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George Detwiler

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

The brethren of Mechanicsburg, Pa., are informed, have recently reorganized their Sabbath-school in that place. It had been not in operation for the past year. The correspondent expresses the hope that the school may prosper and result in much good. We join in this hope, and feel sure if every member will assist doing his or her part, something will be accomplished.

Harvest Thanksgiving Services.

At Valley Chapel, Stark county, Ohio, August 3, 2 p. m. A general invitation is extended.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for, as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.—Leigh Hunt.

Christianity even in its sadly imperfect development is as a matter of fact at the head of the world.—Gladstone.

Why feel so lonesome? You are cared for all day and all night. The eye of God is turned upon you and his strong arm is ever ready to help you.

"All night the angels are watching me" is a beautiful expression in a hymn that my children often sing. With God, Christ and the angels watching over us are we not well cared for?

How many dangers we escape every day and wonder why it is so. The reason is we have been cared for.

Look over the experiences in the past in your life and then you will be convinced that a protecting Providence has governed your actions time and again.

Many of my readers have been cared for when they little thought that the Angel of Death was so near them. They were unconsciously drawn into paths of safety and kept there until the danger was passed.

Have you not often wondered how it is that so many children live until they become men and women? Dur­ing their foolish days they were pro­tected by Him who could do more for them than father or mother. God kept them safe in the hollow of His hand for some good purpose.

If you have an hour to spare read how God cared for Joseph. It is a beautiful story, and the more I read it the more I am captivated with it. All things worked for good for that wonderful young man.

The history of Joseph is not so strange as some of us think. He was a good young man, strove hard to do right, and had a loving, heavenly Father—the same kind Father that we have.

How pleasant it is to have a feeling that we are cared for when we are weak and not able to take care of ourselves. To be led as a lamb by the Great Shepherd is a satisfaction that words cannot properly express.

When all is dark and we hardly know what it is best to do, to be cared for by Him who knows what is best is a joy that calls for the loudest and deepest praises that we can express.
 EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

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EDITORIAL.

Harvest Time.

Journeying through the rural districts at this time we see the busy harvester at work gathering the plentiful harvest which a faithful God has again permitted to grow and ripen.

It is but a few short months since nature was in the embrace of Winter which seemed determined not to relinquish its grasp, continuing till April late into the time of Spring. As time progressed and the unseasonable weather conditions continued there was much anxious concern among the people. Former Summerless years were remembered, notably that of 1816, and somewhere an old weather prophet, “The harvest is past and the Summer is ended and we are not to expect another. Only the few are seeking how they may get to heaven, while the multitude worships at the pleasure shrine and on the railroads many lose their lives, but little notice is taken. Irritigiousness seems to be the one prevailing condition. Godliness is rampant everywhere. There are few who seek after God. The multitude worships at the pleasure shrine and only the few are seeking how they may enter in by the strait gate into the narrow way that leadeth unto life. The more’s the pity.

The pioneers of the colony of Brethren in Western Canada are now on the ground and are having their first experiences of starting homes on virgin soil. Sister Baker writing privately to a sister in Harrisburg, says she is the only woman in the company.

The new settlers are enjoying tent life, but all hope to secure warmer quarters and on the homeward way, while the day-toilers go to take their places. Many of the businesses are prosecuted day and night, every day in the year. Many of the toilers are from other climes. They speak in other tongues.

In the large industrial plants, mines and on the railroads many lose their lives, but little notice is taken. Irritigiousness seems to be the one prevailing condition. Godliness is rampant everywhere. There are few who seek after God. The multitude worships at the pleasure shrine and only the few are seeking how they may enter in by the strait gate into the narrow way that leadeth unto life. The more’s the pity.
Isaac Baker being a minister, they have religious service every Lord's day in their living tent. The men of the surrounding homesteads come riding in their farm wagons. New settlers, that is, men who come in to take homesteads, largely leave the place of worship, something they did not expect. We trust the Brethren settlement will become a religious center from whence the good news of salvation, the power of Jesus to save, will sound out into all the region. May a truly missionary church be established there. God bless the pioneers.

“What—is there then no other way
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God;
None other can be found.”

Christ is the door. He said, “By me, if any man enter, he shall be saved, and shall go in and go out, and shall find pasture.” How vain is it then to seek salvation by any other way, “And in none other is there salvation: for neither is there any other name under heaven that is given among men, wherein we must be saved.” The scoffers are “many in these days. It is taught so largely in these days that a man builds his own church, reconciliating all to himself. But a Christless religion is vain. He is the only way to God. He settled the sin question for us—something impossible for us to do—when he “bore our sins in his own body on the tree” and reconciled us unto God. “And whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die.” The hope of the Christian is Christ. Christ for justification, sanctification, redemption.

The editor is quite disappointed in the result of his effort of interesting the Sunday-school scholars in a written review of the lessons of the second quarter. We gave a list of ten questions to be answered and we confidently expected to receive responses from a good many of the boys and girls of the homes where the Visits go, East and West, North and South. Possibly a large number of readers took no notice of the proposition. But while that may in part be a reason for the meagerness of the response we cannot attribute it entirely to that. So far only one response has been received—a thirteen-year-old Kansas girl has answered the question very creditably. We expected to receive at least twenty-five responses, so you see that our disappointment is of quite large proportions. We suspect that the proportion of members of Sunday-schools who actually make a study of the lessons for permanent good, is not as large as it ought to be. We are still hopeful that there will be more responses, yet our enthusiasm don't soar high. Possibly we will make another trial at the close of the present quarter. In the meantime will not some of the boys and girls who studied last quarter's lessons, write briefly for the Visitor what they know about the lesson which told of a baby, a small boat and a princess?

The editor of The North American of Philadelphia, Pa., in a recent editorial gave expression to a great truth when he said, “Things of evil cannot flourish in the daylight as they do in the darkness.” The expression had reference to letting the light on the evil things which prevail in the methods of great business corporations, on corrupt political schemes making possible the great system of “graft” of which we hear so much at present, more especially in connection with the Pennsylvania State Capitol job, in which it is revealed there was a giant conspiracy by which the State was robbed of perhaps five million dollars. But the expression of the editor has a wider application than he possibly would be willing to admit. Jesus said, “In secret have I done nothing,” and the Apostle Paul speaks of “the unfruitful works of darkness,” and we will be allowed to apply the expression in the same light to the whole system of secrecy. We venture the opinion that darkness is essential to the oathbound secret lodge system, even though it be the one that assumes for itself to be “the best people on earth.” Bring the hidden things of darkness that obtain inside of the well-guarded lodge rooms out into the open light of day and there will be a scampering for cover like the bugs hiding under a board on the ground when daylight is let in upon them. “They loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil.” It is forever true that “things of evil cannot flourish in the daylight as they do in the darkness.” “God is light and in him is no darkness”—no not at all. If we walk in the light as he is in the light we have fellowship one with another and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.” “He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.” “Walk as children of light.”

Bro. A. B. Musser, Treasurer, reports receipt of the following sums towards meeting the shortage $214.64, reported in issue of June 15, page 2, “Of interest to the Penna. Brethren” referring to building and Conference expenses, and State Councils expenses for the last two years. A Brother, Woodbury, Pa., $5.00; a brother, Harrishburg, $5.00; Barbara W. Engle, $2.00; Maria Slichter, $1.00; Henry Rosenberger, for Souderton district, $23.00; D. B. Harley, Elizabethtown, Pa., $2.00; total $38.00. This leaves a deficit of $176.64. The Treasurer would be glad to have this debt cancelled. As the Harrisburg district has already taken a large part of it, so we would again make an appeal for help that the debt may be cancelled. The weight, as it is, is resting on the Treasurer alone.

Bro. Steigerwald reports from Plumstead, June 20, that Sister Steigerwald is “feeling so good and can get about so much easier than before that she scarcely knows herself. However, she will not dare to work much for the next year, if she wishes to be good and strong again.” They were ready to start north the next day, June 21, and are no doubt at their post of duty again. Truly, God is good and worthy to be praised.

There have been some rumored reports of crop failure in Kansas, but we learn through the Abilene Reflector that the wheat crop is mostly good, both in quantity and quality. The yield is better than had been expected, being twenty bushels and more per acre. And recent rains are helping the corn greatly.

Harvest Meetings

In last issue harvest meetings were announced August 3rd, at the home of Bro. Adam O. Brandt, near Lebanon, August 10th, at the home of Bro. Albert Rettew in the Rapho district, on August 17th, at the home of Bro. Samuel Nornhold in the same district. Further the following are now also announced: Silverdale M. H., August 10, at 2 P. M. Gratersford M. H., August 17, at 2 P. M. There is a special invitation extended to ministering brethren to attend these last as the location is a “little isolated from the other counties.”
The Best Friend.

I have a friend so precious,
So very dear to me.
He loves me with such tender love
He loves me so faithfully:
I could not live apart from Him,
I love to feel him nigh,
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I’m faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak
And as he bids me lean on him,
His help I gladly seek,
He leads me in the paths of light
Beneath a sunny sky;
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love him,
He knows I love him well;
But what a love he loveth me
My tongue can never tell,
It is an everlasting love
In ever rich supply.
And so we love each other,
My Lord and I.

I tell him all my sorrows,
I tell him all my joys,
I tell him all that pleases me
I tell him what annoys;
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try,
And so we work together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win;
And so he bids me go, and speak
The loving word for him,
He tells me what to try,
I tell him what annoys;
In ever rich supply.
He knows I love him well;
I could not live apart from Him,
I love to feel him nigh,
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

I have his yoke upon me
And easy tis to bear,
In burden which he carries
I gladly take a share;
For then it is my happiness,
To have him always nigh,
We bear the yoke together
My Lord and I.

So up into the mountains
Of heaven’s cloudless light,
Or away into the valleys
Of darkness or of night,
Though round us tempests gather
And storms are raging high,
We’ll travel on together
My Lord and I.

And when the journey’s ended
In rest and peace at last,
When every thought of danger
And sorrow is past
In the kingdom of the future
In the glory by and by,
We’ll live and reign together
My Lord and I.

—Selected by Frances B. Heisey.

Jesus was sitting over against that treasury to see, not how much, but “how,” in what spirit, the people gave their gifts. The rich gave of their “surplus,” she of her “lack”; she had not enough for the next meal, but she gave it all. Do you say it was cruel of Christ to receive it? Christ judged differently. This widow offered her gift with faith in God, doubtless thinking in her heart, “The providence which gave me those two mites and has provided for me until this hour will care for me to-morrow and next week and for all the future, because I am God’s child.” She was no spendthrift, but the heir of a King.—Sel.
has now permanently taken up the work at that place. We rejoice to hear the good results that followed the meeting at that place. According to arrangement we then went to Clarence Center, N. Y., and opened the gospel batteries there. God blessed our united efforts in sanctifying believers and saving sinners. We met some very lovely Christian characters and greatly enjoyed their fellowship. We pray the benedictions of heaven upon them all. Our next appointment for services was Buffalo, N. Y. We found the mission flourishing and in a state of readiness for a revival, and thank God, it came with power through the united efforts of all the consecrated workers and faith in the Son of God. People were saved, healed, and sealed with the Holy Ghost. The work of Buffalo is dear to our hearts, and the kindness of the people and many old time neighbors and friends, O, what a change!

Arrived home July 7. We magnify the name of the Lord for his protection against accidents, disease, and for the manifest presence of God with us and his hallowed blessings on our weak efforts. Truly the Lord is good to all.

Continue to pray for us.

J. R. and Anna Zook.

The history of Elijah going to heaven on a fiery chariot, may be a comfort to us, as we are nearing the coming of the Lord, and "the powers that are in heaven are being shaken." (Mark 13:25.)

When we have the 13th chap, first Corinthians wrought out in our hearts and lives, charity will serve us as a fiery chariot to heaven. When we let Jesus take all these doubts and fears away, we can soar better.

E. C. Long.

1004 New York St., Lawrence, Kans.

Christ and his first disciples sought not humanity but man, not the race but the one, not the world but the individuals. And because he and they sought the man, and the one and the individual, they were in a fair way to win humanity and the race and the world. Personal work is the supreme method of accomplishing the New Testament's supreme aim.—Selected.

It is not the form of lamp that counts, but the flame.—C. C. Wood, D. D.
choice. She plead time and again for help but in vain. Nine years ago she was East—down to Pennsylvania and one day she told me the burden of her heart, the tears flowing down over her rosy cheeks.

I could never shake off the burden she told me of. Her heart seemed to fasten on me, and my prayer was that if God would open our way I would be glad to help her open a mission. She told me she had several lots and we could have any one we chose free of charge, if my husband and I would only come and help her get a mission opened. Praise the Lord for burden for souls and a desire to help them if we can.

At that time our way was not open to come this way, but last spring, on the first of March, we landed at Upland, California, where our people have an organized church. We soon learned that they desired to see that a mission be opened in this city, Los Angeles, and that they could help in the service as there are quite a few Spirit-filled workers there. So we came on our way to Los Angeles to visit with our dear sister Rodes and as we told her about the burden she rolled on me about this mission that she desired so much to have. She said, "yes, I wish there could be one opened" for she was tired living the way she was. We told her we had come to help her if we could be of any use. O, how glad she was; she took me by the shoulders and shook me, and said, "O, I am so glad you came; and I want you to say so too." So we prayed about it so we could feel that the Lord would direct us aright.

In looking around we found a small house freshly painted with a nice lawn in the front with two nice palm trees, one on each corner of the lawn. The house has 8 nice large rooms, a hall, closets, pantry, toilet, two bay windows in front, and two back doors. The house stands free on all sides so we get the fresh sea breeze and the clear sun light all around which makes a very desirable place. There is also quite a large stable on it in the rear. We did some repairing then we rent it for eleven dollars. We also rent some of the rooms and still have two large stable on it in the rear. We did our way she was. We told her we had opened" for she was tired living the way she was. We told her we had come to help her if we could be of any use. O, how glad she was; she took me by the shoulders and shook me, and said, "O, I am so glad you came; and I want you to say so too." So we prayed about it so we could feel that the Lord would direct us aright.

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We will be glad to hear of more as we have only a few members here. We need good Sabbath-school workers, and we need street singers. Who will come and help and preach the word? Are you on believing ground? Let us do what we can. "She hath done what she could;" Will that be said of you and me? She surely was on believing ground. How blessed that we can be workers together with him in his blessed love service! And how glad and happy we will be when it will be said, "It is enough, come up higher, enjoy the rest prepared for you and the sheaves you have gathered.”

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.—Thompson.
For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

From Brother Myers.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" (Rom. 8:35.)

My last report dates to Grand Junction, Colo., on my way to Paonia, Colo., to visit my wife's older brother, Henry Zook and his family. I found them well and living in one of the most beautiful and prospering fruit growing districts I had ever seen. Hills and valleys are irrigated and trees are fine—only what other States experienced in frost has been their lot, so that fruit will not be plenty.

Here at Bro. Zook's home I had the pleasure to see the EVANGELICAL VISITOR, and read the article of Bro. Steigerwald as regards the operation Sister Steigerwald passed through, and as I was so anxious to hear of her condition, having been praying for her deliverance, when I heard as was read in the VISITOR I got down on my knees and thanked God for answered prayer. We often ask and God answers; then we forget to thank him. Who shall separate us from the love of God?

I left my brother-in-law's home, June 21, came by way of Montrose, changing cars to the narrow guage railroad on the Denver and Rio Grand system, by way of Marshall Pass and the Black Canyon, by the flow of the Gunnison river and railroad. The rocks rise to a thousand feet and even more in height along the river and railroad for fourteen miles. We had an observation car, enabling us to see to the top of those lofty peaks. I am reminded of one who is even greater than these rocks and he said of one, "And upon this Rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." And that Rock is Christ and his church.

When we travel across land and sea and are by and by elevated in height we then again descend, so we came on safely to Pueblo where I changed cars for La Junta, Colo., where was my next stop with our Mennonite brethren. As I had not written to any and was a stranger at that place, I wished where I wished to go. Here we learn a lesson again that all the soldiers in the army of the Lord should wear a uniform becoming to a Christian soldier like Uncle Sam's boys have. Praise God for meeting God's children.

On Saturday evening I went to see Bro. David Garber, the elder in charge, who met me with much love and Christian courtesy. He invited me to preach for them in the morning, and on Sunday evening gave them a mission talk. I enjoyed this visit much and God gave me grace to speak: praise his name. They gave me a nice offering for mission work. On Monday a brother brought me to town again. I had been out twelve miles. Oh the beautiful country! But I must not speak of the farming capacity of this irrigated country. Sugar beet raising is the principal industry for a large section of country.

The brethren here in La Junta had an appointment for me on Tuesday evening. I enjoyed this visit much. May God bless them for their brotherly love.

The Mennonite church is building a Sanitarium for the sick about five miles west of La Junta. The location is beautiful. It was my privilege to visit the site. It is on a high elevation, yet not a mountain or a peak, but oval, seemingly adapted for that purpose. There are those on the ground who are sufferers, consumptives and others. They live in tents. The Sanitarium building will not yet be completed for months.

Much could be said of this country but space forbids. I stopped over night at Bro. David Breneman's, Galva, Kans., and came to Hillsboro Home, on June 28. I was glad to get here for a rest and place to stop where I felt at home, and as my purse was nearly empty, having only sixteen cents left.

Well, praise his name, I am the child of a King anyhow, and my elder Brother had not where to lay his head, and I have a good bed and room and plenty to eat. Glory to his name! No, nothing shall separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus.

Brother T. A. Long arrived at home on the 29th and we were glad once more to meet each other. Bro. and Sister Long are still at the Hillsboro Orphanage. They have a love for the work, to help others who need care. May the dear Lord bless them. I had the pleasure to be at three preaching services and at three Sunday-schools on the 30th, among our German Brethren. I had a part in all these services, praise the Lord. "As ye go, preach." May we not tire to tell the story of redemption, and in like manner say what will be the judgments of the ungodly.

I am east-bound, visiting the Lord opens doors and provides means to travel. Will the saints pray for me and Sister Myers while she is still in the work at Los Angeles, that we may both be in the will of our God.

Yours, looking for him who will come and will not tarry.

JOHN H. MYERS.

Hillsboro, Kans., July 6, 1907.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Missionary Work in the Southern Mountains.

We have closed another year in our mountain missionary work. God has greatly helped us with supplies to meet the demands of these poor mountain people with the Scriptures and other gospel truths. We have received and put out during the year Bibles and Testaments, 8,633, gospel and other books, $168,836; gospel papers, Sunday-school supplies, 6 to 8 tons. Money received to purchase Bibles and Testaments and help in the work, $477.25.

Clothing for the poor since last report, boxes and barrels, 90.

Tracts given out by self and others, 162,000.

We have been laboring the most of the year in the mountain region of Tennessee and North Carolina. Spent two months at Ducktown, in a large mining district. These miners, most of them, are very poor and if there ever was a people who needed the gospel, it is surely they. Many of them are very depraved, destitute of every moral principle. Some are outlaws of the very worst character. We were able to put out quite a large amount of gospel truth among them and we believe eternity will reveal much good accomplished.

We find a large destitution existing in nearly every community. Usually about one-half of the homes that have no part of the Scripture, and but few that have any other reading matter of any kind. The children are the hope of this mountain country. We find many bright, intelligent boys and girls—some of them are great readers. As we have done in the past, we aim as far as it is in our power, to place a copy of the
New Testament into the hands of every child that can read. These mountain people are eager for pure gospel truth. Some of them have made great sacrifices to get it. Two women walked fifteen miles to get a copy of the Bible and a Testament with large print. One of them was so nearly blind she had to be led part of the way. Four boys heard of me in the back mountains and followed me five miles to get a copy of the Testament. Going down a mountain into a small valley I found a man plowing a small patch of corn. He told me he is a minister and has only a piece of the Bible in his home. I gave him a nice new Bible, the best I had with me. It was greatly appreciated and he thanked me many times for the valuable gift. I might give many more similar incidents but it would make my letter too long.

We were much pleased to get the good warm clothing sent in to give to the poor. God bless every donor. The most of it is now in the homes of the needy. The hearts of the many poor widows with large families and fatherless children were made glad and overjoyed for the timely help given them. Many would have suffered if help had not come. One poor woman nearly one hundred years old had no home nor friends to keep her, lived on the charity of her neighbors, came in the room and asked for help. She was thin clad and very feeble. God bless the dear old mother; she was one of God’s old faithful servants waiting patiently for the Master to come and take her home. I had sent her a large heavy woolen shawl. The donor pasted a slip on it “give this shawl to the poorest woman that you find in the mountains.” The old mother got the shawl, and all the good warm clothing that she would need for some time to come. Her heart was so full of gratitude all she could say was, “Thanky, thanky.”

The poor little children, God bless them, when we saw so many of them with their little bare feet and scanty clothing, our hearts were touched with much sympathy for them. They were all supplied as far as it was in our power to do so.

We are now in Ohio soliciting literature and clothing for the mountain poor. Want to take back with us of it, the more he entered into a spirit of communion with his Lord, until his eyes were opened as he listened. But one thing was that it was words uttered by a person in the presence of others. But one night his eyes were opened as he listened to the prayers offered by the good people of his community, and criticise them. He would note all misused or mispronounced words and expressions, and then deride the people for using them. His thought of prayer was that it was words uttered by a person in the presence of others. But one night his eyes were opened as he listened to the words spoken, but believed that they were the expression of the soul to the Lord, and that the mere words did not always convey the exact thought of the suppliant. The more he thought of it, the more he entered into a spirit of communion with his Lord, until he was finally converted; and now, as he hears people pray, he does not criticise the words, but bows his head and communes also with his heavenly Father.—Selected.

To know the law and do the right are two things.
as I felt sort of strange, and didn't like to walk right in. A ruther stern-lookin' angel came and asked what I wanted.

I sed, "I'd sum in answer to the message I got that mornin'."

"But," sez he, "you can never get in here with all that trumpery."

"Trumpery!" sez I, amazed; "why, 'tis the very best and richest of earthly treasures—gold and pearls, and costly array."

He seemed, at first, determined I shouldn't bring it in; but at last, after speakin' with sumone inside, that I couldn't see, he told me, since I was so set on it, to bring it along. So I squeezed and jammed and pushed, till at last I got inside the gate. So! what a place it was! The street of the city was "pure gold, as it were..."

In distress and agony I turned to see who was watching me, and near by stood a host of the Shining Ones, but O, how sorrowfully they looked at me! They were all most beautifully dressed, but one among them, a woman, seemed to outshine the rest; and, somehow, I knew that she was the poor widow that Christ saw cast the two mites into the Lord's treasury.

But directly, before I could speak, I saw all bow in reverence and adoration before One who approached with such glory and majesty as I never can describe. He came near, and such a look of pity and love he gave me, I felt as if I must sink right out of sight. Pointing to my faded, moth-eaten treasures, he spoke—and such music as there was in that voice I never heard!

"My child," sez he, "didn't I tell you to lay up your treasures where moth and rust could not come?"

"Yes," sez I, tryin' tu muster a little courage, "but I loved them so, I wanted to keep them as long as I could, and I didn't know the moths were in them."

"Yes," was the response; "but if you want lasting treasures you must send them on ahead, not wait tu bring them with you, for the air of heaven doesn't agree with such. When sent on ahead they are changed into incorruptible, unfading beauty; and beside, the compound interest increases them so fast that in a short time they are beyond count."

"But," sez I, "how is it I haven't anything here on interest? I did give something once in a while to help the poor. I gave a dollar last Winter to the Bowery Mission, and I gave twenty-five cents last Spring for foreign missions, and jest t'other day I gave a poor woman some of my old clothes—how is it these don't count?"

"My child," he said, "how much self-denial was there in that? You gave these out of your abundance."

And then an angel, with one mighty sweep of a great broom, cleaned—yes, cleaned—the whole lot of my treasures right out, and I saw them sinking down, down, down to earth.

As I lifted the lid and plunged my hand in, it was nothing but rust; and when I tried to lift up a little of it, it sifted through my fingers, burning them like fire.

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those in missionary work suffer more
up and doing "while the day lasts, for
to do." * * * If you cannot go
hands, the dear Lord wants you to get
than you at home? The dear ones
with your might what your hands find
pleading faces, and hear the cries that
deeper and stir yourselves, and "do
and privation. Beloved, why should
anything but toil, hardship, hunger,
eign lands. You must not expect
all because some are holding back
body, soul, and spirit. Look at the
not consecrate their means and their
to all nations? It is because some will
I was not my own,
I had to go deeper. * * *
when God began to talk foreign land
was bought with a price. I said
"Go," I had to go deeper. * * *
many of the friends who attended the
leaders who, like Bishop Nicholson,
by the clerical smoker is
money for itself, and not for its nobler
possible that I have come to love
age to earthly things, and said, "Is it
awaking to the true condition of bond­
mean, I suppose, you were so well
pay me in here," said he, touching
ing of that, madam; but it would not
a lie for the sake of selling a few eggs?" "Well, it would not pay you," I said, "for you would sell no
more to me." "Oh, I was not think­ing
of that, madam; but it would not
me in here," said he, touching
herself. "Did you never tell a lie?" said I. "Yes," said he, "told a
whopper once, but it hurt me too badly, I will never tell another." "You
mean, I suppose, you were so well
punished for it?" "No," said he, "al­
though my father did wallow me
soundly when he found it out, and
said he did not want any lying lads
about his farm; but his hurting did
not last long. It was the hurting to
my soul that lasted." God can take
that hurt all away, too, if you ask
him," I said. "Oh, I know he can,
for I did ask him, but the memory
of it hurts me still." The brave little
chap looked at me so kindly that I
found my all to him. However, it was
hard, and again when the Lord said
"Go," I had to go deeper. * * *
I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.
I live to help the poor,
I live to seek your enemies,
I live to add to your joy,
And fill all that is void.
I live to keep a clean heart,
To cherish your inheritance,
To develop what is weak,
And make it strong and clear.
I live to improve my station,
To advance my character,
To gain a new strength,
And make my mind strong.
I live to honor my name,
To make my country great,
To bear my life with pride,
And make it famous.
I live to do the best,
To drive the evil out,
To seek the true and good,
And make it all a joy.
I live to do your work,
To serve your cause,
To make your will mine,
And make it all a joy.
I live to do your will,
To serve your cause,
To make your will mine,
And make it all a joy.
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lost upon these unstirred slaves emerging so slowly out of the old life into the new. Some more significant ceremony was yet needed. They must be made conscious of their sin and of the way of escape. They had complained against Jehovah and his representatives when they had murmured at Marah; they longed for the flesh pots of Egypt; they formed an idolatrous calf; they worshiped the golden calf, the leading priests themselves leading in acts of irreverence to Jehovah. God's aids had neglected them; his punishment of their sins had not fully accomplished his design. They must be made anew to feel their sin and need of reconciliation—hence the institution of the Day of Atonement.

The Jews observed: the Feast of Trumpets, a new year’s day; the Passover, celebrating their safe escape from Egypt; the Festival of Weeks, or Pentecost; the Feast of First Fruits; the Feast of Tabernacles, corresponding only to our Thanksgiving Day; the Day of Atonement.

The first four were full of rejoicing, but the last was a day of fasting, prayer, confession and deep humility. It stood for new vows, recommitment, new resolutions. It stood for public confession, the priest being the spokesman for the multitude. It was the season of unbloody purification. “Children ask forgiveness of parents; those who have wronged one another forgive pardon; all differences are healed, and everybody is on good terms with one another.”—Robinson.

The actual ceremony was simple, beautiful and impressive. First, the high priest makes sacrifice (v. 11-14) for his own purification and that of his family. Having slain the bullock he goes with live coals from the altar of sacrifice, with the blood of the bullock and incense to burn. He burns the incense, the smoke which typifies the prayer covering the mercy-seat, while the blood of sacrifice is sprinkled on and before the mercy-seat—the place where God dwelleth. Being now eternally pure he slays the first goat, the blood being a type of sacrifice and of the blood of Jesus later offered for the world. Similarly he sprinkles the blood “within the veil” for the sin-offering, which is for himself, and shall make atonement for him, to send him away for Azazel into the wilderness.

2. Even though the sin is forgiven, the scar remains. John B. Goff’s thrilling story of how the people, and sending away the goat by the high priest, was permitted to enter the holy of holies. Then for the first time the presence of the priest at the tent door with hands upon the live goat’s head, enumerating the sins of the people, and slaying the goat by the hand of a man that is in readiness, simply selected beforehand for the purpose, who leads the goat away into the wilderness, typifying the “sea of forgetfulness” and that God will have no more.

Put pressure upon the importance of forgiveness, with these things in mind. 1. God does not forget; he who do not desire it—would it do no good. It would be like “casting pearls before swine.”

2. Even though you are forgiven, the scar remains. John B. Goff’s thrilling challenge was, “Young man, keep your record clean.”

3. Forgiveness brings favor with all others who have been thus reconciled and with God.

4. The forgiven sinner may have the joy of Christian service—of helping others.


1 And it came to pass in the second year, in the second month, on the twentieth day of the month, that the cloud was taken up from over the tabernacle of the congregation. 2 And the children of Israel set forward according to their families, with their priests and Levites, and the tabernacle of meeting, which was before the ark of the testament of the covenant of Jehovah; and the cloud was staying over the tabernacle. 3 And they took their journey from the mount of the congregation, to go in to Lebanon, and Zebulun, led the vanguard; then followed the Gershonites and Merarites, with the tent of their services. 4 And next in order were the flank divisions of Reuben and Ephraim and then the Kohathites, the leaders of whom were the most sacred utensils and occupied the very front of the camp. 5 And the Kohathites were also so far behind the others who belonged to the Levitical body, that before the Kohathites were in the camp, they would have time to have rearranged the framework of the sacred tent according to the order of God's furnishing. Finally followed Dan with the associated tribes, bringing up the rear.

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2. When writing to have your address changed, be sure to give both old and new addresses.

3. The date on the printed label will show to subscribers when their subscription expires.

4. If you do not receive the Visitor within ten days from date of issue, write to us at once and we will send the number called for.

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2. Communications without the author’s name will receive no recognition.

3. Communications for the Visitor should be sent in at least ten days previous to date of issue.

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Harrisburg, Pa., August 1, 1907.

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Philadelphia, 2423 N. Second street, in charge of Brother Peter Stover and Sister Stover.


Tulsa, Okla., Indian Home, Thomas, Okla., in charge of Bro. and Sister A. L. Eisenhower.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

SOUTH DAYTON DIST., OHIO.

We hereby make known through the columns of the Visitor, that we wish to give opportunity in general throughout the church to all who may wish to help by free-will offerings, toward the traveling expenses of Brother Jesse Wenger and wife, and Sister Mary E. Heisey, of this district, missionaries to South Africa, who are arranging to sail this summer.

Contributions will be received by Elder A. M. Engle, No. 62 Vincent street, Dayton, Ohio.

CANADA JOINT COUNCIL.

At Nottawa, Sept. 12.

CANADA LOVE FEASTS.


Markham, Sept. 21, 22.

Wainfleet, Sept. 21, 22.

Black Creek, Sept. 26, 27.

Rowe, Sept. 26.


Walpole, Oct. 5, 6.

Chicago Mission.

Report for month ending July 15, 1907.

Balance on hand last report, $38.83.

Donations Received.

Sr. Hamil, Chicago, $1; A. J. Heise, Hamlin, Kans., $5; J. N. Engle, Abilene, Kans., $1; H. H. Rouch, St. J. Sheller, Moonlight, Kans., $5-$10; Bro. Eyre, Abilene, $5; J. Geyman, Morrison, Ill., $1.

Expenses.

Provisions, etc., $12.50; expressing, gas for lighting, $3.98; building fund, $35; this month, $5; J. Gayman, Morrison, Ill., $1.

In Behalf of Philadelphia Mission.

Greetings in the precious name of Jesus, Beloved brethren, I feel to call your attention to the work here in Philadelphia. It is a great work and God is surely prospering it so much so that our place is growing too small and it has become necessary to build another addition to it. But we cannot go ahead with it until we have the necessary funds. So I wish to make a plea urging all my brethren and every interested soul to have a part in this great work. Some of the brethren have already responded but others know nothing about it, so through the columns of the EVANGELICAL VISITOR I beg to make you all acquainted with the work.

I often look at Bro. Stover, how untiring he is in his efforts to get money enough collected for the building to go on! If every brother and sister gave his or her time and talent to this work as Bro. Stover does, we would not have to beg for money; it would come in as of one common mind to further the cause of Christ, to lift the banner of Jesus high that souls may be born in the kingdom. The building would grow as of one common consent— we would all be agreed to do our part. Bro. Stover is truly zealous in his work, devoting all his time to mission work.

I trust to hear from the “faithful and few.” As God prospers you so may you prospers the work. Bro. Stover might be working and laying up treasures on earth but heaven is a better place to have our treasures. Brethren, won’t you give a helping hand? Lay up your treasures in the store-house of God where eternity will reveal what good you have done and you may be called a good and faithful servant.

Our brethren and sisters who were...
with us over last love feast. know how much we need room. The building should be commodious enough so that we would not have to send our brethren and sisters among strangers, which we regret we do in our existing circumstances. But trusting God who has always provided for us, we expect to begin building this Fall. May we all say we have done our part in helping along this work.

Your sister in his service,

MAMIE MORRISON.


“Bless the Lord oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases.”

Surely our dear Lord is worthy to be praised, and his name to be exalted above all others, for his wonderful gifts to the children of men. He has become so very precious to me of late, that I can hardly praise him enough. I am so glad that our praises, and his name to be exalted above all, are being done our part in helping along this work. May we all say we have done our part in helping along this work in Jesus’ name.

MISSIONARY.

Addresses of Missionaries.

Africa.

H. P. and Grace Steigerwald, Abbie Bert, Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.


Africa.

Isaac O. and Alice Lehman, Box 116, Fordburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

India.

A. L. Mrs. A. L. and Ezra Masser, Maggie Lands, No. 50 Cantonment, Lucknow, India.

N. H. and Mrs. N. H. Reichard, Dalmongog, Bengal, India.

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

J. H. and Anna Sparrow, Raghubur-nathpur P. O., Manbhum district, Bengal, India.

Elmina Hoffman, Kedgona, Poona Dist., Ramabai Home, India.

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


Central America.

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

From Sister Engle.

Dear Readers:—We greet you in the name of Jesus.

I thank God I can again take up my pen and in a silent way spend a little time with you.

The EVANGELICAL VISITOR is a welcome visitor to us here in our isolated home; when it arrives it is always opened before any other periodical. We miss it when it fails to reach us.

We cannot count our blessings because they are so numerous. God is very good to us, and supplies all our needs for which we feel we cannot praise him enough.

Building is going on; the boys’ but 16x13 is being plastered and soon will be finished. The frame work of the church is about completed and ready for the straw roof.

Every one about the place is busy. When not plastering, men are cutting grass for thatching; the school boys are raking it, that is, cleaning it for thatching, and the rest of us have our various duties. Sister Davidson is teaching and the brethren are building and doing hauling.

Nkhalamb’s trip to Kalomo, for our supplies shipped from Bulawayo, was a successful one. All white men consider it unsafe to go on such a trip unarmed; our brother’s only protection was the “everlasting arms” of our Lord, who will not suffer any of his little ones to be harmed. It is quite cool at present. Our winter season is here. A few days ago we had an unusually late shower of rain, which has cooled the atmosphere very much.

We are all enjoying usual health. ’Twas only a short time that I was unable to enjoy my usual duties in April.

In Sister Davidson’s last letter she made mention about anyone sending donations to us through the mail, to have the money orders sent to Brother Steigerwald or to Livingstone.

Post-masters in America have refused to issue orders on Kalomo P. O., because it is not on the list of international Postal Order offices.

Kalomo has a Postal Order department, although not yet on the international list. We know orders can be sent to Kalomo if insisted upon. We have received a few, that remitters insisted upon having sent to Kalomo. I will quote a few words of the postmaster at Kalomo to us. “Regarding orders. Wouldn’t it be expediting payment of some kind if you would instruct the remitters to forward them directly to Kalomo, and save the delay which has to occur if they are sent to Livingstone,” and we might add, and save expense of trans­ferring. Please friends take notice of this.

We thank you this letter for the help received. God bless you all.

Prayers are being answered. Continue to hold us up in prayer.

Your Sister,

ADDIE G. ENGLE.

Mocha Mission, Kalomo, N. W. Rhodesia, South Africa.

June 7, 1907.

Beyond the Zambia.

MAPANE MISSION,

June 5, 1907.

Dear readers of the VISITOR: Greeting to us through the mail, to have the money orders sent to Brother Steigerwald or to Livingstone.

Another school term of five months is in the past. It closed on May 31. As we generally have some special exercises for the last day, I will try and give a short account of it. A number of the children who are able to read the Testament committed Scripture verses to memory. Some studied from fourteen to nineteen verses. One girl repeated all the last chapter of Luke. They did remarkably well, considering that a few years ago they knew nothing of books.

We asked the children to invite their parents, and a number came; so after services we gave them a little treat of meat, porridge and peanut dressing. It was quite...
interesting to see them sit around the dishes, using their first two fingers as spoons. They sat in companies, the mothers by themselves, the girls, then also the fathers and the young men. There was an hour's service, one hundred and nine. They seemed to enjoy their common meal very much. After they had finished, they thanked us heartily and returned joyfully to their homes.

The spirit of the work is encouraging. The prayers and testimonies tell what God has done and is still doing for some of the children. There are also new ones stepping in and manifesting a desire to follow the Lord. A young man, who comes to services quite regularly, was asked, why he does not repent, he answered, my heart is hard. One of the girls said in her testimony this week, that last Sunday she dressed and started to come to services, but she soon found her feet too sore to walk. She wept and was very sorry; knee down and pray here. She obeyed the voice of the Lord. This is the girl that was cast out from her home, when she first started to follow the Lord. Lately her father made her go along near the mines to cook beer to sell. Will you please help pray for this girl. These children are very simple in their testimonies, but there is a great difference between those that have been in the service several years and those that are only coming in. We thank God for these dear children. They are as little lambs and need our tenderest care and prayers. I thank God for the privilege of being amongst them and help them what little I can.

The Lord is very graciously supplying all our needs, for which we thank him. He also blessed the labor of our hands. Though we have only small gardens and the locusts did some damage to them, yet we reaped a fair crop and had all the vegetables we cared for. This has been a great blessing to us.

We are enjoying good health. Our latest information from Mtjabezi and Matha Mbona report all well with them.

We are encouraged in the work and desire to lift up Jesus until our life work is ended.

Pray for us and the work at this place.

Your sister in the faith,

SALLIE K. DONER.

A Call for Workers.

Box 116, Fordsburg, Transvaal, South Africa, June 17, 1907.

To the readers of the Visitor:

"How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard?" The first question above has been made all the more forcible to us, since our close contact with these heathen people and becoming more and more acquainted with their natural state.

"How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard?" Could you see the heathen as he is. Without God! Without hope! Standing before the dark! Future! No one to help him. No one to tell him of Jesus and his love! Now consider his black moral condition too awful to express, here, too shocking for us to believe.

Then to say it all up, see him held under the complete control of the devil, all his vile practices have been of long standing imposed upon him! Now let your thoughts enter into the true questioning of the Apostle Paul. "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard?"

Beloved, do you see, do you not hear in this question your call from your Savior to go forth in his name to the hopeless ones calling for you across the sea. As your heart is still burning with the love of Jesus, do you not realize its constraining power compelling you to say "Here am I, send me, send me." Do you see any hope for the hopeless? Do you see any possible way for him to believe unless you go personally carrying the blessed message of reconciliation, beseeching them in Christ's stead. "Be ye reconciled to God."

God's appeal to you. How have you considered it? What about your promise? Have you kept it? Are you preparing to go, when the way will open for you, to joyfully step out upon his ever-sustaining promise. "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world."

Yet once more prayerfully consider, "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard?" May many who today are sitting hopeless in heathen darkness be brought to Jesus through your obedience to Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world."

In hope of the gospel,

ISAAC O. LEHMAN.

The Master might well put the same question to us. Are we neglecting the Scriptures, not only do we err, but we are in ignorance of the riches of our inheritance of Christ. The Scottish Savings Bank carries over each year an unclaimed balance of $40,000,000, some of the heirs of Jesus, do you not realize its constraining power compelling you to answer "Here am I, send me, send me." Do you see any hope for the hopeless? Do you see any possible way for him to believe unless you go personally carrying the blessed message of reconciliation, beseeching them in Christ's stead. "Be ye reconciled to God."

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One still remains in their hearts. They are taught from childhood to scorn the name of Jesus. They treat with contempt any of their number who embrace his gospel, and avoid the places where the New Testament is read. Some of them are avowed infidels, while others still hold to a form of religion; but the god of this world has so blinded their minds, and a covetous spirit has laid such a firm hold upon them, that few of them will close their places of business on the Seventh Day lest they suffer the loss of a dollar. Yet it is only blindness in part that is happened to Israel, for God has reserved to himself a remnant according to the election of grace, and we should love them for the elect's sake.

V. God's love for the Jews is a sufficient reason why we should love them.

“I have loved thee with an everlasting love.” If we are renewed in the image of God, we should love whatever he loves. When the Jew shall have lost his place in God's heart, then, perhaps, we may cease to love him.

VI. The place of the Jews in God's counsels shows us the obligation and privilege of loving them.

“For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?” When they shall return to the land of their inheritance, as the prodigal to his father, and shall seek the Lord in the latter days, and when the Lord hath remembered them with his mercy, there will be rejoicing in heaven and on earth. “As touching the election they are beloved for the fathers' sakes.”

VII. We should love the Jews because through their fall salvation has come to the Gentiles.

The gospel was to be preached to all nations beginning at Jerusalem, but it was not until the Jews refused to hear, that the word was carried to the Gentiles. When those who were bidden to the wedding refused to come, the servants were told to go into the highways and hedges and as many as they should find bid to the marriage. Although Paul was ordained to preach to the uncircumcised it was not till the Jews opposed themselves and blasphemed that he said, “From henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles.” Thus the Jews are made enemies for our sakes.

If we love the Jews we will desire their salvation. “My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved,” was the prayer of Paul, and if we desire their salvation, we will pray for them. “Father forgive them,” are the words of him who through love gave himself for his own rebellious people; and so great was the desire of Moses that he could say, “Forgive their sin— and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book.” If we were to measure our love by this standard, our question would certainly be hard to answer, but may God put in our hearts a true love for his people Israel, and a desire for their salvation.—Gospel Message.

Deacon Lee.

A Warning to Mischief Makers.

Deacon Lee was one day waited upon by a restless, ambitious, worldly church member, who was laboring to create uneasiness in the church, and especially to drive away the minister. The deacon came in to meet his visitor, who, after the usual greetings, began to lament the low state of religion, and inquired as to the reason why there had been no revival for the last two or three years. "Now, what do you think is the cause of things being dull here?" The deacon was not ready to give his opinion, and after a little thought frankly answered, "I don't know.

"Do you think the churches are alive to the work before them?" "No, I don't." "Do you think the minister fully realizes the solemnity of his work?" "No, I don't." "Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and hire another?"

The old deacon in a tone louder than his wont said, "No. I don't." "You talk so little, sir," replied the questioner, not a little abashed, "that no one can find out what you do mean." "I talked enough once," replied the old man, rising to his feet, "for six praying Christians. Thirty years ago I got my heart humbled and my tongue bridled; and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows, solemn as eternity; and don't tempt me to break them!"

The trouble was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immutable man, and asked, "What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which he had planted him. In my blindness, I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in his right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled by more flowery words, and the pews filled by those who turned away from the simplicity of the gospel. We flattered ourselves that we were doing God's service when we drove that holy man from the pulpit and his work. We groaned because there was no revival while we were gossiping about and criticizing him. "Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with half a dozen of us hanging as dead weight to the wheels. He had not the spirit, as we thought, and could not convert men; so we hunted him like a deer, till, worn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die.

Scarcely had he gone, when God came in among us by his Spirit to show that he had blessed the labors of his dear rejected servant. Our own hearts were broken and our wayward children converted; and I resolved at a convenient season to visit my former pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which, like long-buried seed, had now sprung up.

I heard my pastor was ill, and taking my oldest son with me, set out on a twenty-five mile ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived, and his wife, with the spirit which any woman ought to exhibit toward one who had so wronged his husband, denied me admittance to his chamber. She said (and her words were like arrows to my soul)—'He may be dying, and the sight of your face may add to his anguish.' Had it come to this, I said to myself, that the man whose labors had, through Christ, brought me into his fold; who had consigned my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and whose armor was falling from his limbs, he opened his languid eyes and spoke the words of him that through love gave himself for his own rebellious people; and so great was the desire of Moses that he could say, "Forgive their sin—and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book."
my son to tell him how he had found
Christ). But he was unconscious of
all around him; the sight of my face
had brought the last pang of earth
to his troubled spirit; I kissed his brow
told him how dear he had been
to me. I craved his pardon for my
ultrashine, and promised him to
care for his widow and fatherless lit
tle ones; but his only reply, mumbled
as if in a troublesome dream, was,
"Touch not mine anointed; and do my
prophets no harm."
I stayed by him all night, and at
daybreak I closed his eyes. I offered
his widow a house to live in the re
mainder of her days; but, like a her­
one, she said: 'I freely forgive
you; but my children, who entered
deeply into their father's anguish,
shall never see me so regardless of
his memory as to take anything from
those who caused it. He has left us
all with his covenant God, and he will
care for us.'
Well, sir, those dying words sound­ed
in my ears from that coffin and
all with his covenant God, and he will
join together. When a min­
sider, even if he is not a very
need in His great storehouses. Here­
ly said, 'Thank you, Father'
who does so much for us; for
we are too apt to be con­
stantly asking for something, and
generally for that which would be an
jury to us.
An idea has just struck me, and
that is that hereafter I will be very
particular to thank God for what He
does not give me in answer to my re
quests. I know so little and He
knows so much that surely there
ought to be no doubt about who
knows best as to my wants.
God has taught us in the Bible
what to ask for, and He has all we
need in His great storehouses. Here
after, when He says No to me, it will
be all right. I mean every word I
am now writing.
There is a lame young man residing
not far from where I live. He is full
of thankfulness for having a father
who has provided him with a pair of
crutches to help him to walk around.
There are many obstacles to be over
come in this world. Let us be thank­ful
that God has given us crutches to
make it somewhat easy to walk over
or around them. Lame and weak as
some of us are we are cared for and
often we are able to jump for joy on
account of victory achieved—God
helping us.
Why repine? Perhaps it was yes­terday when you conquered one dif
iculty. God will be there to­morrow,
ever ready to care for you the same
as the day before.
Do not make the mistake of think­ing
that you are the lonely one. It was
the lone, lost sheep that had so much
attention paid to it. It was
found and brought back to the fold.
I have an idea this morning that I
will be looked after, being one of the
sheep. Suppose you get the same idea
into your head.
All my readers are cared for—
fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers.
You will be housed, fed and clothed.
Once more I call on you to keep
sweet and eat of the honey of God's
word.—George R. Scott. Sel. by M.
J. Long.
"To have the courage to take no
notice of an injury is to be even with
our enemy; to forgive it is to be
above him."

OBITUARIES.
GOOD—Ruth Good, youngest daughter of Bro. Amos Good, of Elizabethtown, Pa.,
died July 9, 1907, aged 2 years, 1 month
and 28 days. Her mother, Sister Alice
Good, preceded her to the spirit world
February 25, 1907. She is survived by
her father and two sisters, Edna and
Leah. Funeral services were held July 11, 1907, in
the German Baptist church conducted by
Bishop Aaron Martin and Bro. J. N. Martin.
Text, Matt. 18:2-3. Interment in the
family lot at Mount Tunnel cemetery,
Elizabethtown, Pa.

WINGER—Bro. John Winger died at his
home near Kohler, Ont., July 7, 1907,
aged 67 years, 6 months and 28 days. His
widow, Sister Mary Winger, and
three children, Agnes, Mary and
John, all left near the old
home. Services were held at the Bethel
church on July 9th, conducted by John
Sider. Text II. Cor. 5.

CHAMBERS—Bro. George Chambers
died on July 17, 1907, at his home, in Pel
ham, Welland county, Ont., aged 68 years.
Bro. Chambers was born and
always lived in same county. He
united with church over twenty years ago, as also his first
wife, who preceded him to the beyond
seventeen years. He now has two
grandchildren, and now there left to mourn a widow with
seven children by her first husband. She is age and
three daughters, all grown up and
all near home except one, who is in the far
West. Funeral services took place on the afternoon of
July 19, from his residence to the Brethren's M. H.
of that place. Obsequies by A. Bear
Subject, "Planted to bring forth fruit in
old age." Text, Psa. 92, 2. last verses.
Interment in Quaker cemetery.

KAUFFMAN—Sister Fanny Kauffman,
wife of John K. Kauffman, died July 6,
1907, near Longefellow, Penna. R. R. sta
tion, Mifflin county, Pa., aged
67 years, 9 months and 22 days. She was converted
and united with the church years ago, liv­
ing a faithful consistent Christian life
having a bright evidence which is a great
consolation to the surviving friends. She is
survived by five sons and three daugh­
ters, as follows: William, Joseph, Philip,
John and Thomas. Martha, wife of
Bennenger; Leah, wife of Charles Hester;
Emma, wife of Moses Hersheperger, all of
Mifflin county, Pa., also forty grandchildren.
Funeral services were held July 10, 1907,
in the German Baptist church at Pine Gene
mon Lauver, of Juniata county, Pa. and
Rev. John Kauffman of the Amish church
Buried in the adjoining cemetery.