5-16-1910

**Evangelical Visitor- May 16, 1910. Vol. XXIV. No. 10.**

George Detwiler

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Sharpening Intellect | Deepening Christian Faith | Inspiring Action

Messiah University is a Christian university of the liberal and applied arts and sciences. Our mission is to educate men and women toward maturity of intellect, character and Christian faith in preparation for lives of service, leadership and reconciliation in church and society.
The Touch of Sympathy.

She was not a brilliant woman, but one of those sweet, loving natures that go singing their way through all the burdens and sorrows of life, cheering up everybody they meet. This is the story of a successful young man whose old age is as beautiful as the bloom of youth. We wonder how it has come about—what her secret is. Here are a few of the reasons. She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a little help, and I went on my way like a new man. All that I am and hope to be I owe to that hour's kindness received from that good woman.—Sunday-School Times.

The Secret of a Happy Life.

We occasionally meet a woman whose old age is as beautiful as the bloom of youth. We wonder how it has come about—what her secret is. Here are a few of the reasons. She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a little help, and I went on my way like a new man. All that I am and hope to be I owe to that hour's kindness received from that good woman.—Sunday-School Times.

I must first see the face of God before I can undertake any duty.—Robert Murray McCheyne.

A Word to the Boys.

For a long time we have felt the need of a message for the boys. There are many different kinds of tracts, for good boys and bad people, but not much for boys. Yet the boys are among the most interesting and important classes, I will tell you why, boys, you are to become the future men of America.

We older people should be very much concerned about the boys and we are; that is why this tract is written. There are many snare to entrap the feet of the young. One of the worst is the saloons which are rightly termed, "Open doors to hell."

There are 2,400,000 of these "open doors" in our Christian America. Consider for a moment, boys, what this means. Think what an army go in and out of these doors every day, and come out more like demons than men.

Think of the crimes that are committed through this accursed drink, and of the broken-hearted wives and mothers. There are many poor little children, who instead of running with glad hearts to meet their father when he comes home, run and hide in order to escape the blows and curses which he will heap upon them. There are many hungry and ragged children who cry for bread because father spends all his money in the saloon and gambling den.

Then there are broken-hearted parents who go down to the grave in sorrow because of a dear boy who drinks. Perhaps he is the only stay of their old age. Another instead of being a stay to his sorrowed mother, transpires on her heart which is already crushed with deep sorrow.

Boys, consider. Could you but see the great army of drunkards all together, with the broken-hearted wives, mothers and children! My God, what a picture! Do you know, boys, that these blood-stained, red-eyed men who are the cause of all this suffering, were once as innocent as you perhaps are now? Do you have no thought of becoming like them? Not one of them reached this place at a single bound.

The first downward step of many a boy was disobedience to parents. For his associates he chose wicked boys who used tobacco and swore. He thought it was manly to do these things and followed after them.

Boys, get Christ in your hearts. Ask God to help you and have the courage to say "no." God will help you if you ask him to do so.

Dear boys, will you give this earnest thought? Look around you and notice the people who drink. Then look until you find a young man with a strong body, clear white hair about her head. She took me into her dining-room, gave me a meal as gently as she would have served her own son, and then after praying with me and for me, and encouraging me, she made me take a little help, and I went on my way like a new man. All that I am and hope to be I owe to that hour's kindness received from that good woman.

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A Bi-Weekly Religious Journal

For the exposition of true, practical piety and devotion to the spread of Evangelical truths and the Unity of the church.

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

SUBSCRIPTION (Per Year).......

$1.00

(Sample Copies Free.)

To Foreign Countries, $1.25 a Year.

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All communications and letters of business should be addressed to Geo. Detwiler, Walnut and Summit Streets, Harrisburg, Penna.

Entered at the Postoffice at Harrisburg, Pa., as second class mail matter.

The date printed after your name on the label denotes the time to which you have paid. Keep it in the future.

EDITORIAL.

Concerning Pentecost.

"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." Christ was God manifest in the flesh; there was a time for this manifestation and it occurred on time. Prophets foretold the event, which is also true of His suffering and death, His glorious resurrection and His ascension. He came from the bosom of the Father, was God-given, died, "according to the Scriptures," and rose again, "according to the Scriptures." He said to His Father, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." The time came for Him to ascend to the Father to take up the intercessory ministry at the Father's right hand. So after ten days the next important scheduled event in God's gracious plan occurred and He sent the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, as He had promised in the verse quoted above. The feast which was the type of Pentecost is described in Leviticus 23:15-22. Jesus had bidden His disciples to tarry for this event. He did not tell them when it would be but they were to tarry. It was a time of waiting and the engagement for them was prayer. It was a most glorious day, that advent day of the Holy Spirit. They were all filled with the Holy Spirit. Their words were words of praise; they spoke of the "wonderful works of God," and were enabled to witness of the why and wherefore of this wonderful and significant event. Of this great event the late Joseph Cook said: "Let us speak of Pentecost with hushed breath. It is the beginning of the second incarnation of our Lord. He did have many things to say to His disciples that were not uttered during His earthly life. So far forth as the Holy Spirit has stimulated loyalty to what our Lord taught, and to all that He taught, the progress of the church is the result of an inspiration from on high. We test the prophets by the prophets, but we believe that our Lord and Savior speaks through modern spiritual thought, and that He has yet much to say to us. Let us beware of holding the merely delictic view of God. That was the fault of the orthodoxy of the last century. Let us beware of the polytheistic view of God, and of the tritheistic view of holding of which some of us, I fear, are guilty. Let us beware of the pantheistic view of God. Let us be sure that we hold the Biblical view. Father, Son, Holy Ghost, one substance not to be divided, three subsistences not to be unified; and so, like the first disciples, let us recognize the impact of the Holy Spirit as surely as the touch of our ascended Lord.

Deliverance from Narcotics.

On Sunday, May 8, there occurred in the International Lesson Course for Sunday-schools, the regular quarterly Temperance Lesson. It gave us a picture of the drunkard's course and end. It is hoped that the study of these lessons may exert a powerful influence in the line of saving the rising generation from forming the drink habit, and becoming the victims of such awful bondage. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, is an old adage, and it is certainly better never to form the drink, or tobacco habit than to get rid of it when the habit is once formed.

In connection with the study of this lesson we noticed some facts and statements, given in The Sunday-School Times, which bear repeating, for we all need instruction and warning on these lines. In an article entitled, "Tobacco as a Physician Sees It," Dr. D. H. Kress, Superintendent of the Washington, D. C., Sanitarium, says that the very prevalent use of narcotics is because of the almost universal desire to be in a state of partial unconsciousness, but that such a desire can exist in a healthy person, since the symptoms associated with health are all agreeable and enjoyable. When health is undermined, or abnormal conditions within the body are established, symptoms arise which are not agreeable. To afford relief from these narcotics are resorted to. Under the influence of a narcotic the poor man forgets his poverty. The man with a guilty conscience feels less guilty. The fattened and worn out mother becomes unconscious of her condition. Narcotics tear down the signals that nature wisely erects. When danger no longer exists, nature herself takes down her danger-signals, and not until then, it is not well to pull them down before.

That the constant use of narcotics produces physical degeneracy and premature death is the further testimony of this physician. Multitudes are traveling on this way, and they are never fully conscious of their danger. Alcohol leads as a narcotic, and next to it, and in most prevalent use is tobacco. A little over four hundred years ago it was not known in civilized lands. Now the tobacco devotee is found in every walk of life. As many smokers as voters is the record in the United States. About 23,000 cigars and 10,000 cigarettes are consumed every minute of the sixteen hours during which men are awake somewhere. It is estimated that over five hundred tons of tobacco leaves go up in smoke each day of the year in these United States alone.

Tobacco causes a slowing of the heart, and an increase of blood pressure equalled by the infection of only one other drug, and it is suggested that the great increase, to-day, of death among men from apoplexy finds partial explanation in tobacco.

In the cigar factories of Vienna, where women are largely employed as workers, the rate of mortality among breast-fed children is over ninety per cent. when the mother returns to her work soon after her confinement, while the average rate of infantile mortality of breast-fed children of the mothers who are not tobacco workers is only thirty per cent. Tobacco is destructive to all forms of vegetable and animal life. Grubs and noxious insects are destroyed by the fumes of tobacco. Nicotine is one of the most powerful and rapid poisons known.

The writer discusses the question as to why men use tobacco in the following suggestive paragraph, which
we give entire. The paragraphs which follow are all worthy of the careful consideration of our readers in that they call attention to phases of the subject not often noticed, the use of "spicy, highly seasoned foods and also of flesh foods," and the bearing that this has on the craving for narcotics.

"Why do men use tobacco? There certainly is nothing agreeable in it to the taste. It is repelled by the entire organism, and it necessitates considerable perseverance to form the habit. There must be some cause or causes for its prevalent use. I am convinced that it is made use of for the same reason that alcohol is—because of its narcotic effect. Dietetic errors often pave the way to the use of tobacco. Being a narcotic, it allays the disagreeable symptoms arising from indigestion and dyspepsia. When the stomach and nerves are irritated by the use of mustard, pepper, spices, pickles, and incompletely masticated food, or by improper combinations which result in fermentation, tobacco being a narcotic is capable of producing partial anesthesia, and thus it affords relief from the disagreeable symptoms associated with the irritation; but, being an irritant itself, when the narcotic influence has worn off, the aggravated condition created by its use makes a still louder call for something that will again produce a partial state of anesthesia. This something may be found in tobacco, or it may be found in alcohol. For this reason tobacco and alcohol are intimately associated. Where one is, the other is apt to be found, for one naturally leads to the use of the other.

"I have found that a diet free from unnatural irritants will always result in a decrease in the desire for both tobacco and alcohol. I have never yet discovered a drunkard or inebriate who was not passionately found of spicy, highly seasoned foods and also of flesh foods. I have no doubt that one reason why these habits are so common is because dietetic errors are common."

"As a physician I have felt it my duty for years to discourage the use of tobacco as well as alcohol by my patients. I have found that it is useless to make promises to them of permanent relief from the disorders which may afflict them unless they become abstainers from both. Several years ago the President of a city railway suffering from ulceration of the stomach came under my care for treatment. I soon ascertained that he was an inveterate user of tobacco. No doubt the symptoms accompanying the gastric irritation which finally resulted in ulceration, called for the relief which tobacco furnished. He promised faithfully he would give up its use. From the time he first began treatment his diet was simple and non-irritating. At the end of six weeks he called at my office and said: 'Doctor, I have just returned from the city. On the way I passed a man smoking a cigar, and the smoke was actually offensive to me. I never thought such a thing possible. His firm will and determination, combined with the aid received by a carefully prescribed diet, made it comparatively easy for him to give up its use.

"Another case was that of a patient who came to me suffering from chronic dyspepsia of most distressing form, and who after two months' treatment completely regained his health, affirming that he could not smoke if he would. Still another who was weak in will power, after a day's trial, concluded he would make no further attempt to abandon its use. He however continued to subsist upon a diet of grains, fruits and vegetables, which I prescribed, in order to get rid of rheumatism. Six months later, in relating his experience, he said, 'I gradually and unconsciously lost my relish for tobacco. At first I thought there was something the matter with the brand I was using, so I purchased another. But that tasted no better. I tried still another with similar results. It then dawned upon me that I had lost my craving for it.' For over three years he has used no tobacco, and the probabilities are that he never will again.

"The editor of the London Clarion, England, relating his own experience said: 'I was a heavy smoker for more than thirty years. I have often smoked as much as two ounces in a day. I don't suppose I have smoked less than eight ounces a week for a quarter of a century. If there was one thing in life I feared my will was too weak to conquer, it was the habit of smoking. Well, I have been a vegetarian for eight weeks and I find that my passion for tobacco is weakening. I cannot smoke those pipes now. I have to get new pipes and mild tobacco, and am not smoking half an ounce a day. It does not taste the same.' This is a testimony of value, since in taking up this diet he had no intention whatever of giving up the use of tobacco. While writing the above I received the following unsolicited testimonial from a former patient who has been addicted to both tobacco and strong drink for many years. His health being rained, he found it necessary to apply for medical aid. He said: 'It seems wonderful to me I have no craving for tobacco or drink and I also find that I have no need of drugs and patent medicine. I am enjoying excellent health. I must thank you for the kind help you have given me.'

"I do not feel that it would be just to close this paper without stating that I have known of cases that have lost their desire for alcohol and tobacco in answer to the prayer of faith. I have found that in these cases they were afterward led to give up the use of other habits which tended to create the desire. Faith and good works make an excellent combination; both are needed to bring about permanent and satisfactory results.'

It is evident that there are some brethren who are not favorable to the Bible School project, perhaps more than we know. A few have written in reference to it as will be seen elsewhere in this number, where Bro. Doner proposes something on another line. We have also received a letter from Bro. P. H. Doner, also of Canada, expressing disapproval. He says frequently when he reads the Visvors it makes him feel as though it had a tendency to separate instead of uniting, as were the apostles on the day of Pentecost—all of one mind and accord, heart and soul. He wishes we may be like Daniel—not partake of the king's meat. He says that now-a-days there is so much said about training school and the building, and then says what a pity if we should forget Christ or the Spirit of Christ. Referring to attending Conference at Markham, Canada, he said how Bro. Shirk called attention to the fact that there was so little of Jesus in the rather sharp discussion, and that an aged sister made the plea in meeting and with tears, "that the brethren should not bring in any new thing." In this connection he refers to a letter which a Canada brother once received from the United States, which urged him to do quickly what he has to do; but soon another letter came telling him to do it slowly. It grieves him to notice that often there is so much of the worldly spirit in the meetings instead of the fear of God. Cleaning further from his letter we notice his desire to have the mind of Christ and thereby be more dutiful, realizing that the moment we are off duty the destroyer is alert. That for the needs of both our body and soul, we should
seek what is wholesome, not that which is merely pleasant to the taste, or clothed in soft raiment, which belongs to the rich. If it was not the gentle tone or soothing words of John the Baptist that drew the crowd, much less was it his luxurious clothing for, like Elijah, he wore camel's hair clothing and a leathern girdle. Men who dress richly and live voluptuously are found in an entirely different rank. John was not one of earth's great ones. He beseeches the brethren not to be hasty in anything but to prove it and count the cost. "Why do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" He says, "I have heard of some who have lots of money and might have given more to prove it and count the cost. "Why the Baptist that drew the crowd, much sympathy is felt towards the building of the school yet are encouraged and full of enthusiasm for the work. May their furlough time be a time of blessing.

Conference will have met and done its work before another issue of the Visor appears. We believe there is genuine concern throughout the Brotherhood as to the outcome of this meeting. Important questions will no doubt have to be considered, and it will take of the wisdom that is from above (James 3:17) to legislate wisely, and as it may be for the prosperity of the church. May the Master of assemblies preside and may much love and forbearance characterize all the undertakings that they may be in the fear of God.

Conference Attendants, Attention.

Remember that the Conference management wants all who possibly can, come to Culbertson, from Harrisburg, with the train that leaves Harrisburg daily for Shippensburg at 4:45 p. m., on the Reading road. On Monday and Tuesday, May 16 and 17, this train will be run through to Culbertson for the accommodation of Conference attendants. The W. M. R. R. also has agreed to run one train each way on Sunday, May 22, leaving Culbertson for Shippensburg at 12:45 p. m. and for Chambersburg at 1:15 p. m.

Bro. and Sr. Steigerwald arrived here safely from Africa on Thursday, May 12. Bro. S. addressed the regular Thursday evening assembly at the Messiah Home chapel. A fair congregation had gathered. It was eight years last Fall that this brother and sister sailed for Africa, since which time they have been in active service bearing the hardships of this calling, yet are encouraged and full of enthusiasm for the work. May their furlough time be a time of blessing.

We desire to express our thanks to all who have so kindly responded to our appeal for assistance to the Benevolent Fund, as also to those who hastened on their renewals. God bless you all. Although we could not make arrangements for conveying any and all to the place of meeting, those coming by trolley from Greenscastle or Chambersburg, leave the car at stop sixty.

Addresses of Missionaries.

Africa.

H. P. Steigerwald, Grace Steigerwald, Mary Heisey, Levi and Sallie Doner, Mattoopia Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa
Myren and Ada Taylor, Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, South Africa
H. Frances Davidson, Port Shepstone, Natal, S. Africa
Harvey J. and Emma Frey, Elizabeth Engle, Mtshezhe Mission, South Africa

The following are not under the F. M. B.:

Jesse R. and Maminda Hyster, Moderfontein P. O. (Indokoro Training School), via Zinsfontein, Transvaal, South Africa
Isaac O. and A. Alice Lehman, Box 116, Fordsburg, Transvaal, South Africa

Indies.

A. L. and Mrs. A. L. Musser, Maggie Landis, Sen Villa, Madhupur, E. I. R., India

The following are not under the F. M. B.:

D. W. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Brijt, Purumia, Barkadama district, Bengal, India
Elmsin Hoffman, Kedgoan, Poona Dist., Ramtabi Home, India.

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

Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Cassel, Huchuetengan, Guatemala, C. A.

Our City Missions.

Chicago Mission, 603 Halsted St. in charge of Sister Sarah Brt, Bro. B. L. Brubaker and Sister Nancy Shirk.

Toronto, Ont., Mission in charge of D. W. Heise, Gormley, Ont.

Jaltok Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of E. F. and Adella Engle, R. R. No. 3, Box 1.

Love Feasts.

Pennsylvania.

Antrim M. H., near Greenscastle, May 25, 25. R. R. station, Greenscastle. Those coming by trolley from Greenscastle or Chambersburg, leave the car at stop sixty.

Air Hill, May 21, 22.


Philadelphia, May 26, 29.

Pequea, May 28, 29.

Come by Millersville and York Furnace trolley to Morton's shop.

Matinsburg, June 11, 12.

Silverdale M. H., May 14, 15.

Visitors coming to this love feast from a distance should come to Perkinsia, via Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, but should not fail to previously inform Bro. H. B. Stout, Silverdale, Pa., who will make arrangements for conveying any and all to the place of meeting.

Mechanicsburg, May 29, 30.

Graters Ford, June 4, 5.

Lykens Valley, at the home of Bro. John A. Keefer, June 8, 9.

All are cordially invited.

Indiana.

Nappannee, Union Grove M. H., June 4.
say, the spiritual condition is very good, and also, that they are doing a good work, as they are constantly making advances to the church. We pray the Lord continue to bless them at "Bethany," Ohio. The Lord helped and was with us in preaching the word as we understand it; to Him we give all the glory. Amen.

Yours in His service,

D. L. Graybill,
Sedgwick, Kans.

To Africa and India.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

April 30, 1920.

Greetings to all, especially those whose prayers have been following us for nine months or more. "Bless the Lord, O my soul and fore not all his benefits. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies."

Leaving Singapore on Monday, March 21, at 4:30 p.m. we had a pleasant voyage all the way to Hongkong, except about two days, in which weather was rough sea, but nothing serious; also some fog in which we had to wait several times until the fog was lifted, as we were passing through some dangerous waters with islands near and rocks lurking just under the surface. So again we could draw a beautiful comparison for the spiritual voyage over life's sea. Stand still, wait, trust and believe; for if this is done at Our Lord's command, or by his direction, it after all counts as a going forward, because the progress is not retarded by disaster and failure. A wise saying is, "When you don't know what to do then don't do anything."

We arrived at Hongkong safely on Monday morning, March 28. After landing and arranging further for our voyage, we inquired for the "American Board Mission" where we made our stopping place between Good Friday and Easter Monday. We found the place of business for their burnings and offerings. On one occasion: "But what are they among the nations? For they are a people without understanding; neither is there any one among them that hath understanding. They are a blind people, dark without knowledge; they are the fowl of the valley, without understanding. For darkness is their god, and they know not that It is the Lord." Praise God for the work they are doing in bringing light to the darkness of heathenism. We shall keep on in the Lord's service, by boat, on horseback, and on foot.

A Visit to Oklahoma.

On Friday, April 22, Bro. J. M. Esthillman and myself left this place, Sedgwick, Kans., to attend the semi-annual love feast at Thomas, Okla., the following Saturday and Sunday.

No meeting had been announced for that evening, so the brethren were not aware of our coming. Eld. Eyster, however, soon notified quite a number over the telephone, and as a result we had a good meeting that night and in this first service we could see the Spirit at work. On Saturday afternoon there was one anointed for baptism and on Sunday morning another, so two were baptized Sunday afternoon. On Sunday evening there were twelve at the altar and the condition of that meeting called for another service Monday evening. At this meeting there were five others at the altar, and, I can years ago, and is at present in charge of Johannes Muller, a German, who has been here about seven years. It is interesting to hear him tell some of his experiences in connection with the work, answers to prayer, help in some way coming in to some of the girls and young men, and money coming in just in the nick of time at a trying moment.

While waiting here we concluded to take a trip up the river, ninety miles, to one of the ancient cities of China, Canton. We spent one day here having a guide to take us around to some of the places of most interest. We were in seven or eight of the largest temples where we saw the idols, which are worshiped by this people; some of them hideous looking forms. As we enter some of these places, we see on one side a large drum, on the other a large bell, which our guide informs us are sounded to give the god notice of the approach of the worshiper. In one we see five hundred figures of human form seated in rows to which burnings and offerings are given, which apparently do not appease their god and help and healing.

So as we pass through these cities with their temples and the little place in the wall just outside the door of the home, a place of business for their burnings and offerings, we think of the experience of the Apostle Paul while waiting at Athens for Silas and Timothy, he saw the city wholly given to idolatry. Although there are several missionary societies working here, we might say as the disciples did on one occasion: "What are they amon many?"

It was interesting to pass through the narrow, crowded streets, with their business of every kind and description, with their full, open front out to the street, which was so narrow that at some places we could reach out and touch the walls on both sides. Then too, it was none of the most sanitary places, as odor according to the several places and systems could not be avoided. When you pass the fish market, with fresh, dried, and some rare ripe, you feel as though you could never eat fish again, but by the time you start on your voyage again this is all gone and seemingly forgotten, for when we see fish on the menu card we usually call for them.

I should not pass by another place of interest, the "City of the dead," where are laid the remains of the once noted and wealthy, in large, heavy wooden coffins in rooms, of from one to three each. They have left behind them a fund to provide for a light to be kept burning night and day near their coffin, also a cup of tea every day for the spirit of the departed to drink. We could see another place of business for their offerings.

On Sunday afternoon two precious souls followed the Lord in baptism. Our hearts were made to rejoice to see them step out and take the plain and narrow way.

KATIE BURGOYNE,
Cor. Sec.

(Concluded on page 12.)
Just think of eternity, wonderful rest.
We'll all gather 'round our great Re-
Then in the hereafter with Christ ye shall
The Saviour invites you, His mercy is free,
Then why in your sins will you still farther
His blood washes white, and will set you
And worship and praise Him forever and
No sin and no care and no guilt to molest;
And drink of the waters that I freely give.
O you who are thirsty, just come unto
He died to release you from sin and from
O come to the Saviour, come just as you
O you who are weary and laden with sin,
To the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.
Our CONTRIBUTORS.
For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.
Come Unto Me.
O you who are weary and laden with sin, And long to be made whole within,
O come to the Saviour, come just as you are,
His blood doth wash all white, and set you free.
O come with your burden, O come with your care,
Bring all to the Saviour, for pardon is there;
He died to release you from sin and from care,
Then why in your sins will you still farther go.
The Saviour invites you, His mercy is free,
O you who are thirsty, just come unto Me,
And drink of the waters that I freely give.
Just think of eternity, wonderful rest.
No sin and no care and no guilt to molest;
And worship and praise Him forever ever.

Two Classes—Rich and Poor.
BY SILEVANUS DONER.
I will herewith submit some thoughts on two different classes of people, one the rich, and the other the poor, and which is most to be pitied, and what might be done to help both.
The poor are not mentioned very often in Scripture, but the rich are mentioned many times, and are condemned. They are in the greatest danger and need all the warning. But someone may say, "How much would I have to have to be called rich?" Or, "How little would I need to have to be called poor?" Now, there seems to be no strict line drawn between, but all vary, even from the millionaire down to the beggar. But the Scripture must always be our guide. We will turn to Luke 16: 19 and 20. There was a certain rich man, and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate full of sores. We see the one had nothing and was sorely afflicted besides, while the other had so much that he could afford to be dressed in fine clothes and fare sumptuously every day. It appears as though the beggar was brought there that he might receive something from the rich man, and he didn't desire very much, only that he might be fed of what would fall from his table. Now, his duty would have been to have taken him in and fed him and washed his sores that they might be healed. But he may have said as it is sometimes said, "I can't be bothered with him; I can't help it that he is poor," or "I am not responsible for him." But his dogs came out and had compassion on him and did what little they could do; they licked his sores to cleanse them that they might heal. Oh, what a picture or a lesson is right here!
Now there might be much Scripture quoted on this subject, even from the writings of David and Solomon, but it would take too much space. We might turn to one that we find in James 5: 5: "Go to now ye rich men, weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you; your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten; your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you." Money is not intended to be stored away, but to be kept in circulation that it may be doing somebody good all the time.
"Behold the hire of the labourers who have reap'd down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cry of them which have reap'd are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth; ye have nourished your hearts, as in the days of slaughter." Now, this seems to be hard language and might answer the question asked in the beginning, which might be pitied the most. But we want to consider who wrote it. It was that holy apostle, James, and we believe he saw and knew what he was writing, for we have seen the same things in our time and have seen a part kept back by fraud.
He says in the second chapter, "Ye have despised the poor, and if you see those destitute of clothing and daily food, and say be ye warned and be ye filled and not give them the things that are needful to the body what doth it profit, even so faith without works is dead." This shows there is something to be done. Now, if God requires that the rich should help the poor, and give them the opportunity to do so and they obey, surely they both will be helped.
Now we might say as the Apostles did in Luke 18 and 24, when the Lord said: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God?" and again, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." They said, "Then who can be saved?" But we don't need to say that, for we believe that God has a way to help and to save every one, both the rich and the poor if they will accept it.
Before I go farther I would like to give my reason for writing this article. I have seen letters in the visitor from the city missions giving account of poor and wretched families, and pleading for something to give them. I have seen dear little children go from door to door with baskets asking for dry bread crusts, and have visited homes where the distress and need brought tears to our eyes, and I have seen those that I believed had died for the want of nourishment in a time when it was much needed, and now, can we or dare we, say that we can't do anything more for them than we have been doing?
Now, with the desire alone that the poor may be helped, I am prompted, though conscious that I am unworthy to do so, to outline a plan which if adopted may effect a result so desirable. It may be a mistake for me to do so, but I feel that I should do it; and, can I make a mistake by doing something for the poor? I feel now, to say that little prayer that I have prayed hundreds of times though only three words: "Lord, help me."
Now Christianity is supposed to better the world, and if it gathers from the poor how can it better it? My plan would be to connect with the city missions, and for their benefit, an institution in the order of a second-hand store especially for the poor. I believe many honorable and wealthy people would cheerfully give to the poor if there was some one to give it to, that would put it in their reach.
It would need two good-hearted Christians who would take sufficient interest in it to gather into it such things as are needed, by the poor. Many things could thus be gathered that would otherwise go to waste, and second-hand goods can be bought very cheaply. It would not require a very large room, and the expenses need not be very great.
It might be necessary in this undertaking to hunt up all the poor before Winter and make a list of what was needed in every house and then have it put right in their hands. They would need to be good soldiers, that is, handy with the sword, for they would likely meet with the enemy often, but he will flee from the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God. (Ephesians 6:17.) He may try to hinder and say, "Some will drink it up if we do give them anything," as it is sometimes said. But we must remember that charity "thinketh no evil." Possibly it might be the means to persuade some drunken fathers to give it up for good, as there have been great things accomplished by love. Now, if it would be thought worth

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while, this question might be considered by Conference, and if the decision would be favorable to the undertaking of such work, we promise to proceed cheerfully to give ten dollars towards the expenses of establishing such a work. I venture to suggest that it would be wise to drop the question, and if the delegates of Conference, and if the delegates were unacquainted with the fact that there will be much that will not expect a great examination day soon, much some get because they see the white collars do not become a Christian, much less do the neckties and stiff hats like the world wears. The only way that we can see that they are Christians is by the caps and the seat they take in church.

But what about the lodges? We cannot live for both masters, for we will love one and hate the other. If we insure our lives with God and entrust ourselves in his care and keeping, and live for Christ altogether He will not leave or forsake us. O, these fine and costly things do not belong to a Christian, because God wants us to run after the world. In the childhood days of our fathers and mothers they did not have such fine and fashionable things; they kept more plain things, and they lived more humble than the people of today. They looked as though they were taking the whole way with the Lord, not as though they were trying to take the world along.

O Christian friends, let us run the race with patience, for it will not be long. Let the world and the worldly things behind and run for God. God says in Prov. 16:18: "Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall."

Now let each one that reads this article think and answer this question for him or herself: Where does pride and worldliness lead to? and what will become of the ones that follow these things? In another place, God says, "When pride cometh, then cometh shame: but with the lowly is wisdom." (Prov. 11:2.)

What is this world? It is nothing, but is like a vapor which passeth away and is seen no more. And in another place God says, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." (1 John 2:15-16.)

This is our testimony. We used to have anything in our houses or on our bodies, or that we put anything on our children that does not belong to a Christian.

In this day and age of the world the brethren and sisters are getting such fine clothes. The sisters are getting such fine goods for their caps and dresses and are getting them made so much like the world, and the brethren are wearing the finest suits made in all the style with the world, and these white collars do not become a Christian, much less do the neckties and stiff hats like the world wears. The only way that we can see that they are Christians is by the caps and the seat they take in church.

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A Trip to the Holy Land.

Eli N. Hershey, the writer of this letter, is a son of Bro. Jacob Hershey, of Florin, Pa. It is published by request.

Leaving London on December 3 for the Orient, we crossed the trouble-some English channel and arrived in Paris the following morning. Here a great contrast was observed after having seen it in Summer with its shaded boulevards, lovely parks, crowded street cafes and magnificent costumes. Now everything seemed changed. It was quiet from the outside, the Bohemian population having gone to the sunny climes of Southern France and Italy called the Riviera. The thousands of Americans and English people who live in Paris in Summer had gone to a warmer and more amiable climate. From Paris to southern France a gradual change was experienced, from the cool climate and brown fields it gradually grew warmer until we were among olive orchards, orange groves, and shady palms in a June temperature. The ride along the Mediterranean Sea to Monte Carlo was too lovely for words. The blue Mediterranean on the one side and the low snow capped mountains in the distance on the other, while all around were palms and tropical fruits with beautiful hotels and villas dotted everywhere, made the whole scene into an "Earthly Paradise." Monte Carlo is situated at one of the loveliest spots along the coast; with being one of the most beautiful spots in the world it is the "Gambling Hell of the Universe," for here fortunes amounting to tens and hundreds of thousands are lost in a single evening. Scores of men and women commit suicide annually after sacrificing their all to this fascinating vice. Here one sees the truth of the old proverb, "A fool and his money are soon parted." The annual number of suicides is seldom known by the outside world. It is a significant fact that wherever a great amount of luxury exists a corresponding amount of vice is practiced. A more deplorable looking lot of humanity than those grouped around the eleven gambling tables I never saw. Robbed of their vitality and every nerve strained upon the game, they are destroying life by trying to get that which should support life. One day was sufficient at Monte Carlo, and we journeyed to Genoa, the birthplace of the discoverer of our dear land. Genoa is an old shipping port of great commercial importance, it has many narrow streets in which the sunlight seldom comes. Genoa is the first city where we become acquainted with the unpleasant odors of eastern cities which became worse and worse the farther eastward we traveled. A day's traveling brought us to Naples in southern Italy. The country was rolling in some parts and level in others, largely used for farming and vineyards. Naples has one of the finest locations imaginable, very warm, has a good harbor and is in full view of Vesuvius which is continually throwing off a small column of steam. Naples is the dirtiest city we had yet seen. Each day's traveling brought us into conditions which seemed a hundred years behind time, until we reached Palestine where they seemed 2000 years behind and no farther advanced in many respects than when the Testament was written. Pompeii has been excavated and serves to link the present with the past. A pleasant four day's voyage brought us to Joffa or Joppa of Bible times which is the principal entrance to Palestine. Palestine is badly situated for commerce, not having a single good harbor. At Joffa we anchored a mile from shore and were taken ashore in small row boats manned by swarthy Arabs. This is the place where Solomon had his temple erected down from the mountains of Lebanon to build his temple at Jerusalem. We saw the traditional house of Simon the Tanner. Wherever you stand and wherever you look in Palestine you can't fail to see something interesting. Joffa being the center for some of the world's finest oranges, we saw many camels and donkeys laden with oranges, a half dozen of which can be bought for the equivalent of five cents in American money. But we are bound for Jerusalem and a slow train takes us to the Holy city in 3/2 hours, a distance of 53 miles. We first crossed the fertile plain of Sharon and then began to ascend, passing through barren gorges and over the desolate mountains of Judea until we reach the city of the Great King, which is 4,500 feet above the level of the sea. Everywhere were scenes which reminded us of the Bible stories of our childhood days, the shepherds especially. The first view we had of Jerusalem was the Tower of David, where David attacked the city, then held by the Jebusites, they put their sick and lame on the walls to tease David; but David succeeded in uniting the twelve tribes of Israel and came out victorious, for God was with him. The Joffa gate is very near the Tower of David, passing through it we took special notice of the "Needle's Eye," a small door in a large one which is opened at night when the large one is closed. Should a man be out after night fall with his camel he would have to unburden him and make him get on his knees in order to get through. This small gate has not been used since 1908, when a special entrance was made for the German Emperor. No vehicle is ever seen inside the gates of Jerusalem on account of the narrowness of the streets, many of which are not over six feet wide. Immediately after entering the Joffa Gate you see Arabs seated all around on the streets selling carrots, cabbage, radishes and turnips. They also sell eggs and fruit; all are comparatively cheap. While their masters are selling, the donkeys which carry the load stand by in a semi-conscious mood and seem to take it all in. The bazaars are very interesting little shops, front upon the street and their wares often encroach upon the roadway. The sanitary conditions are deplorable. It is a miracle that a plague doesn't break out at any moment; but the natives seem to have become immune from all the diseases that western people are subject to. The fez cap is omnipresent and is worn evening and daytime, at work or to pray. The greatest insult which could be given to a Turk is to knock his fez off.

One-tenth of all that grows is swallowed up as a tax. To enter into detail concerning the different places around Jerusalem is impossible here, but will simply mention a few which were visited. Church of the Holy Sepulcher, Site of Solomon's Temple, Pool of Siloam, Garden of Gethsemane, Jews Wailing Place, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and Jericho.

I attended Christmas services in Bethlehem in the Church of the Nativity. We took a carriage and pony trip north through Syria, visiting Nablus, (Ancient Shechem) Nain and Mt. Tabor, Joseph's Well, Plain of Detham, Jacob's Well, Plain of Esdraelon, Nazareth, Tiberias and Sea of Galilee. We appreciated it more for on the following day a storm.
of the sea. The previous evening it was as smooth as glass, but now it is so rough no boat could venture out, and we pictured Christ stilling the tempest on this very sea.

It is unsafe to travel through Palestine without a dragoon (a guide) for a person is just as liable now to fall among thieves as ever, blind, lame, and all hands, having been taught so by their mothers. Little boys and girls will follow half a mile and persist in asking for "Backsheesh." There seem to be as many and as miserable beggars as ever, and there is no Backsheesh leaves many memories in the mind of the traveler through Palestine, for he hears it from the time he sets foot in Palestine until he leaves it. It means money and every person from infants in arms to adults asks for Backsheesh, and tiny infants still unable to speak, hold out their hands, having been taught so by their mothers. Little boys and girls will follow half a mile and persist in asking for "Backsheesh." There seem to be as many and as miserable beggars as ever, blind, lame, and all along the way, we saw customs in practice which are two thousand years old, such as gathering tares (a destructive weed) from the wheat, plowing with oxen and a single-handed plow, which calls to mind the scriptural passage which says, put your hand and not hands to the plow. I used one for a short time, but am glad none of you readers were present to see the furrow. They measure grain in the same old way, pressing it down, heaping it up and running over. This is done by putting on a few grains at a time. The shepherd leading his sheep is another interesting feature.

A story about the olive tree which plays so important a part in the livelihood of the people. An olive tree does not bear a profitable crop until it is forty years old, and then lives several hundred years. It is very shapeless in appearance, the trunk being twisted and irregular.

A trip across the Sea of Galilee by the old style fishing boats was very interesting. There is a small town on the site of ancient Tiberias called by Lepers, Leprosy, is a terrible disease, and the old style fishing boats was very connected with the school. The Superintendent first must be on time and begin on time, even if he is the only one present. There is a false notion that the "King of kings." Let all the service on time, and he in turn with a teacher and let the teacher make a similar contract with someone, and so let the circle increase until it has reached every member of the school and the community, and approximate-ly it soon will, when all those interested in the school get to be in dead earnest; when they mean business for the "King of kings." Let all the Sunday-school officers appear on time with an atmosphere of work and devotion about them. Let the Superintendent begin and conduct his school with spirit, enthusiasm and precision. Let him and every teacher and officer go about their work not so much with the air of pretension, as intention. This personal method may seem like a hand-to-hand undertaking, but it will spread like an unchecked contagious disease and will at the same time produce permanent results.

If the Superintendent can't be aroused or isn't alive, get one as soon as possible that is alive. If no one can be found, seek the minister's attention, for he above all others ought to be always when the Sunday-school is in his congregation is dead or dying out. But if that resort fails pray mightily to God, as you should always do, for Him to send forth laborers into the field and you need not be surprised if he drafts you first. But you say some will object; so they may, but remember too, fellow work-er, that others have been feeling as you and are waiting for someone to break the ice. Why not that be you, and others will finally step to your side with encouragement and support.

There is another prevailing cause for cooled Sunday-school, and that resides in the kind of teaching done. It is said that "poor teaching is much better than none," but this statement deserves to be followed by an interrogating point. One thing we will all agree upon and it is this: poor teaching is not excusable when better can be done and secured. I do not forget however, that Sunday-school work is volunteer work and that helpers must be solicited. But that renders the asking all the more important. I do not mean to discourage honest, earnest teachers whose methods are crude and their ability greatly limited. But I do have in mind those who can and do not do better work for God. The Sunday-school which is died or dying cannot afford to have any slothful teachers. Better have less classes and good teachers than more classes with many poorer teach ers. We cannot afford to dally with human souls by our negligence and slothfulness in Sunday-school work. There are many blooming youths and maidens, boys and girls and children who have neither proper religious training in the home, nor moral training in the public schools, who need to be brought in vital relation with the rich contents of the good Old Book. There is not much need to in vestigate why a Sunday-school needs reviving or what the trouble is when teachers fail to meditate and pray over the lesson and for their pupils till on the way to church, or while the audience is singing or while the Superintendent prays. When I recall some of my Sunday-school teachers they seem somewhat repellant to me while others bring pleasant memories for
they loved us boys and somehow that love crept into our bosom. But they knew Jesus Christ personally and were anxious for us to make His acquaintance. If you want to revive a Sunday-school get teachers if possible who have a very vital connection with Jesus Christ. Then if you would do still better work secure teachers with a personal knowledge of God, and also a knowledge of the principles and laws that underlie all teaching and you have combined Christian character and pedagogy; devotion and zeal with knowledge, which is the ideal combination for successful teaching. If you have a Superintendent who is a live wire and teachers that are spiritual magnets you have the important factors in reviving a dead Sunday-school.

Another primary reason for a Sunday-school's interest to decline is lack of variety. There is not enough change in the services. This does not mean careless drifting, but careful changing in performing duties, conducting services and the like. Some schools are conducted much like some women cooks, who have bread, meat and potatoes three times a day, and every day in the week. Break up the monotony and routine; don't permit things to become stale and stagnant by verifying the custom of the Medes and Persians.

Another very vital reason for the spiritual and numerical decrease of a school is the lack of a vital relationship with Jesus Christ. I believe more and more and you, I am sure, will agree that in a large measure one's own appreciation for Christ's sufferings and life is measured by the amount of effort put forth to rescue others. How do we know Moody loved Jesus Christ? By the intense love for souls as manifested by his great, ceaseless effort to save the lost. How do we know the queen of Italy loved her subjects? By the effort she put forth to make the terror-stricken ones comfortable, that were caught by the last destructive earthquake. How do we know Jesus loved us? By the life He was willing to give. How do I know you love boys and girls and lost souls in your run-down Sunday-school? By the time and energy you are willing to sacrifice, by the time you will give to the study of God's word and help in every possible way to get them in the kingdom of God.

But alas! the spirit of the world, the God of mammon, of stock, corn, farms and bank stock has absorbed so much time and energy in this country, at the expense of human souls which are worth all these and infinitely more, that it is appalling.

There may be other causes for Sunday-schools to decline in interest and numbers, such as church quarrels, factions, domineerance of a few un­wise people and other similar features. But these are few. Yet when such is the case the condition is not hopeless. These difficulties can too, I believe, be overcome. Revival meetings, church conferences, Sunday-school conventions, Bible conferences and getting the necessary equipment for the school are all useful means to strengthen and encourage the work and liven up stagnant conditions.

But, I must not fail to mention one more means, in no uncertain sound, that will help to lessen the whole hump of cooled Sunday-school workers and pupils. And that is prayer. Prayer, what a mighty force for transformation! If we believe God to be a God whose ears are constantly open to the cries of his faithful ones, and if we believe Jesus, when he says, "Whatever ye ask in my name believe that ye shall receive, and it shall be done unto you;" we must pray and work until our aim, if in keeping with God's will, is accomplished and just as two or three Sunday-school workers "agree" as touching the revival of a specific Sunday-school, there will come into their lives a consuming conviction which will warm up the coldest community on earth.

These factors then, a living, tactful Superintendent, with the help of teaching teachers and other loyal officers, who help to conduct the Sunday-school in an aggressive manner, all the while praying with an overwhelming confidence that God still works by his Holy Spirit in the hearts of men, are the tools by which to roll the stone away and resurrect a dead school from its lethargy and sleep. Who will do it? He who has the light and sees the need of it. If that be you, it means certainly not your neighbor. And if we as Sunday-school workers deeply feel that a child is the freshest and most promising gift from the hand of God, we will do all that we can through Christ to save him from eternal banishment with the Prince of darkness, to live in the presence of Christ his Saviour.

"It takes more religion than some of us have to admit that we don't know anything about what we are asked in religious matters." (Continued on page 16.)
May 16, 1910

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Promptness.

"Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." (Ecc. 9:10.)

I was thinking, perhaps there are others to whom the preceding is speaking to write for the "Young Peoples Page." If so, obey. Don't go along wasting time. Do with your might what you hands find to do.

Perhaps the enemy comes to you and says, "If you do write for the Visitor, you'll not have victory till your article gets published. Then about the time it would be published, if you had written you began somehow to lose victory. Here comes the enemy again and says, "Didn't I tell you you would not have victory till it gets published?"

O, how glad you feel then you did not write. But listen! Perhaps if you had obeyed you would not have lost victory. See in this way you lose ground by not being prompt, and not doing with your might, what you hands find to do.

Also, having obeyed, the Lord would be leading you on to something else, and you would be developing spiritually, making advancement in the service and would also see the ways of the Lord.

Maybe there are other ways in which the enemy hinders or keeps you from writing. "Oh well, I can't write. I don't know what to write, and if I do no one can understand it, and they would say, 'Well! if I could not do better than that I would not write at all.'" But you must not look at things like these; you must keep looking to Jesus, although you may have mistakes in your article; you can go on putting the right hand over your mistakes, and you can go on shouting the victory just the same, realizing you did the best you could, what your hands found to do.

Truly, we as God's children should be earnest in the service, wherever the Lord commands, for when we look about us and see those who are serving Satan and sin, the effort they put forth in getting all the enjoyment (as they call it) out of it they are doing, and then do their best in getting others to join their number and thus build up Satan's strongholds and increase the powers of darkness. It seems to me surely that eye is fixed on seraphic throngs, and -But you must not look at things like these; you must keep looking to Jesus, although you may have mistakes in your article; you can go on putting the right hand over your mistakes, and you can go on shouting the victory just the same, realizing you did the best you could, what your hands found to do.

A Sinner Freed.

A German prince traveling through France, visited the arsenal of Toulon, where the galleys are kept. The commandant as a compliment to his rank, said he was welcome to set any of the prisoners free, whom he should choose to select. The prince, willing to make the best use of this privilege, spoke to many of the prisoners in succession, inquiring why they were condemned to the galleys. Injustice, false accusation, oppressing the weak were the only causes they could assign. They had been ill-treated and were all innocent.

At last he came to one who, when asked the same question, answered: "My Lord, I have nothing to complain; I have been a very wicked, despicable wretch. I have often deserved to be broken alive on the wheel. I account it a very great mercy I am here."

The prince fixed his eyes upon him, gave him a gentle blow upon the head and said, "You wicked wretch! It is a pity that you should be placed among so many honest men; by your own confession you are bad enough to corrupt all of them, but you shall not stay with them another day." Then, turning to the officer, he said, "This is the man, sir, I wish to set free." Let us take this story to our hearts. All of the prisoners were offenders, all equally guilty, but only one owned and confessed it, and he was set free. So our gracious God deals with us sinners. If we confess that we have sinned, then we claim the sinner's Saviour, as our Saviour, His blood is sufficient for wicked wretches.—Selected by Clarence E. Heitz.

A Testimony.

Dear Editor: I want to write a letter to the Visitor for the first time. I like to read other little girls' and boys' letters that are in the Visitor. I am ten years old. There are five children in our family, and I am the oldest. We all had the measles and I was the last one sick. I had the measles and got over them and didn't get well, then I got pleurisy and was sick for over a week with it. We got the doctor twice, and he gave me medicine, but I didn't get well. So on Sunday morning I got worse and I had great pain in my lungs. Papa asked me what we should do; and I said he was to get the preachers to anoint me, so he got Bro. Bohen and Bro. Martin and anointed me. Before they came the pain left. They anointed me and I had hardly any pain after that. I got a great blessing and got healed too. Now I am nearly well. I was out to day a little while. I missed four weeks in Sunday-school, and now I am anxious for the time to come when I can go to Sunday-school again. I can praise the Lord that I am saved and want to keep saved. I want you all to pray for me, so that I may keep saved and be a Christian for Jesus. I wish some more little girls and boys would write to the Visitor.

ERNA BREHME.

Ramona, Kansas.

Memory Guild for Learning Best Hymns.

BISHOP H. W. WARREN.

"Practicing the presence of God" is said to enable one to fulfill all religious possibilities. The Bible is full of sentiment: "The Lord's eyes are upon the ways of man; he seeth all his goings." He is nearer than breathing; nearer than hands and feet. This is equally for encouragement and warning.

The proper use of this fact to be hedged in our consciousness is for prayer as appears in verses 4 and 5. The author was a Unitarian minister.

THE SOURCE OF POWER.

There is an eye that never sleeps Beneath the wing of night; There is an arm that never tires When human strength gives way; There is a love that never fails Even when earthly hopes are dim; That eye is fixed on seraphic throngs; That arm upholds the sky.

That is filled with angel songs, That love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield, That wisdom, that truth shall throned; And moves the hand which moves the wheel. I account it a very great mercy I am here.

That eye, that arm that love to reach, That listening ear to gain.

That ear is filled with angel songs, That love is throned on high.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Bury Me in White.

When friends are called from earth away, Whose deeds seemed good and right; We always love to see them go Unto their graves in white.

When Christ the Lord was crucified, Our pattern and our light, We declare that He was wrapped In linen pure and white.

And saints that have put on the Lord, And placed their chief delight In all the Lord's appointed ways, Shall keep their garments white.

If in His blessed word of truth, Death comes to you and your hope, Our hope is anchored in Christ, Our anchor保费 is in white.

We soon shall gain the victory, And with Him in white.

Fiee linen is the righteousness Of saints who walk in light, Whose garments ne'er have been defiled; They walk with Him in white.

These happy saints shall dwell above With angels in the light, Oh, may my humble spirit stand Among them clothed in white!

And when my spirit's gone to God, The Author of all light, I want my friends to clothe my corpse In linen clean and white.

And in the resurrection morn, All beautiful and bright, With angels we'll adore our King, Who clothed us all in white.

UNNECESSARY KNOWLEDGE.—The president of an ocean liner company was taking a journey across the water, and when the ship entered a very dangerous channel he engaged in a conversation with the pilot, who, by the way, was a whiskered old man of sixty-eight, with all the appearance of having spent most of his days on the water. The magistrate remarked: "I suppose you know all the dangerous places in this channel?" The pilot, looking straight out into the night, gruffly replied: "Nope." "You don't!" said the magistrate, much surprised. "Then why on earth are you skipping the wheel?" said the pilot, much to the satisfaction of the magistrate.—Selected.

SHUTTING OUT LIFE.—"Why do you live on the Sabbath when you are in northern Scotland?" asked the minister of a little girl, who, by the way, was a whiskered old man of sixty-eight, with all the appearance of having spent most of his days on the water. The magistrate remarked: "I suppose you know all the dangerous places in this channel?" The pilot, looking straight out into the night, gruffly replied: "Nope." "You don't!" said the magistrate, much surprised. "Then why on earth are you skipping the wheel?" said the pilot, much to the satisfaction of the magistrate.—Selected.

TRAPE, Montgomery county, PA.

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NEWS OF CHURCH ACTIVITY.

(Concluded from page 5.)

Thou Saving Gospel, but when the collection basket comes along put nothing in it. Or will someone acting like the little boy when the basket came around he said: "Hold it lower, hold it lower," and then got into it himself, by this meaning to offer himself as a Missionary Work? May some of our young brethren and sisters step heart and soul into the "mission basket," for you are needed in the great harvest-field of the world.

To finish up our day's outing in the city we called at the place where waved the Stars and Stripes to meet our country's representative, the American Consul, Mr. L. Bergbohl, but not finding him at home, we were greatly surprised to find in his acting deputy a young man from near Elizabethtown, Pa., Myrl S. Myers, whose parents live in Mechanicsburg, the wife of Jno. B. Engle, of Cumberland county, being his grand aunt.

On Saturday, April 2, at 1 o'clock we left Hongkong: were pleased to find several Americans to accompany us whom we had met before on our trip to which we referred in several of our previous letters. Mr. Kelker and wife of Harrisburg, Pa., and Mr. J. McCutcheon and Mr. Stevenson of Chicago. At the different stopping places along our sailing north to Japan, we leave off a number of the passengers, but always take on others, so that the boat's quarters continue to be crowded, not being able to accommodate all for their meals at one sitting. Our first stop was Shanghai, our boat anchoring at the mouth of the river and we were taken by a steam launch up the river to the city, being a run of about an hour and a half. When landed at the city we inquired for Geo. Missimer, who is connected with "The China Gazette," and is a son of Mr. Missimer, of Mount Joy, Pa., the father and Bro. Sheets having been young men together in Lancaster county, Pa. We found him without much difficulty in his office; being busy for the time, he provided a guide for us accompanied through the city for several hours, after which we had our dinners and in a few hours we were back to our launch to return to our boat and resume our four weeks' voyage. On Thursday, April 7, we stopped at Nagasaki, on one of the islands belonging to Japan. Before we landed we had a little small-pox scare, a case of a Philippino, among the steerage passengers, and feared that we might be quarantined for some days, which would have been quite a disappointment for us. The health officers, however, pronounced it a very light form and being in its early stages was not considered contagious; however the steerage compartments and all its passengers were disinfected before communications to land were allowed any of the passengers. After this we did not make a great many of our number went to the shore to see the city and some of the outside places of interest. Meanwhile a strong force of Japanese coolies were coaling our vessel, which work was all done by hand and looked like a busy bee-hive on either side of the boat until about 6.30 p.m., when we again set sail. On the tenth we stopped at Kobe for two days, the first being rainy, prevented the loading of cargo.

Our mission cause prosper in the foreign land, as often as our minds are carried back over the great harvest-field of the world. Meanwhile a strong force of Japanese coolies were coaling our vessel, which work was all done by hand and looked like a busy bee-hive on either side of the boat until about 6.30 p.m., when we again set sail. On the tenth we stopped at Kobe for two days, the first being rainy, prevented the loading of cargo.
any honour to men, but only to Jesus Christ our Lord.

JACOB N. ENGLE,
Jno. M. SMITH.

A Field White Unto Harvest.

P. O. BOX 116, FORDSBURG,
TRANSVAAL, SOUTH AFRICA,
April 4, 1910.

The thousands keep coming and going right to and from our doors. The number of souls that we have access to are about 12,000. This number is not a permanently settled population, they keep coming and going constantly and thus the number here remains the same. This number comprises four large compounds where they live during their stay at the mines. A newly constructed hospital, with ten large wards, and three small wards for contagious diseases provides room for 450 patients, where they are carefully attended and treated according to modern facilities. This in itself is a large field for a faithful worker of the Lord where he can win souls for Jesus.

It was our privilege to have with us Bro. and Sr. H. P. Steigerwald for a few weeks. They were invited to come to the United States. We were sorry that their stay of necessity was so short as we would have been pleased to have shown them more of the vast field for Missions. May the Lord give them a prosperous journey and hold communion service for our class of believers. May God's blessing be upon all those who know what it means to build up school in a city like this need not be told of the constant and strenuous efforts that must constantly be put forth. I was out just the other night, and met a care of a young Christian man all night, who is very poor and helpless, but he is doing all kind of work, and are not expected to choose their fancy. That is why so few are proving of real success in the work. They are not so likely to enter the field with a spirit to dictate and rule, more than the spirit of consecration, sacrifice and service.

We thank the many friends who have so kindly stood by the work of this place all these years. The Lord abundantly reward you for your beautiful co-operation in life.

Please continue to pray for us, that the God of all grace may continue to bless and help us. Our troubles are many and none knows how to come to the rescue.

Love to you all.

A. J. AND ANNA ZOOK.

Subscription Credits.

From April 15 to May 12.


What Are You After?—I desire mercy, and not sacrifice. One of the boys they brought to me with the announcement that they wished to "snitch" (confess, on themselves. They had been stealing bicycles, and they had five such thefts to their discretion. I found their story to be the best, and to try to recover the wheels, but we could not; they had been sold and lost and left rack of. A police officer insisted that the boys should be arrested and sentenced to jail. They confessed, and told me what the difference was between the criminal procedure and the methods of our (Jewish) court, that they are trying to save bicycles. I am trying to save the boys from conviction, and are honest and useful members of society.

To-day—from Judge Lindsey in Everybody's Magazine.
Brother Harkliss Jones of Sou' Caliny.

By Mrs. J. D. Chaplin.

An aged negro appeared one day at the study of an eminent minister and introduced himself as "Brother Harkliss Jones, from Sou' Caliny."

The good minister shivered at the thought of another clerical beggar for church money to be spent, as so much of it usually is, in the travelling expenses of the applicant. "Well, Brother Harkliss," he asked, with patient kindness, "what can I do for you?"

"You can LISTEN TO ME, brudder," replied Harkliss, with a princely air. "I'll do that if you'll be short; but my time is very precious, brother," answered the pastor.

"So is mine, brudder," exclaimed the visitor with a dignity which my time is very precious, brother," answered the pastor.

"Yes; and your church wants a little help I suppose. Well, I'm glad they sent a sensible man for it."

"No, sir. My church is de church universal, and dat has got de Mighty One's hands on it. I come to see whether dere is any chance for—"

"Then you've got some money for your church, I suppose," said the minister, smiling.

"No, sir; what I've got to give will come closer home to you than to your church."

"Well, what have you to give me then?"

"A little advice and a heap of comfort. I came up from my old home 'cause my chil'n and gran'chil'n was a-sufferin' hard. But I'm fair and rich and fresh in his sight, kase I'M IN HIM. All dat he is done don for me is mine, and dere ain't a king on de earth can take it away."

"And you want me to set you to work?"

"No, never; why should I? Dere was a night once, long time ago, when I was bewildered, I reckons, for all of a sudden I see a great white hand sweep back de dark night, and a light shined all roun' 'bout me. I didn't see nobody, but I felt strong arms about me, and in a minute my poor aching heart was leanin' on somebody's breast! and oh, what a place dat was to rest on. Den a voice said: 'Come unto me, poor, tired, and heavy-laden soul, and I will give you rest.' Den I knewed dere was a God, and dat it was de voice of his Son in my soul. I've been a new man since dat night; but half de time I been only a common sort of a Christian, LIKE you, risin' and fallin', hopin' and doubtin', such a Christian as puzzles de world to know whether dere is any good in 'ligion or not."

"I was a waiter in dem days, and was a good deal wid de white folks, and it was fash'nable 'mong dem for to doubt, and mourn, and whine, when dey talked 'ligion; and I used to forget dat night in the canbrake, and fell into the fashion of de grant folks. But it didn't work with me, and I got into darkness. Den I'd try to fight my way out of de swamp; but de more I tried de faster I stuck. Den I would try to hire de Lord to lift me out of de horrible pit and de miry clay, by good works, helpin' de weak field hands, or givin' away my pocket-money. But we never made a bargain—"de Lord and me! He always brung me low till I was glad to get peace and rest, and to tak' away all chance o' braggin' from me. He generally brought de peace when I was asleep and doi'n' no good works. Den I would wake wid glory in my soul, and I would run on mighty pearl for a spell. I didn't know what Christ was den. He was in me; but dere was plenty else besides Him."

"Come here and sit in this large chair, brother; it is more comfortable than that one," said the minister in a subdued voice, as if addressing a superior, "I want to hear how you got clear of the tempter and filled with Christ at last."
"O well! it isn't no great story, but here it is: Dere was an old col'd sister dey used to call Gimsey, a sort of a preacher like 'mong de field-hands. Well, when she come down to her death-bed, she done call at massa's people and the neighborin' black folks round her, kase she said she'd been in heaven a whole hour, and come back to give us a word of comfort. We gathered 'bout her, and she lift up her two hands and pray dis way: 'Lor' Jesus, answer dis one prayer of mine for dy own name sake. It is old Gimsey's last prayer. De next world wid me will be praise and halaluhjahs, Bring dese poor chil'n into the light like you bring me into the light fifty years ago. Don't let Brudder Harkliss cast contempt no longer on dy world, which is truth. Humble proud Jenny, and in mar'sy punish drunk Dose, and comfort lone Polly, and cure sick Abe, and bring all de rest to dy feet here, and to dy house up dere bama by.' Den she open her eyes and begun for to preach, and she give each one a separate little sermon all to himself. She den call me. 'Come here, Brudder Harkliss, and take my cold hand in yours.' I went, and she said: 'O de Lord has writ yer name on de palms of his hand, and his name on your forehead?戴 you do right here on the verge of heaven. But quick's you trusted, dat he don't always speak the truth, Harkliss?' says she. 'Dere, sir, dem was old Gimsey's last words on earth. De next one she spoke was glory 'fore de throne. 'Well, dere was a great light all through my soul den, dat has never gave out sense. 'Pears like de Lord is in de midst of it, where I can feel his presence, and when de 'ifs' and 'maybes' comes round trying to break my peace, I shouts out no matter who hears me, 'De Lord says dat I am his, and dat what he am dar shall I be and, his name endureth forever.' Den de 'ifs all fly off like dey were unclean birds, and leave me in de light. Why, sir, I'st de world so under my feet dat nothin' in it can worry me only de sin I sees, and dat will be cleared off some day, for de Lord is comin' down here mightily soon to make all things right. De Lord's chil'n got a good right to glory, and nobody—no, not de devil, dat you make such 'count on—can't take it way from 'em. Now, my errant's done here. You quit preachin' 'bout book-larnin', and 'doubtin',' and de devil,' and stick to the Gospel—Christ, Christ—and you'll see de glory come down on yer people; and you'll see him a trampin' on the world like I do. Don't think this yer is spiritual pride in me. I'm as humble as a kitten, in myself; but oh! I am proud of my King, and my country what I'm goin' mighty quick. Good-by, sir.'

When the old negro had closed the door behind him, the minister read over the few pages of his next Sunday's sermon. It was cold and lifeless and worthless; there was no Christ in it. He tore the sheets into atoms, which he threw into the waste-basket, and sat down before his fire to meditate on the words of his poor visitor. He never thought so little of himself before. He felt that he could write nothing to instruct or edify his people then; and, taking up his hat, he went out to visit some of the poor hidden ones of his fold whom he knew to be great in the kingdom of heaven. Never had two men changed places so suddenly as when he who looked like an old black beggar brought the learned gentleman to his feet for a lesson on the truth of God's Word, and of his duty to uphold that truth before his people.—Published by request of Sr. Amanda Garis.

**Feelings Hurt.**

"So many of my members have been at outs with one another," said a pastor. "They have had their feelings hurt."

"Wouldn't it be fortunate," remarked I, "if they could be treated as are those who haveappendicitis, and cut off their sore feelings?"

"Indeed it would," assented he. "And I'd be willing to pay the cost of operating on some of my members."

"He hurt my feelings." Tut! The idea of a full-grown man saying such a thing. It's like a child. And he ought to be treated like a child, a naughty boy, spanked and put to bed supperless. What's the sense of one's carrying his feelings around with him, when they are so easily hurt? Better leave them at home. A kid with a sore toe has sense enough to keep out of the way.

Church members getting their feelings hurt! Ridiculous! A maiden losing her temper because the wind flips a rose petal in her face! Think of it, a professèd follower of the meek Jesus getting angry with a fellow disciple! And usually over a mere trifle.

Pray what does Christianity mean if not a little forbearance? Nine times in ten the offender meant no offense at all. You fancied ill when none was intended. You are just super-sensitive. You have lots more feeling than religion.

Even if offense is intended, you ought to have enough of the Christ spirit to take no notice of it. Now, don't get your feelings hurt any more. Be ashamed of yourself and make yourself behave.—Cumberland.

**UNLIMITED BACKING.—Then saith he to the man, Stretch forth thy hand. And he stretched it forth; and it was restored whole, as the other.**

The Scotch lord gave his old servant, Donald, a little farm. He said, "Donald, I am going to give you that farm and the rest of your days on your own property." Donald replied, "It is nay guide to gie me the farm; I have nae capital to stock it." His lordship looked at him, and said, "I think I can manage to stock it also." "Oh, well," said Donald, "If it's you and me for it, I think we will manage!"
me good all along life's journey and ever will if I am faithful. In this blessed vision those highly esteemed instruments of music in which I delighted so much were taken from me. Then that good Spirit said to me, "He that worketh righteousness shall be saved." It also presented this scripture, that which is high must be brought down, the low up, the crooked made straight. O glory to His name for His light, and again glory and honor for His mercy and grace, and that He gave me a willing heart to seek to know His will. It seemed a voice said: "Go and make your wrongs right and be obedient. I will lead you into all truth." O how blind, how ignorant the carnal mind lead you into all truth. "O how blind, how ignorant I was. What a joy!"—Dr. Mead.

As I asked the help of God and became willing I was like the Samaria	
tan woman. "He told me everything I ever did," and only then could I see what a self-righteous sinner I was. Then again what a pride I found in the sight of God. By the grace and mercy of God and a willing heart, pride can be gotten out of the heart and the outside becomes clean also. O how blind, how ignorant I was while unconverted and living in sin. Every time I made a wrong right I felt a blessing until I was free and happy. Glory to His name. I will never forget the evening I told my companion that I would just as soon go to my grave as to my bed. O blessed Jesus! O holy Comforter! What a joy!

Now, while this is my blessed and glorious experience, yet I can say, the half cannot be told. To trust God, pray and obey, and to have a clear conscience before God and man, this is religion and righteousness that will stand. Praise His name. I praise Him that I am yet on the way nearing my home. And now brethren and sisters, let us not become weary; our days are going by. I am now past three score and ten. O, how short life is! I have never felt that I could do anything that the Lord convinced me that it was wrong, nor take up anything again that I had put away in my beginning supported by His word.

We are also commanded to build gold, silver, precious stones. Perhaps sometimes we lack wisdom, but if we ask God He will help us to see it. We can rectify everything and then He can sanctify us and make us more like He is, even in our old days, as He did me three years ago on the 20th of January. O how I love my God and my Bible, my blessed Jesus and the Comforter. This is my consolation, "I sit and sing my hours away, And draw from Him that sweet repose. Which none but He who feels it knows." My prayer is: "Let me not shrink till I've done for thee, My earthly work, whatever it be; Call me to hence with mission un­filled, Let me not leave any space of ground unilled. "Thou hast impressed this truth on one that none Can do my portion that I leave undone; For each one in the vineyard hath a spot, To labor in for life, then weary not." LEAH ULERY.

Donnellsville, Ohio.

"When you move into the house of Christ, every man becomes your brother."—Dr. Mead.

[Continued from page 10.]

Testimony.

HOUSE.—Bro. Henry House died of heart failure on April 28, 1910, in Berth, at his home near Stewiacke, Cumberland county, Ont., aged 69 years, 10 months and 28 days. Bro. House was a life-long resi­dent of this place and as a leader in the church, over forty years. He leaves to mourn his wife and five children, all grown up, Jonas, of Welland, Ont., who resides at the Soo, 500 miles distant; George, of St. Catherine's; Mrs. Peter Shisler, near home, and Norman, the youngest, at home. The family was all present at the funeral which was held on Sabbath, as a large number con­ducted at the house by Bro. Girven Bearss, thence to Brethrens M. H., where Bro. A. Bearss conducted the service, a large group gath­ering being present, showing their respect for the family. Subject, "Ready and wait­ing," from Gen. 40:18. Interment in ad­joining cemetery.

GINGRICH.—Sister Lizzie Gingrich, widow of Bro. Jos. L. Gingrich, of Hum­melstown, Pa., who departed this life Map circle of Indiana, on June 29, 1853, and died April 23, 1910, aged 56 years, 9 months and 24 days. She was a great sufferer for three and one-half years, which she bore with patience. She was a member of the Brethren church over forty years, and is survived by her aged mother, and one daughter, Mrs. Chas. D. Brehm. Sis­ter Susan Hoffsmith conducted the service, a large group being present, showing their respect for the family. Subject, "Ready and wait­ing," from Gen. 40:18. Interment in ad­joining cemetery.

MEISENHELTER.—Sr. Mary Franlick Meisenhelter was born in Crawford county, Ohio, November 3, 1855, and departed this life April 22, 1910, aged 54 years and 29 days. On April 1, 1872 she was married to Jacob Meisenhelter at Bucyrus, Ohio. To this union were born eight children, of whom three have preceded her to the spirit world. There remain to mourn her loss, her husband, two sons, three daughters, six grandchildren and a large circle of friends. She was a consistent member of our body for over thirteen years and her passing out was most violent. She had been taken with dropsy and for months her suffering was intense, but through it all she manifested a sweet and patient spirit which will long be remembered. About fifteen minutes be­fore the end came, she said, "My work is finished, it is finished! He has come; He has come!" The funeral was held from the Chicago Mission, conducted by Bro. S. G. Engle, of Phila­delphia, Pa., and Bro. George Detwiler, of Harrisburg, Pa.

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LANDIS.—Jacob F. Landis died Sep­tember 13, 1900, in his 66th year, at the residence of his son, Oscar L. Landis, of Camden, N. J. Deceased was a son of the late Jacob Landis of Duagueh county, Pa., a minister in the River Brethren church. He was a brother of the late Bro. Jeremiah Landis of Lykens Valley; Bro. Henry Landis of Thomas, Okla.; Solomon Landis, Mrs. Lenker, Mrs. Sulzbach, and Sister Loudenslaver, of Salona, Pa. He died in the Christian faith. His surviving chil­dren are Albert Landis, Harry C. Landis, Oscar L. Landis, Edith K. Beehler.

LANDIS—Sister Sarah Landis was born October 3, 1855, and died at the home of Sister Anna Haski, Valley York, Pa., April 10, 1910, aged 74 years, 6 months and 16 days. She is survived by three sisters, Rebecca Stoner, of York county, Pa.; Mary Shank, and Catharine Miller, of Valley York, Pa. The deceased was converted and united with the Brethren in Christ church when quite young and was a con­sistent member until her death. Funeral services were held at the Stony Brook Menonite Meeting House, Friday, April 17, 1910, conducted by Bro. Aaron Martin and Bro. Andrew Lehman, and Bro. L. O. Musser. Text, Psalm 90:10, 11, 12. Inter­ment in adjoining cemetery.

OBITUARIES.