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Ye Did It Not.

"Master, I have this day broken no law of the Ten—have hurt no one. Is it enough?"

"Child, there stood one by thy side burdened with heavy tasks of lowly, earthly labor. For a little help, a little easing of the burden, he looked to thee. Thou hastad time and strength."

"Master, I did not see."

"Thine eyes were turned within. There was an ignorant one crying from out his darkness, 'Will none teach me?' I have given thee knowledge."

"Master, I did not hear."

"Thine ear was dull. There came a guest to seek thy converse, a human friend in quest of fellowship. I marked thy sign, thy frown. Why was thy heart not glad?"

"I was reading. I hate to be disturbed, to be called from great thoughts for trilling talk."

"The children would have had thee some few moments in their play. Without thee they went wrong—how far wrong thou wilt not know. It is too late."

"Child's play? But I was searching for a hidden truth of spiritual import."

"Thou didst not turn aside to lift that lame one who had fallen by the way."

"I was in haste to do what I had planned. I meant to help him when I should return."

"Another lifted him. And shall I question further?—Selected by F. Elliott.

Waters from the Sanctuary.

(Ezek. 47:1-10.)

The Life.

More and more the writer feels that it is the life, far more than the spoken testimony, that counts. Not only does it count with God, but it also counts with man.

There are those of conscientious habit who are sometimes dismayed and even shocked by the verbal testimony of those whom they know intimately. The daily life has not been such as to win approval, or even belief in the heart's desire to "walk in white with Jesus." Hence, when a glowing testimony, under the exhilaration of stirring music and a carefully selected leader, is given, the conscientious soul receives a distinct "set-back." And, in some cases, the reference of such testimonies under the same conditions, leads to disbelief in the truthfulness of all testimony.

We will give the testifying one all needful margin, for it is well known that it is possible to walk "before God with a perfect heart" even when on-lookers condemn. So let us be slow, beloved, in judging others, even in our hearts, although our lips may be mute. As our Father looks upon us both—we may be more faulty in His eyes than the one we are judging.

Yet, while this is true, let us each see to it that the daily life measures up to the verbal testimony. And, when the impulse to testify is confronted by a well-defined consciousness of neglected duty or of some act or word that has been un-Christly—let us be truthful enough and brave enough to confess this in our testimony.

Unpaid debts, the rehearsal of slander, unkind criticism, the habit of exaggeration, petulant words—and a host of similar things—each and all should stand as sentinels against giving testimony where (in the daily life) these evils have been discounted as of no importance, and as having no bearing on said testimony.

And yet, while all this must be admitted as truth, these words are added: There are many timid souls that require tender encouragement in order to win them into giving any testimony whatever.

Between these and the other class—those who love to give glowing testimonies in which the "I" greatly preponderates over everything else—there is a wide gulf, and only the Spirit-taught leader of testimony services can conduct such services to the glory of God and to the edification of believers.

Our life, beloved, day by day, is "the epistle known and read of all men." Hence it is this—and not the mere testimony of the lips during a religious meeting, that is of prime importance.

It is easy to testify; easy even to meet great shocks of trial. But it is the little things, the petty trials and annoyances, that prove us. "Show me a person who bears himself meekly, patiently, lovingly, nobly and bravely, under the petty annoyances and irritation of daily life, and I will show you one who will meet a martyr's death grandly.—Mrs. Mabette Anderson, Washington, D. C.—Sel. by Sr. Mary J. Lang.

Editorial Note.

Word from Africa received just as we go to press informs us of some coming events which D. V. have by this time transpired. Bro. Doner and Sister Krieder were married on April 18. On about April 24 Bro. and Sister Steigerwald and Sister Bert started for Cape Town where Sister Steigerwald would undergo a surgical operation for the removal of an inward growth or tumor. They all need specially the prayers of the church.

The measure of love is sacrifice—A. G. Conrad, D. D.
Evangelical Visitor

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EDITORIAL.

The Ascended Christ.

Twice during the years of our Lord's ministry was there the voice of the Father heard from above saying, "This is my beloved Son." He was made a little lower than the angels for the ministry of suffering, but this was the way for him towards the being "crowned with glory and honor." (Heb. 2:9.) He appeared once to put away sin; he appears now in the presence of God for us; he ever "liveth to make intercession;" he is our Advocate with the Father. When Stephen the first Christian martyr was feeling the fury of the crowd of incensed bigots he looked up towards heaven and as he gazed a wonderful sight presented itself to his view, "I see heaven opened and a hand of God." A glorious vision vouchsafed unto the dying saint. His faith is anchored where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. His faith is anchored where I am there ye may be also." (Rom. 8:29.)

Jesus prayed, "Father, I desire that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." (John 17:24.)

Jesus prayed, "Father, I desire that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." (John 17:24.)

The ascended Christ has a glorious home and with the poet we can sing:

"Our eyes shall behold him, our Master and Lord,
Whom now, though unseen, we adore;
And all who are faithfully trusting his word,
Shall dwell in his light evermore... We shall behold him, robed in all his glory
There with our loved ones, by the crystal sea;
Then we shall praise—cast our crowns before him,
Praise and adore him through eternity."

"Pride is a particularly offensive sin to God, because it seeks to take his place."

While we are preparing the matter for this issue, and at the time of printing and mailing it, a large number of our readers, and, representative of yet a much larger number, are facing towards Harrisburg. It may be said the advance guard has already arrived. No doubt the attendance at conference will be quite large and it will mean a strenuous week for those whose business it will be to entertain the conference guests. The brethren are endeavoring to make preparation on a sufficiently large scale so that all who favor us with their presence will be comfortably cared for. Evidently there is a widespread concern as to what legislation this conference will accomplish. No doubt the prevailing desire is that God may rule and overrule all to his own glory and the promotion of his cause among the children of men. In this desire the editor heartily joins. In past years we have sometimes anticipated conference with considerable trepidation. There appeared to be clouds on the horizon which had a portend of storm if not worse and we feared, but when the time came there seemed to be the spirit of fairness and forbearance and the elements were controlled by the "Peace, be still," of the divine Master. So we anticipate for this conference that brotherly love will prevail, and that whatever legislation may be accomplished may be a mighty uplift to the whole church, to bring its membership upon higher ground in individual experience, that the banner of Christ may be unfurled to the breeze in many new locations in home and foreign lands during the coming year, and that many may yet go in and possess the land. We hope that all of the brethren and sisters who favor us with their presence will feel themselves at home while here, and enjoy their stay to the fullest extent, blessing as well as receiving blessing.

A private note from Brother J. G. Cassel, informs us that he with his family has again gone forth to labor in the Guatemala Mission field. They left Kansas about May 1, expecting to spend a few weeks in California before sailing. They will be located at San Marcos, Guatemala. We learn that mission work in Central America has its peculiar difficulties. The missionaries, as also the native converts, are exposed to severe persecution incited by the Roman Catholic church. The Lord is blessing the efforts of both the missionaries. The converts that are made are then lost to Romanism which, of course, she is disposed to...
May 15, 1907.

EVANGELIST VISITOR.

resent. Some success has also attend­
ed efforts among the Indians, and it
is hoped the Lord will graciously
give larger success to the efforts in
evangelising in those needy fields.

Our readers will notice what
Brother Steigerwald says elsewhere in
this issue about dried fruit. We learn
that friends of the missionaries in
different districts and States have
some ready for them. We are per­
mitted to announce that the fruit may be
forwarded to the Messiah. Home, Harrisburg, Pa., where it will be
properly repacked for shipment to its
destination.

By way of explanation of what
must have been confusing to our
readers in our editorial, "A Remin­
sience," in our last issue, we want to
say that the obituary we had in mind
was, by an oversight which is bu­
militating to the editor, omitted. It
referred to Brother Wm. Giffen, who
met death so suddenly near Strong
City, Kans., as given in the obituary
which appears in this issue.

Our readers will notice that we are
short of articles from contributors. During the Winter our supply was
quite ample, but at present it has run
short. We have on hand one short
article written, we presume, by a
sister who failed to give her name
which accounts for its not appearing.
Several other articles are for various
reasons withheld or delayed.

How Christ Changes a Man's Life.

Personal testimony of personal ex­
perience of salvation through Christ
is always interesting. When a per­
corn can say, "I was there when it oc­
curred," there will always be inter­
ested listeners. But there are experi­
ences and experiences; not all alike be­
cause not all were alike in sin.

Melven E. Trotter, who says he has
the largest rescue mission on the
globe, has a life-story different from
most people, yet it shows what power
there is in the gospel of Christ. He
says: "My father didn't teach me how
to pray. I tended bar for him—he
on one side and I on the other. I was
a drunkard. I couldn't do anything
but drink whisky, so I just drank
whisky. The first time mother saw
me drunk I left home next morning
before she got up, and so I never lived
at home since I was a boy. I got to
following the race course, and learned
the three-card game. I was simply
the boy with a gang of bookmakers,
and I was hitting the high spots until
I got so I couldn't keep sober and
then the gang would drop me. I got
in with a gang of Mississippi river
thieves, and that lasted till I'd get
drunken and say things I hadn't ought
to, and then I had an ugly way of
handling myself when I was drunk,
and I'd get to scrapping.

"I got into serious trouble one
time, and they had me on a suspend­
ed sentence; they put me out in the
country where I couldn't get whisky
and I was scared into being sober
eleven weeks. While there I married
the nicest girl in this house—she's
here to-night. Some of the old wise
sisters came around to her and said,
'Look here, you're up against a gold
brick.' And they were right, she did
draw a gold brick. The sad side of
a drunkard's life is that he never suf­
fers alone. I didn't. My wife suffer­
ed. When you see a drunkard stagger
down street, don't you think he's a
drunkard because he wants to be. I
was six years married before I was
converted, and all those six years I
was trying to quit. I tried every
remedy known to science. They gave
me the 'gold cure' one time—a nice
hypodermic syringe and two bottles
of medicine, and I sold the whole outfit
for three drinks of whisky in fifteen
minutes. My wife had money when
we were married, but I got hold of it
and didn't stay sober till it was gone.
We didn't have any home; we just
traveled for a little—that is, I travel
from our furnished room to the saloon
and back, and my wife sat up in the
window and watched for me.

"When a baby came to our home it
was the sweetest boy you ever saw.
Soon as he was born I went down and
we had drinks all round on the new
boy, 'Trotter's new boy,' and I didn't
get to see him again for a week. He
got to be two years and a month old.
I didn't notice my home growing
worse, didn't notice the baby seemed
sickly, didn't notice wife was wearing
clothes she had when we were
married. One morning I was
called from a place, and rushed home
and found my baby dead in his
mother's arms, in a cold house; she
had cut up her last skirt to keep the
little boy from freezing, and there she
walked the floor with her dead baby
in her arms, and I felt like I was a
murderer, and I was, too. I was
wild. My wife laid the baby down
and came to me, and she said, 'Don't
take on, and that usted do it if you
could help it.' Over the baby's dead
body she had given her heart to
Christ. The thieves and the gamblers
and the harlots helped me out and
bought me a little white coffin—six
dollars I think it cost—and before he
was buried Mrs. Trotter took me to
the little dead boy and said, 'Now, for
his sake, you'll quit drinking, won't
you?' She said, 'I'm all alone in the
world but you,' and I promised her
that whisky would never touch my
lips again. We went to the cemetery,
and came back, and when I got out
of the carriage the saloonkeeper said
to me, 'You're as nervous as you can
be; you need a drink; better take just
one and go home.' I was shaking like
a leaf. I took 'just one' and got
home about six o'clock that night so
drunk I couldn't see. My wife's
heart was broken.

"I went down just as fast as a man
can. I got hold of $225 that didn't
belong to me and bought a horse, the
goodest I ever drove, took him out to
a saloon in Long Grove, Iowa, one
time, hitched him to a bar and said to
the saloonkeeper, 'Give everybody a
drink,' and we drank him up, and I've
ever seen him since. When I was in
the D. T.'s they shipped me to Chi­
cago, and I landed there without
money, friends or home. But one
night a door stood open in East Van
Buren street, and a little fellow stood
outside boosting. He says, 'Come in,
Fatty, just the place for you.' And in
I went. It was the old Pacific Gar­
den Mission; and when Harry Munroe
gave the invitation I grabbed my cap
and started for the front, and Jesus
saved me, and from that day to this I
have never tasted whisky or wanted it.
That man took me home with him
and gave me a bath, and that night
I slept between sheets. You don't
know what that meant to me.

"I went to work at my trade in the
morning, and the first man that came
into the barber shop was a million­
aire real estate man named Casey.
I was trembling like a leaf. I said;
'You're next, sir,' and he looked at me
a minute, and say, 'I should say not.'
But I went into the next room and
got down and said, 'Lord, I believe
you saved me last night—now help
me.' I went back and he let me shave
him. I met him the other day and
asked him whether he remembered
that shave. He said, 'I should say so—
I didn't dare draw a long breath all
the time you were doing it.'

"That week I made four dollars
and twenty cents, telegraphed wife to
come to Chicago, and went to house­
keeping. We hired a front room, and
had everything that goes to make life
worth living, for Jesus was there, too.
I tended door in the Pacific Garden
Mission six nights a week, and pretty
soon they sent me up to Grand Rapids
to take charge of a rescue mission; never had charge of a Mission before; never could say anything. You know when I was saved I lost half of my vocabulary, and had to go stammering and spluttering, and I've been stammering and spluttering ever since. But we have been at work, and now we've got an opera house that seats 1,750 people and the biggest Rescue Mission on the globe. I've been ordained a Presbyterian minister. I want to tell you how I was ordained. They told me I'd have to pass the first examination in Christian Evidences, and I said, 'What's that?' They said, 'Are you saved?' I said, 'Yes, I am.' 'How do you know?' I said, 'I was there.' They went on and asked me some other questions, and finally one of the brethren wanted to know whether I was a Calvinist or an Armenian. I said, 'I don't know the difference between them.' They said, 'Brother Trotter, we think you don't believe.' I said, 'That's Munroe's doctrine. I got it from Harry, and that's what all we have and all of us are sinners, and lost, and that Jesus Christ died to save us, and whosoever will may come.'

April Credits.


A Song in the Night.

The night swooped down upon the world
At close of one sad day.
And like a pall o'er earth unfurled
Its shadows round me lay;
The stars forgot to pierce the cloud.
The moon had lost her light;
The chilling wind roared fierce and loud.
And oh, it was the night!

Aloof I sat within my room,
And felt grim sorrow roll.
An awful weight of crushing gloom
Upon my troubled soul.
And all within was cold and dark.
There came no ray of light
To pierce the shadows of my heart.
And oh, it was the night!

For death all silently had crossed
The threshold of my door.
The one dear voice I loved the most
Was hushed forever more.
And one dear face whose smile had made
All earth to me seem bright,
Beneath the cold, damp earth was laid.
And oh, it was the night!

And somehow God no more seemed near,
And heaven was far away:
My eyes refused to shed a tear,
My heart forgot to pray;
And like a frost upon my life
There came no ray of light.
Within my heart there raged a strife.
And oh, it was the night!

But in the darkness of that hour,
Its struggle and defeat;
A childish voice of magic power
Rose from the busy street:
It stirred the frozen fount of grief,
It broke the Tempter's might;
It spoke of comfort and relief,
And oh, it brought the light!

It was a simple song I heard,
But silently it stole,
With God's grace I gave in every word
Into my burdened soul;
And upward on its pinions rose
My faith to heaven's height,
And I told Jesus all my woes,
And oh, there came the light!

The singer's name I ne'er have known,
Her step passed swiftly on;
Perhaps an angel near the throne
Came down to sing that song,
I only know that God had given
That childish voice the might
To bring to me the peace of heaven,
And chase away the night.

But when at last my work is done,
Whene'er grief and storm arise,
When with the final victory won,
I reach that blissful shore,
I know that I shall hear again
Among that mighty throng
That meets to praise the Savior's name,
When strife and grief are o'er,

—Selected by Sister Ida Stauffer, Conno, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 4.

It is Now So Much—
What you think, as what you say.
What you earn, as what you save.
What you say, as how you do it.
What you want, as how you need.
What you believe, as what you do.
What you give, as how you give it.
What you work, as how it is done.
What you possess, as how you use it.
What you learn, as how you remember.

—Paragon Monthly.
to obey, but obey I had to if I wanted to keep peace and fellowship.

Thus in my obeying I saw that narrow is the way that leadeth to life everlasting, and few there be that find it. O, what a pity! And of those that name the name of Christ, not all that say, Lord, Lord, shall enter in. O, it is my desire to be a light to the world and a salt to the earth, to give good for evil, to revile not when I am reviled, and remember that Christ made himself of no reputation.

Now, by the way of admonition, let us keep down to the meek and lowly, especially those that have put on the whole armor of God; and we as babes let us grow in grace. O, I love the foundation of the Brethren—let us adhere to it. O, how it hurts me that the Bible school, the changing of the hymn book and other things are invented and brought into the church. Woe unto you, inventors of things! O, that the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob might reveal part of his wrath to the shepherds of the flock that at this coming Council they might abolish all that is contrary to the will of our meek and lowly Savior. Then, how happy we will be when we meet on yonder shore where there is no parting, where there is no shedding of tears, but all is divine love.

Let us all pray that we come to the unity of the faith.

LEVI W. MUMMAW, JR.

[Editor’s Note.—The above experience of conversion is interesting, but since the writer is moved to write by way of admonition as to what General Conference shall do or not do, his writing will bear a little inspection. He expresses his attitude on several questions which have already engaged the attention of former conferences, notably the Bible School and Hymn Book questions. Judging from what he inferentially says constitutes the “whole armor of God” it would seem needful to have a Bible School in order that we may come to an agreement with the apostle Paul in what he, in Ephesians 6:10-20 says, constitutes that “armor.” There evidently is no intimation in the apostle’s argument that he has in his mind a special garb or uniform as seems to be the interpretation of the brother. As to the Hymn Book there appears to be a need of a new supply of books of some kind, and since our present book is made up of hymns very few of which are the product of any member of our church, but are almost exclusively the work of other hymn writers, we do not see that any special sacredness is inherent in our hymn book, and conference can properly order a new selection and compilation of hymns. Lastly, we are made painfully conscious of the almost complete ignoring of Jesus Christ in the experience of conversion. Peace was obtained, not by trusting in Christ’s finished work, but by doing things.]

Testimony.

Dear Readers: While I greet you in the precious name of Jesus, I feel I must pen down a few lines of my experience, not because I wish to admire at its wide publication in a paper like yours, but because I feel that many shall find that the Omnipotent Spirit of the Almighty Father has been working in the great object of love, purity and oneness.

Now to introduce myself let me tell you that I had been once a staunch member of the Church of England. Being baptized and confirmed in a church of fashion and formality and educated in a school of high class manners, I looked upon Christianity as merely an outcome of latest civilization. I was exceedingly orthodox and unyielding, and when my father would comment upon any doctrinal points, that differed so widely from the original simplicity, I would simply pour out a grudging criticism against him. I followed the principles, verbal and written of the church, close to the (very) shadow of the “Reverend Padns,” being ignorant of what might come in future. I used to be a regular attendant in their services, Sunday-school and meetings, and sometimes I was given the prominent post in public assemblies and singing. I heard sermons from the pulpit and like others, gazed at the gaudy robe and the long sleeves of the missionary on the one side and the multifarious characters clothed in all the seven colors of the rainbow on the other. The decorations of the church altar and the luminous colored glass panes seemed all in all. The written sermons like the seed on the wayside, never gained ground in my heart. I joined in the singing, in the prayers with full swing of pomp and pride. But did not know what I was doing all that for because I was simply blinded with the outward show of the church.

But thanks to heaven, time came when at the proper hour I was convicted of what I had been doing before. It first originated with my father who being previously aware of the vanity spared all connections with the churches and for some considerable time remained aloof. He was earnestly endeavoring to get the truth, when after a prolonged test and trial, he found his way to the Brethren in Christ Mission. I joined the membership with my parents and brothers and this day I am so happy to bear witness to the wonderful change of my life. Here I learned many things and God helped me to have my spiritual eyes opened. I gave up fashions and formalities and when I look back upon the long space of time I was in bondage to the vanities and follies of the so-called church, I cannot but hide my face with shame and sorrow. A line comes to my memory which runs thus, “A good behavior is better than a learned sermon.” This, at any rate, proves to me to be very practical when I think about the behavior and kindnesses of Brother Musser and family and Sister Landis. It is mostly by the kind deeds not words, the self-sacrificing spirit, not selfishness and hypocrisy, that they have drawn us nearer to the cross of Christ.

I am so glad that I have learned to trust in Jesus on whom I cast all my burdens. My age is now sixteen years, and I beseech you brethren, by your fervent prayers, my life may be spent for his glory—the glory of the only begotten of the Father who has done so much for you and me.

Your sister in the faith,
TORU LOTA SEN.

April 11, 1907.

I love to read the columns of the Visitor. I can’t help but praise God for an experience this evening of humiliation. I am completely humbled. We have passed through a light, common trial in the loss by death of one of our faithful dumb animals after great suffering. I was wishing my dear old father might be touched. I can truly say, not boastingly, but only to speak the truth, if God’s care had not been over me more than once in going to services in dark nights, I might have been met by accident or even been killed. Only to relate one experience of the Lord’s care and watchfulness over me. One dark Winter evening when I went to Souderton prayer-meeting our hired man missed to get the bit in my horse’s mouth and I went safely over six miles. I missed to see it over there and came home safely. Can my tongue praise him enough? If we do right God will do the other all. I am
attached to my dumb beast and try to treat her kindly.

Brother, sister, are you doing this? Surely, I am unworthy of all that God bestows upon me. Praise God! Pray for me. I truly wish more could see God in everything.

Amanda Snyder.

A Reverie in the Night Watches.

[Perhaps our readers are not much acquainted with the missionary work of Dr. Grenfell in Labrador. We commend the article herewith given. The accounts of his journeys and labors in that frozen, out of the way land, among the poor fishermen, sounds almost more like fiction than truth.—Editor.]

In a little hospital like this, with a small staff of one nurse and one doctor, when a serious case makes night watches a necessity, even a roving dog can know what a quiet hour means. At sea, in the open season, on a night watch, all is life and action. The rolling vessel—the swinging compass—the changing courses—the straining of the eyes after ice and hidden dangers—all keep every faculty alert, and occupy every passing moment.

But here in the dim light, the silent house, the stillness of the intense cold outside, such that one can almost hear the frost at work under the chilly stars, the domination of the senesce by the nearness and bustle of things is relieved, and one's imagination goes a-roaming far and wide.

A bed has been moved temporarily into our pretty white enamelled operating theater. A boy is in it. It is nearly four in the morning, and I am sitting by his side. He is a fisherman's only son, ten years old. After a severe operation on the abdomen, he is making a brave fight for life.

Hard by, in a neighbor's little cottage, an anxious mother is waiting for the first streak of daylight to get the news of her child. She has left her home, far away on the shores of the Straits of Belle Isle, to bring her only boy, Willie, hailed by a trusty dog—only son. It was a supreme effort of faith.

The tell-tale thermometer warns me that the temperature of the boy has risen one degree—and there is a slight flush about the cheek—the pulse has reached a hundred. The boy is drowsy from a dose of morphine given because he must not move at any cost. In spite of it, he is restless between short snatches of sleep. He must be closely watched.

A patient coughing noisily in the next ward—there is only a wood partition between us—has awakened him. He has asked for a drink. Two teaspoonsfuls of cold water is all I dare give him for the next twenty-four hours. He must have no more at one time. Thank God, he is asleep again.

After all, what does it matter? It is only a fisherman's boy from the wilds. Who will care if a hundred such are carried seaward to-morrow, as they go seal-hunting on the ice floes? Who would care in the busy world outside, steeped in its own anxiety and cares—mindful only of its own joys and sorrows? It is cut off by wastes of ice and snow from this lone land, so that even the story could only reach their ears when the event is almost forgotten, who would care—who should care?

Here in this silent night watch, with no one to speak to, one's thoughts go flying now across the sea—to my home in England. It is peace and quiet there. If I was only there, I needn't see these things, take none of these responsibilities. Oh, if I could get back there, and leave others to themselves. Then, at least, I should get rest from this gnawing anxiety, for a child, whom I never saw till yesterday—and of whom I could say, 'He is nothing to me.'

'There is a stir in the bed. It makes me drop my pencil, and a queer feeling rushes through me, as I see that Willie's large brown eyes are open and evidently fixed on me. How closely he seems to be watching me. Surely he could not have known my thoughts? No. It is the loneliness of the night that makes one foolishly credulous. But suppose he had read them—and I calling myself a missionary.

Thank God, he only asked for another drop of water—and for a pillow to be moved because, already he is 'so tired of lying.'

Why all this restlessness? Can there be something going wrong with the wound? Alas, it is the imperfect work of my own hand. Alas, alas! What a poor instrument to represent the Master. Surely he might have sent a better surgeon than me—at least, someone with a patience and love a little more akin to his own.

What would I not give for a consultation now—such as one got so readily in the old hospital at home. What price would I not pay for the advice of some great physician. Alas, even this wish is born, first of all, from a desire for relief for myself rather than to save the boy's life—born of a desire to get rid of responsibility, and put it on the shoulders of anyone willing to bear it.

Thoughts of the past now fly hurrying through my brain. Surely one might have been better fitted. How many hours I lost when just the knowledge now needed so much might have been gained. How many.

A dog has started howling outside. He is joined in loud chorus by all my four-footed friends, over twenty in number. Hundreds of miles they have carried me already across hill and dale, over sea and land, mid snow and ice. Now, out on the snow in this bitter cold, with only the stars overhead, they are contentedly making their beds this night. few pleasures, as we know them, ever fall to their lot. Meat, in great frozen blocks, is the best food they know of, and that is often far too scarce. Yet, with every sign of affectionate joy, they will come leaping up to greet me in the morning. In spite of everything, they will be ready—yes, and more than ready, eager to work for me again, and plod on at till I have seen them drop dead uncomplaining, in their very traces.

They have brought me back to the reality of things. They seem an inspiration to come back to the hard facts again. Here am I, with but poor talents—God help me—and here is this little lad, his life must be saved. I must save it. The time and place offer to no one else this 'opportunity' to be the instrument. True, it is no greater, perhaps, than other opportunities—but then, in reality all opportunities are great. Yes, and each is vast in importance, for it only comes once. Never again. Never. Am I not even now expecting to hear the footfall of the child's mother over the crisp snow outside? Though scarcely daring to risk an answer, she is coming to ask me 'the news.' Yes, the news—no news in the world is as important to her.

What can I do? Thank God, the boy is quiet again now. For myself, I can almost feel the silence. Only the clock, ticking outside, reminds me that the hand of time alone is never
still. It suggests that opportunities are passing. Is there anything more I can do? Anything? My worried brain gives me no help. I seem to have done all that I can. My whirling thoughts have gone again. As a spark from the electric button they are flashing back to familiar words, ‘She hath done what she could,’ and now they fly to him who spoke them, while the clock outside seems to keep ticking at me, ‘Have you?’ ‘Have you?’

All she could. How true they are. Yes, our powers are very, very limited.

No, no. He meant more than that. Is it that there is a better man present in this room after all? Does it mean that that very friend I have been so keenly wanting is really near, after all? Can my professional mind think of him as of as much real value here in this prosaic operating theater as the second opinion I’ve been groaning for? Something within me resents the hope as merely a creation of my own desire. But if it is true, then whatever I feared that the lad saw with those great eyes of his he must surely know. And those unworthy thoughts of a while ago—Can it be that here and now, in a place where emotion is pre-eminent at a discount, I can really shake the burden of responsibility off him, and so get rest from this anxiety?

Prayer is not to replace action—the Old Book itself says so. Faith, without works, cannot save this boy, I am certain. The Old Book is too genuine to suggest fatuous words as a narcotic for incompleteness, if there has been carelessness or sloth. Perhaps here—on our very beam ends—his words may be understood. Yes—in spite of his seeing great eyes of his he must surely know. And those unworthy thoughts of a while ago—Can it be that here and now, in a place where emotion is pre-eminent at a discount, I can really shake the burden of responsibility off him, and so get rest from this anxiety?

May your hearts make your faces radiant with this same joy when you are waiting to see for yourselves him who has promised to consider all these things as ‘done unto him,’ may, do not shrink from responsibility. Do not dread the anxiety and the real suffering it so often entails. For in no earthly home will a follower of the Christ escape these things. Only when the golden gates are close, behind us can we expect the rest of heaven. Only amidst it all God give you the joys of having done what you could, and so give youthat joyful countenance which communion with him has ever given, and must of necessity give—for it reflects his own. —By Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell, Labrador.—Montreal Witness.

If.

If you want to be interesting, don’t talk much about yourself.

If we had more good hearers we would have more good sermons.

If you are in the wrong place your right place is empty.

If you want to be strong in trial, don’t forget to pray when you are prosperous.

If you can’t be rich, you can become better off by being contented.

If you can’t do the work you like to do, try to like the work you have to do.

If you are a Christian, the devil will never get in front of you unless you turn around.

If the earth were covered with flowers all the year round, the bees would get lazy.—Selected by Maggie Farmer.
who is rich, and $10 to put away a working man who is poor; where to be virtuous is to be lonesome and to be honest is to be a crank; where we sit on the safety valve of energy and pull wide open the throttle of conscience; where gold is substance—the one thing sought for; where we pay $15,000 for a dog and fifteen cents to a poor woman for making shirts; where we teach the "untutored" Indians eternal life from the Bible and kill him off with bad whiskey; where we put a man in jail for stealing a loaf of bread and in Congress for stealing a railroad; where the checkbook talks sin walks in broad daylight, justice is asleep, crime runs amuck, corruption permeates our whole social and political fabric, and the devil laughs from every street corner. Come to us, Fillies! We've got the greatest aggregation of good things and bad things, hot things and cold things, all sizes, varieties and colors, ever exhibited under one tent."—Published by request of J. B. Leamen.

|Editor's Note.—The editor was somewhat doubtful of the above article's suitability in that perhaps many of our readers not fully understood its import, but as it was sent in as an instructive production by another one of our valued readers besides the one named in its connection above, we therefore give it room with the hope that it may not be misread.]

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**Talk to the Children.**

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents, what they deem drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of daily listening to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant conversation, and what unconscious, but excellent mental training in lively, social argument. Cultivate to the utmost the art of conversation at home.—Selected.

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**Sinning Against the Child.**

"Spake I not unto you, saying, do not sin against the child!" exclaimed Reuben, reminiscently, with reference to the youthful Joseph. The force of these words is not really lessened by the fact that they constituted an "I told you so." For years the sense of having wronged one so young as hardly to be able to defend himself against harm, had haunted Reuben like a vengeful memory. It is probable that when he uttered those words of warning, "Do not sin against the child," Reuben had in mind the physical rather than the moral welfare of Joseph. Nevertheless, his words are capable of a wider use than their original application, and may well be employed to-day as a solemn cautions against sin in childhood by either deliberately or thoughtlessly doing injury to any of its precious interests.

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**We Need a Very Sensitive Ear to Hear It.**

There are few things, perhaps, that more prevent the Holy Spirit from gaining full possession of our hearts than the explanations of many spiritual disasters.

**Our Disregard of the Whispers in which He so often speaks.**

We do listen when His voice comes like a thunder peal, but when it comes only like a soft breathing into the innermost sanctuary of the soul, we give little heed. His voice that warns us of dangers to our souls, or rebukes our self-indulgences, is often very low, and more prevent the Holy Spirit from gaining full possession of our hearts than the explanations of many spiritual disasters.

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**We Need to Have a Great Fear of Sin in order to escape it, and a great sensitiveness to sin in order to fear it.**

We need, to "keep conscience as the guide of life, knowledge is the eye of conscience void of offence, both toward God and toward men." (Acts 24:16.)

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**There Are Many Kinds of Conscience.**

There is the unawakened conscience, the ignorant or unenlightened conscience, the drugged or sleeping conscience, the "weak" and morbidly scrupulous conscience, the "defiled" conscience, the conscience that is "purged," the "pure" conscience, the "conscience void of offence." The conscience that is "purged," the "pure" conscience, the "conscience void of offence." The conscience that is "purged," the "pure" conscience, the "conscience void of offence." The conscience that is "purged," the "pure" conscience, the "conscience void of offence." The conscience that is "purged," the "pure" conscience, the "conscience void of offence." The conscience that is "purged," the "pure" conscience, the "conscience void of offence."
of the guide; and if that eye be blind, both the leader and the led will fall into the ditch.

Conscience in the Soul Is Like the Compass in a Ship.

It must be depended upon at sea, but, in order to make it dependable it has to be both

Carefully Adjusted Ere the Voyage Begins, and Carefully Watched

all the voyage through to make sure of its being secluded from disturbing influences, else its guidance will be unsaft; and the smallest deviations of the ship from the right direction to which the compass points must be as carefully noted as the large.

Let it then be borne in upon us with absolute conviction, that

If We Are to Have a Pure Conscience in Everything We Must Listen to Its Whispers

about many things that seem only small—small luxuries and self-indulgencies that are “weights” to us, if not positive “sins,” small compliances with the worldly spirit rampant in social life, habits of reading certain kinds of literature, habits that tend to unspiritualize us, to enfeeble us, to take away our relish for higher things, habits that a very sensitive conscience would condemn, but habits about which we seldom give conscience full liberty to speak. Of many of these things we say, “Oh! they are mere trifles,” and when some whisper of conscience tells us that we are not walking honestly before God in regard to them, we argue conscious down.

But Can Anything Be Really a Trifle which prevents God’s Holy Spirit from having fully possession of us? or which hinders to any extent our usefulness for God?

Let us be honest about all this, and ask ourselves:

(1) Do we make Conscience Work About Our Secret Life, allowing nothing there that would defile the purity of the soul, nothing that would make prayer distasteful, nothing that we would be ashamed to do if Christ were standing by?

(2) Do we make Conscience Work of Our Home Life, curbing passionate tempers on the one hand and sullenness on the other, showing no selfish determination to have our own way, careful about wounding the feelings of others, putting down the frivolous gossip and uncharitable comments so prevalent in the home, carefully watching against all bitterness of speech and all unkindness of act?

(3) Do we always make Conscience Work of Our Social Life, uttering none of those insincerities that go by the name of “white lies,” no hollow compliments to those we know to be undeserving of them, no expressions of admiration for those who flatter us and of dislike for those who cannot honestly do it, no “walking according to the course of this world” (Eph. 2:2) in its sinful extravagance and show, its frivolous amusements, its hypocrisies and shams, its patronage of things that only pander to “the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life?” (I. John 2:16).

(4) Do we make Conscience Work of Every Kind of Business Life Too?

Do we allow practices there to remain unchallenged which a really sensitive conscience would instantly condemn? It may be that the whole kind of business in which we are engaged is tainted, and defiled as well as defiled, for, as Spurgeon said in his own nervous way: “Business has often no business to be the kind of business it is.” Or, if the business itself is legitimate, there may be some sharp practices in it which verge upon actual dishonesty, and go dead against the command, “As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them likewise.” (Luke 6:31.) Are we sensitive enough about things like these? Would we like for our Lord and Master to stand close beside us as we do them?

It may be a very searching question to some—

“Would You Like for Christ to Overlook You at Your Daily Work?”

Could you make Him a partner in your business and keep nothing from His eye?”... If He were to offer to take the management of your business, would you let Him do it? If, some day, seeing how harrassed you look, He were to say: “Give me those books of yours and that ledger and that pen, let me send for those orders and write those letters, and make out that balance sheet;’ or, “Go you and rest, and

Let Me Take Your Place Behind the Counter
to-day and serve the customers for you”—would you do it? Or would you be afraid of His eye seeing some things on which your own eye looks, or tries to look, complacently enough? There is many a man in Christ’s professing church to-day who, if the great Master were to propose such a thing, would hurry out of His presence, and never come back! And yet, what Christ would certainly rebuke, ought not a sensitive conscience in ourselves to rebuke, so that we shall put it away at once?

The want of this “living in all good conscience toward God and toward men” is sure to produce two evils—

The Loss of Peace and the Loss of Power.

We cannot “assure our hearts before God” (I. John 3:19) while these hearts condemn us for tolerated sins, and we cannot have success in our efforts for God in the world. Do we want to know why our influence over others does not tell? What if the reason be that we are tolerating in our lives, MUCH THAT IS QUESTIONABLE, to say the least of it—much that our consciences tell us should be honestly put away? Men are not impressed by us as they would be if only they saw

More of Christ’s Absolute Purity and unworldliness in us. The finest gifts will not tell in the absence of this. “It is not great talents that God blesses,” said the saintly McCheyne, “but great likeness to Jesus.” If our utterances for Christ are not backed up by our manifest “clearing of ourselves” (II. Cor. 6:11), our influence by means of them will go for very little.

“Happy Is He That Condemneth Not Himself in That Thing Which He Alloweth.”


I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are. How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How instantaneously it acts! How infallibly it is remembered! How superbly it pays itself back!—Southern Churchman.

Faith shall bring at last to the heaven of our Father a great multitude which no man can number.—Rev. Dr. Williams.

I know the Bible is inspired, because it finds me at greater depths of my being than any other book.—Coleridge.
The Power of Song.

A TRUE STORY.

Near the summit of a mountain in Pennsylvania is a small hamlet called Honeyville, consisting of two log houses, two shanties, a rickety old barn, and a small shed, surrounded by a few acres of cleared land. In one of these houses lived a family of seven—father, mother, three boys and two girls. They had recently moved from Michigan. The mother’s health was poor, and she longed to be out on the beautiful old mountain where she had spent most of her childhood. Their household goods had arrived in Pennsylvania just in time to be swept away by the great Johnstown flood of 1889.

The mother and her two daughters, Nina and Dot, were Christians, and their voices were often lifted in praise to God as they sang from an old hymn book, one of their most cherished possessions.

One morning the mother sent Nina and Dot on an errand to their sister’s home three and one-half miles distant. The first two miles took them through dense woods, while the rest of the way led past houses and through small clearings. She charged them to start on their return home in time to arrive before dark, as many wild beasts—bears, catamounts, and occasionally a panther—were prowling around. These animals were hungry at this time of the year; for they were getting ready to “hole up,” or lie down in some cozy cave or hole for their long winter’s nap.

The girls started off, merrily chasing each other along the way, arriving at their sister’s in good time, and having a jolly romp with the baby. After dinner the sister was so busy, and the older sister watched until they disappeared up the road, anxiously wishing they might arrive before dark, as many wild beasts—bears, catamounts, and occasionally a panther—were prowling around. These animals were hungry at this time of the year; for they were getting ready to “hole up,” or lie down in some cozy cave or hole for their long winter’s nap.

When the children moved, the panther stopped and straightened himself up, then crouched again, moved slowly, uneasily toward them. When they had nearly reached him, and Nina, who was nearest, saw his body almost in the very spot where she had pointed, a large panther stepped out of the bushes, turning his head first one way and then another; then, as if seeing the girls for the first time, he crouched down, and crawling, sneaking along, like a cat after a mouse, he moved toward them. The girls stopped and looked at each other, then Dot began to cry, and said, in a half-smothered whisper, “Oh, Nina, let’s run!” But Nina thought of the long, dark, lonely road behind, and knew that running was useless. Then, thinking of what her father had said about showing fear, she selected her little sister’s hand, and said, “No, let’s pass it. God will help us.” And she started up the road toward the animal.

When the children moved, the panther stopped, straightened himself up, then crouched again, moved slowly, uneasily toward them. When they had nearly reached him, and Nina, who was nearest, saw his body almost rising for the spring, then flashed through her mind the memory of hearing it said that a wild beast would not attack any one who was singing. What should she sing? In vain she tried to recall some song, but her mind seemed a blank. In despair she looked up, and breathed a little prayer for help; then catching a glimpse of the last rays of the setting sun touching the tops of the trees on the hill, she began the beautiful hymn:

“There is sunlight on the hilltop, there is sunlight in the sea.”

Her sister joined in, and although their voices were faint and trembling at first, by the time the children were opposite the panther, the words of the song rang out sweet and clear on the evening air.

The panther stopped and straightened himself to his full height. His tail, which had been lashing and switching, became quiet as he seemed to listen.

The girls passed on, hand in hand, never looking behind them. How sweet the words—

“Oh, the sunlight, beautiful sunlight! Oh, the sunlight in the heart!”

The panther listened, as he echoed and re-echoed through the woods. As the children neared the top of the hill, the rumbling of a wagon fell upon their ears, so they knew that help was near, but still they sang. When they gained the top, at the same time the wagon rattled up, for the first time they turned and looked back, just in season to catch a last glimpse of the panther as he disappeared into the woods. The mother had looked often and anxiously down the road, and each time was disappointed in not seeing the children coming. Finally she could wait no longer, and started to meet them. When about half way there, she heard the words:

“Oh, the sunlight, beautiful sunlight! Oh, the sunlight in the heart! Jesus’ smile can banish sadness, it is sunlight in the heart!”

At first a happy smile of relief passed over her face; but it faded as she listened. There was such an unearthly sweetness in the song, so strong and clear, that it seemed like angels’ music instead of her own little girls. The song ceased, and the children appeared over the hill. She saw their white faces, and hurried toward them. When they saw her, how their little feet flew! But it was some time before they could tell her what had happened.

What joyful season of worship they had that night, and what a meaning that dear old hymn has had to them ever since!

A few days later a party of organized hunters killed the panther that had given the children such a fright. But the memory of that thrilling experience will never fade from the mind of the writer, who was one of the actors in it.—[Nina Case.]—Selected.

There is nothing possible to a human soul greater than simple faithfulness. And the word stands out as the hopeful, possible thing about our lives.
—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Crooked and warped I am, and I would fail. Straighten myself by thy right line again.—Selected.
The SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

This page is edited by Bro. J. H. Engle.

Lesson 9. June 2.—Moses Called to Deliver Israel. Exodus 3:14-4:17. Golden Text: And he said, I am that I am. The presence of God explains also the everlastings of the Lord God. Moses was called by God, standing on a holy ground, which was both a tribute to the holiness of the Being and a confession of personal delineation and un-
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Philadelphia, 403 N. Second street, in charge of Brother Peter Stover and Sister Stover.

Ray, N. Y., Mission, 25 Hawley street, in charge of Brother George Whis­ler and Sister Ella Whis­ler.


Jablock Orphan Home, Thomas, Ohio, in charge of Bro. and Sister A. L. Elsen­hower.

Cross Rondo, Philadelphia, May 22, 23.

Lykens Valley district, Millersburg R. R. station, at the home of Bro. and Sister Romberger, June 8, 9.

Mount Pleasant, Rapho district, Lancaster county, May 26, 27.

R. R. Station, Liverpool, May 26, 27.

MARTINSBURG, MORRISON'S CREEK, district, May 18, 19.

Feup, June 1, 2.

Wainfleet, June 8, 9.

Silverdale, June 1, 2.

Upland, California, June 25, 26.

Ontario, Black Creek, May 25, 26.


Markham, Wainfleet, June 8, 9.

Howick, June 8, 9.

Waterloo, Roseville, June 15, 16.

R. R. Station, Peterburg.

All the love feast announcements carry an invitation is extended. A general ini­tiation is extended.

Foreign Mission Funds.

Report for April, 1907.

General Fund.—Receipts.

Rapho District, $28; Philip Hawk, Kansas, $2; Lena Smutz, Kansas, $2; Lydia Brewer, Kansas, $12; A. Brother, Kansas, $25; J. C. Mitchell, Ohio, $24; Harvey Gish, Kansas, $8; Peter H. Bert, Kansas, $2; J. M. Smith, Kansas, $8; B. F. English, Kansas, $2; Jacob Crider, Kansas, $1; Mrs. H. Noel, Kansas, $2; Beni, Hoover, Kansas, $2; Harry Noel, J. J. Hoover, Kansas, $15; M. L. Brandt, $16; Reuben Climen­haga, Kansas, $15; Wm. Page, Kansas, $2; M. English, Kansas, $25; G. C. Has, Kansas, $3; John L. Gish, Kansas, $2; John Henz, Kansas, $25; David Eyster, Ohio, $2.50; R. M. White, banker, Kansas, $20; Markham District, Ont., $25; Wainfleet Brethren, Ont., $25; Black Creek church, Ont., $151.50; Manor District, Pa., $21; Brown County District, Kansas, $65; Rose Bank Sunday-school, Kansas, $10; Bethany Sunday-school, Thomas, Ohio, $16; M. L. Hoffman, Kansas, $15; C. G. Mussel, Kansas, $2; Sister Lena Smutz, Kansas, $2; Stark County District, Ohio, $19.00; Philema German, Pa., $18; Harris­burg, Pa., $100; B. J. Winger and family, Ohio, $2; John Winger, Ont., $1; Alice Breden, New York, $11.50; Levi Hoover, Peabody, Kansas, $50; D. E. Weig­le, Des Moines, Iowa, $50; Walpole Sunday­school, Ont., $34.25; Walpole church, Ont., $8; W. L. Kreider, Palmyra, Pa., $50; Donegal District, Pa., $25.

RECEIPTS

Rescue Home and Girls’ School Fund.

J. M. English, $2.50; John H. Myer, Cal, $9.00; Anna Hills, Newmarket, Ont., $50; A. M. and Lena Commonhal, Saska, $1,40; Harrisburg, Pa., S. S. Easter offering, $50.

May 15, 1907.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

CHURCH WORK.

Love Feasts.

Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, May 22, 23.


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**Philadelphia Mission.**

Report for April, 1907.

Recruits.

Streets, Pa., $2; Washingtonboro, $1; Roaring Spring, $1; Mary A. Stene, deceased, $10; Gormley, Ont., $2; Mowersville, Valley, $2; Fishkill, Ont., $2; 1 crate eggs, Trappe, Pa.; clothing, Ironbridge, Pa.

**Receipts.**

Mission, $8; for church, $21.97.

Blessed are they who fear God. The Christian puts on the Lord Jesus Christ as his righteousness, holiness and redemption. He desires to be with and like unto his God, and he wishes that every member of Christ's body were now saved from sin. Praise his name forever. Truly, I can't praise him enough, for he is doing great things for us. Bro. J. B. Leaman, of Up­land, Cal., was with us. He came on the 23d of April, and remained here four nights. Oh, how our hearts burned when he opened the Scriptures to us, and told us how to get delivered from sin, and what sin is, and how Jesus Christ came to save us from sin and cleanse us from all un­righteousness of the flesh. This people, Praise God there are some who have back­bone enough to stand for that which will stand fire. Any one desiring to correspond with Bro. Leaman can address him in care of Bro. George Detwiler, Harrisburg, Pa. Brother J. B. Leaman and wife came into Des Moines on April 25, and will continue with us for two weeks. He has now preached to us two evenings and he is giving us the deep truth which is in Christ Jesus. Believers are getting sanctified, backsliders are com­ing home and sinners are crying for mercy. May the Lord send more of his servants. Truly he is a God-send. Let us be honest and get cleaned up, for there is a great day coming, and where are we? Don't look at the other fellow, but at your own self. Remember us in your prayers. Perren Crowe from Wyrp, 5223 N. Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Des Moines Mission.**

Report for April, 1907.

Recruits.

Sister Dirr, Des Moines, $6.50; W. F. La Grange, Des Moines, $5; D. E. Weigle, Des Moines, $2 for the poor; F. Moll, Des Moines Mission, $5; O. Zook, Abilene, Kans., $5; total, $18.95.

**Expenses.**

Groceries, $10.71; water, gas and coal, $8.51; for the poor, $32 total, $80.74. Balance due mission, $25.

"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

We praise God for helping us to sow the seed of the other month, and believe it will bring forth fruit in its own time. May God bless all who have helped us, and make us to rejoice together in faithful ser­vice for him.

MAX AND ELLA MAHLER.


Previously collected, $98.83.

Catie A. Meyers, $5; Harrisburg District, $115.50; Clark County District, Ohio, $15; Brown County District, Ohio, $92.75; Brown County District, Kans., $92.50; Zion District, Des Moines, North Menomonee District, Pa., $2; Brethren in Michigan, $18; Ramous District, Kans., $10; Louisville District, Kans., $5; Newton District, Kans., $18.50; Black Creek District, Ont., $35.80. Total, $1,952.05. Of the above amount $16 have not yet been collected.

A. S. GHAGY.

MAX MAHLER, Trustees.

**Blessing at South Pelham, Ont.**

Elder J. R. and his wife, Sister Anna Zook, upon the pressing request of the Brethren, returned from Buffalo before going to Philadelphia and gave us two meetings on Sunday, the 21st day of April. They were greatly blessed with a large congre­gation; a number of brethren from Bertrie, Wainfield and Rainham also gathered with us. Praise the Lord we shall never say good-bye in heaven.

It will be remembered that they had previously held a six-weeks' meeting, closing on the 24th of December last. When as a result a number followed their Master in the ordinance of baptism. Others are taking the truth train while a larger number are still halting. May the Lord have his own way in their hearts. A few sought to be in closer touch with God and a deeper walk. May the Lord greatly blessed and encouraged us on the way—may he have the glory.

Brother and Sister Zook came filled with that holy zeal which knows no de­feat, and while God's word was held forth in the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit, a hallowed presence rolled over the people, putting the crowning touch of omnipotence upon the labors of his humble servant, and bless them as he makes them a blessing in their labors of love.

Sincerely yours,

B. J. PATTISON.

South Pelham, Ont.

**Eastward Bound.**

To all the readers of the EVANGELICAL VISITOR, we come with greetings in his dear name. The present report dates back to April 3. The meeting referred to at Lock, Ind., closed with a good interest April 6, a few souls still seeking. Four of the converts expressed a desire to unite with the Brethren and we have learned since then that four were baptized and one who had previously been baptized, received by the right hand of fellowship. To the Lord's home and sinners are crying for mercy. Let us go to him to the salvation of souls. Truly he is a God-send. Let us be honest and get cleaned up, for there is a great day coming, and where are we? Don't look at the other fellow, but at your own self. Remember us in your prayers.

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Sincerely yours,

B. J. PATTISON.

South Pelham, Ont.
Yours, in his service, looking for the coming of the Lord as per 1 Thess. 4:16-17.

NOAH AND MARY ZOOK.
Sippo, Ohio, Mar. 6, 1907.

MISSIONARY.

Addresses of Missionaries.

Africa.

H. P. and Grace Steigerwald, Sallie Krueger, Levi Doner, Maria Werkman, Abbie Bert, Matoppo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.

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

Josiah and Rhoda Z. Martin, Raghubar, C. P. B. & N. Ry., India.

Elmina Hoffman, Kdoglia, Poona Dist., India.

Mrs. Fannie Fuller, Gowalia, Tank Road, India.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Cassel, San Marcos, Guatemala, C. A.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cassel, San Marcos, Guatemala, C. A.

Beyond the Zambezi.

MACHA MISSION.

Kalomo, N. W. Rhodesia.

Mar. 29, 1907.

Dear readers of Evangelical Visitor: We greet you with Ps. 24:1-2; also 31:4-6. Surely God is good to his people, and we are continually realizing many blessings from his hand.

He was able to answer prayer for which we thank him; and while he may withhold some answers, yet in his own time each one will be answered, if we have asked according to his will. We are learning some precious lessons, and we know the hand of God is upon us.

In his efforts with me, I want to keep my hands off and let the Husbandman continue to purge. The natural branches of the vine do not wriggle and resist the hand to see that God is working among the people at home. May you, dear brethren and sisters at home, labor as one man in God's harvest field, and when the harvest is ended, may you all have sheaves to bring with you. The toils of the road will seem nothing when we get to the end of the way.

Yours in Jesus,

HARVEY J. FREY.

Bulawayo Mission.

Mar. 29, 1907.

To all the dear ones whom this may concern, Greeting: We wish to make a statement through the columns of the Visitor. We learn that many of the friends of the Mission at home have dried fruit on hand which they have prepared for the missionaries and are waiting for an opportunity to send it out. We workers have talked the matter over, and finding that our supply is getting rather low, we concluded it would be wise to give those who are desirous to do something in the way of sending fruit an opportunity to do so this Spring.

As to sending it we do not know what to say. Perhaps there will be more workers coming out who would bring it along. If not, perhaps someone will take it in hand to see that it is shipped. I would suggest that it be sent not later than July, because if there is delay it will not reach us before the next wet season and in that case there is great danger of it getting wet and spoiling.

H. P. STEIGERWALD.
An Africa Letter.

Fordsburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

Beloved in the bonds of Christ: "God is faithful." Oh, how precious to know our heavenly Father as our faithful God. It means so much to us as in the face of apparent defeat our faith sees God's faithfulness, and by the power of the Spirit our hearts are encouraged to press on after the persecuting. We are seeing great possibilities of the kingdom of God, although we must of necessity let patience have her perfect work, as after we have done the will of God we have need of patience that we may receive the promises. It is most precious to hear in the echo of some faithful one's prayer, interceding the Father on our behalf; the echo of these words coming into our hearts, "God is faithful."

No result in the sight of the God the greatest heroes are those who are unknown, unnoticed by the rush and bustle of this world. They are faithful in their secret devotions. They know what it is to be alone with God. They are conscious of the touch with God. They have answers to their prayers in the far-off heathen land; the "lone ones" there see the glorious effect of some unknown ones' faithful co-operation in the soul-strengthening and the spirit of intercession. Thank God for the limitless power of the Hand that moves in such a common yet so mysterious way its wonders to perform. How God is ever turning the true soul to whom he can unfold some of his secrets of every-day life, companionship in the forming and transforming of future events. "God is faithful."

We undertook a great and responsible task when we ventured out in foreign mission work; probably a good many do not yet realize the inner function propelling them out into the field of co-operation and usefulness in transforming the lives of the heathen to honorable, admirable Christian lives. This power is given to every one that has the consciousness of the love of Jesus Peter, constraining his heart, to follow Jesus all the way, overcoming all the opposition of the carnal mind by a conscious crucifying of the old man. Who would be identified with this moving out into usefulness for the Lord Jesus and be made a blessing unto the helpless ones—those who have not heard.

Those who are truly alive to their opportunities are intensely in earnest, and they are already receiving the earnest of their inheritance. "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thy inheritance." Thank God there is none barred out or excluded from this glorious inheritance. Yet how sad to see some willfully rejecting their inheritance. On the other hand, it cheers the soul to see the faithful ones entering into their estate by inheritance. God's faithfulness reveals his love to us. Our faithfulness to God reveals not knowing what we shall take.—F. W. Faber.

Do You Know:

"Come over and help us!"—Acts xviii, 9.

Do you hear the echo rising, from a far off heathen land?

Do you hear the "some over," from a distant eastern strand?

Do you know that China's millions, daily sink in Christless graves?

Do you know that countless numbers never hear that Jesus saves?

Do you know that hearts are empty, bowing down to wood and stone?

Do you know that hearts are Christless, desolate, unloved, alone?

Do you know that needless anguish often racks the sufferer's frame?

Do you know for lack of healers little ones are blind and lame?

Do you know that actual customs fill the women's lives with woe?

Do you know the dread of 'demons' grue-some fears around them throw?

Do you know that help is needed, for the laborers are few?

Do you know perhaps they're waiting, just around the corner, for you?

Do you know that he is waiting to receive the ready word, "I will go over, willing now, beloved Lord?"

C. F. Tippet in Montreal Witness.

Testimony.

I have been for some time prompted to write a testimony for Jesus the Victor, I am glad I have become willing to obey the prompting and thus witness for Jesus, and do his will in all things. I am thankful this evening that I have yielded to the Lord's call. He had called me before but I did not yield. As time went on the second call came and I had to believe we are lost unless we go on again.

I have found Jesus precious to my soul; he is so willing to help us if we call on him in real earnestness. I love this plain way of salvation and am thankful I yielded to his last call. I found I was nothing. I am thankful he has taken all the world's desires away and I love only the children of God. My desire is to let my light shine brightly and cause many others to turn to the Lord. I have often received much blessing in hearing the unsaved about their soul's welfare, and rejoice that I am not ashamed about my experience.

My experience is in accord with Psalms 40:2, 3, "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto my God."

"I am sure that our friends must be more tried of intercession. Thank God for the prayers in the far-off heathen land; the "lone ones" there see the glorious effect of some unknown ones' faithful co-operation in the soul-strengthening and the spirit of intercession. Thank God for the limitless power of the Hand that moves in such a common yet so mysterious way its wonders to perform. How God is ever turning the true soul to whom he can unfold some of his secrets of every-day life, companionship in the forming and transforming of future events. "God is faithful."

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C. F. Tippet in Montreal Witness.
"As the eagle stirreth up her nest."

The mother eagle pushes her young from their nest and flutters under them until they learn to fly and be strong. So God pushes us out into the things that will refine, develop and strengthen us. But he is always under us with those everlasting arms.

"He made him to ride on the high places." Now above the world, the flesh and the devil, we sit in the heavens, triumphant through grace and rejoice in the hope of the coming King, Glory!

"He made him suck honey out of the rock and oil out of the flinty rock." Sometimes we wonder why we are so tempted, so tried. The valley is dark and cold and long. We are not used as we wish to be. We are at the brook depending on the ravens when we would like to be on Mount Carmel, calling down fire and proving our God. We are misunderstood and criticised, but we find it all yielding the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and working out a far greater and exceeding weight of glory.

The Happy Birds.

"Lo the Winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing, of birds has come and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land." Welcome to the birds! They make the Spring-time cheerful. Their glad notes are heard in the gardens and in the groves. Even the Spring-time would be robbed of much of its beauty and pleasure were it not for the sweet music of the pretty birds. But the birds were not made merely to please our eyes and our ears. They help take care of the grain and the fruit. Blackbirds are looked upon as great thieves. The farmer thought his crops? Who but his best friends—the blackbirds. They came to his aid and made great havoc among the worms and thus saved the farmer's grain.

Let us not, then, kill the birds; but welcome them to our fields; for they save the grain and the fruit.—Sel. by Fannie B. Heisey.

"It is a pity that our tears on account of our troubles should so blind our eyes that we should not see our mercies.—Plato.

"There is no royal road to anything. One thing at a time, and all things in succession. That which grows slowly endures."

The rusty lock creaks loudest and the do-nothings make the most noise in the church. The ox which pulls the least groans the loudest.

The mother eagle pushes her young from their nest and flutters under them until they learn to fly and be strong. So God pushes us out into the things that will refine, develop and strengthen us. But he is always under us with those everlasting arms. What could the farmer do? Who could help him save his crops? Who but his best friends—his best friends?