A very ancient letter runs in this way: "Now the blessed Polycarp suffered martyrdom on the seventh day before the Kalends of May, Statius Quadratus being pro consul, but Jesus Christ being King for ever."

How triumphant the note comes to us across the ages! The wistful longing of every heart, the hesitating answer of philosophers and seers are answered by the resounding note of the distant land. Cold criticism has attempted to stifle the singing of the heart, but Christ has given it the sanction of His word and the more powerful sanction of His risen life. "If it were not so I would have told you," He declared, and so made Himself responsible for our hopes. The instinct of the heart will lead us home. The cold waters need not terrify us in our flight, for He has created safely, and the flowerful land is beyond, a place prepared by Him for the soul He knows and loves so dearly.

"In good time, His good time, I shall arrive. He guides me and the bird. In His good time."

III. "Jesus Christ, King for ever," confirms also the intimation which comes to us from moral consciousness. The planet Neptune was discovered through certain perturbations in Uranus, which could not be accounted for by the known heavenly bodies. There are certain faculties of life which cannot be accounted for by the struggle for existence in a purely material world. Conscience constantly suggests that we are under the influence of another world. Obedience to its voice sometimes leads to the stake and the loss of all material good. We have seen the evil in great prosperity, and have been amazed by the strange reversal of moral judgment. Who will explain this to us on a materialistic basis? If death ends all, and man is merely a product of the material world, seeking only its pleasures and rewards, how has this strange power been developed which does not always lead to this result? We stand in speechless wonder before the Cross upon which our Lord was done to death by cruel and wicked hands. It is an intolerable thought that this is actually the end, that henceforth He should be hurled.

(Continued on page 11.)
Evangelical Visitor

A Bi-Weekly Religious Journal
For the exposition of true, practical piety and devoted to the spread of Evangelical truths and the Unity of the church.

Published in the interest of the church of the Brethren in Christ.

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Editor, GEO. DETWILER, Harrisburg, Pa.

ASSOCIATES:
ELDER W. O. BAKER, - - - - - Louisville, Ohio
S. R. SMITH, - - - - - - - - Harrisburg, Pa.
ENOS H. HESS, - - - - - - Lancaster, Pa.

GEORGE DETWILER, Office Manager.

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EDITORIAL.

General Conference for 1910 Announcement.

The Brethren in Christ Annual Conference will convene at the Air Hill church, North Franklin, Pa., district, May 17, 18, 19, 20. The day sessions will be for business, and for members only. There will be preaching every evening during Conference week to which everybody is invited.

A love feast will be held at the same place May 21, 22, to which everybody is cordially invited.

Special Notice.

To all the holy brethren: Since General Conference of 1909 took over the Jabbok Faith Orphanage on the condition that the church in general pays three-fifths of the $250, which is $150; and,

Whereas no provision has been made by General Conference how to meet this obligation, yet, since the name of the Home indicates support by free-will offerings, we, the trustees of said institution, simply make the announcement in the Evangelical Visitor, and believe that our beloved brotherhood will quickly and most heartily respond to raise the $100 that are now due and thus avoid the unpleasantry of reporting a deficit to the General Conference of 1910.

Bro. Enos Engle and his devoted wife have now moved into the Home and are doing good and faithful work.

Yours in faith and humility,
J. R. ZOOK, President,
D. R. EYSTER, Sec'y-Treas.,
J. R. HESS, Trustee.

The Dying Savior—The Risen Lord.

"Crucify Him," was the demand of the Jewish rulers and of the excited multitude when Jesus was arraigned before Pilate. His hour to be delivered into the hands of sinful men had come. It was now their hour—the hour of darkness. Barrabas, the robber, was released and Jesus the sinless one was led away to be crucified. His place was that of greatest ignominy—crucified between two thieves. "He was numbered among the transgressors." Jew and Gentile joined together in the perpetration of this monumental crime. Truly "He came unto His own and His own received Him not."

"Thou camest, O Lord, with thy living word," that should set Thy people free; but with mocking and scorn and with crown of thorns Did they bear Thee to Calvary."

At the anniversary of this greatest of events it is our privilege to remember and bring before us the scenes of that wonderful day in which Jesus Christ "gave Himself" to be the sin-bearer, and having humbled Himself and made Himself of no reputation, became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross—the Cross of Calvary.

"Life is what? It is the purchased gift Of Him, who left for us the seraphim, And trod the wine—press of God's wrath alone, That we might see How blessed is our destiny, We are not our own."

Gethsemane came before Calvary, and both preceded the resurrection. The incidents that make up the history of the night preceding Calvary are all of absorbing interest. There was the gathering of Jesus with His disciples—the twelve—in the upper room to partake of the prepared pass-over meal, and in this connection the washing of the feet of the disciples taking His place as the lowliest servant giving them an example of what they were to do toward each other; then instituting that sacred ordinance of the broken bread and cup, typical of His broken body and shed blood, of which the apostle Paul writes I. Cor. 11:23-26, "I have received of the Lord that which I also delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the same night in which He was betrayed took bread; And when he had given thanks he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also He took the cup, when as He had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in My blood; this do ye, as oft as ye drink of it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death, till he come." Then the many words of instruction, promise and comfort, as noted in John 13 to 17, the last being His high-priestly prayer: His journey from the upper room to the garden, Gethsemane, where even the "inner circle" of His disciples failed Him, and He is the lone watcher.

"'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow, The star is set that lately shone; 'Tis midnight in the garden now, Behold the Savior prays alone."

Then followed the betrayal and arrest, the hearings before Annas, the Council, Pilate, Herod and Pilate again, the judgment, the sentence, crucify, and with it all, the mocking, the scoffing, the scourging, the thorny crown, the cross, the nail, the spear. Hear again the agonizing cry, "My God! my God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" What a spectacle is that for men and angels!

"Ob dich Jesus liebt von Herzen, Kunst du dort am Kreuze sehen; Seht wie alle hellen Schmerzen Ihm bis in die Seele geln. Angst und schrecken
Hoeret doch sein Klag-getoen."

"He dies, the friend of sinners, dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness vails the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

"A Conflict with the powers of hell,
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Here's love and grief beyond degree;
ness, of grief and tears and gloom, is
he is risen from the dead." "Go...
changed into the glorious resurrection
and see the place where the Lord lay.
not here." "He is risen." "Come
"Go quickly and tell his disciples that
life," could not be holden by death.
The
was able to burst the
bars of death and come forth alive
The
was raised and exalted to God's right
attending blessings, even to having
the love of God shed abroad in .the
cause of good works which we did,
and they that have done evil unto the
resurrection of damnation." (John
5:29.)

A Reminder for Delinquents.

While, taken as a whole, we can
speak well of our list of subscribers as
regards keeping their credits in the
future, yet it still remains true, that
some are delinquent, and it is to those
we again appeal for consideration.
One Ohio brother who had gotten so
far in arrears that we informed him
that he would now have to drop his
name from the list, answered by
mitting five dollars which now puts
his credit into 1914. Now, we don't
ask any one to go and do likewise, but
we do ask that every one who finds a
credit is
We notice that because of the lack
of one word, what we say in our article re The Bible Conference in our
last issue may be misunderstood. We
refer to the sentence at the top of col-
umn 2 which reads "Levity nor light-
mindedness were present to any de-
gree." Supply the word "neither" and
read "Neither levy nor light-
mindedness were present to any de-
gree." The correctly might not be
necessary since almost every reader
would correctly infer what was meant,
yet we do not wish to make any
erroneous statement, and so call atten-
tion to what was really meant. In
this connection we may also say that
we had expected to receive other of
the lesson outlines as taught by the
brethren at the conference, but so far
have failed to receive any.

The YOUTH'S VISITOR as issued
regularly in connection with the Sun-
day-school literature of the church is
worthy of much wider circulation
than it now enjoys. It ought to be
in every home where there are chil-
dren. The price is very reasonable
when subscribed for in quantities.
We would especially encourage our
young brethren and sisters to send us
original matter for the paper. The
last page is given to us to supply its
matter and we are sure our young
people, if they will, can make it an
interesting page. Let a number try,
even if at first you don't succeed.
"Try, try again."

It will be seen that the absence of
the Young People's Page in our last
issue brought a measure of conviction
to one heart, at least. Now, as we
said before, we would very much like
to see our young people take advan-
tage of the opportunity and supply an
abundance of suitable matter for this
department. Why they do not take
advantage of the opportunity is a
mystery to us. We are glad for what
we have for this issue, and hope to
have something of special interest for
our next. In the meantime let every
one try and help to make the depart-
ment interesting.

It is fully time that all Sunday-
school supplies wanted for the second
quarter be ordered at once. Do not
delay the matter any longer if you
have not yet ordered. We are ready
to supply order blanks on request.

Several letters and reports of meet-
ings which were intended for this is-
ue by the writers are unavoidably
left over for our next issue. Among
NEWS OF CHURCH ACTIVITY

IN THE
HOME AND FOREIGNIELD

Addresses of Missionaries.

Africa.

H. P. Steigerwald, Grace Steigerwald, Mary Hesey, Levi and Sallie Doner, Mat-
toppo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa
Myron and Ada Taylor, Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, South Africa
H. Frances Davidson, Port Shepstone, Natal, S. Africa
Harvey J. and Emma Frey, Elizabeth Engle, Mitsheba Mission, South Africa.
The following are not under the F. M. B.

Jesse R. and Malinda Eyster, Medford-
tine P. O. (Intokozo Training School),
via Zorfontein, Transvaal, South Africa.
Isaac G. and A. Alice Lehman, Box 160,
Fordsburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Cassel, Hueso-
tango, Guatemala, C. A.

Our City Missions.

Buffalo, N. Y., Mission, 25 Hawley street, in charge of Brother George Whis-
er and Sister Effie Whisler.
Chicago Mission, 660 Halsted St. In charge of Sister Sarah Berti, Bro. B. L.
Bubbaker and Sister Nancy Shirks.
Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, 1256 W. 11th street. In charge of Eld. J. R. and Sister
Anna Zook.

Mooretown Center, Ont., Mission in charge of D. W. Heise, Gormley, Ont.
Jabbok Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of E. N. and Adella Engle, R. R.
No. 3, Box 1.

No man can be great until he can see greatness.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

March 21, 1910.

Love Feasts.

Pennsylvania.

Antrim M. H., near Greenscraft, May 20.
R. K. station, Greenscraft. Those coming by trolley, try the station.
Chambersburg, leave the car at stop sixty. Mastersonville M. H., May 11, 12.

Indiana.

Nappanee, Union Grove M. H., June 4.

Oklahoma.

Thomas, Bethany M. H., April 23, 24.

MOORETOWN CENTER, MICH.—The breth-
en of Mooretown Center began a series of meetings on the evening of February
Bro. Lafayette Shoaltz of Forks Road, Ontario, conducting the services for a few

The brethren did not shun to preach a separate life from the world. The word
was faithfully held forth and quite a num-
ber of believers received special help, and
also eight souls came forward and sought
for salvation and committed the Lord to
his service. But this service is not
limited by the supply. He that helpeth the
poor lends to the Lord. The sower and
the needs great, the work is
without tests and trials. As to our living
we do all we can to keep everything in
order, believing and knowing that the
Lord will provide; but we have some
reason, and I really think it can't be right that
we are not able to help more than we can.
We have a poor family at present where
the mother has been in bed for some time
and expects to go to the hospital in the
near future. There are two little boys.
I inquired at the Children's Home nearby
whether they would take them till the
mother comes back.

We have the common people and the
laboring class and with so many of them
it just goes from hand to mouth. Then,
when sickness comes they have nothing.
It seems they lack judgment in that they
lay nothing back for sickness. We would
love to do more than we are doing if we
could. We clothed one family this Winter
so they could come to Sunday-school. But
they did not come long. We see them
running about every day wearing the
clothes we gave them; seemingly we ought
to give them another suit. The way things
look in that home does not inspire one
with courage to help. We would like to
come to Sunday-school and they say they
have no clothes, and what should we do?
The Word says, "Faith without works is
dead." If we would come to them, be
clothed and come," what good-what would
that do? According to the word we have some-
thing to do.

What have I written I have written for
the glory of God. May His blessing rest
on it. Amen.

ABRAH O. AND LIZZIE WENGER.

A Philadelphia Letter.

To the Brotherhood: We have received
letters asking how the Mission is doing
since under the new management; how the
Sunday-school is doing, as to the attend-
ance, etc., and sundry questions.

First, we are sorry that Bro. and Sr.
Burkholder have now left us. Their stay
here worked bro. and Sr. well, and it is
satisfactory that all, for which they re-
ceived a unanimous vote of thanks. Their
place will have to be filled. We are ex-
pecting Conference to send us a consecrat-
ed brother and sister, to which we are
praying. Our attendance is very good at this time. This is most
encouraging. The Sunday-school is in a
most satisfactory condition, the attendance
a few weeks ago numbering 153, with an
enrollment of over 180. We are looking
forward to an unusual time of refreshing
from the presence of the Lord, for which
time we will hold ourselves in readiness.
It will however be seen that the offerings
are not what they should be. The change
left us with some debts, also some necessary
repairs which must be met. These ac-
counts are not all paid. As the time
is here when all bills should be met, also the
rates for the present year, we ask the
brotherhood to come to our help, with
money, provisions, and clothing. Any-
thing can be used, as the change has put it
low, and the needs great, the work is
limited by the supply. He that helpeth the
poor lendeth to the Lord. The sower and
the reaper are harvested by the same labors with Him, quivers with divinity,
privileged rich with blessings, and having
the power to reproduce itself. A child
said, "I can't hold very much, but I can
overflow a great deal." Our love feast
will be held May 28 and 29, to which we extend
a general invitation.

Your co-worker in Him,
S. G. ENGEL.

A Much Appreciated Visit.

Dear readers: May the grace of God,
and the peace that passeth all understand-
ing be your every portion.

To the brotherhood, finds me still
saved and kept by the power of God: no
good have I done but Jesus did it all. To
Him be all power and glory. I am no
wise tired of serving Him, yet while we
are passing through the weary things we
shall see a light ahead which is Jesus.
He has promised never to leave nor forsake
us. I am so glad that He owns me as
His child. Oh, this wonderful love of
God that He sheds abroad in our hearts.
I am so glad I love everybody. I expect
some day to meet him face to face.
The past two weeks have especially been very blessed to us. Bro. Henry O. Muser from Elizabethtown, Pa., and Bro. Amos Wolgemuth, from Mt. Joy, Pa., were with us. They were truly sent of God. We had meetings every night. On Sunday we had open air meeting, and also a prayer-meeting at a private house where there was a sick mother. People were very attentive as they listened to the truths given out by Bro. Muser under the power of God. One young man who had been a backslider made a fresh start for the kingdom, and our son who felt he had not been fully obedient was also reclaimed. Sinners were under heavy conviction, believers were led to enter into one soul application for membership. In all it was a very successful visit. The brethren were used of the Lord in the laying on of hands, as while we were here I became very sick, but, bless God, He raised me up again, and to-day finds me praising God for His goodness to me.

"Just think of His goodness to me, Yes, think of His goodness to me; Tho' storms o'er me sweep, He makes the storm His throne. Oh, think of His goodness to me."

Oh, how I thank God that there are still a few of His little ones willing to go the whole way with Jesus. I am so glad for the visit of these dear brethren; they were so good and kind to us. I know more now than I did before of what our church teacher, Bro. Reichard, told us. You see, I am isolated away from the Brotherhood, and I thank God for the word that was preached, backed up by the blessed Holy Ghost. I tell you, friends, this visit made application for membership. In all it was a very successful visit. The brethren were used of the Lord in the laying on of hands, as while we were here I became very sick, but, bless God, He raised me up again, and to-day finds me praising God for His goodness to me.

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At Thy feet I'd sit, dear Savior—
When the light of day is fading,
Yet by love Thou hast constrained me,
Keep me in the bounds of mercy,
May Thy word to me be open,
Then it is, O blessed Master,
When I think of all Thy mercies,
In the shop, the store, or school-room,
May I, like a true disciple,
and many of them very unreasonable.
this uneven world, we see many
For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.
Of this in these days. There seems to
of man,
the line of
worldly honor and praise
all their works they do to be seen of
hypocrites. But He said they would
receive the "greater damnation." In
Matthew 6, He rebuked some for giv­
ing thanks "unto Him, but for this very
case he was turned out of his office
in the first place. We believe he has
great influence over man, and what
seems very highly esteemed among
men.

Sometimes we are asked why don't
we go to exhibitions and show fairs?
Do we think it wrong to go to see the
beautiful things that God has creat­
ed? I would say, by no means would
I do it. We might consider it to be very
worth while to spend time in looking at
these beautiful things, for they are
written for our sakes. "If we have
read the Scriptures, we are able to
lay aside preconceived ideas or notions,
and accept the Bible teaching.

As we go on our journey through
this uneven world, we see many
things we might write and talk about,
and many of them very unreasonable.
We might mention a few of them on
the line of worldly honor and praise.
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Levites or priests then stood as the Christian ministry stands under the gospel dispensation. They were to have no inheritance in the allotting of the land; they were continually to attend to the altar, and their inheritance or support was to be from the tithes of the people. We find on one occasion the priests fled to the field, because the people failed to bring their tithes to the sanctuary of the Lord. The foregoing we consider sufficient scriptural evidence in favor of the proposition. While the question has been considered openly in Conference the past few years, I am sure it had been thought of by some, years before, especially by some who were actively engaged in the ministry, along with the struggles of life; and the support of their families.

The question arises where, or how, shall we begin? Will the church, the laity, take the first step? or must the ministry take the initiative? and so thoroughly consecrate themselves to God and their high official calling to which they recognize that God has called them: that they will sacrifice their time and efforts for a living in a secular way, and step out on the line of Faith, and Trust in God that will command the operation of the Spirit of God upon the hearts of the laity to the extent that their support will be forthcoming? But not going out on the aforesaid line with the view of drawing the support to themselves,—that would be selfish—but with the burden of the calling, and the work, and the salvation of the lost of earth upon their hearts.

O for a deeper consecration on the part of our younger ministry! O for more Faith and Trust in God! Someone may think the writer is courting a controversy, I consider myself out of the question. I am glad to say, however, that I have had precious experiences along this line in my ministerial life and labors; which if I would relate might serve as an inspiration to both ministry and laity; and yet, never felt as though I had deserved the favors conferred upon me, or that any were owing me the same, but much more felt humiliated before God.

May we strive so to live that when the labors of life, both for minister and laity are ended, we may have done our duty.

Prove all things and hold fast that which is good.

Yours and His in the vineyard.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

The Lodge Christian.

BY A. Z. MYERS.

Some time since my attention was called to an article in the Vacation in which the writer noted the comparative place of the lodge and the church in the affections of many so-called Christians.

This is a lamentable fact—and it is a fact—lamentable because of the fact that is behind all this. That the church suffers thereby is apparent that Christ is dishonored is apparent; but this is not all. The tree is known by the fruit it bears. Our value of Christ, our faith in Christ is proven by the life we live. If Jesus Christ is our Savior, really our Savior, then we are His. He has saved us and we know it and know it and we know that we belong to Him. But if we were saved by joining church, by reforming, by quitting a few sins, by doing a few good things we formerly did not, we shall soon find some better things than the claims of the church of Jesus Christ.

Straws show which way the wind blows. Actions speak louder than words. Many would be very angry if they were told that they were not Christians, but by their life they confess who is their savior, and who is their master and every one but themselves knows that it is not the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is not my prerogative to say who are, and who are not Christians, but it is apparent that it is a very poor Savior that can be so easily superceded in our affections as is the savior of many lodge-ridden and otherwise encumbered church members.

The good is always the enemy of the best. It passes without saying that there are good things in the lodge, but how intelligent people can prefer the munificence of the lodge to the simple faith-inspiring worship of the Lord is beyond comprehension, apart from the fact of the awful work of the deceivers.

Jesus prayed. Read his prayer for his church again in John 17, "That thou wouldest keep them from the evil one." Alas, alas how many the evil one has overpowered with his substitutes for salvation.

O my friends who read this, do not let us throw it aside and say, "Well, I don't belong to any lodge." But let us search our hearts whether there is anything that is separating me from Jesus. Whether He is indeed my all in all. If your business, your money, your education or efforts to get one—all landable in their place—if your pleasures, oh so many things I might mention, have first place in your lives, you may be in as dangerous a position as our dear friends whom the devil has hoodwinked to think that the munificence of the lodge is worship of God; and there are an appalling number of them.

God help us to believe on Jesus, for faith in Him is the beginning of, and the continuance in, righteousness. If really we have received Jesus, then if we will feed daily in His word and commune daily, really commune daily or much oftener with Him in prayer, there is little danger that we will ever find anything in this world that can closely enough imitate Him to lead us astray. But when the dust accumulates on our Bibles or when we find that we can think our prayers in bed or while we are working as well as on our knees, then we are in very great danger.

The Christian's place in the world, for the world, but not of the world, is clearly defined in the Word. But alas as Abraham had two sons, one of the bond woman, and one of the free, one of the flesh and one of the Spirit. Isaac was born through the intervention of a miracle, so to-day the world is full of Christians. But there are two kinds, the one of the flesh, the other of the Spirit, and both claim the same Father.

At present they dwell together. By and by the separation will come. The sons of the flesh will find their portion in this life. This is no fancy of mine, but the clear teaching of the Scriptures. Alas indeed for any of us if we should happen to be sons of the bond-woman—of the flesh—a religion of the head and not of the heart—of form and not of power, of works and not of Christ.

It is not yet too late to find the real thing. Whom are we trusting? Is it Christ and Christ only, or is it something else? Oh there may be things that may delude us to claiming our place as sons of God and we are not.

Shamokin, Pa.

THE FAITH THAT THANKS IN ADVANCE. In the year 1887 the China Inland Mission, under the leadership of J. Hudson Taylor, asked the Lord to send to China, under their auspices, at least one hundred new missionaries. To meet the increased expenses they also asked for $50,000 more money, and, knowing that if it came in small sums it would necessitate a larger office force, they asked that it be sent.
to them in large payments. At a meet­ing for prayer held early in the year, these earnest workers poured out their hearts in petition to God for these special things. As they rose from their knees, and tarried a few moments before separating, Hudson Taylor said, "Don't you think, before we go, it would be well to thank the Lord for sending us these things? He has surely heard us, and we may not all be able to meet together for prayer again." Once more they knelt, and this time offered up a glad praise and thanksgiving to God for what he was going to do. Such sublime faith was abundantly rewarded, for, ere the close of 1887, one hundred new missionaries were on the field, and the necessary $30,000 was paid in, having been received in but eleven payments.

—Selected.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.  
Hid With Christ in God.  

BY GEORGE S. GRIM.

What a glorious hiding place this is—to be hid with Christ in God. The world may see us as we pass to and fro and mingle and associate with the things of this life; but if we are true Christians and do that which be­longs to a follower of Jesus Christ, our life is hid with Christ in God, and therefore it is not our life that is seen before the world. What was seen before we found this hiding place, is now, seen no more. It is the God-life. Jesus describes this in His Holy Word, John 14:20, "At that day ye shall know that I am in the Father, and ye in me, and I in you." This is brought in the sanctified ex­perience of the true believer through the atonement of Jesus Christ, abiding in us.

Glorious dwelling place for the true Christian. Jesus in us, we in Him, and He in God. Bless His holy Name, for such a hiding place in time of the storms and temptations of this inconstant life. How it uni­fies us with the Father and the Son in our experience through life. The Holy Spirit comes in and destroys and wipes out every element that is at enmity with God, lifting us up into the trinity of God. The Father and Son and Spirit-filled believer in­separably and indivisibly one. This is the divine basis of unity. Here this prayer of Jesus is answered—"As thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." Here our life is hid with Christ in God.

Louisville, Ohio.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.  
About Non-Resistance.  

BY L. HERSHEY.

As I was meditating, my thoughts were brought on the doctrine of non­resistance. How far as a Christian church do we practice non-resistance? It is preached, and we believe it is the word—thus saith the Lord. Christ the great example and pattern, not only preached it but practiced it to the fullest extent. When they buffet­ed Him, scourged Him, and put a crown of thorns on His head, spat in His face, etc., then nailed Him to the cruel cross. He made no resistance. "As a lamb before his shearsers so opened He not His mouth. In His humility His judgment was taken away."

The apostle said if we have not the Spirit of Christ we are none of His. What is the right spirit to be? How much of Christ's Spirit have we? Could we stand if some one would spit in our face; or put a crown of thorns on our head or buffet us? How soon is the old nature ruffled and ready to retaliate. But that is not the Spirit of Christ.

The spirit of non-resistance is far­reaching. It means much. I am afraid I have not learned it fully. My prayer is for more heart humility, more of a non-resistant spirit, and to commit the keeping of my soul, spirit and body to God who is able to keep it through Jesus who redeemed it.

A Letter from a Sister.

"Truly God is good to Israel, es­pecially to those who are of a clean heart." Surely heaven's benedictions were resting over us here at Silver­dale these two weeks while Bro. John Smith and his companion were with us holding a series of meetings. The heaven bent toward us, the atmos­phere was heavenly, the Lord showed His smiling face. God's love in His people was wonderfully heated and all aglow. Praise God, Temporal af­fairs were not so favorable but, praise God, we had good meetings, especially in the last week there were some very warm afternoon prayer-meetings, Glory! Glory! Some one says, "Yes, but none gave their heart to God." The devil says, "God's people would better quit working," but God's people shout hallelujah! "We'll work till Jesus comes." Praise God, the common people hear it gladly. The devil says, "It's no good." Victory, lots of good. I have never been more encouraged. Conviction has been driven and there it sticks. God will take care of it. Good people are shouting hallelujah. I don't care if we don't just exactly see what all has been worked; eternity will reveal. I only praise God for the good feelings. Many, right here in Silverdale, are lifted way up. Victory! Glory to God! Amen.

AMANDA SNYDER.

Experience.

It is a long time since I wrote for the VISITOR and feel I would like to write of my experience. I am glad for what I feel in my soul, and for what the Lord can do for us, and for the love we can have, and how He wants us to follow Him as they did in olden time. O how willing we are to say, yes, to the Lord. I am so glad I have kept on this narrow way, and became willing to learn more. I am glad there are some still who are willing to walk on this narrow way. It gives us such a love to all of God's ministers. It brings us to the place where it says, do no harm to the Lord's anointed. If David was afraid how much more should we be. I am glad I could love Bro. and Sr. Frank­lin while they were here with us, but it did not seem that way with me at first, not till God showed me different. I am so glad no one can take this away from us. We can see what is the real old land mark. It says if we love our neighbor as our­selves we do well. O the love we can have for one another if we let the Lord lead us. We have our tempta­tions but it can't find any room. It seems to me as if when the enemy comes and wants to bring this and that in it sounds as if his voice is far off, he can find no place where to get in for the good Spirit has control over us. I am not able to express it just as I feel and see it. In Numbers 16, we read how the people came boldly to Moses saying, "The congregation are holy, every one of them, and the Lord is among them." But when Moses heard it he fell on his face. How soon he knew they were not right.

SARAH CUSTER.  
Springfield, Ohio.

THE LEPER'S LONGING. — Some rude children in Madagascar were one day calling out, "A leper, a leper," to a poor woman who had lost all her fingers and toes by the dread disease. A missionary lady who was near by put her hand on the woman's shoulder and asked her to sit down on the grass by her. The woman fell sobbing, overcome by emotion, and cried out, "A human hand has touched me. For
seven years no one has touched me." The missionary says that at that moment it flashed across her mind why it is recorded in the Gospels that Jesus touched the leper. That is just what others would not do. It was the touch of sympathy as well as of healing power.—Selected.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

The Scarred Hands.

By W. R. Smith.

It was Sabbath night. The words of the closing song of the evening service kept ringing in my heart as I went home and retired to rest.

"I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him, I shall know Him, By the prints of the nails in His hand."

In a vision of the night when deep sleep came to me, I was a wandering pilgrim in some far away strange land in search of a man with scarred hands. For more than three-score years I had been on this one mission of my life without finding them. Every land and island inhabited by man had been visited and searched in vain. From the frozen regions of eternal snows, to the ever tropic Summer lands, over the desert sands, and through the countless villages and cities of earth where myriads mingle together.

Along the various ocean shores, and by the winding valley streams I ever steadily pressed onward to find the object of my search, a man with scarred hands. No danger or difficulty was too great to overcome, no land or isle too far away to visit. Through storm and sunshine, heat and cold, on land or sea, no fear or trouble held me back. More than once was I shipwrecked and every one on board was lost but me, yet in some strange mysterious way I safely reached the shore and kept on my journey.

The robber bands I met with in their wild mountain homes did not molest me, though every other traveler was robbed and slain. I seemed to have a charmed life that no other mortal ever possessed, having no desire for food, and my clothes had not waxed old or worn, but were as new and clean as when I had set out on my strange pilgrimage more than half a century before. No passage fare was required of me on train or vessel, nor any questions, for seemingly every one in authority knew that I was traveling on a free pass that was not even required to be shown. Countless multitudes of the human race I had seen of all shades of color and stations in life, from the king on his royal throne, with untold wealth, to the most degraded slave that did not even own the rags on his back, all of them having hands but none possessing the marks I sought for.

"Whither should I wander next? Was my mission in life, to which I had devoted scores of years, to end in a sad failure? Was there no such person on earth with the kind of hands I was searching for? Such were some of the questions that came to me one ever memorable day in the calendar of my life, as I reclined in the grateful shade of a wayside tree, from the noontime sun in some far away land. I now felt myself growing old and feeble in body. For eighty years I had been a sojourner on this earth, more than sixty of them I had passed as a wanderer among my fellow men of various nations. Must I now, after all I had endured, give up the object of my search and go home? Home! I had no home now on earth, as long years ago my people had all passed into the great beyond, and strangers now possessed my father's inheritance.

In rising from the ground to resume my journey my eyes glance along the pathway ahead, and see a young man apparently about thirty years of age approaching me. He is remarkably dressed in a flowing robe of spotless white, his silvery hair falls to his shoulders, sandals are on his feet, and a shepherd's staff in his right hand. As he nears me he looks like the hands I seek. I start back in surprise, for I had never met him before. I look at his arms and hands as I had done to millions of others. I start back in surprise, for they look like the hands I seek. I look again. Yes, I am sure that they are the only hands so marked in all the world, in all time or eternity, a bright red healed scar on each back and palm. I fall on my knees at his feet, and in a soft, loving voice, sweeter far than ever fell from human lips, "My adored Lord and Savior, I am so glad I have found you at last." Laying one of His scarred hands on my head, He spoke to me in a soft, loving voice, sweeter far than ever fell from human lips, "My child, I have ever been with you in all your life's wanderings through many lands, and it was my hand that saved you from an ocean grave and sustained you in all the past years you have been looking for me. Here is the object of your search, my scarred hands, look at them, they were pierced by nails driven by Roman soldiers when they crucified Me on Calvary. These scars on my hands and feet and side were once fresh wounds and by them salvation was made for you and the whole world."

I looked at His feet and behold there were red scars on them. The spotless robe of white on his side opened and another livid scar was seen there. I bowed my head in reverence and kissed the scars on his feet, and in doing the vision, or dream, was gone and I awoke.

Predonia, Kanz, R. R. 2.

Testimony.

Dear readers of the Visor: Greeting you in Jesus' Name with the last verse of Isaiah 40: "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint." This is my experience, glory to God. I can truly say, "The Lord is the strength of my life." Many a time when my body would give out I went to the Lord. His mighty power came and did renew body and soul. O glory to God for all His goodness! It is nearly forty years that I came to Jesus as a poor lost sinner and He saved me wonderfully. A few years afterward I gave myself wholly to the Lord and I was cleansed from all sin by the precious blood of Jesus. All this year the Lord led me wonderfully. I always had access to the blood as the prophet Zechariah says in chapter 13:1, "There shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." There is no other way to be cleansed from all sin. But before this we must be fully consecrated to God, with all we have for time and eternity. We cannot please God without this full surrender; but when this is done the Lord will take full possession. Then He will make us very happy because His joy is in us and our joy is full. Then we need not go to the world for joy. I know what I write about. Pray for me.

Your brother under the blood,

JACOB H. MOYER.

That happy state of mind, so rarely possessed, in which we can say, "I have enough," is the highest attainment of philosophy. Happiness consists, not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess. Who wants little always has enough.

—Zimmerman.
They Were Filled with the Holy Spirit.

(Continued from last issue.)

The next forenoon, after the address, the mighty power of God swept through the place. One man was broken down before God. How intense he was! He said: "My temper is so bad that no one can get on with me." That man was the elder of these two brothers. Another man wept on the floor, as if his heart would break. He said: "I treat my wife so badly, and am full of spite." He was broken down before God. He said: "I treat my wife so badly, and am full of spite." He was broken down before God. He said: "I treat my wife so badly, and am full of spite." He was broken down before God. He said: "I treat my wife so badly, and am full of spite." He was broken down before God. He said: "I treat my wife so badly, and am full of spite." He was broken down before God.

Leave the Spirit of God alone. Do not be anxious. He knows how to manage His work. Therefore I do no urging. The one thing I fear when I get along with the missionaries is that they may put out their hands to steady the ark of God. But oh! let them keep their hands off. I have seen meetings spoiled by interference like that. I have seen the missionaries get fidgety. People break down under awful conviction of sin and the missionaries will go and try to stop them. Personally I would rather see people go into the lunatic asylum than into perdition, as they certainly will if those awful sins remain upon them. But there is no danger. Let the work go on. The Spirit of God has such souls in safe keeping. Leave the Spirit of God alone and let Him have His way.

Another thing I specially note is this: The mighty conviction of sin. It was appalling. It is not to be understood by any ordinary rule. At Moukden there was an elder. He looked splendid. He was dressed in his very best, and wore a big gold ring and a big gold bracelet. He was a very prominent man. He had been sent down to a young man's conference at Shanghai. On the forenoon of the first day of the meetings I saw that he was fearfully agitated. One after another was breaking down, and there was movement all over the church. Suddenly this elder—this splendid-looking man—rushed forward and sprang on the platform and cried out: "Give me a chance." Then he said: "There were two dumpling-sellers, one rich and the other poor. The poor man's dumplings were good, but no one would buy them because the rich man kept a big, ugly dog by the poor man's shop, and no one dared go into it, and so it had to be closed. I am that fierce dog. The devil has taken me as an elder and tied me right here at the church door, and I have hindered everyone from coming into the kingdom. Three times have I tried to poison my wife. (She screamed out in agony.) If the Lord spare me I will give a tithe of all I possess to Him." He thereupon took off his gold ring and bracelet, and fell in an agony to the floor. Instantly the whole company—seven or eight hundred people, men, women and children—were in an agony. Now, that mighty conviction is wrought by the Holy Spirit of God. No one can control it.

At Liaoyang.

At Liaoyang, that place where the hard-headed Presbyterians lived and labored, the Spirit of the Lord was present in power. An elder rose and said: "Will you allow me to say a few words? My temper is very bad. It is hard for the other elders and deacons to get along with me, and especially Elder S—, on the platform. I have made his life miserable." Elder S— said: "Do not talk like that. I have bigger sins than you, but I am too proud to confess them." Just then a strong-faced man knelt and prayed: "O God, for the first few days of these meetings I feared man and not God. Thou knowest all about my sins. Thou knowest I am a preacher and that if I tell all I shall be disgraced. Thou knowest my wife and boys. I have two sons and daughters in this audience. They will be disgraced. But O God, I do not fear men at all. I shall have to get rid of these sins. I have broken the seventh commandment."

Another man said: "A man gave me a fur garment to close my mouth, and I have worn it," and he jerked it off and flung it on the platform, saying: "I cannot wear it any longer." Those four hundred men, women and children were in awful agony. For about an hour they were under most fearful conviction of sin, crying out everywhere for mercy. Mr. Hunter saw several outsiders—heathen—come in. He was afraid, and put them into seats near the door, but when the mighty conviction of God came, these men fell on their knees in agony like the others.

On the second day there was an audience of between four hundred and five hundred. After the fourth address one woman started praying and confessing, but broke down and could not finish. Another woman started, and she also broke down. A man began, but he had not spoken more than a few sentences before he broke down too. A third woman commenced, and she broke down. Soon the whole audience was profoundly moved. I have never seen the like of it. The people threw themselves on the floor, possuming with their hands and beating their breasts in fearful agony. After about three-quarters of an hour, they rose from their knees and before each one there were pools of tears. These people were convicted of sin of righteousness and of judgment; but, thank God, they could still shelter underneath the blood; they could reach the Cross; and oh! what wondrous joy was the result.

At Hankow and Nanking.

At Hankow this year, in the Wesleyan Chapel, the line of conviction was this. Each one seemed to look into the wounds of the Redeemer, and count them one by one, as in agony they poured out their confession that they had crucified the Son of God and put Him to an open shame. At Nanking (?), in that great audience of fifteen hundred people, oh! what awful conviction. On the ninth day of the meetings there were five pastors on the platform engaged in listening to the confessions. The closing meeting lasted from ten minutes to three in the afternoon until ten minutes to nine in the evening—six hours. And yet as I listened to all these confessions, I felt that not one soul would have been satisfied to have left unsaid a single sentence. It seemed as if the Spirit of God controlled them. Such were the mighty convictions of the Spirit of God. Some of the revelations were terrible—very terrible. But it was absolutely necessary to get these evils out of the church. Therefore they had to be confessed. It is only sin that hinders the Spirit of God. Oh! that the Refiner and Purifier might come to London to all our churches, and burn and refine until the gold and the silver are purified, until 'the sons of Levi' are made right with God.

NOT THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

Now, as to results. Often the question has been asked: "Connected with this movement, have you the sign of the gift of tongues?" I say No! absolutely No! There is not the slightest indication of it. But the experience referred to in John xvi.—"It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart I will send Him unto you." And when He is come He will reprove the world of sin.
and of righteousness and of judgment”—that experience I have seen overwhelming evidence of in these congregations everywhere. Further, I see that the Spirit has been leading His people into all truth. He has been preparing them for this visitation. Those people in Manchuria speak thus of the Baptism of the Spirit: “This new doctrine. Thank God for this new doctrine.” But it is not new doctrine at all. It is the same doctrine they have been hearing for years, but the Spirit of God has revivified it, and has revealed it unto the babes; and we, as we have seen this, have been humbled before Him.

Then, again, there is in this movement a supreme desire to glorify Jesus Christ. There is no attempt at the gift of tongues at all. So many have spoken to me about this, therefore I speak thus. I am not taking up any antagonistic attitude. I have my own feeling about it. I have seen men and women who have come out to China believing that they have the gift of tongues, but they have not. They are waiting there and doing nothing. Let us only look for that which will humble us and make us Christ-like, so that all of us shall say: “We know that we are the Lord’s.”

Then there are other results. In one place in Manchuria the power of God was so terrible among the people that the heathen said one to another: “Their Spirit has come? Their Spirit has come!” Elsewhere, the Chinese say: “The missionaries are first rate devils, and the Chinese who believe their doctrines are second-rate devils.” But in Manchuria they say: “Their Spirit has come.” In Shansi, when God came down with mighty power, and people went and made up their quarrels, the heathen said: “A new Jesus has come.” But no new Jesus had come; only the mighty Spirit was there in power, moving His people to confess, to make restitution, and to put things right before God and men. The heathen, however, said: “A new Jesus had come.” But no new Jesus had come; only the mighty Spirit was there in power, moving His people to confess, to make restitution, and to put things right before God and men. The heathen, however, said: “A new Jesus had come.” I would that the Christians in London could see such signs in the church here. We see them in China.

We see a readiness, among the disciples of Jesus there to give themselves and their means for the propagation of God’s kingdom. One man, who was making forty dollars a month, resigned his lucrative employment in order to become a preacher of the gospel, and as such was content to take a salary of eight dollars a month.

Are there not some in this ball to-night who will give up their political and business prospects and their other prospects and go out and serve the Lord in China? It will pay. It will pay ten thousand times over. I have six children. I covet nothing else for them but that they should go as missionaries to China, or some other heathen land. God’s time to favor China is coming. Oh! let us have a share in her stones, some portion in the work. Jesus came to give us life, and to give us life more abundantly; and He is right in our midst to-night to give it. Are you willing to pay the price? If you are, you shall receive and never, never regret it. Now let us have a season of prayer just like we have seen out there in China. God can move London, as he can move any other place.—China’s Millions. An address by J. Goforth.

That ye may know—what is the exceeding greatness of his power to undo what he believes, according to the working of his mighty power. (Eph. 1:18, 19.)

How mighty the power of the resurrection! It surmounted the power of death and the grave; it passed through the solid stone; it defied the stamp of the Roman government and the sentinels of the Roman army. It could pass through the closed doors without rending them asunder. It could bring the miraculous draught of fishes to the apostles’ net with a single word of command. It could rise without effort in the chariot of His ascension. It could anoint those weak and timid men with the power that shook the world and laid the foundations of the Church.

Oh, that our eyes were but opened that we might behold the riches of the glory of our inheritance and the exceeding greatness of His power wrought in Christ when God raised Him from the dead and set Him at His own right hand in the heavens, far above all principality and power and might and dominion and every name that is named, and gave Him to be head over all things to the Church which is His body. Why is it that we do not receive and realize more of this almighty Christ? Alas! because we cannot stand the fulness of His power.—A. B. Simpson.

As the desert shrub flamed, and yet did not burn away, so that divine nature is not wearied by action nor exhausted by bestowing, nor has its life any tendency towards ending or extinction, as all creaturel life has.—Alexander Maclaren.
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are provided for them, at which to labor; while they serve their time and pay the penalty for their wrong doings. Some were at basket making, some at spinning, others weaving, others pressing cocoa fibre, and weaving matting; some washing and some on the wood pile putting split wood into bundles, which is carried by the convicts, who are guard, into the town and sold at five bundles for about fifty cents. Sometimes services are held here for the benefit of the prisoners, mostly by the Roman Catholocs. This fort was built by the Portugese about one hundred and fifty years ago. From here we took a stroll through the park, through the English Cathedral, to several of the markets, and through the principal street of the native part of the town. The business which is varied and crowded is principally carried on by Indians; judging from the number of Mohammedan Mosques (as informed by our guide who was Mohammedan) being not less than thirty-five, we conclude this to be the prevailing religion.

Into the mosques we would not be permitted to enter except by permission of the priest, and then (as our guide put it) we would have to take our feet out (meaning out of our shoes) and wash them. As we were walking along, I questioned him to their religion, and they told us: "In Jesus Christ, that He was second, but Mohammed was first; that they don't believe that He was the Son of God, but admitted that He was a good man. I then asked his opinion of a good man, whether a good man would lie. He said, "No." I then told him that He said He was the Son of God, and asked him whether he was evidently his out and had nothing more to say on that point.

He told us what are the qualities of a good Mohammedan. Among them is going to the Mosque five times a day to pray; at four in the morning, at twelve, at three, and six in the evening; praying fifteen minutes each time. I asked him how, if he does not get up early enough in the morning, well then he can pray twice or a half hour at noon. It is not by works of righteousness, but by His mercy he saves, "for grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of ourselves it is the gift of God." I believe in salvation by faith. This man is quite anxious to make his pilgrimage to Mecca, their great center, in order there by to fully secure his salvation and make sure of heaven.

We left this harbor at 4:30 p.m., not expecting to see land now before reaching Bombay, after about nine days sailing. At this place we were joined by many Americans from Chicago who have been in East Africa for some months on a hunting tour and are now on their return home. Friday, February 11. We arrived in Bombay, laying in harbor for the night, being landed in the forenoon.

Chincie Gordon's Revenge.—General Gordon in writing home about some exasperating people who had been talking against him and interfering with his work, said, "The only remedy with me is to pray for every one who worries me."—Selected.
Let others' works have greatest praise,
Be marked by monuments they raise;
And let the memory of their days
Have full fruition and be wrought
Give me Thy choice, which is the higher;
Let others have their heart's desire;
And all their praises loudly sung;
Let others' names be on each tongue;
Let them have fortune's highest tide.
Let others have what they love best;
Let others' lives be fully blest;
Let all their riches more increase;
Let others have a life of ease;
Let me, my Father, see thy face,
Let others have the highest place;
Let others have the good below,
Let me in every turn and test,
Under the shield of heaven.

—Martin Luther

The names of many men whom the world has chosen to call great have come to us through the ages. Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar and Napoleon are known because of their mighty conquests or their marked courage and ability as generals; the eloquent orations of Cicero and Demosthenes have possibly immortalized their names; such men as Apelles, Michael Angelo and Raphael are known because of their wonderful sculptures or magnificent paintings; Virgil and Shakespeare's poems have made their names illustrious; yet there was one man—one of the noblest who lived in the era of Protestant Reformation, who is remembered neither because of conquests, orations, sculptures, paintings nor poems and around whose name there seems to hover a halo of glory; not that we would glory in what man has done, but we believe that the great good accomplished by Martin Luther was not accomplished alone, but through the help of God.

He, who was later to be called the "Pillar of Reformation," was a poor boy receiving his education through sacrifice and struggle, earning some money by singing in the streets. But, as has been the case in the lives of other poor boys, poverty was not so strong a handicap but that it was thrown off by earnest effort. When eighteen years of age, he entered the University of Erfurt, where he prepared to be a lawyer.

Later, his anxiety for his salvation, together with the sudden death of a friend, caused him to enter a monastery, as that was then thought to be the "surest way to perfection." It was while he was there that he saw the corruption in the Roman Catholic Church. He saw that such practices as the granting of indulgences and doing penance were contrary to the Scriptures. After coming faithfully in the duties of his offices several years, been convinced that these things were wrong, he at length drew up the well-known ninety-five theses wherein he attacked wrong practices and erroneous teachings in the Church. He had been more fully convinced of the error of these things when on an official visit to Rome, for while humbly ascending the "Holy Staircase" on his knees an inner voice had seemed to whisper these words to him, "The just shall live by faith."

Later he grew bold in his writings and when some friends foreseeing probable persecution counselled silence, Luther replied, "The die is cast, the time to speak has come." A time of such great excitement followed that Luther himself thought that the end of the world was drawing near.

A bull delivering him to death was issued by the Pope; this he burned together with a book of canon law at one of the gates of Wittenberg, thus disregarding the Catholic Church and Pope. He was called to the Diet of Worms and, when asked to recant, said that he would not, unless shown by the Scriptures that he was wrong, concluding with these words, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen."

Through these trying times, Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, was his true friend. When addressed by the Elector, Luther replied, "Under the shield of heaven."

The Reformation thus started in Germany by a man with such strong faith in God and in the justice of his cause, did not fail, but prospered and was spread to other countries. But even a man of such a noble character and with such a good influence as Martin Luther, could not remain in the world long when the Angel of Death called—for in February, 1546, his spirit fled, and, methinks, his death must have been as triumphant as a sunset upon a glorious October evening is beautiful.

When all that was mortal of this great reformer was laid to rest in front of the pulpit in the castle church in Wittenberg, his influence was not buried. No, that is not mortal. It was to live on, excelling an influence which even centuries after his body had mouldered and decayed.

And I believe that the good he did for the world will one day be completed when the seventh angel shall stand with one foot upon the land and one upon the sea, declaring that Time shall be no more. Yours in His service, Brooksville, Ohio.

Alma Casell.

Dear readers of the Visitor—I feel to praise the Lord this evening for what He is to me. I am so glad that while I was yet in my sins He called me and I obeyed and became willing to walk this narrow way. I praise Him this evening for sanctifying my soul, and for the victory He gives me day by day. I can say I do love this narrow way, and my determination to-night is to go on and do the whole will of the Lord. Pray for me that I may continue in this way.

Your sister in Christ,

Minnie E. Engine.

[March 21, 1910.]

Dear readers of the Visitor: Greeting to you in Jesus' name. This week while I was reading over the articles in the Visitor, which is such a welcome visitor to me, I felt so wonderfully impressed to write a few lines. I saw that the Young People's Page was left out of this issue. I always enjoy reading the different articles, and especially the Young People's Page. I receive so much encouragement, through testimonies and experiences of others, and I find that I need encouragement along the way.

Ever since I learned through the pages of the Visitor that the Brethren have devoted a page for the young members, I felt impressed to write, but feeling my inability, and fearing I might crowd out a more worthy article, I have kept putting off, until this page was left out. I felt condemned. The thought struck me, no doubt some one was quenching the Spirit and I felt I was out.

The Lord has been so good to me, and has done so much for me, and yet I was not willing to obey in this one thing. Oh! what a patient and merciful God we have. I praise God to-night for this blessed plan of salvation, for His saving power, and above all for His keeping power; that He is not only able to save, but to keep us saved, and for the real enjoyment there is in serving Jesus. It is not only enjoyment, but also a satisfying portion, something that satisfies. Surely I can say that "His ways are ways of pleasantness and His paths are peace." Although at times I have had dark seasons, and it looked dark before me, but I am so glad that Jesus has promised He will not let us be tempted above that which we are able to bear, and that Jesus has promised He will not let us fail, but prospered and was spread to other countries. But even a man of such a noble character and with such a good influence as Martin Luther, could not remain in the world long when the Angel of Death called—for in February, 1546, his spirit fled, and, methinks, his death must have been as triumphant as a sunset upon a glorious October evening is beautiful.

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And I believe that the good he did for the world will one day be completed when the seventh angel shall stand with one foot upon the land and one upon the sea, declaring that Time shall be no more.

Yours in His service.

Susie Bruacket.

—Nellie Bill.
the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the jaws of death, dis honor and crime, that it demoralizes everybody that touches it, from its source to where it ends. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the object without being prejudiced against the liquor crime. Al we have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks on either bank of the stream of death; of the suicides, of the insanity, of the ignorance, of the destitution, of the little children tugging at the faded and withered breast of weeping and despairing mothers, of wives asking for bread, of the men of genius it has wrecked, the men struggling with imaginary serpents, produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffold on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this damned stuff called alcohol. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, old age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes parental hope, brings down mourning and disorderlies. Some were old and hardened; others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:

"Last night I lay sleeping, There came a dream so fair."

"Last night? It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the terrible fact that no one could avoid the sudden shock at the thought the song suggested:

"I stood in old Jerusalem, Beside the temple there."

The song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was waiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell. Meantime the song went on. Every man in the line showed emotion. One boy at the end of the line, after desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face in his folded arms and sobbed, "O mother, mother!"

The sobs cutting the weary hearts of the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court-room, blended in the hush. At length one man protested:

"Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this—" He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after a surprised effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved to its climax:

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing for the night is o'er! Hosanna in the highest, hosanna for evermore!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was a silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished.—California Christian Advocate.
REPORTS OF FUNDS.

Des Moines Mission.

Report for the months of January and February, 1910.

DONATIONS.

Alfred Roth, Chambersburg, Pa., $5; In His Name, Kansas, $2; Myra Engle, Abilene, Kans., $4; Barbara Book, Hummelstown, Pa., $2; David O.; $5; Sisters’ Aid, Garrett, Ind., $5; Wm. McColloch, Morrison, Ill., $1. Total, $21.

EXPENSES.

For gas, $4.75.
For groceries and other estables, 43.75.
For fuel, 10.50.
Incidentals, 8.30.
Balance due Mission, Jan. 1, 1910, 90.95.
Balance due Mission March 1, 1910, 138.22.

The Lord is gracious to us all. We have many reasons to praise God for His continued blessing. The city is taking our new lot we purchased last May for public city parking and have a settlement in April, and then we will be in a position to purchase another. However, we plenty devote Mission work in connection with the church services on 14th and University avenues and the work of the Sunday-school, and the work of that place, and are succeeding to some extent. A number of Sunday-school workers and church attendants have spent the last Fall and新年 in California, and some have gone East, which has weakened our ranks for a while. But we expect them back soon. However, Bro. and Sr. Eisenhower are here helping in the work which we much appreciate.

As soon as the city has taken and settled for the Mission property we will make a full report of results, etc.

Our dear readers, of course, will notice the great increase in the number of late, but we expect them back soon. However, Bro. and Sr. Eisenhower are here helping in the work which we much appreciate.

Chicago Mission.

Report for two months ending March 15, 1910.

Balance on hand, $122.00.

E. Dodson, Chicago, $1; Y. P. M., Chicago, $25.90; In His Name, $5; E. S. Engle, Abilene, Kansas, $4; Mary Calhoun, Chicago, $3; In His Name, $5; David Engle, Abilene, Kansas, $8; Bro. Brennan, Pleasant Hill, Missouri, $5; Wm. Baker, Bartlet, Pa., $3; Belle Springs District, Kansas, $5; Mary Blake, Buffalo, N. Y., $2. Total, $54.40.

EXPENDITURES FOR TWO MONTHS.

Provisions, $77; printing and glass, $2082; gas for lighting, etc., $108.30. Total, $323.40.

Sr. Shirk and others, Sedgwick, Kansas, bought new building from Earnest Bardon, U. B. Church, Markham, Illinois, $190 lbs. rice.

Money received for interest on the loan for new building from October to January, 1910: In His Name, Kansas, $65; A. Shirk, Illinois, $25; Elder Isaac Trump, Polo, Illinois, $35; Samuel Whisler, Ohio, $8; George M.; $3; D. W. Wick, Chicago, $3; Jr. Robt. Chicago, $1. Total, $155.

SISTERS EICHEBERGER AND LANDIS.

$1; Ethel Smith, Chicago, $1; In His Name, Chicago, $16.

REAL ESTATE TAXES.

Jessie Powell, Chicago, $2; West Milton S. S., Ohio, $106.5; Mr. Thomas Franklin, Ind., $5; Thomas Franklin, Upham, Cal., $1; D. L. Bert, Detroit, Kans., $4; rent for hall, E. S. Engle, Abilene, Kansas, $16.40; In His Name, Chicago, $2; S. S. Upham, Cal., $73.35; In His Name, $600; David Engle, Abilene, Kansas, $360; total received, $227.97.

Interest money January 27, $152.25; tax, $103.77; total, $256.02.

We wish to thank all who have contributed to the demands of this work and also for the forbearance with us in the delay of reporting money received.

Some of these donations were received last Fall but on account of the different payments which must be met we thought it advisable not to give a report until the need be met and a full report can be given and thus avoid minds to become confused. We trust ere long all indebtedness will be lifted and the Mission shall stand free as it is God's will. He is well able if we but ask, trust and expect. (Ps. 50).

Should we be without the funds of money sent in these reports will you kindly inform us. Though we have tried to be careful, yet we know we are liable to make mistakes.

We especially thank God for the victories for the past months. We also bless God for sending to us Bro. and Sr. Whisker from Buffalo and Bro. Stewart from Philadelphia. The Lord has truly made them a great blessing to us and the work at this place. We trust the work will go on and souls be blessed. We wish to be remembered at a throne of grace.

SARAH BENT AND WORKERS.

6039 Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Subscription Credits.

From March 4 to March 16.


A Philadelphia Letter.

Dear readers of the VISITOR: We greet you in the precious name of Jesus; the One who can help in every time of need. Praise His dear name for victory in our souls. It is wonderful how He does help those who trust in Him. The poor we have always. If we will we can do them good. Thank God for WE don’t need to help those who can help themselves.

May dear brethren and sisters, if you have anything to give we will receive it gladly. Nearly every day children and young persons come for underwear and clothing, and we give them all we can, and how it hurts our hearts to send them away empty-handed. But what are we doing when things are very scarce? We have hardly anything to give them, but we still try; so we make a plea in Jesus’ name for help for the poor. We have sewing every Thursday afternoon for the mend and clothes to give to the poor children. A few of us sisters go out visiting the sick and pray with them about Jesus. Singing to them and encourage them the best we know how. Plea is more wisdom, duty on high that we may be able to show them the condition they are in and bring them to Jesus.

OBITUARIES.

FREY—Minnie G., daughter of Bro. Henry T. and Sr. Ethel, born in Mt. Pleasant, July 19, 1895. She was married in Mt. Pleasant, Ca., to Henry M. Frey, in 1916, and moved to Pa., was born May 25, 1901, and died Feb­ ruary 22, 1910, aged 8 years, 6 months and 21 days. Funeral services were held at the Mt. Pleasant church, conducted by Elder W. C. Beck, Jr., of Elkhart, Ind., Rev. D. Wolgemuth and Ed. D. Eshelman, of the Church of the Brethren. Text, Isaiah 38:19. Interment in the adjoining cem­ etery.

ZAVITZ—Sarah Zavit, relict of the late William Zavit, of Chicago, was born December 13, 1887, and passed over to the beyond just 28 years, died on March 1, 1910, in her 69th year. She leaves no issue. She was a devout and active church worker. Two sisters, Mrs. Mary Bitter, relict of the late Bro. Christian Bitter, and Mrs. Gondor survive. The funeral took place on Thursday from her residence to the Philippines Methodist Church in town. Obituaries improved by Rev. Mr. Wes of that place and Bro. K. Bears, from Philadelphia. Sub. “The compensation of life and death.” Interment in Mount Olive cemetery, Shers­ ton.

CLINE—Fanny Cline, died at the home of her son-in-law, Geo. W. Willoughby, in Willoughby Township, Willoughby, Ohio, March 1, 1910, aged 86 years, 10 months and 20 days. She was born February 24, 1824, the late Elder Abram Winger, of Black Creek and a widow for many years, being the mother of seven children and five grandchildren. Her first child was married to the above named person, and departed this life three years ago. There are eight grandchildren left, three sons and five daughters in the home with the father whose health is failing. Funeral was held March 4 at the home. The occasion was improved by Bro. A. Bercot, of Mouline. The text for the day was “A double fade as a leaf.” Subject, “Humanity’s emblem. Interment in Doan’s Ridge cemetery.

BAKER—Sister Susanna Baker was born in Markham, Ont., seventy-six years ago, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. McFadgen, in Collingwood, Ont., on March 1, 1910. She was born in the late William Zavitz, who preceded her to the other world thirty-two years ago, died at her home at Clarence, N. Y., February 27, 1910, aged 67 years, 6 months and 21 days. She leaves to mourn her loss her husband, four sons and two daughters. Two chil­ dren preceded her to the spirit world in their infancy. She was converted and united with the Lord when she was a young woman, being the mother of seven children and five grandchildren. Her first child was married to the above named person, and departed this life three years ago. There are eight grandchildren left, three sons and five daughters in the home with the father whose health is failing. Funeral was held March 4 at the home. The occasion was improved by Bro. A. Bercot, of Mouline. The text for the day was “A double fade as a leaf.” Subject, “Humanity’s emblem. Interment in Doan’s Ridge cemetery.

EBERSOLE—Sister Nancy Ebersole, wife of Henry H. Ebersole, died at her home at Clarence, N. Y., February 27, 1910, aged 70 years, 6 months and 21 days. She leaves to mourn her loss her husband, four sons and two daughters. Two chil­ dren preceded her to the spirit world in their infancy. She was converted and united with the Lord when she was a young woman, being the mother of seven children and five grandchildren. Her first child was married to the above named person, and departed this life three years ago. There are eight grandchildren left, three sons and five daughters in the home with the father whose health is failing. Funeral was held March 4 at the home. The occasion was improved by Bro. A. Bercot, of Mouline. The text for the day was “A double fade as a leaf.” Subject, “Humanity’s emblem. Interment in Doan’s Ridge cemetery.