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Thanksgiving.

"PRAISE YE THE LORD." (Psa. 46:1.)

Where'er, O Lord, thy children be,

For grace that makes the people strong,

Where'er, O Lord, thy children be,

For grace that makes the people strong,

A Native Sister's Love. 7

My Visit to Canada. 8

The Story of a Song.

Of all the stories concerning the dear familiar hymns, I think none has moved me more than one told me of that grand old hymn, "Coronation."

"It was years ago," said my friend, "and I had gone back to the old homestead to spend Thanksgiving as usual. There was a houseful of us, uncles, aunts and cousins, and, of course, we young folks were anxious for frolic.

"It had been unusually cold, the river was frozen over and looked perfectly safe, as well as beautifully clear and smooth.

"I'll tell you," said my cousin Richard, the afternoon before Thanksgiving, "why, I know the ice is anything but safe, but the river is frozen thick enough so they can finish their preparation to-morrow, and we will have a jolly time over our supper, laughing, joking and telling stories until it was time to start for home.

"We reached our destination all right, and, with ravishing appetites, had a fine time over our supper, laughing, joking and telling stories until it was time to start for home.

"We had not gone very far before, to our unspeakable horror, I was sure that the ice was bending in front of us. I looked around, straining my eyes and trying to think that I was mistaken, but even in the uproar about me it seemed to me that I could hear it crack.

"I looked at Richard. I could not have spoken to save my life, my tongue seemed frozen to the roof of my mouth, and I felt the perspiration coming out on my forehead in big drops.

"I thought of everything in those few terrible seconds. Like a flash it went through my mind that we might possibly get through in safety if we could only keep in motion as we were; but if the rest suspected our danger and there was a panic—those on the sleds at least would probably be drowned.

"Richard read my thoughts, and though his face was drawn and white with horror, his voice was perfectly clear and natural.

"'Let's have a good sing,' he called out without turning, 'it will help us to keep step.'

"Then he struck up instantly into 'Coronation.'

"For a minute the party were taken by surprise, but before we had gotten through the first verse every one in the crowd was singing.

"We flew over the ice, though it seemed to me the others must hear as I did that awful crack, crack of the ice. Thank God we were past the middle of the river, where the ice was thinnest! Would the verses hold out until we reached the bank—did Richard know them all? He had a magnificent voice, but I had never heard him sing before.

"'Let every kindred, every tribe'—

"'Yes, we should be out of danger before the verse was finished, I was sure.

"'To him all majesty ascribe;

And crown him Lord of all.'

"The last words rolled out triumphantly as we reached the bank.

"Now we had reached home, and were all gathered round the open fire, we told our story. 'The faces of the merry company grew suddenly very grave; no one could speak for a minute or two, but we drew closer together, and then my grandfather poured out his heart in thanksgiving to God.'—Kate S. Gates in American Messenger.

"Unbelief says 'How can such and such things be?' It is full of 'hows'; but faith has one great answer to the ten thousand 'hows,' and that answer is—God.'

There are two classes of people in every civilized community—the wantworkers and the worker. Beware of the latter.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

On the evening of November 5, a series of meetings was commenced at Sand Beach, Pa., Bro. Fred. Bowers, of Souder­ton, Pa., having charge of the same. May the Lord bless the effort for his glory.

Elder J. D. Wingert informs us that they have announced a series of meetings to be held at the new Guilford M. H., South Franklin district, commencing on the 12th inst. Bro. Fred. Bowers, of Souder­ton, Pa., is to labor in these meet­ings.
Paul's advice to Titus was to speak the things which befit sound (healthy) doctrine (teaching). (Titus 2:1.) 10 Timothy he gave, in substance, the same advice. But in our days there is a great diversity of opinion as to what constitutes sound doctrine. It is "lo here, and lo there," and many are asking "where then is truth?" We notice that what is known as the "New Theology" is making its influence felt even in India, and missionaries find that the field becomes more difficult to work in proportion as the new teaching is accepted. Even the more recent utterances of F. B. Myer, a man of international reputation as a preacher and writer, give evidence of his sympathy with and acceptance of the 'Larger Hope' of the new theology, by teaching that the heathen need not know Christ in order to be saved. A writer in The Gospel Message reviewing Dr. Myer's recent booklet "The Wideness of God's Mercy" quotes freely, from the booklet, paragraphs in which he takes his position favorable to this teaching of the new theology. Now, in this connection we are reminded of an incident in a recent Sunday-school lesson,--Absalom's rebellion. He professed to be under necessity to go to Hebron to worship God. He received his father's permission. Then we read, "And with Absalom went two hundred men out of Jerusalem, that were invited (R. V.) and went in their simplicity; and they knew not anything."

These men, no doubt, had no thought of disloyalty to David the king. So far as they knew they were going to a religious service. "In their simplicity"--"they knew not anything," yet they became involved in rebellion against the king. Do we not see its counter part to-day? Ancient heresies clothed in new and attractive garb, are introduced and taught and many are entrapt "in their simplicity" "not knowing anything." A man comes to the city and invites everybody to come and hear him discourse on "To Hell and Back," and the place is crowded. Another one of the smart ones is met by crowded houses when he holds up to ridicule the Bible's men of God, not excepting Christ the Lord, and praises the infielders of the last century. Thus, like the "two hundred" who accepted Absalom's invitation, and went "in their simplicity" "not knowing anything" and got identified with the rebel son, so many, many accept these latter day delusions and stand with the enemies of our Lord and Christ. It is still true that a tree is known by its fruit, and we do well to be suspicious of any teaching that professes to find any other way to God than through Jesus Christ, or that lets anyone rest in the tyranny of the liquor power by voting it out by districts or counties. In this way large parts of many states have been made dry during the recent past, and the work is still going on.

We hope the time will soon be here when a great emancipation from this great power of evil will be effected and the tide of ruin stopped for ever.

The President's annual Thanksgiving proclamation has once more been issued. He directs that the people of the nation observe Thursday, Nov. 26, as a day of praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for his goodness and mercy towards us as a people and nation. He desires that the people lay aside all worldly pursuits, as far as practicable, and assemble in their respective houses of worship and engage in worship, praise and thanksgiving to the benevolent Father for the blessings of peace and plenty. While in a financial way there has been some distress and the poor of the land have felt the pinch of want, yet apparently that condition was man-made. The Father gave 'sunshine and rain' and the fields yielded a plentiful harvest so that there is food for both man and beast. If there is suffering and want among the poor it is

the children were found in homes of extreme poverty, in want of the barest necessities of life. The congregation was interested and many felt to thank the Lord for the good work done on these lines. However it also came out in the discussion that if the liquor traffic is to a very large extent responsible for the conditions of degradation in which the children are found. It is evident therefore that if the liquor traffic were eliminated the principal cause of poverty, crime and insanity would be removed, comparatively few children would need the kind offices of such institutions. It is related that at a certain institution for the weak minded the inmates are tested as to the degree of lunacy they may be in, by letting the water flow from the spigots and set them to work to mop up the water on the floor. The attendant says as to the test, "Them as isn't lunatics turn the spigot." Thus it seems to us the way to deal with this monster evil is not to rescue, perhaps, one out of a thousand of this eternal grist, but remove the cause, so that the stream will dry up. Yet Pennsylvania stands, in company with a small group of states, at the mercy of the traffic. The people of Pennsylvania cannot turn the spigot. There is no local option law which provides a way of escape from the tyranny of the liquor power by voting it out by districts or counties. In this way large parts of many states have been made dry during the recent past, and the work is still going on.
not that the divine Father has not been faithful but rather on the one hand because of the improvident ways of many of the sufferers, as also, on the other hand, “man’s inhumanity to man,” which, the poet says, “makes countless thousands mourn.” In view of the fact that our people have special harvest meetings thus recognizing God’s goodness in the many blessings he bestows, even without a presidential proclamation it may be a question with some whether we should recognize the proclamation, yet it would seem appropriate for us to manifest our submissiveness in such case and join with those who fear God in spiritual worship.

When two years ago the Canada Brethren took steps looking towards planting a colony of brethren in Western Canada, we permitted them to take it known and give reports of progress in the Visitor. Again, last Winter, when there was a movement having in view a similar colony in Texas we published the announcements as they were sent to us. A little later another colony project was launched in Ohio whose star of hope was Colorado. Having not refused to publish the others we also published this. From recent correspondence we learn, or infer, that considerable unpleasantness exists in the district where this last project was launched. This being the case it would appear advisable not to use the Visitor after this as a means of communication for the launching of projects of colonization. If, in our notes of our Western trip, we exceeded our privilege, we, of course, must stand under censure. However, we meant to be careful and print the picture in sober colors. We hope therefore what is said elsewhere in this issue in this connection will be the last that we will be called upon to publish. We regret that we should give offence to any one.

The Harrisburg love feast on the 4th and 5th was well attended. The meeting commenced on the 4th, at 10 a.m., and closed on the 5th, at noon. A goodly number of elders and ministers from surrounding districts were in attendance, and the congregation listened attentively to the word as it was preached from time to time. Many took part in testimony service and the ordinances of feet washing and the communion. The Orphanage with its interesting school was an object of interest to many, some of whom visited the place for the first time. “Seeing is believing” is in this case true. It is hardly possible for anyone to visit this institution without becoming convinced that it is a good work and a desire being created in them to help along so worthy an endeavor. Visiting ministers from points more distant than Dauphin, Lebanon, Lancaster and Cumberland counties, were Bro. Fred. Bowers, of Souderton, Pa., Bro. Solomon Lauver, of Juniatta county, Bro. A. H. Stern, of Blair county, and Eld M. H. Oberholser, of Franklin county.

The verses entitled “Wicked Polly,” found elsewhere in these columns are printed by request. It will be seen that Bro. Levi F. Sheets, Florin, Pa., has issued an edition in tract form and is ready to fill all orders promptly at 10 cents per hundred, 75 cents per thousand. This is possibly the fourth time these verses have appeared in the Visitor during the incumbency of the present editor. We are not specially impressed that it possesses any merit as poetry; while as an attempt at rhyming it may be regarded as partially a success. Presumably its merit, if there be any, is in the earnest warning that it conveys to such as are improvident, putting their dying day off afar, while it may be close, even at the door. May this warning arrest the attention of many who, if death should stare them in the face, would, like the dying queen, give a million, if they had it, for one brief hour to pray.

We are using about all contributed matter as fast as it comes in. The reason of there being an undue amount of selected matter is simply that we haven’t got enough of contributed matter. Those who find fault with the condition on this line can help to correct it by once in awhile sending us an interesting contribution. Perhaps if any one were to look through the Visitor numbers for the past year, they would be surprised to learn how meagre were the contributions from either bishops, ministers or deacons. Will this gentle reminder stir up some of our good brethren to lay their hand to the work so that this need will be supplied?

Sister Annie M. Plum, of Greencastle, writes us that she intends (D. V.) to join her husband, Bro. A. A. Plum, and sons in their new home in the Canadian province of Saskatchewan, at Eagle Lake, next Spring. She is hoping that this notice may cause some one to “think it their duty to go along and help to push the good work.” Any one being moved in that way will please write to the sister as above.

Elder C. S. Lesher informs us that Bro. Fred. Bowers, of Souderton, Pa., is expected to labor in a series of meetings at the Montgomery M. H., South Franklin, Pa. The date set for the commencement of the meetings is November 28. Everybody is invited.

The Brethren of the Ringgold district report having had a good love feast at the Hollowell M. H., November 7 and 8. The attendance was good there being a goodly number present from adjoining districts and several ministers from more distant districts.

The aged Sister Herr whose lament we published in the Visitor of Nov. 2, writes us that her use of the word “entrapt” was unwise—that she should have used the word “influenced” instead. Now, as is almost always the case

**One Word Brings Another.**

so we have a word of correction from the other side which, in justice to that side, we must also publish. We hope this will finish it. We may say in this connection that we agree with what is stated in this letter in reference to Mr. Davidson’s integrity and honesty, and also with what is said about the land proposition. The letter follows:

**Dayton, O., Nov. 2, 1908.**

*To the Editor:* We want to correct an impression left by Catherine Herr, of Clayton, Ohio, in a letter published in the Visitor of Nov. 2, to the effect that “we were entrapt into buying land in Colorado.”

Mr. Davidson, the land agent told us what we would find when we got out there and we found it better than he represented it.

And after investigating for ourselves we decided it was a good proposition and we all purchased land on condition that 4,000 acres of the choice land in one body be set aside for our colony. The land is now selling at $10.00 per acre more than we paid.

Some of us made our second trip and purchased our second piece of land and the balance of us bought additional land without going out the second time.

*Jacob B. Whitehead,*
*L. S. Hoke,*
*Warren Dohner,*
*A. M. Engle.*
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

[November 16, 1908.]

NEWS OF CHURCH ACTIVITY

IN THE

HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

Addresses of Missionaries.

Africa.
H. P. and Grace Steigerwald, Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.
H. Frances Davidson, Adda G. Engle, Myron Taylor, Jesse and —- Wengen Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, South Africa.
Harvey J. and Emma Frey, Elizabeth Engle, A. K. Landis; Levi and Sallye Doner, Mapane Mission, Gwanda, Rhodesia, South Africa.

The following are not under the F. M. B.: Jesse R. and Malinda Eyster, Modernton P. O. (Intokozo Training School), via Zurfontein, Transvaal, South Africa.

Isaac G. and A. Alice Lehman, Box 116, Forddorp, Transvaal, South Africa.

India.
A. L. Mrs. A. L. and Ezra Musser, Maggie Landsis, No. 6 Sudder Bazaar, Dilkush, Lucknow, India.

The following are not under the F. M. B.: D. W. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Sripat, Purunia, Bankura district, Bengal, India.
J. H. and Anna Sparrow, Raghnath P. O., Manishoom district, India.
Elmina Hoffman, Kedgaon, Poona Dist., Californi Home, India.
Mrs. Fannie Fuller, Gowalia, Tank Road, Bombay, India.

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

Our City Missions.
Philadelphia, 3493 N. Second street, in charge of Brother Peter Stover and Sister Sister.
Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, 737 Ninth street, Church, Thirteenth and University Ave. In charge of Eld. J. R. and Sister Anna Zook.
Jabok Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of Miss C. E. and Anna Eisenhour.

PHILADELPHIA MISSION.—"You have received the Spirit of adoption whereby we cry Abba, Father." (Rom. 8:15.) Every believer in Christ is a son, or child, of God. John 1:12:3 "But as many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:" and as such each one has the witness in himself. Rom. 8:16: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." We have not heard anything from any one yet who would take the eight-year-old boy on age. I hope and pray that I may soon hear from some Christian home. For us.

Yours in the bond of Christian love,

PETER STOVER AND WIFE.

Des Moines, IA.—We are glad to report good meetings. The Lord's seal is upon all. None but a regenerated soul could ever utter such a cry. Rom. 8:26: "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities for we know not what we should pray—" as we ought but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." We may have many enemies standing between us and a throne of grace, who will do all they can to prevent your approach but we have one friend stronger than all who will lead us through them all. Heb. 2:10: "For it became him for whom are all things and by whom are all things in bringing many sons unto glory to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." Never listen to unbelief, or, we may be reasoned out of our evidence of our adoption. When children cannot speak they can cry, and thus express their wants, and so may we cry Abba, Father. That is Father, Father, and if we can say no more that will be enough. Father will know what it means; glory to his name. Thank God that we can have a victorious life—but only through him Jesus.

We have not heard anything from any one yet who would take the eight-year-old boy on age. I hope and pray that I may soon hear from some Christian home. For us.

Yours in the bond of Christian love,

PETER STOVER AND WIFE.

3493 North Second St., Phila.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

[November 16, 1908.]

UPLAND, CAL.—"We then as workers together with him, beseech ye also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." (II. Cor. 6:1.)

I prize God for the privilege of becoming a worker with him. But I have found by experience that we cannot only be workers with him by yielding ourselves entirely to him. We praise the Lord for his continual blessing upon us.

On October 27, another precious soul followed the Lord in baptism. God is talking to other hearts and we trust it will not be long until they will heed the call.

On the and of November our dear Bro. and Sr. Samuel Eyer, whom God has called to the ministry was ordained. Surely God has put his seal upon our brother because of the presence of the Holy Spirit upon the earth.

On October 30, Bro. Levi Shell and wife, Bro. Bestard and Sisters Bril linger, from Canada, arrived in Upland. We certainly were glad to have them come into our midst. Our prayer is that our fellowship may be sweet together in showing the battle for the Lord. We are also glad to report that our dear grandmother Zoock, and sister Mary Elizabeth, from Kansas, are with us to spend the Winter.

KATIE BURKHOLDER,

Nov. 6, 1908.

Cor.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Dear readers of the VISITOR: Greeting. "I will exult thee, my God. O king; and I will bless thy name forever and ever. Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever." (Ps. 96:1-2.)

The Lord has continued his mindfulness of us during the past month. We have so many reasons to praise him. We thank all who have in a financial way, supported the work. May his blessing rest upon all.

A communion service was held at the Mission on Sunday evening, October 4. It was a means of grace and blessing to all present, and more especially to those who engaged in the ordinances for the first time. Washing the saints' feet was indeed a strange ceremony to engage in to those who never so much as witnessed its observance. But all did it in a spirit that would indicate that the conditions of its deep spiritual meaning were met in the heart. The entire service was solemn and impressive. It made us think back to the night of its being instituted in the upper room at Jerusalem where Christ and the twelve apostles were assembled alone. Our faith looked to Calvary and our hope to the time of which Jesus spoke, saying, I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me. That ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, etc.

Besides the class in Buffalo, several brethren and sisters were present from Clarence Center, N. Y., and also from Stevensville, Ont. Bro. D. V. Heise was the officiating minister.
It was a source of pleasure and blessing to have Bro. J. H. Myers with us in the work several days. The Lord used him to the encouragement of the people and he has the love and good will of God's people here.

Through a kind providence of our heavenly Father the writer had a trip to Cobalt, Ont. This is a great silver mining district, and space would not justify telling of the wonderful discoveries in rich silver ore during the past few years. Our dear Bro. Bock was one of Cobalt's first settlers four years ago and he is still there living and shining for God. We not only visited mines but testified to the power of God to save from sin as the opportunity was afforded us. Having spent several days in this way we were ready to return to our work feeling the weight of Jesus' words when he said one soul is of more value than the whole world.

Wishing you God's blessing, we continue to solicit an interest in your prayers. Your brother and sister in Christ,

Geo. E. Whisler.

25 Hawley street.

Souderton, Pa.—Our love feast, which was held in the Souderton M. H., is now in the past. It was indeed a good feast, as unity seemed to prevail. The weather was favorable, and the attendance was good; many were unable to get into the meeting-house in the evening. The brethren and sisters of our district were well represented and some from Philadelphia and all seemed to be so much encouraged in the work. Our older brethren are dropping off one by one, and soon we will be without them. Bishop John H. Smith, of Wayne county, Ohio, and Bro. Jacob L. Brubaker, of Lebanon county, Ohio, and our home brethren broke unto us the head of life in its simplicity and with power. On Sunday evening Sister Caty Smith, of Wayne county, Ohio, and Bro. Daniel H. Smith, of Souderton, Pa., and our home brethren broke unto us the head of life in its simplicity and with power. On Sunday evening Sister Caty Ann Myers talked to a full house on South Africa Mission needs, after which an offering was taken. Bro. Smith started a series of meetings in the Silverdale M. H. the same evening.

Henry F. Rosenberger.

Souderton, Pa., Nov. 5, 1908.

JABOON ORPHANAGE.—I wish to say with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." Truly the Lord is good to us for which we thank him.

There never was a time in my life's experience that I felt my need of the Lord's help was so great as at this present—and this for different reasons. My husband's health is not good and the children are going to school. So you can see what it means to me.

I feel that I must spend as much time as I can talking about the Lord. However, during this time, when visited by Bro. Frey, she seemed open to religious instruction, but as she was not able to speak much at this time we are unable to know how she died. Two of the daughters of this woman are Christian, and were burdened for her soul's spiritual welfare. One of the daughters, a mere child, in her testimony the following Sunday, said her heart was very sad because her mother was in darkness. After a week of remaining at home the children of the same kraal are again in school.

The school work remains about the same as for the past few months, the average attendance for September being thirty-three. Sister Frey has again taken up the part of teaching in the school.

On September 22 we had a day off from the usual routine of work, the occasion being the marriage of one of the girls who has been staying here for the past few months, the ceremony, of course, took place in the church. Some eighty natives were present. In the afternoon we all partook of the wedding feast, provided by the bridegroom, he having had two goats slaughtered. The meat, together with an abundant supply of two kinds of porridge, was more than enough food for the one hundred and nine people who partook. As the bridegroom had no home or kin in this part of the country, the feast was prepared and eaten at this place.

The new, and we trust, happy couple, have gone to housekeeping in their new hut, a short distance south of the Mission site.

On the last day of September, Bro. Frey and boys were out on the veldt the greater part of the afternoon fighting fire. These veldt fires are very numerous at this time of the year, when after months of continual drought, the tall grass becomes an easy prey to fire. At the present time we are enjoying a visit from Sister Adda Engle, who expects to stay with us for a few weeks.

The spiritual condition remains encouraging, the average Sunday attendance being 30.

We beseech the prayers of God's children in our behalf, as we feel in need of the same.

Yours in Christian love,

ELIZABETH ENGEL.

October 1, 1908.

MACHA MISSION.—Dear readers of the VISITOR: It is nearly two months since we last wrote to you, and so we shall again attempt to inform you of the Lord's work at this place. We would much prefer to have one of our co-laborers write, but Bro. Taylor, although his health is much better than it was formerly, yet he does not attempt to do much letter writing. He is much concerned about kraal matters, and is spending as much time on the language as his health and the other work will permit. Bro. Wengler has been very busy since he came and will no doubt write to you in the near future.

Although we are surrounded by darkness, we have our trying hours to pass through, yet we have much to praise the Lord for, because he has promised to be

(Continued on page 12.)
plants are domesticated and develop­
You'll reap a crown sometime, somewhere.

And so for the smile and its fruitage fair,
And so for the help you proffered there,
It saved a soul when help there was none,
You’ll reap a palm sometime, somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,
You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A lift in kindness given;
And thought no more about it;
And so for the word and its silent prayer,
And won a heart for heaven;
And passed the other duties;
Arid painted a life with beauties;

And so for the joy and its golden pay,
Health vs. Sickness.—

Little Kindness.

You gave on the way a pleasant smile,
And thought no more about it;
It cheered a life that was sad the while.

That might have been wrecked with­
out it.
And so for the smile and its fruitage fair,
You'll reap a crown sometime, somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,
And passed the other duties;
It warmed a heart; new promises stirred,
You spoke one day a cheering word,
It warmed a heart; new promises stirred,
And so for the silent prayer and its fruitage fair,
And so for the help you proffered there,
It saved a soul when help there was none,
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And so for the joy and its golden pay,
tremely abnormal. On account of these three errors the system makes glutonous demands, aided by an uncontrolled palate. Over eating is one of the most prolific causes of stomach trouble, catarrh and innumerable other ills.

The average manual laborer needs, scientifically ascertained, only 3.15 ozs. protein, 2.15 ozs. oils, and 5.5 ozs carbon hydrates per day. To get this 18 ozs. whole wheat bread, 2 ozs. oil, and 7.55 ozs. potatoes must be eaten. This is only one of many combinations. This properly eaten and masticated will abundantly satisfy every need and longing of the system. The above combination will cost about 8 or 9 cents per day. The record tells of a business man who boarded himself largely on wheat mush, and never could amount to anything. He said to me, "I will write this down, for I saved 84 cents per week. He only would laugh at an invitation to a banquet. Other persons, even gospel workers often imagine they suffer pangs of poverty long before they come to this 18 ozs. whole wheat bread, 2 ozs. oil, and 7.55 ozs. potatoes must be eaten. This is only one of many combinations. This properly eaten and masticated will abundantly satisfy every need and longing of the system. The above combination will cost about 8 or 9 cents per day. The record tells of a business man who boarded himself largely on wheat mush, and never could amount to anything. He said to me, "I will write this down, for I saved 84 cents per week. He only would laugh at an invitation to a banquet. Other persons, even gospel workers often imagine they suffer pangs of poverty long before they come to

Dear readers: Recently, while at a love feast with God's children, I so much enjoyed the things that God has in store for those who are ready to accent from his hand the things which he has prepared for those who are true in following him. It was truly a love feast to my soul—a time never thought of before. I was made to feel it my duty to write my thoughts on the line of his work among his children in the different positions they occupy. One dear sister spoke of the giving of just a part of the orchard or garden produce, this being only one way to bring praise to his name. Many others brought in their sheaves of love, which made me feel to exclaim, truly we are workers together in his vineyard. O glory to God! So many times in the last year I have said, "What can those do who are older and more or less home-bound, who cannot go out into the wide world or cross the great sea, the mother whose duty it is to stay in her home, and who, is so busily engaged from morning till night with the many little ones, who have been entrusted to her care?" Surely the time of such ones is occupied and if faithful will receive a full reward. But how about we mothers who have raised our families? Is there anything for us to do? I feel to say, "yes," for we now have more time to go into the homes where there are weary ones whom we can cheer and comfort and thus lend a helping hand.

When Jesus set me free he gave me such a peace and love for humanity, I feel I want to tell it to the wide world. He took out of me the part which would just please self, and gave me a desire to do good to others which is a command of his word.

May the words which I have written stir up our minds in the way of remembrance. Oh, dear ones, there is a place for us all in the vineyard of the Lord where we may labor through life's short day. It is very short. Let us all be busy engaged while it is called to-day.

ROSE A. ZOOK.

A Native Sister's Letter.

SARA McTAGGART.

I received the following letter some time ago from one of our native sisters in South Africa, Mapane Mission, and as it did my soul good I am sending it for publication, hoping it may encourage others on their way heavenward; also encourage the missionary spirit in the hearts of our brethren and sisters. It was written in the native language and translated by Brother Levi Doner.

To Sister McTaggart, Stayner, Ont.

Beloved sister: Greeting you in the precious name of Jesus. Are you still well? I have heard about your being helped of the Lord—that you could not walk. My teacher told me about you and the grace Jesus gave you. I marveled at the power of the Lord. I believed. I believe because Jesus found me tired of going in the ways of the world. I heard it was said that the missionaries had come. I began to go to school. I bought a primary book. In the year 1904 I entered the school. The people of this place hated me. They said I was doing that which was not right; also my parents and my brother and his wife. They four live together. I 'they blamed me and said, "This big person staying with the little children" (meaning to ridicule). I had no words to answer because I had not yet learned to know Jesus. I remember I said, "May be I will leave Jesus." I went into my hut and prayed. I remembered to forsake Jesus, but I was very sorrowful during the year 1904. Now, my sister, I am very happy because he (Jesus) delivered me from all evil and cleansed my heart by his blood. Now I thank Jesus because he sent the gospel to us. I thank Jesus because he helps me continually. I rejoice for this Spirit of whom Jesus said, "I will send another Comforter who shall abide with you." My sister, I rejoice for this Comforter who abides with
us. He helps us in all things, and in our weakness he is with us, and in temptation he is ever with me. I thank the Lord because he brought me to this life, by the resurrection from the dead, that I may not be dead in sin. I wonder that some of the people are still in the darkness. I sorrow for them. They will not consent to come to school. We, and some others, are learning well about Jesus.

I will now close. Stay in peace. It is I, your unknown sister, who believes in the Lord. You shall know me now by the will of God. My name is Liljokupi Sihanda.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.
My Visit to Canada.

JOHN H. MYERS.

Hebrews 13:16, "But to do good and to communicate forget not for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

Dear Readers: You read in a prior number that I left my home on September 19, 1908. I arrived at Buffalo, N. Y., at 7:30, where Bro. George Whisler met me and took me to the Brethren's Mission, 25 Hawley street, where a small number were assembled in prayer for a revival of conversion at that place. Next morning I went by trolley car by way of Niagara Falls and the Gorge Route to Lewiston, then by boat to Toronto, Ont. Then in company with others to Richmond Hill village, where Brother Elliott met us and conveyed us to his home. In the evening we were taken to the Markham meeting house for service. Next morning, 17th, the Brethren met in Joint Conference. Thank God they transacted business in a practical way, and in their deliberations brotherly love continued. The day passed pleasantly. Next day, in the afternoon, they met in church fellowship and received one for baptism and then proceeded to a stream of water where the candidate was buried (covered over in the water) and arose to walk with Christ in newness of life.

On the morning of the 19th we met in a loving assembly called love feast in communicating with each other of the love of God in our hearts with which says our text God is well pleased. Some had to make sacrifices. It cost some money and time. David said he would not sacrifice that to God which cost him nothing, yet there are so many that want a blessing of God but they want it so cheap; and I thank God for one thing we can have cheap and that is forgiveness of our sins.

Bless God for fellowship with the saints! Oh what sweet communion we can have where there is union. Then we can break the bread together as one body.

We were received with much kindness and brotherly love. Many of the dear old saints whom we met in former years have gone to be with the Lord. We were so glad to meet our aged Eld. Samuel Baker, and that he was able to be with us in the communion season, and also to visit in his home.

After some visits and prayer services, being committed to the grace of God, we passed on north to Stayer, where a dear brother met us and cared for us. On the evening of the 23rd we preached at the second line church, and on the evening of the 24th we gave a mission talk on Africa and received an offering for the Rescue Home and Girls' School. On Friday evening we preached at the sixth line meeting house. On Saturday, 28th, we met for a love feast season. Here we again had blessed fellowship in communications of spiritual things. Here we felt sad in a way, that so many of the dear ones have moved into the North West, and some to their long home, yet there is lots of material to build up the church if reached through conviction and true conversion. On Sunday evening we again talked of mission work and received an offering for our Rescue work.

We would yet like to say that among the aged saints we met is Sister Baker, widow of our deceased Bro. John Baker, now passed ninety-three years, rather strong physically though hard hearing and nearly blind. We enjoyed a good spiritual conversation with her in the German language. This sister's maiden name was Cober, a sister to the late elder Peter Cober, who labored exceedingly in Canada to build up the church, and God signally blessed his labors. Our aged Sister Baker, in that she has a good mind, sends up many prayers to God for the spiritual things. Here are so many young members who are in the order of the church in way of plain dressing which the word justifies, and we are so glad if the spiritual life is there too. We heard for ourselves and feel sure the Lord is getting a number ready for mission work. We have made many visits to Canada, but never have we enjoyed more spirituality and love.

"To communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." Dear ones, the Canadian brethren and sisters don't only wish us a safe journey, but they communicate of their temporal means to our temporal needs. Praise God.

We again soon separated to meet at Clarence Center, N. Y., on the 17th. We met in church fellowship again celebrate a communion service. We returned from there to Buffalo to our Mission on 25 Hawley street. After being there and having enjoyed some services at the Mission, we left on Friday, 23rd, for Salona, Pa., stopping at Bro. B. F. Long's. On Sun-

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

[November 16, 1908.]
day morning Bro. Long took me about twenty miles to preaching. It was a lovely day. I preached Sunday morning and evening, feeling much joy in being privileged to preach God's blessed word.

The saints in New York State and Pennsylvania are not behind to communicate of their temporal means for our personal benefit. Yes, dear ones, believe me, I am thankful for all your courtesy toward me, but most of all, that I was wanted in preaching the word of God.

I left Bro. Long's home on the 27th for Shamokin to visit our son, Amos. On the 23rd, when I came from Buffalo to Lock Haven on the fast line, the train came to a sudden stop. I, at that time, was at the water fountain drinking and I was thrown, with the back of my left hand striking my second finger against the corner of the toilet room and by the time I came to our son my hand had become very sore. And since I have suffered much with my finger. It bled and became very sore but to-day it is better though not healed.

After enjoying the care of my son and his wife a few days, I left for home and arrived at Mechanicsburg, Pa., on October 31.

Beloved, I know I was in divine order all the way, praise God, but don't know why I should have had this accident. But Father knows all about it and I am his child, praise God. "To communicate forget not." What God has for me next I don't know.

Mechanicsburg, Pa.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Testimony.

FANNY E. BARNES.

I praise the Lord this morning for Jesus and his leading. If we obey God he will lead us in the right way.

I realize this morning that I am in God's order to be used in any way he may lead, and to do what he has for me to do, small or great, as my strength allows me, and go where he leads.

I came here to the Brethren's Mission, Chicago, on September 14, feeling this is the place where the Lord will have me stay and work for him, for the time being as he may lead. I was here before, but returned to Kansas because of duties awaiting me there. I stayed seven months, but not without doing for him. It is blessed to wait on the Lord. Praise his name for ever. I feel to ask where those are who say they have a call but who when the test comes shrink and settle down. O Lord help such! The harvest is great and the laborers are few. O, I love to be in his work; the Lord is blessing me wonderfully in keeping my body. O, I am so glad that we have some one to go to for help. If we call on him he will help, both body and soul. Praise his name.

This is a good place to be. Not that we can sit down and fold our arms, O no. It means work for God, and do his bidding, praise his name. O the wonderful Savior that Jesus is! This place is God's wonder-working. Souls get saved and some get healed. Some get the blessing, praise God. I am looking for more wonderful things from God of which the Bible speaks. O praise his name! O praise his name for ever and ever. We need the real and the right prayer to keep humble at Jesus' feet. It means continually looking to God. Praise his name forever.

It seems this is God's children's station. Its God's drawing place. He also draws unsaved people in; the singing draws drunkards in, and they want to get saved, praise his name: to him be all the glory.

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the river of water that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper" (Psalm 1:3). O praise his name.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Testimony.

WILLIAM A. ROOTH.

I believe the Lord would be pleased to have me (a convert of seven months) give my testimony of his goodness to me through the columns of the EVANGELICAL VISITOR; therefore I take the liberty.

Dear reader, the Lord has been won-
gains and pleasures have passed away
and I am just feasting on the love of
God; blessed be his holy name.  

Dear unsaved brother, won't you
come to Jesus now before it is too
late? There will be awful changes in
the next world. You cannot hide your
condition from God, the evil and
the good will be separated hereafter.
Your last chance comes in this life;
come now, brother, give yourself to
Jesus to-day.

Glory to God, I am so happy and
glad that I took advantage of this
last chance and made Jesus my best
friend forever. Just a short hymn
and I will close.

"Alas and did my Savior bleed
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

"Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away
'Tis all that I can do."

II. Cor. 13:11: "Finally, brethren,
farewell. Be perfect, be of good com-
fort, be of one mind, live in peace;
and the God of love and peace will be
with you." 

Yours in Christ Jesus.
80 Greenwood Place, Buffalo, N. Y.

Liquor's Deadly Work.

(Published by request.)

One day Mr. M. Morrill's atten-
tion was called to a little thin, pale
boot-black who had a bunch of blue-
bells in his button-hole. The gentle-
man was called to a little pale, thin
boy whose head against my arm and
began to cry. "I'm so hungry, Willie,
get something to eat." "Get up Bessie,
and let me dress you and then we will
have some breakfast." I had not eaten a mouth-
ful, nor had mother before leaving
home, and I was dreadfully hungry. She got up,
and I dressed, washed and
combed her, and when we sat down
to the table Bessie just dropped her cur-
ly head right down on the table and
sobbed out, 'Oh, Willie, I am so tired
of cornbread and molasses: I can't
eat it: I want some meat and butter.'

"Don't cry, baby," I said, stroking
her curls, 'mother will bring home
something to-night.'

"But it is so long to wait.'

"Try to eat," I said, and I put a
spoonful of molasses on her plate,
and she did try, but she only swal-
lowed a few mouthfuls and then left
the table. I ate a small piece of dry
bread; I thought she would eat the
molasses, so I did not touch it. All
day she kept saying she was hungry,
but refused to eat. It was a long day
to us both.

"Father had come home, and it was
nearly dark: we were both sitting on
the doorstep. Bessie had laid her
head against my arm and began to
cry, 'I'm so hungry, Willie, mother
stays so late to-night.'

"Don't cry, baby, mother will soon
be home." 'Of course she will!' ex-
claimed George Anderson; he lived
a mile beyond us, and as he spoke he
tossed a bunch of bluebells into Bes-
sie's lap.

"Oh, how pretty?" she exclaimed,
while the tears dropped from her
sweet blue eyes on the pretty blue-
bells.

'Come Bessie,' I said, 'let me
fasten them among your curls.' She
stood up on the door-step with her
head toward the house. I stood be-
hind her and tied the blue-bells in her
golden curls. I had just fastened the
last one, when some one jerked me
off the step. It was father; he was
almost crazy with drink.

"He caught Bessie and said, 'You've
been crying; what did Willie do
to you?"

"She was so white and scared that
I thought she would faint. 'Willie
didn't do anything,' she gasped out.

"Father let her go and grasped me:
he commenced to shake me awful.
'You rascal, what did you do to Bes-
sie? Tell me, or I'll shake the breath
out of you.'

"He shook me so I could not an-
swer. Then little Bessie caught him
by the arm. 'Please, father, don't
hurt Willie: I was so hungry it made
me cry.'

He looked at the table and saw the
breads and molasses. 'You little white
faced liar, you are not hungry. Look
at the table: there is plenty to eat,
and good enough for such a brat as
you,' and he shook her roughly.

She began to cry and I tried to put
my arms around her but father
pushed me away. 'If you can't eat
anything I can give you something to
drink,' and started down the path that
led to the pond.

'Bessie hushed crying, but she
looked awful scared. I'll give you
something to drink, he said,' when he
reached the edge of the water and I
followed scarcely knowing what I
was doing. I was so frightened.

"He waded in about knee deep,
then took Bessie and put her little
curly head down under the water.
She threw up her little white hands
and cried out. Oh, Willie, take baby!
just as the curly head went down.

'I waded around father and tried
with all my strength to raise her little
head out of the water, but father
held it down. I begged father to take her
out, but he would not listen. She
threw up her hands wildly; there was
a gurgling sound then all was still.
It seemed hours to me, but father
at last lifted up Bessie's white deploring
face. I called her name wildly; but
her blue lips didn't move: she was
dead.

"Father carried her and laid her
down on the green grass. 'I guess
she won't get hungry for awhile,' he
said.

"I was so stunned I never moved
nor spoke, until I saw the bluebells
that I had twined in Bessie's hair
floating out on the water. I could
not bear to see them drift away, so I
waded out after them. The water
was deep and I went. It was up

(Continued on page 14)
Lesson 10. Dec. 6.—Solomon Chooses Wisdom.

The Sunday-School.

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Introduction.—Lesson eight closed with David's solemn charge to Solomon. Soon after his return from Gibeon, and Solomon was fully established upon the throne, the people gladly accepted him as king, Solomon, and executed the commands of David given in lesson eight, and found occasion to take vengeance also upon those who would have prevented him from taking the throne. Adonijah was put to death by Solomon's order. Absalom, the aged priest, was banished from Jerusalem; life being spared on account of his long service to David. (See I. Kings 2:13-27.) Joab, hearing of this, fled to the altar, knowing that the vengeance of the king would fall on him next; but this did not avail him, for he was slain and burned with the body of Asahel as a reward of his conduct. (V. 8.) Solomon married Pharaoh's daughter and offered sacrifices to the Lord at Gibeon, where our lesson begins.


Where? Gibeon, Jerusalem.

Who? The Lord, Solomon, servants, people.

Explanations and Word Studies.

(V. 4) Gideon: In David's time the tabernacle had been removed from Nob to Gibeon. This was probably the reason why Gideon is mentioned in a dream by night, and God said, Ask that I may show thee a wiser and more understanding heart than any man has hitherto had. Solomon was the last of the line of Shemites. This was the last of the promises made to David. Solomon was the child of a cause of the king and the ark was removed from it. (V. 12) The ark rested at Gibeon. Holy vessels: The holy of holies, the tabernacle: Cherubim: Signifying the special protection of angels. Covered the ark: They were very large stretching from the bottom to the roof of the tabernacle and were so long that he ends of the staves were seven cubits. The staves were very large stretching from the bottom to the roof of the tabernacle and were so long that he ends of the staves


The Lord appeared: The Lord appeared to the servants of the tabernacle, and instructed them how to carry the ark, the staves of which were so large that they could not be set up at once, but were set up in the order of the time of the world. The ark contained the golden pot of manna and Aaron's rod that budded, which were signs of God's presence among the people. (Num. 16:33.) The ark also contained the golden pot of manna and Aaron's rod that budded, which were signs of God's presence among the people.

The east end was thirteen years in building. Our chapter opens with an account of the removal of the ark to its place within the temple; a most impressive ceremony. Then "the glory of Jehovah filled the house of Jehovah, and Solomon, invoking blessing upon "all the congregation of Israel," stood before the altar of the Temple and offered the great prayer of dedication. After the dedicatory services were concluded, the attendant throngs scattered to their various homes, and affairs in Jerusalem resumed their ordinary movement.


Who? Solomon, Israel, the priests.

Explanations and Word Studies.

(V. 1) Elders of Israel: That is, the judges in their several districts, who were called tribes: Every tribe had one or more principal rulers in it. Chief of the fathers: These are mentioned in connection with those tribes. (V. 2) Seventh month: The time of the feast of tabernacles. (V. 4) Feast, in the month Ethanim, which is the seventh month. The feast of tabernacles: The time of the temple and offered the great prayer of dedication. After the dedicatory services were concluded, the attendant throngs scattered to their various homes, and affairs in Jerusalem resumed their ordinary movement.
They must cleave to God with undivided attention. (V. 63) Solomon offered: Not with his own hand, but by the hand of the priests. In the peace-offerings: In the peace-offerings the fat was consumed on the altar and the flesh was eaten; hence there would be no great feast among the people when their thousands of oxen and sheep were offered. (V. 64) The middle court: That is the court of the priests. Brazen altar: Near the door of this court.

Practical Applications—1. We are to walk as God in all reverent manner. When we pray, let us do it in the name of the Lord Jesus, in humble confession of our unworthiness, and in appeal and expectation. 3. There is nothing which honours God more than to plead his word and make mention of his promises. 4. God is faithful in all his dealings with us.

The treatment of the Sunday-school lessons is appropriated from the Workman Quarterly.

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1627 Swatara St., Harrisburg, Pa.
All through the love fest we could realize God's presence with us. Some of us remained for some days after the love fest was over. The last night of the meeting one of the sisters said she was impressed that there should be an altar service. So before the meeting was closed the brethren gave a hearty invitation for there should be an altar service. So by the hand, or, as the real shepherd, gives the message through his sermon leading the flock would be cut off. By the grace of God, the или, and after having been with his head in that position for all the storms and blasts of the cold Winter before us.

On the second of November we started a revival meeting here at Elmer. Our elder, brother Lyons came to help us. Since he is with us I have often been reminded of our duty to pray for those brethren who shall keep a watch over the flock and Brother Lyons has a large family, and to look at it from a natural standpoint, he no doubt would feel as though he is needed at home on the farm, but they both seem to have the work at heart, even the oldest child encourages the father to go.

Dear brethren and sisters, will you join us in prayer for them? Some may be led to answer their own prayers by standing by them with what God has blessed them with. We are only here as stewards in God's hands and the time that we will have to give an account of our stewardship will come. Let us be faithful.

We feel thankful to God that there are those who bear us up at a throne of grace in their prayer. We still want help. After a season of prayer we again had testimony meeting. Two of the sisters said they had been wishing and praying for a meeting of that kind. Now, we are aware that the after service is sometimes run to excess; but in this case it was God's plan and it was easy to be seen.

I am more and more convinced that it is our duty, as well as our privilege to be in close touch with God that we will understand the voice of the Spirit of God, and when God gives the message through his servants, souls will get help. Brother Lyons has since said that souls got help from God at that service. Because there is counterfeit money in the world and be after the flock, and the weak ones and take them, as it were, by the hand, or, as the real shepherd, into his bosom and shelter them from the storm until they are stronger, it will not be difficult to do I assure you.

One Friday morning she took sick, Her stubborn heart began to break, One Friday morning she took sick, Her stubborn heart began to break,

She call'd her mother to her bed, She roll'd and groaned, she screamed and cried; When I am dead remember well, Her eyes were rolling in her head: When I am dead remember well, Her eyes were rolling in her head:

She roll'd and groaned, she screamed and cried; When I am dead remember well, Her eyes were rolling in her head:

The tears are lost you shed for me, When I am dead remember well, The tears are lost you shed for me,

Your wicked Polly screams in hell. Your wicked Polly screams in hell. Your wicked Polly screams in hell.

One Monday morning she took sick, Her stubborn heart began to break, One Monday morning she took sick, Her stubborn heart began to break,

When she die's, and she's gone from this world, When she die's, and she's gone from this world, When she die's, and she's gone from this world,

Oh, Mamma! Mamma! fare you well, Oh, Mamma! Mamma! fare you well, Oh, Mamma! Mamma! fare you well,

Brother Lyons has a large family, and seek Salvation while you may. Forsake your sins and follies too, Or they will prove your ruin. These lines were composed on the death of Polly Wilson, of Maryland.

—Letter from a "Shut-In."

Dear Editor: Another year has passed since I invited your readers to my Christmas letter party. I sincerely trust it has brought them many joys and few sorrows and disappointments. I am still lying in the same position I have been in for twenty-three years. Seemingly I am no worse than last year. In fact my friends say I look better. Of course I can never get well, but only God knows how long I may live in this condition.

Mrs. Bella Cook, the famous New York invalid, I believe lived over fifty years in a helpless condition. And I have heard of many others who lived from thirty to forty years in bed. I saw the picture of a man who had lived forty-nine years sitting in a chair with the side of his face resting on his breast. Think how tired he must have been with his head in that position for all those years.

Why am I telling you of these pathetic things? Because I believe it is good for you well people to learn of the misfortunes of others sometimes. It should make you more thankful to God for your manifold blessings and cause you to quit your whining and complaining when things don't go just as you would have them.

I sometimes think the Lord allows "shut-ins" to live for an example and warning to people in health. Anyway I know many robust people have passed to the other world since I have been lying here. When you are tempted to complain just look around and find some one who is in a worse condition than yourself. This will not be difficult to do I assure you. There is no condition so bad but what it could be worse. Try to realize this and feel thankful to God every minute of your life that all is as well with you as it is.

The past Summer was an exceedingly warm one for me, but I got through all right and have no complaints to make. I was taken out three times to vote, once to church, once for a long drive in the country, once to a ball game and picnic and several times to visit neighbors. Also I heard a political speech, the first one I had ever heard. I feel so thankful to God for these little diversions in my lonely life and sure if I can praise him for these small blessings you, who have health and strength and can come and go, should feel a thousand times more grateful, but doubtless you never pause in this busy, bustling old world to thank him at all and some day, when it is too late, you will realize your mistake.
It is not the man who has made the most money or held the most offices who has made the most of himself, but the one who has learned how to develop his soul-life while he neglects not his business.—Presbyterian.
is corrupt according to the deceitful lust, and the “putting on of the new man, which after God, is created in righteous and true holiness.”

Such a life has its fruits unto holiness. It is not a “sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal” of mere words or profession. It is a perfect obedience to the law of God in Christ Jesus, carried into all our relations and concerns of life—the family, society, politics and business. It is “Christ living in us.”

While this is ideal scriptural holiness, it is also transformable into real life. It is the reproduction of the life of Christ in and through us. God requires it of us, and if we comply with his conditions, he will impart it unto us, and will graciously assist us to maintain it in our lives.

In conclusion: “Of whom is holiness of heart and life required?” Of every one of us. No one is debarred from the glorious privilege of being holy, or exempt from the responsibility. What will be the consequences if this be not our state and manner of life? Without holiness no man can see the Lord.—Rev. G. W. Miese in Evangelical Messenger.

God Loves Me.

When the heart perceives that God himself is the sinner’s Saviour, through Jesus, his faith and hope are then in God. A friend lately said, “When I considered the words, ‘No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him”—and thus saw God, in Christ, the sinner’s Saviour, I could rest in God at once—all my fears vanished.” The thought that we must love God to be saved, instead of being saved solely because God loves us, clings most tenaciously to fallen nature; but nothing short of seeing God’s love to us in the cross of Christ, even when we were dead in sins, can give peace. A gentleman after living in sin for many years, in companionship with many others, heard that the ringleader of the party was converted. All were sorry to lose such a jovial friend, and marveled that he could be such a fool as to be religious. Still he was very decided, and went to his old associates, one by one, to speak to them of the salvation he had found in a crucified Saviour. There was one, however, that he passed over. It was this very gentleman of whom I am speaking, and he felt it much. This led him to reflect, and soon he began to realize the unsatisfying character of the pleasures of sin, and to feel that he, too, had a soul. He read his Bible, but could get no comfort. He thought that he had something to do, and that he never accomplished what he wished. One day, however, he met his old friend, who said to him, “Do you ever read your Bible?” “Yes, I do,” he replied; “but I cannot get comfort out of it. I cannot love God.” “No,” said his friend, “nor could I; but the blessed truth is, that God loves me,” and then wished him good morning. “God loves me,” “God loves me,” thought the gentleman to himself, “what can he mean?” But before he reached home that day, the thought of God having given his only-begotten Son to die on the cross to save sinners flashed upon his soul with divine living light. “Now,” he thought, “I see it. I see now that God loves me as a sinner. Yes, God so loves me as to save me,” and his whole soul was filled with joy and peace. So it is, as the apostle John declares, “Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.” This enables us to love and serve God; for “we love him because he first loved us,” (1 John 4:10, 19).

It is here the heart finds real joy, gathers up strength for service, and who do not look at their beauty or ugliness. They just keep their gifts to God. The Divine Spirit softens wills and makes them flexible, nourishes the true life, and feeds the flame which is kindled within, and shines out in word and work.

There must be the frequent recurrence of special seasons of devotion, if devotion is to run like a golden thread through our lives.—Selected.

The true faith is one; false faiths manifest themselves by different peoples in different ways, just so the numberless faiths of heathenism are at root one and the same. In other words, there is one master spirit of good who appeals to different peoples in different countries and ages according to their different abilities and needs; just so there is one master spirit of evil, whose servants and worshippers seek to please him in different ways, but always in evil ways. The worship of the true God always ultimate in holiness, and the worship of Satan always ultimate in degradation and despair.

“There are two many asking forgiveness for the sins they continue to fondle.”

REPORTS OF FUNDS.

Foreign Mission Funds.

Report of Treasurer for September and October, 1908.

General Fund.

Correction.

In last report Mount Rock, Pa., Sunday-school was reported as having contributed $70 which should have been $70. Carland Mission Sunday-school had contributed $14 which did not appear at all in the report. These corrections will be noticed and $20 to the total of the treasurer’s report.

A donation of $15 was received from Sister Nancy Shirk, Ill, to be divided equally between Sister Davidson, Ill., and Free. And a friend, Ontario, contributed $20 for Sister Davidson.

Clay county. Brehren, $40; Abline, Kans., Brethren, $80; Bro. Sellers, McPherson, Kans., $10; Air Hill, Pa., $8, $47.50; Emma Wagner, Dayton, O., special for Macha Mission wagon cover, $1; Carland Mission, S. S., $8; Zion Mission, S. S., Pa., $4; Jacob Lausenlauer, $1; Pleasant Hill S. S., Kans., $6; S. R. Wolfe and wife; Sister Katie Winger, $25; Florence Blake, Buffalo, N. Y., $1; special offering for India Mission, $20; Abline, S. S. Home Department, for Sister Davidson, $50; Newbern, Kans., love feast collection, $30.

Dishbursements.

Amos L. Mussler, India, $44412; H. Frances Davidson, special, $125; H. Frances Davidson, for general use, $211; H. J. Frey and wife, special, $175; Sister Engle, special, $1; Brother and Sister Doner, special, $10; Brother and Sister Wenger, special, $30.60; Matopo Mission, special, $65; Sister Davidson, special, $10; for general use, Brother Steigerwald, $244; Brother Frey, $44; Brother Doner, $44; Sister Davidson, $244; A. L. Mussler, India, $244; Sister Abbie Bert, return trip expenses, $260.

Rescue Home and Girl’s School Fund.

Report for October, 1908.

Donations Received.

Mrs. Samuel Peters, $2; a sister, Franklin county, Pa., $5.

School Fund.

A sister, Carroll, Ohio, $5.

The management acknowledges these gifts with much thankfulness.

D. M. BOOK,

Secretary-Treasurer.

Hummelstown, Pa.

Philadelphia Mission.

Report for month of October, 1908.

Balance on hand, $66 44.

Donations Received.

Lancaster, Pa., $2; Philadelphia, Pa., $410; Philadelphia, Pa., $675; Mount Rock, S. S., $31; Stevensville, $17.50; a sister, Kans., $10; York, Pa., $5; Sedgewick, Kans., $8; love feast donations, $87; Lebanon, Pa., $6; Mount Joy, Pa., 2 lbs apples; Elizabethtown, Pa., 1 box clothing, Lan-
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

[November 16, 1908.]

MARRIAGES.

HAUN-ZIMMERMAN.—On November 4, 1908, Bro. A. Haun, of Triton, and Miss Clara Zimmerman, of Des Moines, were united in marriage. Rev. C. E. Huffman, of the church at Triton, officiated, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Bertie, Mr. Harvey Haun, of Harrison, was best man, and Miss Clara Zimmerman, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Zimmerman, of Bertie township, Weld county, Ont., was bridesmaid.

OBITUARIES.

BURFORD.—Oscar A. Burford was born June 11, 1882. Died October 19, 1908. Aged 16 years, 6 months and 8 days. He gave his heart to the Lord some time previous to his death, and was ready to go to meet his Lord. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Max Mahler and was impressive.

BAKER.—Henry Diller Baker, son of Bro. Diller and Sister Mary Baker, was born January 22, 1882, and died September 27, 1908, aged 26 years, 8 months and 5 days. The deceased met with an accident while trying to get on a railway train and was hurt so severely that he expired before his aged parents could get to his bedside. They are left mourning the loss of a great and loving companion. The funeral services were conducted by W. J. Myers.

JONES.—Elizabeth Jones was born in Wales in 1814, died October 30, 1908, aged 94 years. She was baptized eighty years ago, and has many years been a professed follower of our Lord Jesus. She was married twice and a mother of eleven children, all having preceded her to the world beyond. She had one foster daughter, who at the time of her death was living in the same house. The funeral services were conducted by Bishop J. R. Zook and Rev. Stevens.

CRUMB.—Mrs. Mary Crumb, wife of George W. Crumb, and daughter of William Milchener, formerly of Shisler's Point, (Sherkston,) Ont., died at Port Maitland, Haldemond county, Ontario, October 27, 1908, of tuberculosis, aged 23 years. Her remains were brought for burial by train to the adjoining cemetery. A large concourse of friends gathered to pay their last respects. After the service was conducted by Bishop J. R. Zook and Bro. F. M. Ebersole, the body was removed to the cemetery and the funeral services were conducted by Bishop J. K. Zook and Stevens.

BECK.—Sister Elizabeth Beck, wife of J. Edward Beck, of Wayne County, Pa., and daughter of William Milchener, of the same place, died October 31, 1908, aged 59 years. She was a member of the Brethren in Christ church at fifteen years of age, and died in the triumph of the Christian faith. She was mother of three children, and leaves a husband and two nurses, who mourn as those who have no hope. The funeral services were conducted by Elder J. A. Stump, of Nappenee, Ind., and Rev. S. S. Wingert and the home brethren. The body was afterward removed to the adjoining cemetery. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. J. S. Gabe, of the home church, and Rev. J. A. Stump.

ARMOLD.—Sister Mary Armold died at the home of her son in North York, Pa., on October 2, 1908, aged 69 years, 2 months and 20 days. She was the widow of the late Rev. Charles Armold, who preceded her to the spirit world about eight years ago. She was a member of the Brethren in Christ church, and was one of the first members of the Union church, in the community. Funeral services were conducted by Bro. A. Z. Hess. Her remains were brought to the adjoining cemetery. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. J. A. Stump, of the church in the community. The service was held at the Montgomery M. H. A large assemblage of people attending, giving evidence of her high standing in the community. The service was conducted by the home brethren and Bro. Jerome Funk, of Wayne county, Pa. Text, Phil, 1:20, 21.

"Dearest brother, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply grieve.
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

BRECHBILL.—Sarah Ober, wife of Jacob Brechbill, was born in Belford county, Pennsylvania, August 12, 1829. She died at her home near Garrett, Ind., November 2, 1908, aged 69 years, 2 months and 20 days. After the death of her father she, with her mother, moved to Stark county, Ohio. On February 10, 1840, she was married to Jacob Brechbill. In the year 1864, they moved to DeKalb county, Indiana. To their union were born eight children, three of whom are living. Two sons and two daughters preceded her to the spirit world. There are left to mourn her loss one son, four daughters, twenty-nine grandchildren, and a host of relatives and friends. On February 21, 1909, her husband died and since then she has lived with her son, Rev. H. R. Davidson. At an early age, she united with the Brethren in Christ church and has lived a consistent Christian life ever since. In her death the children have lost a loved one, the parents their devoted friend and neighbors an earnest, faithful Christian, a mother in love. But we, the mourners, do not mourn as those who have no hope. But we believe our loss is her eternal gain. In her death, the children have lost a devoted mother, who has gone to her reward and we mourn as those who have no hope. But we believe our loss is her eternal gain. In her death, the children have lost a devoted mother, who is now reaping the reward of her labor. The funeral service was conducted by Elder J. A. Stump, of Nappenee, Ind., at the Union church, and burial in Union cemetery by the side of her husband.

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE FROM THE CHILDREN.

Dearest mother, thou hast left us,
In the mercy of God, in his love and grace.
Thy spirit hath taken its flight
While we were slumbering in the night.

We are bereft of father and mother;
Our hearts are now full of care and sorrow.
Dearest mother, thou hast left us;
With no hope, we are left to mourn.

We are bereft of father and mother;
Our hearts are now full of care and sorrow.
Dearest mother, thou hast left us;
With no hope, we are left to mourn.

In Remembrance of Father, Mother, Sister and Brother.

Death hath hid their faces from our sight.
But in God our Father, light is right.
The great I Am hath been their guide,
Though in deepest shadows was ever by.

May the God of our parents be our God;
May we 'tread the path of right as they trod;
Though ornaments here, Lord be thou near.
Our voyage safely homeward steer.