5-1-1908

Evangelical Visitor- May 1, 1908. Vol. XXII. No. 9.

George Detwiler
The Indian’s Questioning.

“Missionary,” said a savage, starrint- looking Indian, “gray hairs here and grandchildren in the wigwam tell me how that I am getting to be an old man; and yet I have never before heard such things as you have told us to-day. I am so glad that I did not die before hearing this wonderful story. Yes, I am getting old. Gray hairs here and grandchildren yonder tell the story. Stay as long as you can; missionary; tell us much of these things; and when you have to go away, come back soon, for I have grandchildren and may not live many Winters more.”

He turned as though he would go back to his place and sit down, but only went a step or two ere he turned around and said, through an interpreter: “Missionary, may I say more?” “Talk on,” I said, “I am here to listen.” “You said, just now ‘No-tawenan’ (our Father).” “Yes,” I said, “I did say ‘our Father.’” “That is very new and sweet to us,” he said. “We never thought of the Great Spirit as Father. We heard him in the thunder and saw him in the lightning and tempest, and we were afraid. So when you tell us of the Great Spirit as Father, that is very beautiful to us.”

Hesitating a moment he stood there, a wild, picturesque Indian, yet my heart had strangely gone out in loving interest and sympathy to him. Lifting his eyes to mine again he said, “May I say more?” “Yes,” I answered, “say on.” “You say ‘No-tawenan’ (our Father). He is your Father?” “Yes, he is my Father.”

Then he turned while his eyes and voice yearned for the answer: “Does it mean he is my Father, poor Indian’s Father?” “Yes, O yes,” I exclaimed, “He is your Father, too.” “Your Father—missionary’s Father.” “Yes, that is true,” I answered. “Then we are brothers,” he almost shouted out.

“To-day we have been studying about temperance—total abstinence from all things that are sinful; things that are harmful to either soul, mind or body; and the temperate or moderate use of those things, the use of which is right and legitimate.

We have been studying principally of the wrongs of alcoholic beverages. It mostly affects the boys of our land, very few of the girls. But there is something else which we did not touch upon in our conversation both boys and girls alike. It takes the color out of the face, makes the eyes sunken, weakens the body, weakens the mind, is filling the institutions for feeble-minded and insane asylum and hospitals, and the cemeteries with premature graves.

May God help us as parents that we may properly guard, guide and instruct those under our care. This sin is called “Solitary Vice.”

To improve the golden moment of opportunity and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life.”—Johnson.

“Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor to your liberties. Write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for all the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.”—Ulysses S. Grant.

The Helper.

You are bidding the stricken to rise; you point to the glories that round us appear. And you sing a bithle song that the mourners may hear, and you cheer for the toiler who tries; but are you still ready to aid?—S. E. Kiser.

The Excitement in the audience had become something wonderful. When our conversation with the old man had reached this point, and he in such an unexpected and yet dramatic manner had so clearly brought out not only the Fatherhood of God but the brotherhood of man, the people could hardly restrain their expressions of delight.

The old man, however, had not finished, and so quietly restraining the most demonstrative ones, he again turned to me and said: “May I say more?” “Yes, say on; all that is in your heart.”

Never can I forget that last question, which millions of weary, long-suffering souls, dissatisfied with their false religions, are asking.

“Missionary, I don’t want to be rude, but why has my brother been so long time coming with the Great Book and its wonderful story?”—Sel.
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

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Per the exhortation of true, practical piety and devoted to the spread of Evangelical truths and the Unity of the church.

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EDITORIAL.

MISCELLANY.

A valued correspondent in a recent communication incidentally stated that a large proportion of the contents of the Visor was, or is, appeals for money. We had sometimes thought of this and the wonder is not that some one at last has called attention to it but that it went unchallenged so long. However we are not regretting it that the Visor becomes a medium to inform the brotherhood of the needs here and there, for we have confidence that those who respond to the appeals for help do so with cheerfulness and realize the approval and blessing of God in it. All the city Missions, the orphanages, and the Mission Stations in the foreign fields have become debtors to the brotherhood for help received in time of need through presenting their needs in the Visor columns. The most recent evidence of the interest that our people have in the welfare of those who are doing the hard work in the African field was the quick and generous response for funds to supply Elder Steigerwald with another mule. Now that is out of the way, and we presume our people will be ready to respond just as generously on another line. An Abilene, Kans., brother writes us of a recent visit to the Chicago Mission and of his observation while there how the devoted workers are handicapped, or have their work made heavier, by the lack of necessary conveniences in the arrangement of the Mission premises. The property itself is deteriorating because of the lack of some essentials. There is need of better apartments for worship, etc. In order to maintain the value of the property it must be raised and a substantial foundation put under it. A cellar is much needed for convenience of storing fuel, vegetables, fruit, etc. The rooms used for this purpose now, upstair, could be used to better advantage for other purposes. Now the brother in question feels that steps should be taken to remedy this, and the sooner the better. By way of encouragement to get the matter started he proposes to be one of ten to pledge fifty dollars to raise a fund of five hundred dollars for improving the Chicago Mission building. Three other brethren, making four, have already responded and it is hoped the other six will quickly respond. Another five hundred dollars would be needed, as in the brother’s estimation one thousand dollars could be profitably spent on the building to save it from serious deterioration. We hope the response will be quick, hearty and generous, “as the Lord hath prospered you.”

There is a standing request that subscribers watch their credit as printed on the address label, and if there is any mistake to write us about it. Especially should this be done when money is sent. If the credit on the label is not changed within a reasonable time we should be notified. Corrections are easily made then and we are glad to make any correction that is needed. Some subscribers during a period of five years or more have gotten a year behind and the credit on the address label shows it that way, and did all along. We inferred that they knew what they were doing, but now when we write to them or give them a blue mark as a reminder they resent it and claim that their credit should be in advance instead of behind. The unpleasantness could have been avoided if they had done their duty. Any one can see that four dollars paid to this office in course of five years leaves the credit a year behind. We are glad to say that only a small proportion of our subscribers are causing us some worry. A small number too many of the course, are going to repudiate the debt, and the Visor will likely be the loser to the extent of several hundred dollars, but the large bulk of our patrons are, and have been, doing nobly. God bless them all. But we request again, look at your credit on the label once in a while and if there is any mistake please write us a card and we will look it up.

We give some of our editorial space to others this issue. Our associate, Elder Baker, presents several articles selected from Charles G. Finney’s writings. The first is found in this issue on page 3. Other articles by other writers are waiting their turn in next issue. We intend to send out the May number a little earlier than usual, as we purpose, God willing, to leave for Canada about the 14th inst.

When we revise our list for next issue we will likely have to drop out a goodly number of names in order to comply with the new ruling. We are sorry to have to lose one subscriber but after appeals for attention, courteously and kindly given, have no effect there is only one way open for us. We infer that the majority of these are of the indifferent class, and somewhat in the quality of morality. Then there are some who are in tight circumstances, financially. They don’t like to give up the paper, they would like to pay, but have not the money to do so just now, but will pay when they can. We would like to help such, and we think we could if they would write to us and state their case. A brother who had gotten behind for a considerable sum is trying to catch up by laying by a small amount every week. In that way he was able about a month ago to send us two dollars, and a sure prospect of getting squared up before very long. We think others could succeed by adopting a like plan.

Our brief parting word to those whose names we will have to drop because they ignore our appeals, is “Get right with God.” Time is short, eternity is long. May you all at last see the King in his beauty, and reign with him in glory.

Through the courtesy of the secretary, J. I. Long, the editor was recently favored with a copy of the minutes of the First Annual State Council of Oklahoma. Oklahoma is the youngest State of this nation, and it is a satisfaction to know that there is a real live branch of the church established and at work in the new State. Oklahoma, as a State believes in doing things and is not afraid to venture some new things in way of government. And a glance at the resolutions adopted at this first State Council gives evidence that the Brethren there also believe in doing things, and we hope they will be able to
"make good" or "deliver the goods." God bless the Oklahoma church, and may it continue to grow and increase, not in numbers only, but rather in the principles of true vital godliness. The closing words of Bishop Oyster were few, but to the point. He said: A few Sundays ago we learned that part of the duty of the shepherd was to go before his sheep and seek out the good pastures, also places of danger, and poisonous plants. I feel as though we have been finding some of the good pasture to-day, and also have found some of the plants which are poisonous for the sheep.

All those whose duty it is to attend to the Conference business should not forget that the Conference Secretary, Bro. S. R. Smith, 36 N. Cameron street, Harrisburg, Pa., should have all such matter in hand forthwith. Please do not delay sending it to him.

The sermon on Infanticide will be published in tract form and the orders on hand will be filled in the near future. The price, as estimated in our former note, will be 40 cents per hundred. Those who have ordered will please remit at once. Others desiring to order should do so at once.

Notice This Specially.

(1.) Art. 23, of Conference of last year, the word last before Tuesday in line three should read third. The preliminary meetings in connection with the different districts will be held on May 19, which is the day intended in the minutes.

(2.) All persons whose duty it is to report to Bro. S. R. Smith, Secretary, as outlined in Art. 11, of Conference of 1907, should do so now at once.

Sister Davidson reports just as we go to press that they are enjoying their usual health, including Bro. Taylor, only that he feels he must not do any writing or studying yet. The work is encouraging. Some of the older people are seeking the light. They, the missionaries, request the prayers of our readers. Send no more money orders on Kalomo or Livingstone. Send London drafts.

General Conference Announcement.

The Markham church, where General Conference will convene May 20, 21, 22, being only one and one-half miles from Gormley station on the "Canadian Northern Ontario Railway," it has been decided that delegates and visitors coming to General Conference will be met at this point only. Any therefore desiring to arrive at some other point will, of course, make their own arrangements. This does not apply to the Nottawa delegates. The C. N. O. trains leave Toronto for Gormley at 9.00 a. m. and 5.30 p. m., arriving at Gormley at 10.10 a. m. and 6.40 p. m. Ticket office in the Union station, and also Corner Toronto and King streets. Negotiations were entered into with the object of securing special reduced conference rates, but after becoming acquainted with all the conditions attached thereto, which we found it difficult to comply with, it was finally decided to altogether abandon this idea, believing that "Club Rates of Ten" could be secured at almost any point, and that this, with the regular return rates from Toronto, might after all prove most satisfactory. Should anything develop which might necessitate a change in this arrangement, notice will be given in the May 15 issue of the Visitor.

D. W. Hulse.

Entire Sanctification.

(This article is an extract from Charles F. Finney's Systematic Theology, pp. 405, 406.)

The inspired writers evidently used the terms which are translated by the English word sanctity, to designate a phenomenon of the will, or a voluntary state of mind. They used the term hagiazo in Greek and kandoosh in Hebrew, to represent the act of consecrating one's self, or anything else, to the service of God, and the highest well-being of the universe. The term manifestly not only represents an act of the will, but an ultimate act or choice, as distinguished from a mere volition, or executive act of the will.

Thus the terms rendered sanctified are used as synonymous with loving God with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourselves. The Greek hagiosmos, translated by the word sanctification, is evidently intended to express a state or attitude of voluntary consecration to God, a continued act of consecration; or a state of choice, as distinct from a mere act of choice, an abiding act or state of choice, a standing and controlling preference of mind, a continuous committal of the will to the highest well-being of God and of the universe. Sanctification, as a state differing from a holy act, is a standing, ultimate intention, and exactly synonymous or identical with a state of obedience, or conformity to the law of God. We have repeatedly seen that the will is the executive or controlling faculty of the mind. Sanctification consists in the will's devoting or consecrating itself, and the whole being, all we are and have, so far as powers, susceptibilities, possessions, are under the control of the will, to the service of God, or, which is the same thing, to the highest interests of God and of being. Sanctification, then, is nothing more nor less than entire obedience for the time being, to the moral law.

Sanctification may be entire in two senses: (1) In the sense of present, full obedience, or entire consecration to God; and (2) In the sense of continued, abiding consecration or obedience to God. Entire sanctification, when the terms are used in this sense, consists in being established, confirmed, preserved, continued in a state of sanctification or of entire consecration to God.

In this discussion, then, I shall use the term entire sanctification to designate a state of confirmed, and entire consecration of body, soul, and spirit, or of the whole being to God—confirmed, not in the sense, (1) That a soul entirely sanctified cannot sin, but that as a matter of fact, he does not, and will not sin. (2) Nor do I use the term entire sanctification as implying that the entirely sanctified soul is in no such danger of sinning as to need the thorough use and application of all the means of grace to prevent him from sinning, and to secure his continued sanctification. (3) Nor do I mean by entire sanctification, a state in which there will be no further struggle or warfare with temptation, or in which the Christian warfare will cease. This certainly did not cease in Christ to the end of life, nor will it with any being in the flesh. (4) Nor do I use the term as implying a state in which no further progress in holiness is possible. No such state is, or ever will be, possible to any creature, for the plain reason, that all creatures must increase in knowledge; and increase in knowledge implies increase of holiness in a holy being. The saints will doubtless grow in grace or holiness to all eternity. (5) Nor do I mean by the term entire sanctification, that the entirely sanctified soul will no longer need the continual grace and indwelling Spirit of Christ to preserve it from sin, and to secure its continuance in a state of consecration to God. It is amazing that such men as Dr. Beecher and others should suppose, that a state of entire consecration implies that the entirely sanctified soul no longer needs the grace of God to preserve it. Entire sanctification, instead of implying no further dependence on the grace of Christ, implies the constant appropriation of Christ by faith as the sanctification of the soul.

Entire sanctification, as I understand the term, is identical with entire and continued obedience to the law of God.—Sel. by B.
NEWS OF CHURCH ACTIVITY

IN THE

HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

Our City Missions.

Philadelphia, 3425 N. Second street, in charge of Brother Peter Stever and Sister Stover.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Mission, 23 Hawley street, in charge of Brother George Whi­

ler and Sister Ettie Whisler.

Chicago Mission, 3926 Peoria ave. in

charge of Sister Sarah Ber, Bro. B. L.

Brubaker and Sister Nancy Shirk.

Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, 409 Ninth street, Church, Thirteenth and Univer­

sity Ave. in charge of Eld. J. R. and

Sister Anna Zook.

Jabobk Orphan Home, Thomas, Okla.,
in charge of Bro. and Sister A. L. Eisen­

hower.

Addresses of Missionaries.

Africa.

H. P. and Grace Steigerwald, Abbie Bert,

Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.

F. F. and Ida Engle, Myron Taylor, Macha Mission, Kalomo,

N. W. Rhodesia, care Dist. Commissioner,

South Africa.

Harvey J. and Emma Frey, Elizabeth

Engle, Mshashi Mission; Levi and Sally

Dener, Mopane Mission, Gwanda, Rhodesi­

a, South Africa, care of Blantyre Mission.

Jesse R. and Malinda Eyler, Modern­

stein P. O. (Inkomoso Training School), via

Zurfooten, Transvaal, South Africa.

Issace O. and A. Alice Leeman, Box 126,

Fordsburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

India.

A. L., Mrs. A. L. and Ezra Messer, Mag­

tic Landis, No. 6 Sudder Bazaar, Dil­

kush, Calcutta, India.

N. H. and Mrs. N. H. Reichard, Dalton­
ganj, Bengal, India.

D. W. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Sripat,

Purunit, Bankura district, Bengal, India.

J. H. and Anna Sparrow, Rapha­nathpur P. O. Manbhum district, India.

Elminia Hoffman, Kedgaon, Poona Dist.,

Ramabai Home, India.

Mrs. Annie Fuller, Gowlia, Tank Road,

Bombay, India.

Mrs. Martha Keech, Cardington, Bed­

ford, England.

Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Cassel, San Marcos,

Guatemala, C. A.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"Who hath saved us

and called us with an holy calling, not ac­

tording to our works, but according to his

own purpose and grace, which was given

us in Christ Jesus before the world be­

gan." (II. Tim. 1:9.)

I praise God that he has ever saved and
called me. Hallelujah! Dear readers, you

no doubt read in last issue of the VISITOR

that I am stimulating the Philadelphia Mis­

sion at present. I thank God for the privi­
dge of being here. I find it is a pleasure to

serve God if our will is yielded to him.

We realize that the harvest truly is great

but the laborers are few. The way has not

opened, so far, for me to go to the for­
eign field, which is my heart's desire. I
did not feel satisfied to work in the mil­

and grain fields.

I praise God for how he has changed my

life, and how marvelous he opened the way

for me to come here.

We realize that we need wisdom from

God to speak to people as we visit from house to house. Thank God, his store-house

is full, and he said his grace is sufficient.

We cannot do anything that

pleases him unless we have the Holy

Ghost in our hearts.

I thank God that we can have a friend

that sticketh closer than a brother. I

praise God that if earthly friends fail us

and things do not go to please us, the

Lord will keep us above the cloud. If I

have my mind stayed on him, he will keep
us in perfect peace.

The Sunday-school is increasing which

means more labor for the workers. Our

scholars are mostly of the poorer class of

people. Many do not hear anything of

Jesus in their homes, but only to take his

name in vain. We need your help in earn­
ing prayer in behalf of the work here.

I know that many times my heart burn­
ed within me when I thought of the re­
sponsibility that rests on a teacher. I also

praise him that he truly will help us if we

trust him. The Sunday-school attend­
ance averages from 100 to 120. Love feast

will soon be here, May 2 and 3. We would

be very glad to see many come and enjoy

the feast together. Come in the Spirit and

be very glad to see many come and enjoy

the feast together. Come in the Spirit and

be very glad to see many come and enjoy

the feast together. Come in the Spirit and

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the feast together. Come in the Spirit and

be very glad to see many come and enjoy

the feast together. Come in the Spirit and

be very glad to see many come and enjoy
fearing for him. Our prayer has been that "we may know him, and the fellowship of his sufferings." We want to go all the way with him. In his name, D. W. Zook.

March 25, 1908.

LUCKNOW, INDIA. "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me." Dear readers: These words are the words our dear Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, who thought it necessary to give a description of the judgment, which brings to our minds the glorified world and that we can have the privilege to enjoy its glory throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity, if we regard all the requirements he has given to us and do them. If we are careless about them and do them not then we will also understand what our portion shall be in the world to come.

There are in St. Matthew one hundred and forty-four requirements and each one is for us to obey. Whether we are ungodly people or Christians. Have you ever searched and numbered them to know what they say to you.

We have an inquirers' class, which we find to be a very good thing for all. It makes us think about our duty toward our heavenly Father and our fellow men. If the requirements of our Lord and Savior would be strictly observed by all Christians, there would be only one Church, the offspring of the Lord's side though it brings them much suffering for him. Our prayer has been that we may know him, and the suffering for him. Our prayer has been that we may be only one Church, the offspring of our Lord and Savior would be seen how he is tormenting many souls with the words of Jesus our Savior in Matthew 25th chapter, verse 46 and 47.

"Is it not written that some Christians are only a handle for the heathens to tremble with great fear, devils would cry out and say, "Let us alone." And they besought him that he would not command them to go out into the deep." The devil is in great alarm when we step on his rights. Is that not true? Do you realize in your daily experience that the devil is much in uprize? Look into the world and see how he is tormenting many souls with one thing or the other, and promising them hope and rest. The hope and rest which the light of the gospel is spreading more and more, and souls are seeing the need of getting right with God. Some are stepping out on the Lord's side though it brings them much persecution.

"Village work is also interesting, twenty-five to fifty listen attentively."

"We have removed to a new house which is more comfortable than the former, the address of which is as follows: No. 6 Sudder Bazar, Dilkusha P. O, Lucknow, Ind. Yours in the living faith, AMOS L. MIXER.

On the Way to Africa.

To the readers of the Visitor, greeting.

We are glad to report a safe and pleasant voyage across the Atlantic. None of us were sea-sick, although we did not feel quite natural at all times, on account of not being used to the motion of the vessel. We had a few days of rough sailing, when the vessel rocked quite a bit. However we stood it very well, for which we thank the Lord.

We left New York, Saturday, March 28th, at 10 a.m. arriving at Southampton, Eng., Sunday, April 5, at 1 a.m. (night). We remained on the vessel until morning, ate our breakfast, and disembarked about 8 a.m. We were then met by Mr. Flett a representative of the Union Castle Steamship Co. After arranging for our luggage, we were taken to the Cornish Hotel, where we will remain until our time of sailing for Capetown, which will be on Saturday, April 11, due to arrive at Cape Town, the (2) Vry Bay.

We are anxiously awaiting the time of the continuance of our journey to the field to which God has called us. As we travel from place to place we meet with so few people who have a real knowledge of salvation, that we feel to urge those who know God, to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into his vineyard. Amen.

JESSE W. WENGER AND WIFE.

5556 Peoria St., Chicago.

On the Way to Africa.
OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

The Good Old Way.

BY LENA CAMERON.

We rejoice when we read of the Israelite band,
How they went through the wild roaring
sea on dry land.
A guidance did have by night and by day,
As they all travelled on in the good old way.

But soon they distrusted God's mighty power.
When their faith God had tested in a real trying hour.
They murmured and doubted, displeasing their King.
Who had brought them from bondage and caused them to sing.

While many were faithless still there were a few,
Who were steadfast and earnest all the way through.
The past corresponds with the present day.
When so many profess to be on the good way.
But few there are who are faithful and true.
Who will give up the old life for one that is new.

'Tis impossible to cling to our old carnal mind.
If we want to be right and sweet peace to find;
So let us forsake all and obey Christ's command:
Only then we can hope to reach bright Canaan's land.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Orphanage Work for Jesus.

BY AN INTERESTED WORKER.

Since reading Bro. Smith's article re the Messiah Home Orphanage in the Visitor some time ago, my heart has been stirred to its depth, so much so, that one night sleep refused to come to my eyes for some time, but instead, tears. I was made to feel very sad, and, shall I say? ashamed, that such a suggestion, as the brother said, had been made, could possibly have been put forward.

As I was thus musing over the past and the present, a panorama passed before me as a vision. I saw numerous orphanages jotted all over this fair land of ours and over Canada as well. I watched the children, one by one, from the day they were first admitted into the Institution. I watched them as they fell in line and as they took their places around the tables, with folded hands, bowed heads and closed eyes. I heard them join their voices with the workers to invoke God's blessing upon the food so graciously provided. I watched them during the morning and evening worship. I watched them perform their daily round of duties. I watched them in the school-room and at their play. I watched them in the Sabbath-school, in the prayer-meeting. I watched them year in and year out, until they arrived at the age when they would have to go out from the home.

I saw them leave, one by one, ready to enter the different vocations of life. Yes, some into the routine of life's battles. But I saw the larger number ready to offer themselves for nobler positions in life. May I say, I saw them entering the Bible School to prepare more fully for the Master's work. From this place I saw them going out into the different fields of labor, some even unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

Brethren, do we realize where we are standing? In my judgment, orphanage work is one of the greatest and grandest works the church has ever undertaken. I believe the Missionary Training School should begin in the orphanage.

The work of the orphanage should be to rescue children from homes of poverty, sin and shame. Then, since many of these children will come from such homes, do you not believe with me that, as they are brought into new and Christian environments, their hearts will naturally be more sympathetic and more full of pity for the poor and down-fallen than those of us who have known nothing of such a life? For this very reason, I believe workers of this kind will become the most successful. They learn many lessons of trust in God and are earnest and untiring in their efforts.

Brethren, do not let us tear down our barns so that we can build greater, but let us build orphanages and sustain them.

I say if it is in our power to rescue them, let us do it in the name of Jesus. We know not what a power for God may lie in those children and it may be that even some of the parents may be won for him through the saving of their own offspring.

Why are our missionaries contending so strongly for a home for the boys and girls in Africa? Is it not to save them from the evil influence that daily surrounds them in their own homes. Brethren, sin has the same charm and works the same ruin and disaster in America as it does in heathen lands.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Harrisburg, Pa.

Worry poisons the mind just as much as a deadly drug would poison the body, and just as surely.—Success.
What Can We Do to Make the Sunday-School Hour Brighter?

Prepared for, and read at Ohio State S. S. Council. Published by request.

In order to make the Sunday-school hour brighter we must take in consideration the purpose for which our Sunday-schools have been established. The three motives to be held in view can be illustrated by remembering the abbreviation. S. S. not only stands for Sunday-school, but also for strengthening saints, for searching the Scriptures and for the salvation of souls.

It has been said, and well said, by prominent Sunday-school men that upon the labors of the Sunday-school depend the future progress of the church of God and the welfare of our nation; for, the boys and girls who occupy the place in the class each Sunday will be the men and women of to-morrow, and then upon them will rest the responsibilities of those whose seats will have become vacant because death shall have ushered them into the presence of the Great King. Then it is highly important that they be prepared for these events by means of the Sunday-school which has been properly called the nursery of the church.

When we consider the vital importance of our Sabbath-schools, ought it not behave every Christian to put forth more persistent efforts to brighten the Sunday-school hour, that the scholars may not only have an interest to come, but, that they may be inspired to search and read the Bible for themselves, and thus be influenced to accept Christ?

If every Christian professor would weigh carefully the real value and worth of our Sunday-school, this question would appeal to him more personally and they would ask themselves, “What can I do?” instead of, “What can we do to make the Sunday-school hour brighter?”

Some parents seem to attempt to shift the responsibility altogether on the teachers and officers of the school, but, sometimes they will awake to the realization of the fact that they themselves are to blame for their children’s misconduct in wandering far away from God and going to fashionable churches.

It is true, while the interest of the scholars can be attributed largely to the faithful work of Superintendent and teachers, yet, if the parents are unconcerned, what can you expect of the children? If the parents are not present for the opening, can we expect the children to arrive in time? In the day school there is such a spirit manifested among the children that they consider it a disgrace to be tardy. Would that not be an excellent spirit for those who attend Sunday-school? “O, well,” conducted a Sunday-school.

It is not necessary to be there for the opening, for that does not aid in brightening the Sunday-school hour.” For this reason they make no special effort to be prompt. This is a serious mistake. If all would be present at the opening and a judicious plan be followed out for conducting these exercises, it would be cheerful, helpful and inspiring and the scholars would be so enlightened that they would be instilled with a desire to be present even for the opening alone. The question might arise, what is a judicious plan for these exercises? This would indeed be difficult to answer. But in the Sunday-school there is no monster so gloomy to the sunny life of boys and girls, as monotony. There is nothing that children hate more than to see the same kind of an occurrence repeated over and over. Everyone has discovered from personal observation that children desire frequent changes. For this reason the opening exercise should be varied but never without prayer.

Much also depends upon the singing. We should select songs that are favorites among the children. No matter if the same songs are repeated often; good hymns do not wear out in a short time. New hymns to learn should possess the spirit of joy, life and hope. Gloomy, melancholy ones are almost always out of place in Sunday-school. Under the observation of the writer this truth has been verified at day school. When the singing began to drag and little or no life manifested, the scholars easily detected this lifeless situation and interrupted the teacher and said, “Sing faster.” When children are permitted to choose the songs and in Sunday-school this is advisable to induce them to sing—they always select those full of life, vim and vigor. For the music and words most express the strenuous, active and joyful life of boys and girls. Hymns sung by an individual class might be permissible and inspiring.

Even if the opening exercises be interesting the hour is not yet completed, for now the teacher must take her scholars in charge. One of the most serious faults of teachers, and officers as well, is “Getting into ruts.” The ruts are caused by incessant traveling in the same track. So on the highway great care is taken that the wheels of our conveyances do not get into the ruts, for there is danger of wrenching the wheels or breaking the springs. But some people do not seem to be wise enough to keep out of the ruts with reference to teaching and conducting a Sunday-school.

One of the ruts a teacher gets into are; the same lesson helps, the same way of preparing a lesson, the same way of teaching. Another is the question rut. How many teachers ask the same questions like this: “Well, what was the lesson last Sunday, children?” And, “What is the subject of this lesson?” And again, “Johnny, you may read verse 21.” “Now, Johnny, what lesson do you draw from that verse?” “Very good.” “Mary, you may read verse 22.” “Now, Mary, what lesson do you draw from that verse?” They repeat the same old form in the same old way and some, to their shame, read them from the quarters. This is not said to condemn the method of catechizing a class, for a teacher with the questioning method will impart more light to the scholars than ten who employ the lecture system. But there is such a thing as knowing how to ask a question so it will be clear, strong and attractive.

The story is related of a man who visited a Sunday-school and while there he noticed a class of mischievous boys whom he thought it would certainly be a difficult task to teach. But when he saw their eagerness to hear and their attentiveness, he was certainly surprised. After the Sunday-school was over he asked this boy teacher of sixteen what was the secret of his success. “My idea of conducting a class,” replied he, “is to keep the boys interested on something connected with the lesson. That is what I think of all through the week and I lay my plans and get my illustrations with that in view. The boys like it best when we keep things moving all through the class.” The secret of his success was thoroughness in preparing his lessons. Here is the great trouble with teachers; they themselves are not interested enough. They neglect to study the lesson thoroughly, to choose pleasing stories which all children delight to hear. They neglect to acquaint themselves with the method of preparing a lesson, plans that their fellow teachers use.

Now, in this respect, our Sunday-schools have made a serious mistake. They ignore the indisputable fact that every institution will make advancement. But we have nothing to pre-
sent to the world to prove that our Sunday-schools have made so very much progress. This is not meant to condemn the methods of conducting the schools in the past, because those plans have suited the needs of the people of that day. But here we have a rising generation with more education, different influences, and environments, and therefore, some as yet, untried means must be employed to interest them, to make the hour brighter, and thus attract them to the school. So we better get out of the old rut of doing things, before the springs break and our schools fall to the ground, as has been the outcome in some localities.

Some may ask, can we adopt the plans which the city schools use? While as a church we cannot sanction a great many of their methods, we ought not be so blind to our own welfare, that, when we see a good principle in any school, we close our eyes and reject it simply because those ideas have originated in the fashionable churches. We have examples of country schools in which they have adopted the methods of the city schools and success has crowned their efforts. At least anything that, if introduced into a Sunday-school will give the scholars something to do or increase their interest in the work, is surely worthy of our consideration.

Space does not permit me to enter into detail in explaining these different methods, but a few will be briefly mentioned.

Class organization has proven an excellent feature. It consists of a few officers elected by the class among whom is the class secretary who keeps a record of the members' attendance.

Prepared for, and read at Ohio State S. S. Council. Published by request.

There is no greater opportunity of reaching, teaching and saving the children than through the Sabbath-school, and not only the children but the parents also. It has been said, "like teacher, like school." So it is with the Sabbath-school, like Superintendent, like teacher, like school.

Here, then, is the opportunity of selecting one with God-given ability who is to exercise in the capacity of a Sabbath-school Superintendent. But one of the great factors, if not the greatest, is the teacher, who should be a truly converted, consecrated person, who has a liking for children, and interested in their welfare, as well as an interest for their soul.

The child comes before the teacher as a representative of his, or her, home; some from praying homes and some where prayer has never been heard. Here then is the opportunity for seed-sowing in the hearts and lives of those before us and it cannot be done without a thorough preparation on the part of the teacher.

Under no conditions tell the class, "I have made no preparation." A certain teacher of mine of whom I have vivid recollections, never failed to tell us he had not studied his lesson. He only needed to go on with the lesson a very short time, and no one knew better than the class, that he was not ready for recitation, so the time was spent, but no one especially profited. If possible, the lack of preparation is less pardonable for a Sabbath-school teacher, than for a minister. You and I have heard the remark made, but on listening to what followed, it very often is confirmed. Is not the opportunity in this also that the person who takes time to study God's word is greatly benefited, whether as a teacher or otherwise?

Preparation of the lesson, from the lowest to the highest grades, is necessary so that we may give the child something about which to think. It has been my experience that after I had studied God's word and other helps, having done what I could, as I came before my class I felt as if I really could not say anything. God did really give me something to say, but he could hardly have given me utterance to his truths if I had not known they were.

Some one said to a primary teacher, "Oh, you have 'tiny tots'; you need take no time for study." Such people know little of the nature of the work; it takes just as much study for this class and more, than for the other grades, for the child really plays Sunday-school. So interested are they that it becomes a part of the game of their every day life; so much more the need of the real and not a farce.

There is no other opportunity so great as the Sabbath-school teacher has to gain the confidence of the children. A child was heard to say, "The teacher said so; and it's so if it isn't so." How important then to have teachers who are worthy of children's confidence and that they will have no occasion to find that their confidence has been betrayed.

Then there is the opportunity of song, songs sung with some life, also such songs as are suitable for the occasion; not as a minister I knew who gave the invitation to souls to accept Christ, and the leader of the singing announced the song, entitled, "After a While." Many a person has been touched, and many saved through hearing a song.

Here too is an opportunity to teach giving, and giving liberally, as also the purpose of giving. The remark was made that a certain teacher did not dress very well. The child looking up from his play answered, "I don't know why my teacher doesn't dress better. I'm sure I give her all my pennies." That child had not been taught that giving for the support of the Sabbath-school, church and pastor are ways of giving to the Lord.

I am glad that the penny system of giving is largely dropping out and instead the nickel system is being introduced, which is much better.

Where would a child get his knowl-
edge of the Bible in this world of hustle and hurry if it were not for the Sunday-school? The majority of people have no time to study the Bible, and much less teach it to their children, although there is time for nearly everything else, however. No one can say that the study of the lives of the teachers and workers in God’s Word does not make better men and better women. The thought expressed by one of the other speakers is true. “We may teach botany in the Sunday-school class, but unless it leads to the rose of Sharon it is vain; or we may talk geology, but unless it leads to the Rock Christ Jesus, the real life is not taught.”

It is said we can not read a good book without becoming better from its reading. The next opportunity is, that each one may be a missionary; each one may ask some one to come; it is every one’s duty to invite others to the Lord’s house. The opportunity of the Home Department and the Cradle Roll. Parents say, “If my baby’s name is on their Cradle Roll, I will go to their Sunday-school.”

Another way is that of cheerfulness. “To keep on the sunny side of life is one way to bring joy to others, and along with it comes interest.” Some one asked a child, “Where are you going, John?” “To Sunday-school,” he answered. The next question was, “But why are you going?” The child’s answer was, “Why, I am part of the concern.” He was made to feel that he was really needed there, and that he would be missed if he was not there.

But, send the child to Sabbath-school even if it is not among your own people. Narrowness along that line will not help you and much less the child. The story is told of two boys in a certain home who were left fatherless, and from childhood to manhood they loved sea tales, pictures of boats and water, and finally became noted seamen, even against their mother’s hopes and plans for their future. Some one asked them, “Why have you taken so kindly to a sailor’s life?” They said, “All because of a picture of a boat and water that hung in our dining-room.” If a picture can shape a life, how much more influence can the life lived by a true Christian have on the destiny of a human soul?

Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

Love is the first word and the last in the lexicon of religion.—Sel.

For the Evangelical Visitor.  
Experience of Salvation.  

BY EFFIE M. MILLER.

Dear Readers—I have been impressed to write for the Visitor or in some way publish that my dear Savior has blessed my soul, and how gracious he is to me. Oh! I am so glad and so thankful to God for it.

In a meeting held about a mile from this place, over a month ago, God called me and I yielded to the call. Now I praise God that he helped me to decide to come to him. There were twenty-three of my young associates and friends converted in the same meeting. How I do thank God for it.

Now since I have tasted of his goodness, I am so anxious about souls that are living in sin. If any unsaved soul reads these lines, and God is calling you, heed the call before it is too late. You will never regret it. The Spirit will not always strive with you.

God has made a wonderful change in me, an entirely new creature. “Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.” (II Cor. 5:17). I see things so different to what I used to. I used to think it was such a hard way to live to serve the Lord; now I find it is the only real pleasure in life. Oh! I cannot praise him enough for what he has done for me.

“Hallelujah! ’Tis done, I believe on the Son, I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One.”

While singing this chorus Jesus blessed my soul, I became a new creature. Praise the Lord. I have realized so many blessings since then, and I am so unworthy of them all.

I was but nine years old when God first called me, but I was unwilling to yield. How I do regret it now; for, “Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus.” Oh! it is so sweet to have peace with God. I just think how vile I was, was unwilling to accept him, when Jesus suffered and died for our sins. I would not yield. I have thought since why God did not use some other means to bring me to him, but he is such a merciful Savior. I thought I would wait for a more convenient time, but, I found that time would never come. “Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.” It is so dangerous to live without salvation.

Satan would still tell me, I would not have any more pleasures if I would serve the Lord, but I have found it quite different. He now tempts me, but Jesus can help me, how thankful I ought to be, that I have such a friend.

My dear friends pray for me that I may ever be faithful to my dear Savior, and not turn away from him, when he is willing to help me. I want to live up to my profession and show the world that, “I have been redeemed.”

Fisherton, Pa.

For the Evangelical Visitor.  
A Sister’s Testimony.  

BY LENA CARMICHAEL.

Dear Readers—Greetings in the precious name of Jesus who died that we might live.

It is now over a year since I last wrote for the Visitor and I felt impressed to write again telling the readers what God has done for me since I last wrote.

I am not privileged to meet with the Brethren in worship, so I feel by writing a letter to the Visitor all may read my testimony for Jesus.

It is now over three years since I gave my heart to Jesus. I was young, proud and worldly minded when the voice of Jesus called me out to forsake those sinful things and follow him. He showed me a plain, narrow, path and I had many things to give up and many things to be freed from before I became willing and humble enough to walk in it.

I am glad I became willing to follow where the Spirit of God led me. It has led me through smooth and rough places, through clouds and sunshine and through sickness and health; still through all the trials and temptations I have felt and do feel the sweet peace that the world can never give nor take away.

I am glad I started to serve Jesus. It is a blessed service to be in and although I am severely far from home and brethren I feel that Jesus is able to keep me true to him no matter where I am.

Almost a year ago the Lord wonderfully healed my body. I had taken very sick and the doctor could not do anything to give me relief. So I felt impressed to comply with the command given in James to “call in the Elders” etc. At that time there was not a Brethren minister in the West; but Bro. Isaac Baker and family were on their way out from Ontario. When they reached our home,
I was very sick, so I requested to be anointed. Bro. Baker then anointed me with oil in the name of the Lord and then we prayed together for the healing of my body. It was wonderful the change that took place. The next morning I was able to be up and in a little over a week we packed our household things and moved up here to Delisle. Since then God has blessed our home with two sweet babes, twins—a boy and girl. Surely the Lord has been very gracious to me and I can say from my heart, “His ways are ways of pleasantness and all his paths are peace.”

In a few weeks we intend (God willing) to go to our homestead up in the Eagle Lake district, where the Brethren have located. Although we will be far from town and a railroad still I do not mind that because I feel I am going in there as a missionary for Jesus and am willing to bear with hardships for him who has borne so much for me.

Will you all pray that we as brethren and sisters may be filled with God’s spirit and that he may bless our missionary efforts.

Yours in the Master’s service,
LENA CARMICHAEL.

The Sword of the Spirit.

On a dull January afternoon some years ago, a young widow was sitting in her drawing-room looking listlessly out of the window.

It was a fine house in a fashionable Dublin square; everything indicated comfort and even wealth; but the possessor looked unhappy.

Mrs. Blake was a Roman Catholic, fervent and conscientious in the practice of her creed, but of late her mind had been burdened with the thought of her sins. Religious practices, penance, and even prayers, brought her no relief, the burden could not be removed.

She had told her sorrows to her confessor, and at his bidding had taken up works of charity; but though these things were an interest and for a time had occupied her mind, the sense of her own sins lay heavily on her soul. Her confessor, a kindly and attractive young priest, gave her full absolution, but his words brought no comfort.

As she sat musing there was a knock at the hall door, and before she had time to collect her thoughts a visitor was in the room.

“What shall I do to rouse you and get that sad look from your face?”

“Ah, Father John, you are kind and you have done your best, but the burden of which I have told you lies heavy on my heart.”

“Listen to me,” said he; “I have made up my mind what you are to do. There’s a man coming to the Rotunda to-morrow who will make your sides ache with laughing, and you shall go to hear him.”

“Oh, Father John—”

“No, not a word! I won’t have any excuse—I enjoin it; go you will, and go you must.”

The young priest explained that a Society entertainer, well known at that period, was to appear before a fashionable audience, and that in his opinion this would be the best thing for her. No protest was of the slightest use; she could not disobey her spiritual adviser, who had even brought her a ticket for the performance, so the following afternoon saw Mrs. Blake at the appointed place where large placards announced the entertainment which she had been ordered to attend.

The Rotunda, as every Dublin person knows, has more than one public room under its roof; there is the great Round Room, the Pillar Room, and one or two more; there are, moreover, different entrances. Now, as it happened, Mrs. Blake had made a mistake as to the hour of the performance, and instead of the crowd she would have seen had she come at the right time, she noticed a little string of persons entering the building; following them, she found herself in one of the smaller halls and sat down.

It seemed odd that no one had asked for her ticket, but she concluded that this would be rectified later on. There was no time for much thought, as almost immediately a gentleman came upon the platform and gave out a hymn. Then it flashed upon her that she had made some dreadful mistake—she must be in the wrong room, and worse than that, this must be some Protestant meeting into which she had unfortunately found her way. Mrs. Blake was shy and sensitive; to go out of the place in the sight of all assembled was to her an impossibility. What should she do? She determined to slip out at the close of the hymn, for by so doing her action would be less likely to attract notice.

This she tried to do, but in her anxiety to be quick she knocked down her umbrella violently, and the noise which it made was so great that many turned round to see the cause. Poor Mrs. Blake, terrified at what she had done, sank into a chair and almost wished that she could fall through the floor.

Now there was a deep silence, and then one voice, that of the man on the platform, was heard in prayer. She could not help listening; as she had never heard anything like this before; it was so unlike the “Hail, Mary’s” and other prayers in her books of devotion. The man was so reverent, but he seemed so happy as he prayed; this struck her as most extraordinary.

The prayer ended, and the speaker announced that he would read a passage of Scripture on the “Forgiveness of Sin.” The very subject of all others in the world that she longed to hear about! Come what may—let Father John say what he liked or do what he chose—she must listen to this.

The first eighteen verses of the tenth chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews were read, and the speaker in a simple way expounded the teaching until it became clear as daylight. The One Sacrifice once offered; the free and full forgiveness granted to those who ask for it in his name; this illustrated by several other passages in the New Testament, formed the subject of the discourse.

As the thirsty ground drinks in the summer rain, so did this poor soul receive these wonderful truths. She had never heard them before, but now they flowed into her inmost being and she longed to hear more.

The speaker ceased, and after another prayer the meeting broke up.

Mrs. Blake felt that this was the opportunity of her life, so, summoning all her courage, she went to the edge of the platform and asked the gentleman whose words he had been reading.

Surprised at such a question, he came down, and was at once pldied with so many inquiries that he offered to write down references for her to study at home. When, however, he learned that the lady had never possessed a Bible, his interest was keenly aroused. “I will lend you mine,” he said; “read the marked passages in the pages of the chapter which I have turned down, but let me have it back in a few days; it is the most precious thing that I have.”

Mrs. Blake thanked him warmly, and hastened home with joy in her heart and a new light in her eye; how different a being from the disconsolate creature who a couple of hours
Lesson 7. May 17.—Jesus betrayed and de­
nailed. Golden Text: Jesus said unto them, The Son of man shall be de­
1. When Jesus had spoken these words, he went forth with his disciples over the brook Kidron, where was a garden, into which he enter­
ed with his disciples. 2 Now Judas also, who betrayed him, knew the place: for Jesus oft­
times resorted thither with his disciples. 3 Then, having received the band of soldiers, and officers, and a great multitude came thither, with trumpets and lanterns and swords: and entering in, they searched for Jesus, and found him not. 

24: Annas therefore sent him bound unto Caia­phas.
25. Simon Peter was standing and warn­ing himself. They said therefore unto him, Art thou also one of his disciples? He denied it, and said, I am not. 26 One of the servants of the high priest, named of a servant girl, asked of Peter, whether he was one of them. 27 Peter therefore denied again: and straightway the cock crew. 

1. When Jesus had spoken these words, he took the sponge full of the vinegar, and put it to a vessel. And he put a vinegar upon him. 2 Then gave they him to drink. 3 But when they saw that he was already dead, they took the vinegar away. 4 Now when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Truly this was a righteous man. 5 And all the people that came together to that sight, for the manner of his death, returned and glorified God. 6 And the soldiers, when they saw what was done, made an hire among themselves, that they might take down his body. 7 And when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was already dead, they did not break his legs. 8 But one of the soldiers took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it to a reed, and gave him to drink. 9 And the rest of the sanhedrim in the early morning, the trial. The hurried, incomplete embalming and the co-operation of Nic­

demus. Let the class go out with real sympa­the­
thy and a sense of the solemnity of the day. The con­
trast be strongly impressed in studying the resur­
rection.

LESSON 1. Jesus bore his cross. Am I hear­ing mine? 2. He took upon himself the form of a servant and was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. 5. The trial before Herod. 6. The final surrender by Pilate after nine o'clock. 10. In the fallacies of the trial. (Peloubet.) 11. Held before sunrise. 2. Use of false witnesses offering con­
flicting testimony. 3. Attempt to force the prisoner to in­
 timidate himself. 4. Repeated trials following repeated acquit­
als.
13. By arbitrary transfer of trial from court to court.
15. Changing the charge against Jesus. Blasphemy, false testimony before Jewish court; sedition before Roman court. 22. The popular clamor to influence the decision of the court.

Do not overlook the release of the guilty Barabbas for preference over the glorified Christ. "His blood be upon us, etc. And it was. Witness the bloody destruction of Jerusalem by Titus a generation later.

Realize the numberless, personal indigni­
ties heaped upon Jesus and his sad jour­
ey to Calvary. Who was Simon of Cyrene? Note the deep lamentations of the blasphemously crucified. Christ. "Thy blood be upon us, etc. And it was. Test the witness of the bloody destruction of Jerusalem by Titus a generation later.

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HARRISBURG, PA. MAY 1, 1908.

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We are able to offer our subscribers a good COMBINATION BIBLE with the EVANGELICAL VISITOR at a small cost. For $3.25 (INDEX FIFTY CENTS EXTRA) we will send the Bible prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada, and the EVANGELICAL VISITOR for one year. This offer holds good for renewals as well as new subscribers.

The special feature of this Bible is that it gives the Authorized and Revised Version of the Bible in one volume, without increasing Size or Weight, or Diminishing Size of type. It is a Self-pronouncing Teacher’s Bible which, without omitting a word, furthered on by taking the gospel into the churches. At one time they believed in different churches at one time believed in—confessional churches. At one time they believed in—Lutherans and Methodists, and the general invitation is extended, and a special invitation to ministers.

New York

Clarence Center. May 16, 17. (Delegates going to Conference are invited especially to stop over for this meeting.)

Indiana

Nappanee, Union Grove M. H., May 16, 17. (All are cordially invited, especially those going to Conference via Chicago.)

Kansas

Belleville. May 2, 3.
Brown county, May 9, 10, 11, 12.
Clay county, June 13, 14.

Canada

Markham, May 23, 24.
Black Creek, May 30, 31.
Wainfleet, June 6, 7.
Hoggville, June 6, 7.
Waterloo, Rosebank M. H., June 15, 16.
(Railroad station, Petersburg.)

Thomas, Ohio.

Bethany M. H., May 2, 3.

In the Home Mission Field.

By Sister Long.

By God’s help I want to tell how it came about that I was once dear brother and sister Haas to do some house to house visiting among their neighbors. Last fall at the Abilene lovefeast when the Elders laid out the work for the ministers who could go out to visit and hold meetings in the different communities, and brother John R. Herr and my husband went among the isolated members in Kansas and Missouri, brother Haas asked me to come in their neighborhood to visit around. It went some time before my way was clear that I could go.

Now, if we could depend on feeling

there would have been no use at all for me to start out, but God helped me to start like Abraham in faith believing and trusting in Him alone for His help. To go among our own people, or in Harrisville, Pa., where I am acquainted the task would not have been so great. But God never asks anything of his children but what he gives grace and help on every line; and this alone is enough on which to move out.

Bro. Haas did like many others—went out for a home and land to support their family, but they are isolated from the church and as they went to the nearest place of worship and found their own neighbors in such a cold, dead, formal way of worshipping, their hearts were touched, they would both, along with the oldest daughter call upon God in behalf of the neighborhood. Finally they were not satisfied to only pray but felt that they would do yet more in way of inviting some one to come in, and then to care for them, and also had their daughter to go along. Yet looking at all the work the mother had with all the other children; one could only see the interest they felt in the souls of those of their neighbors, Oh, would to God that we would feel more of an interest in the welfare of more than just those of our own!

Now, in that community the prayer-meetings had dropped out among both Lutherans and Methodists, and the house to house visiting was something of the past. Quite frequently as we would enter a home we could tell that they hardly knew what it meant—our coming. But we introduced ourselves and then told them at once what we came for. In this way it did not require so much time, we could get in more visits. It always seems to me if we engage in too much of a conversation on other lines, things pertaining to this life, and then turn on the subject of religion our visit would not have the same good effect on them.

I am glad to say that most all the homes in which we visited we could tell that our visits were appreciated, and on several occasions, as we had prayer together we parted there were those who thanked God for sending us to them. Then we could leave feeling that now we had done our part in the name of God and leave the results with him. But we can not help but see, in going around, that there is great need of home missionary work and the visits should be repeated in order to get the best results; and souls would be furthered on by the gospel into the home. So many have no family altar, confessing that the mistake was by not starting in that way when the children were yet small.

Let us take warning by our sister churches. At one time they believed in being separated from the world in way of dress, and while I do not claim to know very much, yet this I do know that all the different churches at one time believed in a prayer covering of some kind. Now for some years already, since it has become the style to go out around, even driving, bareheaded quite a goodly number, will go to worship in the name of God. I never wonder there is not more power for service, lost by giving way to the ways of the world in so many ways. We can not help
The Sword of the Spirit.

(Continued from page 10.)

previously had found her way to the Rotunda!

For the next few days everything was forgotten but her new treasure; she read and re-read the marked passages, and many others, too. The light shone into her understanding; the burden long weighing on her conscience rolled away into the Open Grave, and the peace of God filled her heart and mind.

Now the time had come for the Bible to be returned. Once more she was deep in her new study and so engrossed in thought as not to notice a ring at the hall door. Someone entered her sitting-room and her confessor stood before her. He noticed two things; an embarrassment in her manner, and at the same time a restful calm in her eyes to which he was a stranger.

“What has happened to you?” said the visitor. “I haven’t heard how you liked the entertainment, and as I didn’t see you at Mass last Sunday I thought you might be ill.”

Taken aback by the suddenness of the whole thing, Mrs. Blake lost her self-possession. She had intended to keep the matter secret for a time at least, but now she was off her guard, and with the simplicity of a child she told the whole story—the mistake of the room, the attempt to go, the words spoken, the book lent, and, last of all, the joy and peace that filled her heart.

With downcast eyes she spoke, but when she glanced up, at the look of the man before her. Never before had she seen one so angry.

“Give me that book?” he said hoarsely.

“It isn’t mine!” she cried, vainly attempting to stop him.

“Give it to me,” was the reply, “or your soul will be damned eternally; that heretic has nearly got you into hell, and neither he nor you shall ever read the book again.”

Seizing it as he spoke, he thrust it into his pocket, and, giving her a fearful look, strode out of the room.

The lady sat as if paralyzed—she heard the hall door shut, and something in her heart seemed to shut also and leave her alone in her terror. That awful look searched her through and through; only those who have been born and brought up into the church of Rome know the nameless horror which their idea of the power of the priesthood can inspire. Then, too, she thought of the gentleman who had lent her his Bible; his address was in it, but she could not remember it and knew not where to write. This was very grievous, but oh! that look—it was branded on her memory.

Days passed slowly by, but her visitor, once so welcome, now so dreaded did not return. Courage began to creep back, and at last, after a fortnight or more Mrs. Blake determined to venture upon a visit to him. She must make one more effort, if not too late, to get the book restored to its rightful owner.

Father John lived at some distance from Mrs. Blake’s residence, and his house adjoined a convent to which he was confessor. The door was opened by a nun, who stared visibly at the sight of Mrs. Blake, and, upon being asked if the priest were at home, her eyes seemed to blaze for a moment, but immediately her face became rigid, and her manner cold as she said, “Yes Father John is at home—he is in his room; will you not come in and see him?” As she spoke she half led, half pushed, the lady into a room opening off the hall; but as the visitor entered she uttered a piercing shriek, for oh!—horror of horrors!—there was an open coffin, and in it the lifeless form of her confessor.

Before she could recover from the shock, the nun glided up to her and hissed into her ear these words: “He died cursing you; you gave him a Bible, and he told me to tell you that he cursed you—cursed you with his last breath; now go!” And before she knew what had happened, Mrs. Blake was in the street, with a door shut behind her.

Several weeks elapsed. The breath of spring had passed over the earth, waking leaves and flowers to life and loveliness. One evening Mrs. Blake was sitting alone pondering over the events of the last three or four months. The joy of pardon was in her heart, she had bought a Bible for herself, and had read it daily. The old errors in which she had been brought up had been one by one denounced, but there was a sorrow which could not be effaced. How sad, how ineffably sad, the brief illness and sudden death of that young priest! His last look! His last words! His terrible message!

Why should she have been so blest, brought into the haven of peace, filled with heavenly joy, and he—why should not the same words have brought him a like message? It was too awful, and was one of those mysteries which could never be explained.

“Why,” she said to herself, “should a God of love do this?”

At this moment the servant ushered into the room a lady who was closely veiled, and who stood for a moment irresolute. Before Mrs. Blake could speak, the other said, “You do not know me in this dress, but you will soon recognize me.” With these words she lifted her veil and revealed the face of the nun who had delivered the message of cursing as they stood by the open coffin.

Mrs. Blake started back, not knowing what might happen next, but her visitor calmed her fears, by saying, “May I sit down and tell you something?” Having been asked to do so, she said, “I have two things to tell you. First, please forgive me for that awful lie of mine; I have asked God’s forgiveness, and I beg also yours.—Father John died blessing you with all his heart. The day before his death he charged me to tell you that he, too, had found forgiveness for his sins by that book, and throughout eternity he would thank you for having brought him to the knowledge of his Saviour. Now, will you forgive me?”

“I do, indeed, from the bottom of my heart; but why did you say what you did?”

“Because I hated you. I loved him, and hated you for having sent him to hell, as I believed. Now, listen, I felt the strongest desire to read what he had read, and, after his funeral I could not resist looking into the book for myself.
I was fascinated and read more and more, and I, too, have found pardon and peace in my Saviour, and have read the Bible for weeks, and here it is. I go to England to-night, and came here to return this Bible, and tell you what I have said. Good-bye! God bless you! We shall meet in heaven!

A brief farewell and she was gone. Was it a dream? A little worn Bible lay on the table before her. It was a glorious reality. That little book—without a living voice to expound its teachings in two of these cases—had brought three precious souls out of darkness into light.

Imagine the delight of the owner when it was restored to him with this wonderful record! And what says the One who sent it on its mission?

“My Word shall not return unto Me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.”

Reader, what has the Bible done for you?—The Christian Worker.

**There Is No Rest in Hell.**

About ninety years ago, there was in Glasgow a club of gentlemen of the first rank of the city. They met professedly for card playing, but the members were distinguished by such a fearless excess of profligacy, as to obtain for it the name of “The Hell Club.” They gloried in the name they had acquired for themselves, and nothing that could merit it was left untried. Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held a grand annual festival, at which each member endeavored to “outdo all his former outdoings” in drunkenness, blasphemy and licentiousness.

Of all who shone on these occasions, none shone half so brilliant as Archibald Boyd. But, alas! the light that dazzled in him was not “light from heaven” but from that dread abode which gave name to the vile association which was to prove his ruin—ruin for time and eternity!

Archibald Boyle had been at one time a youth of the richest promise, being possessed of dazzling talents and fascinating manners. No acquirement was too high for his ability; but, unfortunately, there was none too low for his ambition. Educated by a fond and foolishly indulgent mother, he early met in society with members of “The Hell Club.” His elegance, wit, gaiety and versatility of talent, united to the gifts of fortune, made him a most desirable victim for them; and a victim and a slave, glorying in his bondage, he quickly became. Long ere he was five-and-twenty, he was one of the most accomplished blackguards it could number on its lists. To him, what were heaven, hell or eternity! Words, mere words, that served no purpose, but to point his blasphemous wit, or nerve his excretions! To him, what glory was there, equal to that of hearing himself pronounced “the very life of the club?” Alas! there was none; for as soon as man forgets God, who alone can keep him, his understanding becomes darkened, and he glories in that which is his shame.

Yet, while all within that heart was festering in corruption, he retained all his remarkable beauty of face and person, all his external elegance of manner; and continued an acknowledged favorite in the fairest female society of the day.

One night, on retiring to sleep, after returning from one of the annual meetings of the club, Boyle dreamed that he was still riding, as usual, upon his famous black horse, toward his own house then a country seat, embowered by ancient trees and situated upon a hill now built over by the most fashionable part of Glasgow, and that he was suddenly accosted by some one, whose personal appearance he could not, in the gloom of night, distinctly discern, but who, seizing the reins, said in a voice apparently accustomed to command: “You must go with me.” “And who are you?” exclaimed Boyle, with a volley of blasphemous excreations, while he struggled to disengage his reins from the intruder’s grasp. “That you will see bye-and-bye,” replied the same voice, in a cold and sneering tone, that thrilled through his very heart. Boyle plunged his spurs into the panting steed bearing his senseless rider through the excitements of the midnight dance; the bounding steed bearing his senseless rider through the excitements of the goaded race; the intemperate, still bawling over the midnight bowl, the wan-ton song, or maudlin blasphemy. There the slave of Mammon bemoaned his folly in bartering his soul for useless gold! while the gambler bawled, alas! too late, the madness of his choice.

Boyle at length perceived that he was surrounded by those whom he knew on earth, but were some time dead; each one of them betraying his agony at the bitter recollections of the vain pursuits that had engrossed his time here—time lent to prepare for a far different scene!

Suddenly, observing that his unearthly conductor had disappeared, he felt so relieved by his absence, that he ventured to address his former friend, Mrs. D,—whom he saw sitting with eyes fixed in intense earnestness, as she was wont on earth, apparently absorbed at her favorite game of loo. “Ha, Mrs. D,—I delighted to see you; ’tis know a fellow told me to-night he was bringing me to hell! ha, ha! If this be hell,” said he, scoffingly, “what a devilish pleasant
place it must be! ha, ha! Come, now, my good Mrs. D——, for alland language, do just stop a moment, rest, and—show me through the pleasures of hell," he was going, with reckless profanity, to add; but, with a shriek that seemed to cleave through his very soul, she exclaimed: "Rest! there is no rest in hell!" and from innumerable vaults, voices, as loud as thunder, repeated the awful, heart-withering sound: "There is no rest in hell!"

She hastily unclasped the vest of her gorgeous robe, and displayed to his scared and shuddering eye, a coil of fiery living snakes—"the worm that never dies"—the worm of accusing conscience, remorse, despair—wreathing, darting, stinging in her bosom: others followed her example, and in every bosom there was a self-inflicted punishment. In some, he saw bare molten metal, under which consuming, yet ever unconsumed, they withered and palpitated in all the impotence of helpless, hopeless agony. And many a scalding drop was a tear of hopeless anguish, wrung by selfish, heartless villainy, from the eye of injured innocence on earth.

In every bosom he saw that which we have no language to describe, no idea horrid enough even to conceive; for in all he saw the full-grown fruit of the fiend-sown seed of evil passions, voluntarily nourished in the human soul, during its mortal pilgrimage here: and in all he saw them lashed and maddened by the serpent-armed fiend, "for in all he saw the full-grown fruit of sin committed, and that it arose from some cause which disinclined him from seeking or enjoying their accustomed orgies, they became alarmed with the idea of losing the "life of the club," and bound themselves by an oath never to desist till they had discovered what was the matter with him and had cured him of "playing the Methodist." Their alarm as to losing "the life of the club" had been wrought up to the highest pitch, by one of their number declaring that, on unexpectedly entering Boyle's room, he detected him in the act of hastily hiding a book, which he actually believed was the Bible.

Alas! alas! had poor Boyle possessed sufficient true moral courage, and dignity of character, not to have hidden the Bible, how different might have been his future! but like many a hopeful youth, he was ashamed to avow his convictions, and take his stand for God and "his ruin was the result."

After a time, one of his companions, more deeply cunning than the rest, thought himself of assuming an air of the deepest disgust with the world, the club, and the mode of life they had been pursuing. He attempted to seek Boyle's company in a mood of congenial melancholy, and to sympathize with his convictions,—and take his stand for God and "his ruin was the result."
a year, and a day since our last annual meeting."

Every nerve in Boyle's body twanged in agony at the omen, the well-remembered words. His first impulse was to rise and fly; but then—the sneers! the sneers!

How many in this world, as well as poor Boyle, have sold their souls to the dread of a sneer, and dared the wrath of an almighty and eternal God, rather than encounter the sarcastic curl of a fellow-creature's lip? He was more than ever plied with wine, applause and every other species of excitement, but in vain. His mirth, his wit, were like lurid flashes from the bosom of a brooding thunder-cloud, that pass and leave it darker than before; and his laugh sounded fiendish, even to the evil ears that heard it.

The night was gloomy, with frequent and fitful gusts of chill and howling wind, as Boyle, with fevered notion, pursued the gleam of his horse, and his horse to return home. The following morning the well-known black steed was found, with saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing on the road-side, about half-way to Boyle's country-house, and a few yards from it lay the stiffened corpse of its master.—Sel.

This article can be had in tract form by addressing Levi F. Sheets, Florin. The price is 10c. 500 for 50c., or 1,000 for $1.00.

When God's children pass under the shadow of the cross of Calvary, they know that through that shadow lies the sun of the great white throne. For them Gethsemane is as paradise. God fills it with sacred sneers! the sneers! He was a man of influence. To know him was to love and respect him. He was a man of strong convictions, a faithful friend and lived a consistent Christian life. His affections for his father and mother, brother and sisters was more than enough to specially wash this true regard to his invalid mother, and his sister Mary, who nursed him so faithfully through his illness. His death was a heavy stroke on the family, and he will not be forgotten by the family but by the church and the whole community. Funeral services were held at the Brethren church at Township, Clay County, Kans., conducted by Elias M. Smith, assisted by Rev. Davis of the M. E. church, Green, Kansas.

SIDER.—Died, on April 9, 1908, near Stevensville, Ont., John S. Moore and Martha Winger of that place, and Mr. and Mrs. S. Keefer, Martin Sauer, Levi Stoner and Mrs. J. W. Smith, Katie Baum, Anna, wife of S. K. Gish. The price is 100 for 15c, 500 for 75c., 1,000 for $1.00.

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