not stand, and his scepticism afforded him no comfort.

One Sunday evening he went into a park, in the west end of London, determined to commit suicide. But God had his eyes upon him, and had something better for him. As he considered it too early in the evening to accomplish his purpose, he took a walk. As he passed a theatre he was asked by a Christian worker if he would come to the Gospel service that was being held in it. At first he refused, but eventually consented. The preacher, a well-known evangelist, was specially struck by the appearance of the man, and felt as if the message he had that night was for him. At the close of the service he sought to converse with any who were anxious about their souls. On reaching the seat on which Spencer sat, he perceived that he was deeply troubled and was trying to conceal his emotions. At that moment he rose and left, but the evangelist followed him, and said, "My dear fellow, how do matters stand between your soul and God?"

Spencer's heart was too full for utterance, and shaking his head, as the tears ran down his cheeks, he pulled his hand out of the preacher's and rushed down stairs. Then he took the middle of the road and ran till he reached the park, and there he wandered about all night. But all thoughts of self-destruction were gone. The night was spent bemoaning his past life of sin and folly, and wondering if God would save such a wretch as he.

He went to the meetings again, and there learned God's way of salvation. The blessed fact was shown him in God's Word that, in spite of his innumerable sins, God loved him and was desirous of saving him, that he so loved him as to give Christ to die for him on Calvary; that the work of atonement was completed; that God's justice was satisfied, and all who believe on the Lord Jesus are saved and have eternal life. Acts 10: 43; Rom. 4: 5; John 5: 24. He saw these blessed facts; he believed them; he received them; he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and obtained salvation—full, free and eternal.

If the reader is not saved you may be saved, even now. You may be respectable, moral and even religious, but if not "born again" you must be saved in the same way as any other sinner. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Selected.

The spiritual body is but the visibility of the soul.—Amiel.
A Reminiscence.

One of the obituaries in this issue makes us remiss. During the summer of 1904 we assisted Bro. Noah Zook with his wife and Sister Hershey, who is now the wife of Bro. Samuel Haugh, of Waukena, Cal., and Sister Hoffman, since married to Bro. J. G. Cassel, missionary to Central America, in tabernacle work in Kansas. The first meeting was held at Clay Center, then at Junction City, next Enterprise and following that, at Hope. While at Hope an interesting young lady from Galva, McPherson county, was visiting with a sister of hers in Dickinson county, and occasionally attended the meeting. She got under conviction and before she went home accepted Jesus as her Savior. She was then Malinda Brubaker, since married to Bro. J. R. Eyster, and for several years now a mission work. She went home with a new-found joy, and immediately became a worker for the Lord. She had two married sisters who were unsaved. She commenced to agitate, bringing the tabernacle to Galva. About late in September we set up the tabernacle near the station of the Sante Fe Railroad, and had our first meeting on Thursday evening. Among those who attended were William Giffin and wife, David Breneman and his wife, who was a sister to Malinda Brubaker. Another sister was Mrs. Phillipi, now living in Utah. The last named did not get to the meeting until Saturday evening. That evening Mr. Breneman and his wife, and Mr. Phillipi and his wife, occupied a seat near the front. Across the aisle to the right of them sat Mr. and Mrs. Giffin. The sermon was over and the after-meeting in progress when the invitation for seekers was given. Immediately Mrs. Giffin was on her feet, and about the same moment Mrs. Phillipi was standing, too. Next Mr. Breneman was up and then his wife. Later on in the meeting Mr. Giffin also was converted, and all of them united with the church. We will never forget some of the incidents of that meeting.

Bro. Giffin, who has now gone to his reward, was remarkable in his familiarity with the Scriptures. More than any other man we ever met was his ordinary conversation clothed in Scripture quotations. Sometimes he was referred to as "the walking Bible." It is a pleasure and satisfaction to note in the obituary that his walk was consistent among his fellow workmen.

Our sympathy goes out to the frail little woman now left a widow. We trust the children whom she has brought up will not fail to honor and care for their mother. The Lord comfort and sustain Sister Giffin.

Preparation for General Conference.

Pennsylvania State Council of 1907 appointed a committee of three brethren to arrange for the proper entertainment of conference attendants.

The committee appointed a sub-committee of nine brethren and convened at the Messiah Home, April 24. Suitable persons for the work in the dining-room and sleeping departments who will be informed of their appointment by some member of the committee, were chosen. Volunteer assistants from any district in the State for the work in the dining-room will be acceptable.

A large supply of provisions will be needed, and anything in the way of dried fruit that can be spared by any of the friends in any of the districts in Pennsylvania will be thankfully received; also bed clothing. The bed clothing should be carefully marked and all goods should be addressed to the Messiah Home, 1185 Bailey street, Harrisburg, Pa., care of A. B. Musser. The same to be sent not later than May 8. After conference the bed clothing will be returned to the parties sending them.

Further information can be obtained from members of the committee as given below.

ABRAHAM B. NIESLEY,
A. B. MUSSER,
DAVID G. HEISEY,
Committee.


An Explanation and An Appeal.

The Board of Managers of the Messiah Home, Harrisburg, Pa., presented a petition to Pennsylvania State Council of 1906 asking for General Conference to be held at the Messiah Home in 1907, which petition was granted with the understanding that the State at large would help defray the expenses. However, that particular statement was not placed on the minutes, yet the fact that Pennsylvania State Council, which is the highest tribunal of the State, petitioned for Conference of 1907, in equity it has become responsible for the support of conference. It seems that some brethren misunderstood this and thought that since the petition came from the Board of Managers that the Harrisburg district would be responsible for the cost of sustaining conference, yet it appears that the petition was not so much the wish of the Board of Managers as the request from the various districts throughout the Church in the State. Hence the petition came through the Board of Managers. We trust that there may be no misunderstanding in this matter, and that the brethren throughout the Church in the State will co-operate with the decision of State Council of April 17, 1907, to make an immediate effort by voluntary contribution to raise the balance for improvements, which is about $340, together with the cost of sustaining conference for this year as well as State Council, which was the decision of Council, as will be seen by referring to Article VII of Pennsylvania State Council Minutes of 1907.

It appears that some of the brethren think that the Harrisburg brethren erred in not taking the church in the State into consultation concerning making the additions for the support of conference. However, it had been explained that the Harrisburg brethren, together with the Board of Managers, took the proper course to consult with the Board of Trustees, and on account of limited time it would have been almost impossible to make it a church matter throughout
the State. We trust that what was done in good faith for the promotion of the cause may be accepted in brotherly love, and that there may be no dissensions such as have a tendency to scatter instead of gather, and it would seem that if there was a mistake made, that the brethren in question would be willing to take their place, and therefore we feel that there should be a hearty co-operation at once, so that proper provisions can be supplied. Several districts have already heartily responded, and if the rest will take up the matter at once it can all be peaceably adjusted.

All contributions to this should be at once forwarded to A. B. Musser, 68 North Twelfth street, Harrisburg, Pa.

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Elder Aaron C. Wingert.

In the passing away of Elder Aaron C. Wingert the church loses one of the few remaining elders of a former generation, and Ringgold district, South Franklin, Pa., loses one who has been intimately associated with its religious work for many years. Ringgold, Md., is near the border line between North and South, and the Brethren who lived there, during the war of the Rebellion had experience of war conditions such as those in other localities had not. Elder Wingert, with his family, shared in those experiences. We have not the information as to how long he was an elder, but it must have been many years and so far as we know he endeavored to discharge his duties faithfully. Even down to old age his interest in the welfare of the flock was not diminished, and only bodily feebleness prevented him from engaging in the active work of his office. His work is done; he has gone to his reward.

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We believe it was Bro. Elliott who in a recent contribution pointed out that while reports of revival meetings gave account of large numbers of professed conversions, the number who become members of the church, or who become established Christians is smaller—much smaller— than we might reasonably expect. Possibly no one given reason would alone explain the discrepancy, but it may be possible that we as a people are to some extent to blame. In a private letter a brother speaks of conditions in his neighborhood, where a good revival was enjoyed a few months ago. He says while they are waiting to see evidences of a changed life in the converts before opening the door of the church a sister church has opened the door and is welcoming them into its fellowship. The principle of fishers is to string your fish yourself as they are caught and not leave them lay around loose for another one to find and a.d.b to his string. No doubt many hopeful converts are lost to the church because of our seeming indifference whether they become members or not. We give them to understand that if they feel like applying for membership we will consider the application, but we don't specially go after them. This may be wise to do, yet we question whether it is.

Baptismal services were held at Harrisburg, Pa., April 14, when four precious souls who professed to have found a new life in Christ Jesus, were received in church fellowship and baptized in accordance with the commandment of our Lord. Jesus said, "Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am." This relationship then being entered into it becomes incumbent on those who accept Jesus Christ to become obedient to that which He so plainly commanded. On April 21 a young sister was received into church fellowship and baptized at Hummelstown, Pa., and on the same day a baptismal service was to be held at Highland church, Ohio, where about eleven converts were to be buried in baptism to arise and walk in newness of life. A few weeks previous some fourteen converts were added to the church at Garrett, Ind. These last additions were the result of Bro. Leaman's labors in those neighborhoods. How important that the shepherds who will have charge of these lambs of the flock be spiritually equipped so that they can feed them properly and care for them that their growth in the graces of the life divine may manifest itself. Jesus is the Great, the Good Shepherd, but the under shepherds need to be specially equipped in order that the flock may thrive and prosper.

Elders J. N. Engle and M. G. Engle, of Kansas, were delegated by Kansas State Council to carry out the decision of the same Council to fully organize the Oklahoma membership into a separate district. The love feast at Thomas, Okla., took place April 20, 21, and the organization of the district took place in connection with this event. The choice for Elder (Bishop) fell on Bro. David Eyster. The ordination service was held on Sunday evening, April 21, and was a precious season. There was evidence of a general approval of the work, not only by the church, but also by those not members, even of unconverted; many of whom came forward and gave the right hand of welcome to the newly-ordained official, thus approving of the work. The class at Thomas, Okla., is alive and active. Elder Eyster and wife contemplate attending conference.

There is not much to say about reduced rates to conference besides what we said in our note of last issue. The Central Passenger Association has turned us down—that is, will not grant us any favors. In the Trunk Line Territory (see last issue for limits of this territory) the fare will be one and one-third (full fare going and one-third fare returning) on the certificate plan, providing there are 100 certified certificates. The return limit will be May 21. Those coming on the certificate plan must ask for a certificate, not a receipt, when they buy their tickets. Those who are coming over the Pennsylvania lines from Pittsburgh or Buffalo, and who may plan to visit a while, would better procure a thousand mile ticket book for twenty dollars. This will also be good to use on the Cumberland Valley R. R., and any part that may not be used they can sell again, as they are good to be used by anyone.

The following note from Elder Charles Baker is evidence of continued interest in the work of the Lord in the Nottawa, Ont., district: "Baptismal services were held in the Sixth Line church of Nottawa district on Lord's day, April 21, when two young brethren were received into church fellowship, and were obedient to the Lord's commandment of baptism. One of the young men baptized was Bro. Isaac C. Baker's son, who desired to be baptized before going West."

By the time this number comes to our readers Bro. J. R. Zook and Sister Zook, of Des Moines, Iowa, will be engaged in evangelistic effort in Philadelphia, Pa. They spent April 24 with us in Harrisburg, going to Philadelphia early April 25. Bro. and Sister Zook have been at the work constantly since last September—in Oklahoma, California, Michigan, Canada and New York. The Lord blessed work at Pelham, Ont., a
many were persuaded to accept Christ as Savior. We were much rejoiced to hear them relate incidents of the blessed work at Pelham, Ont., a neighborhood where we have many friends. We were glad to learn of deliverances wrought by the power of God from the slavery of drink and tobacco. We would be glad to learn of a real, live class of the church prospering spiritually, to be established there, and the work go on.

Bro. J. B. Leaman and wife, of Cpland, Cal., stopped off in Harrisburg, Pa., for a day on their way to Lancaster city, where Bro. Leaman's parents reside. They attended Pennsylvania State Council, April 17, while here. Bro. Leaman has been constantly laboring in gospel work since January 1, in different parts of Ohio, Indiana and Canada. His wife joined him some time in March. They purpose remaining in Pennsylvania until after conference, when they will again return to California. The Lord has signally blessed Bro. Leaman's labors, and a number in Ohio and Indiana have been added to the church as a result of his labors, while many believers have found a "larger Christ" and rejoice in a victory not previously enjoyed.

Bro. Elliott, in his pleasant strictures on the use of the appellation "bishop" for our highest church officials, no doubt voices the sentiment of many others, though perhaps they don't feel it to the same degree as he because of his being once a member of the English Church. Yet "bishop" is a Bible term, and when it became necessary for the brethren to make choice of a definite term for their permanent use it was no little difficulty to settle what the term should be. Bishop, Elder, Overseer, seem to be different names for the same office, used interchangeably in the Scriptures, and while Elder would seem to be the more appropriate word for us, we no doubt will be able to become used to bishop, and those who have to carry the title will remain really humble, notwithstanding the title.

It will be necessary for all of our Pennsylvania readers to read what is said in this issue about taking care of General Conference. Before another issue will reach our readers that event will be upon us, and it will take a united effort of the Pennsylvania membership to properly make all needed preparation for the entertainment of the conference guests.

Whether right or wrong, whether of large benefit or small benefit, the needs of the many who are coming from near and far to attend this conference will have to be provided for and it will take willing hearts and ready hands to carry out the work successfully and satisfactorily.

We wish to thank all who heeded our last appeal for immediate renewals. If a hundred more had responded it would have helped us out of the bushes. As it is, there will be a deficit of in the neighborhood of fifty dollars. As said in our note in last issue, the Benevolent Fund has stayed way behind of other years. Since our last note about ten dollars have been added to the fund and there may be some more to come. But we appreciate very much the kindness of all who thus have responded, as also the many kind words of appreciation of our labors in our capacity as editor. It is required of a steward that he be faithful. God help us all to be faithful stewards.

We have no definite information of the going forth of any new missionaries this Spring, but we understand there are one or two who are awaiting the decision of the Foreign Mission Board, and it is probable that a few may go to Africa this season. We learn that more have surrendered themselves to the Lord definitely, standing ready to go when he gives the word. Is the church everywhere really awake to the magnitude of the work to which she has laid her hand? She cannot afford to draw back. Her concern must be to become better equipped and organized in order to carry the work forward. God help us!

Elder C. C. Burkholder, of Upland, Calif., announcing the love feast at that place on June 1 and 2, specially invites any brethren who may visit California this spring in connection with the Convention to take advantage of the special reduced fares because of the German Baptist Annual Meeting at Los Angeles, to be present and enjoy the love feast season with them.

If everybody who sends us money on subscriptions would then watch their address label and if the correction of the credit is not made by the second or third issue after the money was sent, would write us immediately about it, it would be much easier to make the correction than if a year or more has passed. Please remember this.

Since our last issue ministers have been chosen at Mechanicsburg, Pa., and Gratersford, Pa. At the former place the choice fell on Bro. John Charleston, and at the latter on Bro. Wm. Hess, both brethren who have had considerable experience in the Christian service. May the Spirit of the Lord be given to them in large measure and may their labor result in the upbuilding of the cause of Christ.

A Related Notice.

We recently received the following notice from the postmaster at Elizabethtown, Pa. It bears date April 16, 1905, and asks us to discontinue the paper addressed to Anna R. Herr, giving as reason: "The lady who lifted it says the paper is not for her." Now, how does that strike you? Here is a lady who has lifted the paper for two years, at least—the credit on label is March, 1905—paying no attention to a number of blue mark reminders, and only when a personal note is addressed to the addressee is she aroused to some action, and coolly asks the postmaster to notify us that the paper is not for her. She must have failed to profit by the things she read in the paper, else she would certainly have felt that she is morally as well as legally in debt for the time she lifted the paper. Thus must the poor printer suffer! If, however, this notice took two years—1905 to 1907—to travel from Elizabethtown to Harrisburg the lady is absolved and we take back all we have said.

Let no one falter who thinks it is right.—Lincoln.

With regard to Conference attendants from the West, since no rates are granted, it is proposed to secure excursion tickets to Jamestown, Va., stop off here for Conference and pay single fare to Jamestown from here, which is $3.50. The head of a family can get tickets verified for all the members of his family. The tickets are good to return within 60 days. There is a still cheaper rate good for 17 days.

Notice!

Few districts have not yet reported for Conference. I would kindly ask the respective districts throughout the Brotherhood to immediately forward whatever they have for Conference. If they have no questions or matters for Conference, please send the names of your delegates as well as reports from the respective Boards including Home and Foreign Mission Boards and Publication Board.

S. R. SMITH,
Conference Secretary.
When my life-work is ended, and I cross
I shall know my Redeemer when I reach
I shall know—him I shall’ know him,
How my full heart will praise him for the
Oh the soul-thrilling rapture, when I view
To the sweet vale of Eden, they will sing
In the glad songs of ages I shall mingle
one while it lasts, and a feeling of re­
memories. The members of the dis­
event of our Church, and is looked for­
For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

by all this gathering ?" When we con­
will come, and

come up in our

trict in which it is held have a busy
is not possible to put a cash valuation
items which directly or indirectly are
consider the large amount of money spent
as much in conferences as some have,
yet it is our way of doing things, and
as I joined the Church, and not the
Church joined me, I expect to take
things as I find them. Still it may not
be out of place to discuss a few
points in a plain manner, yet in a
brotherly spirit.
First, as to delegates. I don’t know
what plans prevail in different places,
but have noticed this: that some names
appear nearly every time (or did);
some frequently, while others have
a rotary turn-about system among min­
isters and deacons (slipping a cog oc­
casionally), and sometimes sending a
few lay members. I suppose two­
 thirds of the whole are ministers, thus
leaving the lay element in a minority.
It might be a profitable meditation
for those who are chosen to ask them­
selves the question, “What is I going
there for, and what does the church
pay my expenses for? Is it to have
a fine trip, hear good preaching, visit
friends and see the country? Oh, no
indeed (though these are incidental to
it). You are sent to represent the
general sentiment of the local church
that chose you as far as you know and
understand what that sentiment is.
This applies chiefly to things of which
previous notice has been given. In
some other cases that are new, he may
have a fair idea what his home church
would expect him to do, while in
others he must look to God and vote
as he sees best.
Some churches have made the mis­
take of selecting two delegates, one
stiffly conservative, the other extreme­ly
radical. The chances were, they
killed each other’s votes nearly every
time. The church that sent them had
better kept them at home, and applied
the money elsewhere, for it lost its
representation. Being a delegate is a
serious matter. There should be a
sense of solemn, grave responsibility
resting on their souls, and while brave
to oppose error, should be open to ac­
cept truth. How often is it the case
they fail to do their duty at the crit­
cal moment; they see the point of
weakness, but shirk the duty to expose
it, and though they vote right, it car­
ries for all.
There are at all conferences a few
(good people, too) who seem to think
they must talk on every motion, or
rather all around the motion, while
those who in a few lucid remarks
could clear the air have to sit silent
and suffer it. On the other hand,
there is the enthusiastic or pathetic
speaker, eloquent and magnetic. Of
course he is honest and sincere, but he
may be in error for all. One needs to
mind in such cases that our sympathy
doesn’t run off with our judgment and
fail to return it before the vote is
taken. Nearly all the chimerical
projects loaded on churches and commu­
nities get in in this way.

Now, please don’t think I am fault­
finding or criticizing even if I am
stating unpleasant facts. We are only
human; only poor fallible creatures in
conference as well as elsewhere.
Conference is only a collective body of fal­
lile individuals saved by grace from
sin, and yet liable through human
weakness to make mistakes, uninten­
tional, of course. Brethren, we should
have love enough to consider the party
on the negative side as honest, as sin­
cere, and as loyal to truth as we on the
positive side (though we may think
them sadly mistaken), and vice versa.
It takes grace and experience to do
this.
More harm has been done through
too much legislation than by the want
of it. We know of churches that have
sold out conferences to legislation on
this, that and the other which they
would (perhaps) gladly dispose of if
they could. We have only to read
back over the years to see how what
was made law one year was modified
a few years later, honored more by
breach than observance, finally igno­
red or repealed. Rules that stand
year after year as dead letters on our
conference annals do more harm than
if they had never been enacted, as they
tend to a growing disregard for con­s tituted authority. "If one rule can be
ignored so can another." Eventually
each one does “as it seems right in his
own eyes.” Let us have rules and dis­
cipline, but let them be simple and ex­
plain, so no one can misunderstand
them, and so limited in number that
they are not confusing.
I often wish our compilers of rules
and rituals would use plain, simple
Anglo-Saxon language. Take the fol­
lowing words in the form for receiv­ing
members, “allegiance” and “fidel­
ity.” Candidates are not all literary
characters and some are very young,
and while understanding neither word
properly, promise both. If I were an
Elder I would read “obedience” and
“faithfulness.” Then they would know
what they were at.
A few thoughts more. As time
moves on we are getting more and
more like the churches around us. We
have no monopoly of all the good
things, and there are things we could
copy profitably, even from Anglicans
(Episcopalians and Catholics. Then
are also some of their specialties we
can do better without. Our plain peo­
ple were once satisfied with the plain
title of “Elder,” now it is “Bishop.”
(I never see that title without connect­
ing it with mitre, crosier, surplice and
“Right Reverend!”). With all due re­
respect, we had better left “well enough
alone." We are only a little speck among the others. Let us not lose our simplicity of address, for whatever we lose in simplicity of worship, attire, conduct and manner of life is lost forever, for there are no return tickets on that route.

"The Bible Training School" is fast coming in evidence. I don't know whether it will be up at this conference or not, and as I got severely rebuked (privately) for what I said before, I will be silent on it. Only this word of caution to delegates: Don't cut out too much work ahead, or rather, don't get too many irons in the fire at once, or some of them will surely get badly burned. Such things suffer less by delay than by undue haste.

Finally, I have written these thoughts in pure love. I can truly say not a tinge of bitterness has crossed my mind as my pen has written them. I will not be at conference this year. I am confined to my room for months past, and have much time (too much) for thinking and writing. My only aim in writing is to encourage the delegates to "ponder well the paths of their feet;" to remember that all they do is fraught with good or ill for the future; to have only one purpose in view, the welfare of Zion and the glory of God. May the Divine Presence fill every soul and infinite wisdom direct every conclusion. Then, and then only, will we realize that "In the multitude of counselors there is safety."

F. ELLIOTT.
Richmond Hill, Ont.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

My Easter Joy.

I am glad this Easter morning that I can rise and go forth while many cannot. This is temporal, but I am more glad still that I am "risen with Christ" and am seeking those things above, bless God, while a dear one right at home here has much to say of Jesus, how the Jews crucified him, and pities him, weeps for him yet can not see or behold him as a Redeemer.

"Weep not for me but weep for yourselves and children." I am glad he has become my Redeemer, my Jesus, my Savior, my King, my all, praise his name. If only I could have seen it sooner! Long, too long, I worshiped a new hat or dress at Easter time. It mattered not if the milliner or dressmaker had to work till 8 or 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, only so I could get ready to go to church. Do you wonder that I can sing loud and strong, "Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it?" My soul leaps for joy this morning: my soul cries out, Hallelujah, victory over sin, Jesus rose triumphant, victorious over death, hell and the grave. Bless God who gives us victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. Methinks I can hear them all over this morning singing, "Victory, victory." Easter don't mean to me eggs, nor egg nog. Praise him. My prayer is continually to rise with the resurrection of the just in the last day when the trumpet shall sound. Amen.

AMANDA SNYDER.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Our Burden for Church Work.

"Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. Giving none offence neither to the Jews nor to the Gentiles, nor to the church of God. Even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved." (I. Cor. 10:31-33.)

Dear readers, our life means infinitely more than we think. Let us, for a moment, think what it means to pass through this life and to appear at the judgment seat of Christ. (II. Cor. 5:10.) Jesus said, Matt. 12:36: "But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." We are not to live for ourselves but for the profit of others. Jesus said to the woman at Jacob's well that the water that he gives would be a well of water springing up into everlasting life, and yet we see so much of flowing and doing that is not for the glory of God nor for the salvation of our fellowmen. We need let our light so shine that men may see our good works and thereby glorify our heavenly Father.

The time of our annual Conference is near at hand. The question should come up in the mind of every member of the body, the church, "What is my part?" Many of us will not be present, but we should feel as if we had a part to do in it. We can pray, pray, pray.

The sentiment of my heart is that nothing be done through strife or vainglory, but to the edification of the church, the body of Christ. We had better dispense with some of the minor points, not of doctrine, no, but of my will. We have so many good hand Bibles where we read a "thou saith the Lord," and save our minutes from being so long and somewhat tedious. Let us pray more, "Thy will be done. Thy kingdom come." "Whatsoever ye do all do to the glory of God." I have confidence that that is the object of the officials of this ecclesiastical body, but we may err in judgment. We don't mean criticism; we feel life is too short for that. If there is one thing needed above another, it is progress in church work. Yes, let us not only cut loose, but let go our holds on the things that do not edify and build up the church. At our last year's conference at Des Moines, Iowa, there was placed on record of minutes, page 36, section 7, "Whereas, it appears that there is great need for a Rescue Home and Girls' School in South Africa, since it is (seems) impossible to christianize the native girls without such institutions;" Resolved, That the Foreign Mission Board encourage the establishment of such an institution at the earliest possible date.

Many of the readers know that we, in addition to our evangelistic work, have taken up the financial side, to raise money for that purpose. We thank God to-day, and take courage, for the success we have had in this work since Conference. We first, after conference, gave mission talks at Dysart, Iowa. Our subscription book bears names from that place of fifty dollars, twenty-five dollars, and so on. The smallest offering on our book is three cents from a little orphan girl in the State of Oklahoma. We have a number of brethren and sisters who gave $55, $10, $5, one name of $100.

We were received with much kindness in the beloved Brotherhood. Here in the West they know how to give. They have learned to give scripturally. Giving the tenth is good, but there is a better way of giving taught by our dear Master. It is found in Luke 6:38. Please read. It does seem to me that we meet some who have learned that way of giving. Oh that there were more of that kind of children in the family of our Lord. Jehovah.

We find open doors among our people here in the West. Since Conference we have had many missionary meetings, not only among our own church members, but a number of our sister churches. The German Baptist brethren, the Mennonite churches, Methodists, Evangelical and other Christian believers opened their church houses, and, what we feel most of all to thank God for, is that hearts were touched to give toward our work. We have names of ministers of our sister churches, who gave and encouraged their members...
For the *Evangelical Visitor.*

A Virginia Letter.

DEAR READERS:—I greet you all in the precious name of Jesus, our Savor, Sanctifier, Healer and coming King. Glory be to his precious name! I am so glad this morning that he ever lifted me—

"From sinking sand he lifted me; With loving hand he lifted me; From shades of night to realms of light, Oh, praise his name, he lifted me."

My dear friends,—yes, friends—for he is my friend who leadeth me aright, and I want to say right here, God alone knows where I would have drifted to had I never found No. 3423 North Second street, Philadelphia. My heart ever goes out in thankful for the blessed truth I learned there, and as I read the article set forth in the last issue of a brother who so shamefully misrepresented those dear people up there; as I read I said aloud, "It is a lie; it is a base falsehood." A sanctified heart speaks no ill of his neighbor, I don't care where we are, in India or elsewhere, they are his neighbors. I am here to testify openly and that boldly that it is *false,* and I pray that God will enlighten this dear brother. Why, I would consider myself a backslider should I find myself talking so unChrist-like about my fellow-sister or brother. Philadelphia Mission is full of good, dear saints of God, and there are truly sanctified souls there that have pure hearts and who live clean lives, and I thank God this moment I am counted worthy to be numbered among them and that I didn't have to go to any camp meeting or holiness meeting to find out that we must be holy in order to see God. My precious Bible showed me this, and I learned the same through the preaching of our dear ministering brother there, and also another brother whose name, I believe, was Zook, who preached there about three years or more ago. I see folks before they claimed the experience of sanctification were plain and cut loose from the fashions of this hell-bound, sin-cursed, devil-possessed population, and when through some camp meeting or the like they are led to believe that we can dress to suit our own selves, they little by little link arms with the world in the face of all the Scripture we have to prove that surely God is better pleased with us in our plainness. I know for myself, at any rate, I am best off as I am. Of course, we all have sense enough to know that our plain clothes alone will avail us nothing, but that we must have salvation in all its fullness first, and then the two will blend together nicely.

I praise the Lord that I didn't get too sanctified to stay in my plain garb. The world never gave me what I have in my soul, and so I don't mean to slip into any of its ways, fashions or forms; but my aim in life is to stand firm, fixed and rigid, immovable, ever abounding in the ways of the Lord, true to Jesus. I want to prove myself a child of God under every and all circumstances in the highest manner possible. If I cannot do this I want to stay away from it all, and not bring any reproach or smirch on God's cause or the Church.

Pray for me, and let's stand true, watching and waiting until we hear Gabriel's trumpet blow and the heavens shall open, and we who are ready waiting and watching shall look up and see our Elder Brother (Jesus), who said, "Neither do I condemn thee," and we shall be caught up with him in the air. Glory be to his precious name; we shall soar up and up and ever up (like the eagle) and clasp hands with our Savior who redeemed us, and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, who as a sheep led to the slaughter, was dumb and opened not his mouth, who suffered for you and me that we might have life, and that more abundantly. Praise his name forever and ever.

God the Creator of heaven and earth, the seas and all that is therein, and Jesus, his only begotten son, will some sweet day, when life's cares are past and we are at rest in our heavenly mansion forever and ever and ever, ask us to sit down at the table of our Bridegroom and partake of the marriage supper of the Lamb. And he will love us out of his big heart, and we can love and love and love him in return for what he did for us, and he will sup with us and we with him. Oh, glory, glory to God for such a prospect.

And think of it, everything is now being made ready. Jesus said, "I go and prepare a place for you, and if I go I will come again to receive you. Let not your hearts be troubled," hallelujah! Say, we can't afford to miss that banqueting feast of love. No discord, no false reports, no back-biting, no murmuring, no grumbling, no divisions, no darkness, no sorrow, no pain, no pride, no envy, no covetousness, no lying; no stealing, but one everlasting round of heavenly love. Wonderful rest!
"Oh, what a wonderful, wonderful rest, 
Trustin completely in Jesus I'm blest; 
Sweethe comforts and shields from alarms, 
Holding me safe in his mighty arms."

I'm pressing on. I feel encouraged. I expect to go up, and I expect to meet all the saints of the River Brethren church up in the air, too; some from the east, some from the west, some from the north, and a few from the south. Oh, glory be to his precious name. I expect to live forever for there's glory in my soul!

Pray much for me, and if it is the Lord's will and he opens my way to go to conference, I shall meet some of you there. If I can't get there I expect to get to Philadelphia love feast you there. If I can't get there I expect to meet all the saints of the River.

The present Pentecostal revival will be again the falling and rising of many in God's Israel. FAITH and trust go hand in hand. God has use for no lazy men in his vineyard, only laborers. Every tree is known by its fruit. Many church people's experiences and lives are out of square, and rather than getting them squared by Bible justification and sanctification, they endeavor to twist and shape the Bible to fit up to their fancy.

Yours respectfully, 
D. L. GISH. 
Stevensville, Out.

The Rev. Dr. McAfee, of Brooklyn, received a circular, advertising whisky, some months ago. He wrote the company, making certain inquiries, and in a polite letter received from the liquor dealer were these statements: "If I were the one to give the decision, and it rested entirely with me, I would wipe out the whole traffic in intoxicating liquors without a moment's hesitancy. I quite agree that it is opposed to the church principles and the betterment of humanity, and I only regret that circumstances are such that I am compelled to remain in it."—Selected.

A child of God should be a visible beatitude for joy and happiness and a living doxology for gratitude and adoration.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Over-confidence.
Believe as I believe, no more no less. That I am right and no one else confess, Feel as I feel, think only as I think, Eat what I eat, and drink but what I drink, Feel as I feel, do always as I do; To deviate a hair's-breadth, or begin To question or to doubt, is sin.

I reverence the Bible if it be Translated as I think it ought to be. By churchly laws and customs I abide, If they with my opinions coincide. All creeds and doctrines I concede divine, Excepting these, of course, which disagree with mine.

Let sink the drowning if he will not swim Upon the plank that I throw out to him; Let starve the hungry if he will not eat My kind and quality of bread and meat; Let freeze the naked if he will not be clothed with such garments as are made by me.

"Twere better that the sick should die than live, Unless they take the medicine I give; "Twere better alms be given than refuse To be conformed to my unfeeling views; "Twere better that the world stand still than move In any other way than that which I approve.

CONFIDENT. —Sel. by R. M. Engle, Detroit, Kans.
Walter said, "Well done, John, you have witnessed a good confession."

How had this wonderful change come about? Walter and he shared the same room. "I could not bear him," said John, when telling of his conversion afterwards; "he was always reading the Bible or some religious book, and praying and preaching at me. I generally stayed out at nights till I thought he would be in bed; but as soon as I got in he started and talked to me, told me I was a lost sinner and that I must be born again."

"The Lord is coming," Walter said to John, as he lay down one night.

"Is he?" said John stoically; and then to himself, "Here he starts lecturing me again, after I stayed out shivering in the cold till I thought he would be asleep."

"He will take me with him to glory," continued Walter:

"Indeed," muttered John.

"He will raise all the dead who have fallen asleep in him; he will change all those living who believe in him; we will ascend together, and be forever with him."

"There is a prospect of peace for me at last," said John.

"A prospect of peace for you!" answered Walter, with great earnestness. "Yes, there is; peace, false peace will be your portion then; nobody will trouble themselves about your immortal soul then; nobody will pray for you; nobody will say to you, 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? You will be left alone—left for judgment.'"

Silence fell on the darkened room. John shifted uneasily from side to side, uncomfortable at the thought that Walter was praying to God for him. He was nearly asleep when Walter said, "The Lord may come tonight, and so, if I am away in the morning, you will know where I am."

"Away in the morning!" It was a little alarming. Could it be true? Was it possible this great event he spoke of could really happen? John buried his head in the bedclothes and tried to banish thought in sleep. It was all in vain. "Away in the morning," sounded continually in his ear.

Walter was sleeping the calm, undisturbed sleep the Lord gives his beloved, but no sleep came to the now awakened soul by his side. "The Lord is coming!" he kept saying to himself; "Walter will be taken; I will be left!"

With the early grey dawn of morning John aroused Walter, and begged him to pray for him. To Walter the request was a most agreeable one. He had gone through travail for the youth beside him. He had ceased not night and day to warn him of his lost condition; he was now to have the joy of seeing him delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

"What must I do to be saved?" asked John with deep emotion.

"Do? What can you do? Neither weeping, nor praying, nor working, on your part, could make atonement for your soul. But nothing now remains to be done. Christ has done it all. He shed his precious blood to make atonement for your sins. You have only to trust in, believe in him. Listen to his own words."

Slowly and carefully they read those soul-satisfying, soul-delivering words of the Lord Jesus, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." John 5:24.

Again they knelt this time to thank and bless God for another soul loosed from the thraldom of Satan and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Then they went to their daily toil in the mine, there to bear witness to the saving grace and power of God. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in him." Are you of the blessed ones?—Selected by F. Elliott.

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Saving Mother.

Margaret is an only daughter among a family of boys. She is ever on the alert for opportunities of saving mother. "Let me do that, mother," is her request again and again, when she sees the mother about to do things that she herself can easily attend to.

"You've no idea what a help Margaret is to me," her mother said to us confidentially not long since. "When I am sick she goes right ahead with the work, and can prepare a meal as nicely and quickly as I can. And often when I get ready to do a thing, I find that she has anticipated me, and has quietly attended to it to save me. She never thinks of saving herself; it is always mother who must be 'saved.'"

It is hardly necessary to state that Margaret is a genteel and winning girl. A life of loving service for others always displays the most beautiful attributes of character, and Margaret charms and attracts all. If any of the girls who read this are "saving" themselves at the expense of their mother, or at the expense of anyone, let us warn them that there will come a time when they will regret their selfishness. Let all of us bear constantly in mind that "It is better to serve than to be served."—Selected from the Girl's Companion by Mary Zook.

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Making Remarks.

Two young men, one of them of that kind which loves to walk with nose, figuratively speaking, tilted well toward the ceiling, were discussing the passersby in a certain city. Now the practice of foolishly commenting on passersby is a vice, and is not found among ladies and gentlemen. Presently a young lady of noble bearing, but of modest demeanor and plain but neat and becoming attire, came along. He of the tilted nose persuasion gave his proboscis an extra elevation and with a sneer said, "I don't know how people can be so silly as to dress in that beastly fashion. They seem to think they are a good deal better than other people, simply because they dress that way. I don't believe they are a bit better than other people. You can't flirt with them and they act as if you were beneath their notice. They're just too stiff and stupid for any use." "Oh, yes, but they're honest," replied his friend, "and they mind their own business, which is more than we are doing just now. And I'd give a good deal if I had the education she has. You say she's stupid? Why, she has forgotten twice as much as you ever knew, and she doesn't forget much. She does housework, but she says it's nicer to be 'hired girl' in a nice family than to be a typewriter in almost any office with double the pay and double the danger. You almost insulted me with your remarks about her. You may discuss others, but don't discuss her. She's my sister, and I'm not as ashamed to own her as I am ashamed to be found in your company. Good-day. I guess I've learned a lesson, and I hope you have."—Selected by F. Elliott.

What comforts me is the thought that we are being shaped here below into stones for the heavenly temple—that to be made like him is the object of our earthly existence. He is the shaper and carpenter of the heavenly temple. He must work us into shape, for that stone, and we must wait till the building is ready for that stone; it would put out the building if we were taken pell-mell.—Charles George Gordon.
The Auction of a Soul.

“How much am I offered for this human soul? How much for a soul?” With such words Rowland Hill won back the crowd which had come to hear him preach in the fields. While he was preaching, Lady Anna Erskine was drawn near in her carriage, and, wishing to hear the famous preacher, she had ordered her coachman to draw up as near to the rude stand he used as a pulpit as possible. Seeing a vacant place behind the stand the driver urged his horses hither. The splendor of the carriage and the fine dress of its occupant of course drew the eyes of the crowd from the preacher, and he soon discovered the cause of the diversion. Then came to him the inspiration for one of those eccentric deeds of holy daring for which he was so famous. Turning his back on the crowd that surged about the carriage of the opulent lover of pleasure, he lifted his voice and cried:

“Hear, ye! I summon you to the public auction of a soul. I have here a lady and her equipage to expose for public sale. Her carriage I count as worth not much; the lady is the principal object of this vendue, and she is precious because she has a soul, and it is that soul I now desire to dispose of at public auction. Come now, what will ye bid for a soul?

“Do you hear? What am I offered for this human soul? Does no one bid? ‘Yes, I am a bidder.’ It is the World. Well, what will you give? Do you hear the bid? The World says he will give her riches and honor, more than all the princes on earth or hell. The devil has a great store of treasure. His capital is vast. He can bid for her soul, and have her bid and a rejected bid and will not serve thee now. ‘The kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. Bah! the passing centuries should have made thee wiser. She is worth far more than that, for she will continue to exist when the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them shall have long passed away. Go back to thy pit and heat it for those who have sold themselves to thee, but this soul thou canst not have.

“Glory! Listen! Do you hear his voice? I knew he would bid! Do you know who this latest bidder is? Why, he is the Lord Jesus Christ. Let me dare to ask thee what thou dost bid, my Lord? He says he will give grace here, and glory hereafter, an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, that fades not away. Lord, it was just as I expected. I know that thou wouldst outbid all the rest. Thy bid I receive for her. I place her at thy disposal: She is thine, Lord, sold to thee at public auction. Do with her what seemeth good unto thee.”

And then the strange preacher looked into the pale face of the woman, and said: “My lady, do you object to this bargain? Remember you are not your own; I have sold you this day to Jesus Christ. You are his property from this time henceforth and for evermore. Heaven and earth here attest this sale of yourself to God; dare you withdraw from this solemn, glorious purchase?”

She did not dare. It was God’s strange way to introduce her soul unto himself. This strange and terrifying appeal and auction of her soul was blessed of God to her conversion, and she became one of the most earnest supporters of Lady Huntingdon in her work.

The auction of souls goes on in the world. Not so public, perchance, is the vendue conducted, but the sale goes on, the bidders are the same the world, the devil, the Christ.

To whom goes your soul? Oh, brother, sister, attend to this matter. Become not the property of the world nor the devil. Be thou the Lord’s; admit to him and all mankind that thou art the purchaser of his blood.—Selected by S. Markley.

God takes no pleasure in pain or sorrow, but he will impose both if thereby he may bring us to love him or make us more like himself. At such a time it is selfish, unbelieving, to complain and murmur—very wicked to find fault with God. There are medicines which, taken with wisdom and in moderation, baffle disease and restore health; but abused, they weaken and destroy. So with sickness and sorrow, as we please to use them. To some they are what God means them for, all a savor of life unto life; to others, a savor of death unto death. At such a time it is only wise to be very considerate, very humble, very submissive.—Lutheran Observer.

“When Christian experience comes to a stand still faith soon dies.”

The Beggar.

“A beggar! a beggar!” shouted half a dozen boys as the bent form of an old man tottered toward them. He was a sad sight. His clothes were in tatters, his hat had lost its crown, and his poor feet were bare. “Please give me a few pennies to buy my dinner with,” said he, holding out his trembling hand. Dick Jones, who sat on the fence puffing a cigar, answered; “It’s a shame to see a man begging. I never give to such folks; it’s money thrown away. What brought you down so low, old man?”

Ah, Dick had asked the right question—a question which carried the beggar back to boyhood, and gathering courage and strength from the remembrance of his young life, he told a simple but true story. “What brought me here? Yes, what did? I’ll tell you. Just what will bring you, young man, where I am—idleness and the stump of a cigar picked up after some great man; these made a beggar of an innocent boy. You don’t believe me; none of the boys do. My parents were rich. They loved me, and said their boy should never work as his father had. They let me run in the streets; they waited on me; they gave me a horse and a dog and money. I saw ministers and Congressmen smoking, chewing. I thought if these great men did it, surely boys might; and once, when I was sick, the doctor said, Tobacco won’t hurt him. ’I learned to love tobacco; that called for something stronger: I took wine and beer because smart men did. I got little jobs here and there, about theatres, saloons and taverns. Then I learned to drink whiskey; and you know the rest. I’m old and poor and despised now. What brought me here, did you ask? Idleness, tobacco, whiskey. Throw away that cigar, boy—throw it away. I’ve been over the road, and I know. I was a beggar!”

Poor Dick!—Selected by D. Markley.

Sorrows are often like clouds, which, though black when they are passing over us, when they are past become as if they were garments of God, thrown off in purple and gold along the sky.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Pride is the common forerunner of a fall. It was the devil’s sin, and the devil’s ruin; and has been, ever since, the devil’s stratagem, who, like an expert wrestler, usually gives a man a lift before he throws him.
Lesson 7. May 19.—Israel Enslaved in Egypt. Exodus 1:14. Golden Text: Then they cried unto the Lord, and the Lord heard them; and the Lord delivered them out of the hand of Pharaoh. Genesis 47:1-26. The children of Israel multiplied and waxed exceeding mighty in Egypt; and they multiplied and spread abroad. And they multiplied and waxed exceeding mighty; and the Egyptians were grieved at the children of Israel. The Egyptians were determined to crush them. The more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and waxed exceeding mighty; and the Egyptians were grieved at the children of Israel.

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of his birth and that he belongs to the oppressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.” His action in verses 12 and 13 was well meant, but, premature and transient. The faith which he pressed people, and the passion to deliver is in his heart.”
A Witness for Jesus.

I praise God for a full and free salvation. Jesus has saved me from my sins many years ago, and I still find him precious to my soul, and praise him for his goodness to me. I realize that Jesus is the best friend.

The Lord is doing wonderful things for our mission in Philadelphia. We are having many blessed waitings on the Lord; when we keep ourselves in touch with him he overflows our souls with joy unexplainable.

The expression in 1 Thess. 4: 13: "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification," often comes to my mind. I am glad that Jesus is my Savior, Sanctifier, Healer and coming King. My heart goes out for the lost of earth, and I am trying to help those who are without Christ, and to be a soul-winner for Jesus.

We are still stepping out to obey the Lord even in the rolling stream. We intend to have baptism on May 4, and I trust it will be an encouragement for many others just to obey all the Lord has for us. Then there comes also in Psalm 37: 3, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shall thou dwell in the land and verily thou shall be fed," and verse 4, "Delight thyself also in the Lord and I shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

This leaves us happy and trusting in the Lord.

Your brother,

AMAM K. LANDIS.

3437 N. Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is said of home-made troubles that they are very like home-made clothes, they never fit well, and they generally last longer than others. Do not, therefore, create imaginary ills, for they are not easily removed. Rest content with the troubles that God sends you; they are more suitable for you than self-devised sorrows, you will be better able to carry them, and the burden will prove a blessing—S burgeon.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Work for Jesus.

Brethren, work and stand not idle In the vineyard of the Lord, Though you've come in late or early All shall have the same reward.

If you toil from early morning Till the closing of the day, Christ your Master will reward you, Only his commands obey.

Grow not weary in well doing, Use the talent God has given; Hide it not, or thou shalt never Walk the golden streets of heaven.

If you cannot spread the gospel To the heathen's distant plain; You can speak a word for Jesus Ever praise his holy name.

Thousands yet are unconquered In our free and gospel land, Brethren, then stand and doing. Hearken to the Lord's command.

Sisters, too, can work for Jesus, Take a part though e'er so small, You can tell him how much you loved, You can say he died for all.

Come, then brethren, come, then sisters, Idle not the day away, Night will bring to us our man worketh, And ere' long the judgment day.

SARAH MCGARTY. Slavon, Ont.

Newmarket, Ont. MARTHA DODER.

A new light in our heart makes an occasion; but an occasion is an opportunity, not for building a tabernacle, and finding thankful, and looking back to a blessed memory, but for shedding the new light on the old duties and doing the old duties with new inspiration. The uncommon life is the child of the common day, lived in an uncommon way.
standing by the work at this place, both for the temporal and spiritual part of the work. Many times we are made realize that someone is praying for us. Continue to pray for us. I for myself realize that I am unable to do anything without God’s help. This leaves us in usual health. Yours for the lost of earth.

Bulawayo, South Africa.

Pioneer Work.

“How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher?” (Rom. 10:14).

I wish you might be able to tell you of a mighty spiritual awakening among these dear people and a calling upon God for salvation, but such is not my privilege at this time. When we read at the revivals at other places and of what the Lord is doing in these last days in pouring out his Spirit upon mothers and daughters, and in giving to the unsaved a vivid consciousness of their condition, our souls too hunger that we may talk to the Father about it. He is indeed blessing us. All four of us have felt much of his nearness the past few weeks, but the darkness and superstition about us is so great and we are led into that inner room and shut the door, so that we may talk to the Lord about it. It is difficult for us to get near him. It is easier for us to hear his voice by the door into the sheepfold but climbeth up to the fold by another way, which the door keepeth not, and the sheep hear his voice and come to him. All must hear the voice of the Lord in order to be saved.

A devoted missionary of much experience in South Africa sent us Isaiah 3:18 as a text for the year. The ornaments mentioned are much worn by these people. While it seems much to expect such results the first year of the mission, yet with God all things are possible. We are pleased to report what seems to be an advanced step in the work. So far none had come with a desire of learning. A little over two weeks ago we were having a special prayer time for the work here and for ourselves, the Lord’s messengers, when right in the midst of it the chief came, bringing his little son about 10 years of age, and said he wished the boy to stay at the mission and learn there. This meant much to us. It indicated that the Lord was moving upon the hearts of the people, and also that the chief was ready to throw his influence in favor of the work. The next week another little boy of about the same age came to stay and learn. Pray that these two boys may not become discouraged, but may give their hearts to the Lord and become a blessing to their people. We think when a suitable building is once erected that a number may be ready to take advantage of the opportunity afforded of learning to read.

We are at present in the midst of the fever season, and the rains have been very heavy for the past month. We have been keeping quite well, however, except that Ndhialambo has the touch of fever last week. He was not bedfast, but able to be up most of the time. The Lord is very near to good people. How can we ever praise him enough? Let all that hath breathe praise him. H. Frances Davidson.

Macha Mission, Kalomo, South Africa, March 8, 1907.

God is forever uttering Himself in love, and man may forever utter himself in obedience.—Phillips Brooks.

Do not wade far into the treacherous sea of this world’s comfort. If you do it will warp you, burden you, waterlog you, make you mean and miserable. Take the good that God provides you, with grateful heart, but say of it, “It passeth away, it is but a temporary need.” Never suffer your goods to make a slave of you, or to become your God.—Selected.

A Letter From India.

Dear readers of the Visitor,—I am so thankful to God that we have been able to trust and obey him alone is a blessed experience. I feel led by the Spirit of God to write this short article, and I believe God will help me. Before commencing to read, I wish we would stop here a while and think over this subject. First of all we must know what manifold blessings of God are contained in these two words, “trust” and “obey.” Everyone would like to know where to come from getting from God, so be, no, doubt, is anxious to know the secret of getting it, unless he be an idle man who wants to get something from someone without pleasing the giver. Supposing some great man offers to give many gifts to those who go to him always and tell him sweet fables; and supposing a certain man had received many graces from that great man, by telling its sweetness, almost everybody would like to know why and how that man got such gifts from that great man; and, if he tells the secret, doubt many would try to go to the great man and do the same thing in order to get those gifts from him. God is the greatest of all, and therefore those who are not proud of themselves want to know the secret how to please God and get a blessing, etc., to receive a blessing from him. Many people try to please God by some other means without knowing the secret or the right way to please him, but we must know that God does, in the same way as that great man of whom I spoke in the foregoing sentence would do, that he would not grant gifts to anyone who didn’t tell the sweet fables to him, and so God also would not bless people who do not do one particular thing to please him.

We know God has a well-built storehouse for his beloved children, and there is only one door by which to enter it. If we want to get the blessings which that house contains we must not try to enter in by some other way. If we do so people will call us thieves; the Bible also says so, “Verily, verily I say unto you, he that entereth by the door into the sheepfold but climbeth up by some other way the same is a thief and a robber. We must not rob God of his blessings, because we know God is Almighty and the wisest of all. He blesses only those who trust and obey him. Trust and obey is the door to enter into the storehouse of God and to enjoy the blessing therein. Now we know the secret of pleasing God, or we know the right door to enter his storehouse. Oh! I still see more and more of the joy and peace it brings to trust and obey. There is no other way, to be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.”

We also praise God we are all in good health and are kept by the power of God. At present this country is badly afflicted with plague, which is taking away the people, both prepared and unprepared. How necessary it is to tell them of a Savior who can help in every time of need. We do magnify the Lord in this, that we have been able to start industrial work to help those who wish to be helped. We have found such that do not wish to get out of their old way of life nor want the soul or body, only so they have something to eat. Perhaps some would like to know what is done in this industrial work. Bro. Musser is kept busy teaching several boys
May 1, 1907.

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Go Forward.

Hearing so much in these days of the comfortable doctrine, that "we can do nothing, God will do all," we are apt to sit down complacently with folded hands—leaving everything for him to do. It is true enough that without his help we are powerless; it is just as true that we are allowed and commanded to be workers together with God. Faith can remove mountains of difficulty, but it must be an active faith, faith which worketh by love. The disciples who were commanded to feed the multitudes knew the task was far beyond their strength. Did they, therefore, sit idly down, leaving Christ to do all the work? No; they brought their small strength. Did they, therefore, sit idly down, leaving Christ to do all the work? No; they brought their small strength. Did they, therefore, sit idly down, leaving Christ to do all the work? No; they brought their small strength. Did they, therefore, sit idly down, leaving Christ to do all the work? No; they brought their small strength. Did they, therefore, sit idly down, leaving Christ to do all the work? No; they brought their small strength.

"For a web begun God sends the thread." Over and over I read: "And I said to myself with an easy air, 'What need to burden myself with care if this be true? Or attempt to do More than my duty? For here is proof That we are too weak ourselves aloud Until from the Master we receive The thread for the web we are to weave!"

"So day after day I sat beside The loom, as it bade my hands were tied, With idle shuttle and slackened warp, Useless as strings of an untuned harp; For I took no part With hand or heart In the work of the world. To the cry of need, The voice of the children, I gave no heed. 'When the task is ready for me,' I said, 'God will be sure to supply the thread.'"

"Others might go in cellars and slums, And weave a web out of scraps and thrums, Finding excuse for the daily toil, The reckless waste of life's precious oil, But as for me, I could not see How I was to follow them, or believe That the needed strength I should receive, Unless I waited, hour by hour, sped, For God to send me the promised thread.

"I had no strength of my own, I knew, No wisdom to guide, no skill to do, And must wait at ease for the word of command, For the message I surely should understand Else all in vain Were the stress and strain For the thread would break, and the web be spoiled, A poor result for the hours I'd toiled; And my heart and my conscience would be at strife. O' the broken threads of a wasted life, "But all at once, like a gem exhumed, The word 'begun'—by a light illumined— From the rest of the text boldly out, By the finger of God revealed, no doubt; And shocked and dazed, Ashamed, amazed, I saw as I had not seen before The truer meaning the sentence bore, And read as Belshazar might have read: 'For a web begun God sends the thread.'"

"The man himself, with his mind and heart Toward the Holy City must make a start, Ere he finds in his hands the mystic clew That shall lead him life's mazes safely through, And if loom and reel And spinning wheel Idle and empty stand to-day, We must reason give for the long delay, Since the voice of the Master has plainly said, 'For a web begun God sends the thread.'"

Like the Israelites who stood on the shore of the Red Sea, our orders are to "Go forward!" The path may look difficult or even impossible, but if we take the first step, trusting our Leader, the next will become possible. Difficulties melt away if we advance boldly; the troubles we dread are found to be bearable. We must write this from hearsay only. A few days ago two bright boys—my nephews—who were as dear to me as any young brothers could be, were laid side by side in one grave. They were here to dinner, and then went merrily off with a party of young people for a swim. When I next saw those dear lads they were lying side by side with peaceful faces and hands quietly folded. We might have expected that such a sudden and overwhelming sorrow would have almost broken the hearts of those who loved them so dearly, but when it came God's comfort came with it. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided," were the words of peace that seemed to come instinctively to our lips. God's heaviest blows never crush those who trust in him.—Selected.

"Missed It at Last."

Some time ago, a physician called upon a young man who was ill. He sat for a little by the bedside, examining his patient, and then he honestly told him the sad intelligence that he had but a short time to live. The young man was astonished; he did not expect it would come to that so soon. He forgot that death comes "in such an hour as ye think not." At length he looked up into the face of the doctor, and with a most despairing countenance, said:

"I have missed it—at last."

"What have you missed?" inquired the tender-hearted physician.

"I have missed it—at last," again he repeated.

"Missed what?"

"Doctor, I have missed the salvation of my soul."

"Oh! say not so. Do you remember the thief on the cross?"

"Yes; I remember the thief on the cross. And I remember that he never said to the Holy Ghost, 'Go thy-way.' But I did. And now he is saying to me, 'Go your way.'" He lay gasping a while, and looking up with a vacant, staring eye, he said: "I was anxious about my soul a little time ago. But I did not want to be saved then. Something seemed to say to me, 'Don't put it off; make sure of salvation;' but I said to myself, 'I will postpone it.' I knew I ought not to do it. I knew I was a great sinner, and needed a Saviour. I resolved, however, to dismiss the subject for the present. Yet I could not get my own consent to do it, until I had promised that I would take it up again, at a time not remote, and more favorable. I bargained away, resisted the Holy Spirit. I never thought of coming to this. I meant to have made my salvation sure. And now I have missed it—at last."
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shall not have. I am given over to be lost. Oh, I have missed it! I have sold my soul for nothing—a feather—a straw— undone forever!" This was said with such indescribable despondency that nothing was said in reply. After lying a few moments, he raised his head, and looking all around in the room as if looking for some desired object—turning his eyes in every direction—then, burying his fact in the pillow, he again exclaimed in agony and horror, "Missed it at last!" and he died.—Selected by S. Markley.

"Father, Do Let Me Be With You."

A lady was once in a dreadful storm at sea. In speaking of it she says: "We were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks. The steam-engines would work no longer; the wind raging violently, and all around were heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of the waves, as they broke over the deck.

While we lay thus at the mercy of the waves, I was comforted and supported by the captain's child, a little girl of eight or nine years old, who was in the cabin with us. Her father came in several times during the lulls of the storm to see his child; and the sight of the captain is always cheering in such a time of danger. As the storm increased, I saw the little girl, rising on her elbows and looking eagerly toward the door, as if longing for her father's coming again. He came at last. He was a big, rough, sailor-looking man. He had an immense coat, great sea-boots, and an oil-skin cap, with flaps hanging down. He fell on his knees on the floor beside the sailor-looking man. He had an impenetrable look about him that nothing was said in reply. As the sight of the captain is always cheering in such a time of danger. As the storm increased, I saw the little girl, rising on her elbows and looking eagerly toward the door, as if longing for her father's coming again. He came at last. He was a big, rough, sailor-looking man. He had an immense coat, great sea-boots, and an oil-skin cap, with flaps hanging down. He fell on his knees on the floor beside the sailor-looking man.

"Father, do let me be with you!" and she threw herself and the dear child knew no fear, being held in his arms. And when the child had left the cabin, the lady passenger said to herself: "Let me learn a lesson from this child. She is not afraid in her father's arms. And have I no Father? Is not God my heavenly Father? Are not his everlasting arms around me? Then why did she bid me come?"

This thought took all her fear. She felt that God was with her, and found peace and comfort in the thought till the storm was over.—Dr. R. Newton's "Pebbles from the Brook."—Selected by D. Markley.

"The man who loves his work seldom wants for a job."

MARRIAGES.

WELSH—DITSON.—On April 17, 1907, Mary, the only daughter of Bro. and Sister Samuel Ditson, Collingwood, Ont., was united in marriage to Joseph Welsh, of Collingwood, Ont., Elder Charles Baker officiating.


HARLEY—KOSER.—Married, April 13, 1907, at their newly furnished home on the southeast Main street, Elizabethtown, Pa., Elder Aaron Martin officiating, Bro. Daniel Harley, of Trappe, Pa., to Sister Anna Koser, daughter of Sister Sarah Koser, of Florin, Pa.


OBITUARIES.

WINGERT.—On March 26, 1907, Elder Aaron C. Wingert, for many years bishop of the Ringgold section of South Franklin, Pa., district, died at the home of his son, Aaron D. Winert, at Colberton, Pa., aged 87 years and 23 days. His wife preceded him to the beyond a few years ago, since which time he resided with his mother. John, of Mechania-shing, Pa., and Samuel, of Wallensons, Ind., also five sons and one daughter and eleven grandchildren. The funeral service was held at Air Hill M. H. Internment at the Ringgold cemetery, Maryland.

HOOVER.—Thomas Hoover was born in Gainsborough township, August 12, 1822, died at his home, Felham, Ont., April 3, 1907, aged 84 years 7 months and 23 days. Bro. Hoover was converted last winter in the revival meeting held at Felham by Bro. J. R. Zook. We were glad to see his earnestness in trying to bring other souls to Christ. He was permitted to attend service more than two or three times on account of sickness. We visited him several times in his home and found him manifesting an earnest zeal, looking forward for baptism in June, but was not permitted to do so, as he passed away with heart failure. We have reason to believe he has gone to be at rest with Jesus.

HOOVER.—Ira N. Hoover, son of Jacob N. and Catharine Hoover, of Richland county, Ohio, was born December 19, 1847, and departed this life April 14, 1907, aged 13 years, 2 months and 9 days. He leaves one father, mother, one brother and three sisters to mourn their loss. Although a child, he gave his heart to God at an early age, and was a model Christian, ever ready to testify for the Lord at every opportunity. He had a great desire for school and preaching services. His inquiries were every Sunday morning, usually at the breakfast table, "Pa, are we going to church to-day?" and if they went, he would often hurry and get the team ready and drive to the house and sit and wait until the rest were ready and had come. He always had a smile and a friendly look for all he met. During his long sickness of twenty weeks, caused by appendicitis, causing him great pain and suffering and waiting away in a mere skeleton, he bore it patiently and always expressed himself as having great faith and confidence in his God, and comforted himself in reading the word of God, which he had laying by his side. The morning he commenced to print the seventh verse of the Twenty-eighth Psalm, "The Lord is my strength and my shield," he said, and he died in faith and hope and joy. I am helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him," but he got too weak to get it all printed. He was entirely helpless during the latter part of his sickness and often could not get rest for his body by human aid. His mother told him to ask Jesus to give him rest, and he said, "Tell Jesus at one time for nearly two hours to give him rest, or take from him, and he got rest and fell asleep. At the close of his life, after one of his weak spells, he folded his arms and passed to the Great Church. The funeral services were held at the Pleasant Grove M. H., conducted by Bros. W. J. Myers and Willard E. Wright. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

BAKER.—Died, at his late residence, Gormley, Ont., April 20, 1907, Bro. George Baker in the eighty-first year of his age. Bro. Baker spent the greater part of his life on the farm on which he was born, retiring later to a smaller place adjoining, until two years ago, when he moved to a comfortable home in Gormley, in which they had made their home nearly twenty years. Bro. Baker was naturally a strong, wiry man, but disease incidental to old age speedily dissipated his vitality, and all that was left of him after he had been gradually but surely stepping down to that long resting place where all that is mortal awaits the resurrection. About nineteen years ago (as near as I can ascertain), in a revival meeting led by Bro. J. W. Hoover, the Lord wonderfully convinced him of sin. About a year or more previous to this he had promised his wife's mother on her death bed to meet her in heaven. He often told me her pleading nearly breaking his heart. During this revival meeting I was visiting his nephew in the house and sit and wait until the rest of the funeral service was held at Air Hill M. H. Internment at the Ringgold cemetery, Maryland.