EDITORIAL—
Whose faces light up as bright as day.

SELECTED—
'Tis in the place where Zulus come,
And find sweet peace at Jesus' feet.
'Tis where the heathen come to meet,
There is a place I love to go,

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, 14, 15
The Blantyre boys from central land,
And Swazis also, not a few.
In such a place the Fingo's seen,
In which God's word as seed to sow,
In the far North the word resounds,
They come from the East, West and South.
Mozambiques, too, in this seed bed,
Bachopis here their pipe throw away,
Pondos can't say they have not been;
Zulu, Msuto, are side by side;
Here God breaks down this racial pride,
Where one and all from far and near
No more to hate, but seek His face.
Praying to God for love and grace,

VOL. XXV.
—Psa. 107.

Earth and Heaven—F. J. Alexander.
The South African Tribes—J. O. Lehman.
Give Your Sunshine to the Living—W. R. Smith.

CONTRIBUTED—
A Tale of the Years—W. R. Smith.
(Two Lines of Salvation Success (Continued) —A. L. Musszer.
Is This Your Case—L. Wier.

SELECTED—
What is a Call?
Fed by Ravens.
To Yourselves.

NEWS OF CHURCH ACTIVITY, ETC.,
Our Young People.
Obituary, ETC.,

For the Evangelical Visitor.
The South African Tribes.

By J. O. Lehman.

There is a place I love to go,
God's blessed word as seed to sow;
This where the heathen come to meet,
And find sweet peace at Jesus' feet.
'Tis in the place where Zulus come,
And Kaffirs too, for Christ are won;
'Tis here we find Basutos, too,
And Swazis also, not a few.
In such a place the Fingo's seen,
Pondos can't say they have not been;
The Shangaan, too, from the East Coast
Is seen here in Jesus' bosom.
The Basutos boys from central land,
When service is called and ardent;
Bachopis here their pipe throw away,
Whose faces light up as bright as day.
Sheetzas and all the east coast men
Are here beside the Quillaman.
Mozaambiques, too, in this seed bed,
Are found worshipping Mohammed.
They come from the East, West and South.
In rags or sunshine or in dresses.
In the far North the word resounds,
Come, let us go to the Compounds.
This is a splendid place, we know,
In which the heathen word as seed to sow.
Where one and all from far and near
Can gather round with open ear.
Here God breaks down this racial pride,
Zulu, Msuto, are side by side;
Praying to God for love and grace.
No more to hate, but seek His face.

We gather sheaves here in one day
Which would take you years, till one is gray.
To reach these souls in all their homes,
With the gospel in welcome tones.
Oh my brothers, and sisters, too!
Pray for these souls who are not few;
Two hundred thousand are here now.
Shall they at His precious feet bow?

The missionary listened, as he gazed out to
The splendor of the setting sun
The saints that form His body-guard
To the brightness of His coming,
When the saved in untold thousands
Shall see the Coronation!

'Twas brightened all the while.

I shall see the Coronation!

Earth and Heaven.
A Dialogue—Matthew vi. 21.

'Twas a glorious Coronation!—Moral.
Said the man from over sea;
Such public jubilation;
Such pomp and majesty;
The king he looked so splendid!
The queen she was so grand!

There never was such pageant yet
For the heathen to have a crown?

Give your sunshine to the living,
Give your blossoms to the living,
Give your words of love and token,
Shall proclaim the King of heaven
Louder far than ocean waves,
'Shall raise an anthem then—
With the ransomed and the free,
To the rhythm of the music
Shall do homage on their knees.
To the Coroner day!

What is the gift, thou didst lay down,
To the visitor family.—Editor.

No. 21.

OCTOBER 16, 1911
HARRISBURG, PA., MONDAY,
BY J. O. LEHMAN.

Earth and Heaven.

Give Your Sunshine to the Living.

Give your sunshine to the living,
Do not wait till they are dead;
You may wake the chord responsive
Of the heart's responsive smile.

Give your blossoms to the living,
Do not wait till they are dead.

Give your sunshine to the lonely,
Though they seem but cold and proud,
Mozambiques.

Give a loving word or token,
To the rhythm of the music

Oh my brothers, and sisters, too!
With His Spirit completely filled.
No, this burden is yours and mine,
To make their homes like devils' dens?

Pray for these souls who are not few;
'Shall they go home without a word,
'Shall they at His precious feet bow?
'Shall proclaim the King of heaven
Louder far than ocean waves,
'Shall do homage on their knees.

Give your sunshine to the living,
Give your blossoms to the living,
Give your words of love and token,
Shall proclaim the King of heaven
Louder far than ocean waves,
'Shall do homage on their knees.
To the Coronation day!

What is a Call?
Fed by Ravens.
To Yourselves.

The Christian Guardian.
Jesus Saves.

It is related of a godly mother of seventeen children, dying at the age of sixty-one years, in great peace and yet behind all of these, and what alone humbleness and being separate fromments and observing ordinances, of truth of God that Christ died for our sins. And that received and appropriated by the sinner makes such a triumphant dying possible.

The apostle who wrote most about love also wrote that the whole world—all of mankind—lieth in the wicked one, and Paul writes, "If Christ died for all, then were all dead," "dead in trespasses and sins." Among these "all" must have been she who in triumph testified with expiring breath that Jesus saves, as also every other saved one. Sometime in the yesterday of every saved person's life there must have occurred what the apostle says of the Thessalonian saints; they "turned from their idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come." There was the "work of faith,"—believing on Him whom the Father had sent,—the "labor of love,"—serving the living and true God,—the "patience of hope,"—waiting for Christ's return. "Repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," brought about this wondrous change of attitude and relationship, made possible by the dying of Christ our Savior as the sinner's substitute, and His glorious and triumphant resurrection, because Paul writes that He (Christ) was delivered up for our offences and was raised again for our justification; therefore being justified...we have peace with God, by faith.

Well may we exclaim with one, "O blessed truth! O glorious experience! Had we no Christ who saves, who gives peace and holy triumph, who gives eternal glory, what would all of life here be worth? Everything pales into shadowy insignificance apart from this—Jesus Saves!" Yet there are so many, many, all around us, who know not this mighty Redeemer, and who apparently are completely unconcerned as to the claims of this all-sufficient Savior. Others, many, are expecting to have enough good works to their credit when they come to die that that shall open heaven's door to admit them. Others tell us they know not Jesus Christ as Savior but they expect to stand as good a chance for heaven as some others whom they know who are in the church. O vain delusions! The father of lies has many ways of deceiving the people. But, "be not deceived," for "neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," only "the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth," "crucified," "raised from the dead," now at the right hand of the Majesty on high, glorified, coming again in power and great glory. O that all to whom this word comes who have not yet believed on Him who is our life, would now seek His face, receive Him, own Him, confess Him, forsake sin, and the world, and know indeed, truly, triumphantly, that "Jesus Saves!"

Among the many new social movements for reform, of the present day, is the Boy Scout movement. It is to do wonders for the boys in way of training them to be handy, sober, kind, clean, obedient, and, in a way, religious. It is highly praised by its enthusiastic advocates, but with others there are doubts as to the eventual good to come from it. There are some good features about it, as for instance in the announcement of its principles we are informed that the Boy Scout does not smoke, is kind and courteous to all, is kind to animals, he does not swear, nor drink intoxicants, respects his parents and is obedient to his superiors, and many other moral traits, all of which are commendable. But those who are doubtful about it see in it a tendency to militarism, since in its methods of organization and work it imitates the military idea, General Baden-Powell, of Boer war fame, is the instigator of the movement, and, we believe, its acknowledged head. We also see in it the essential feature of the secret lodge idea. The boy who joins takes a vow that "he will not reveal the secrets of his scout master without a question, and to act as a soldier or a sailor," "and this latter too," says Dr. Silas Swallow in a recent address, "despite the teachings of the Hague convention of 1907, the Boy Scout movement is the instigator of the secret lodge idea. The boy who joins takes a vow that "he will not reveal the secrets of his scout master without a question, and to act as a soldier or a sailor," "and this latter too," says Dr. Silas Swallow in a recent address, "despite the teachings of the Hague convention of 1907, the Boy Scout movement is the instigator of the secret lodge idea. 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"America, some adapted to men and some to women, have been important "centers attracting the papas and "mamas to homelessness. The 'jiners' "have so greatly multiplied, that it is "becoming difficult to find euphonic "names even among the lower animals "with which to distinguish them.

"There are now Masons and Odd Fel-
loows, Pythians and Pompians, Hep-
tasophs, Mystic Chains, Royal Ar-
canums, Mechanics, Hibernians, "Woodmen and Log Rollers, Maltas "and Macabees, Lambs, and Lions, "Coons, and Tigers, Red Men and "Brownies, Eagles and Owls, Moose "and Elk, and so on to the end. If a "man discharges faithfully his duty "to his family, to his business, to his "church, and to his country, it will so "absorb his attention as to leave no "time for grips and pass-words and "for memorizing crudely invented "secrets." The influence and power of the Secret Empire and of Militar-
ism are certainly great in these last "days, and their power of evil is the "greater because they assume to be re-
ligious.

The Middletown Press, one of our exchanges, that enjoys the patronage of many of the rural Christian people of this and adjoining counties who hold orthodox views as regards the teaching of God's word, is pleased to introduce with quite a flourish of large head lines, to its readers, Pastor Russel. He is heralded as A PASTOR UNIQUE, and that he is known as "AMERICA'S UBVIQUITOUS PREACHER." He is said to have achieved notable success in Biblical research. Some of the things he has discovered are that Christ did not bodily rise from the dead, that punishment for the wicked dead is not eternal, that those who die in their sins will have another chance, that the finally impenitent will be annihilated. In the October number of Our Hope, the editor, A. C. Gabelein, writes of his recent visit to Winnipeg, Man., where he spoke to an audience of about 1,000 people in the Mystic Theater on "Russellism" exposing the wicked teachings of the system. The next day a Presbyterian preacher told him that one of the wealthiest members of his church had heard Pastor Russell when he visited Winnipeg. This prominent church members told the preacher that he was deeply impressed by the meeting and what he had heard. His preacher warned him, but had no success. A short time after this same man who was captivated by Russell's teaching had to appear before the session of the church and was forced to confess to immoralities because he had been found out. Mr. Gabelein says further in this connection that men and wo-
men, who live in sin are very eager to accept a creed, which assures them that there is no judgment to come and that everlasting punishment is a myth, that he believes that many people ac-
cept these pernicious errors because they love sin, and says: "What an awful discovery they will make, when they have to face Him, who will bring the hidden things of darkness to light! What an awful discovery when they find that judgment and eternal punishment is not an invention, but a reality." We wonder whether the Christian patrons of the Press will consider it safe to have these teach-
ings brought into their homes in this sly way; whether they feel it safe for their families to become familiar with and influenced by these teachings which are so comfortable to evil doers, that, according to Ezek. 13:22, with lies strengthen the hands of the wicked, that he should not return from his wicked way, by promising him life. Of course the proprietors of the thousands of papers wherein these Bible Learning are published get good pay for the space occupied, but should they not be made to feel that Christian people who regard Russell-
ism or Millennial Dawnism as a dan-
gerous delusion may rightly resent in-
trusion of this kind. Some time ago the Patriot of this city also announced that this Unique, Ubiquitous Ameri-
can Preacher's Bible Study articles would be published weekly in its pages.

If it be the will of the heavenly Father, the editor may be absent from his office for several weeks after Oc-
tober 19. A decision of Conference of 1911, makes it the duty of the Home Mission Board to have the several city missions of the church visited by a member of the Board during the conference year. Conse-
sequently, while chairman of the Board, have been requested to visit Chicago and Des Moines missions, and we have decided to leave home on the 19th inst. and go by way of Carland, Mich., hoping to attend the love feast at that place on the 21st, and then go to Des Moines, and Chicago. We will likely be in Des Moines over Sunday, October 29, and in Chicago over the following Sunday, November 5. We certainly are not anxious to undertake this journey, and only do so by re-
quest of the other members of the committee appointed to see that this decision of conference is carried out.

We trust our brethren and sisters of the Board will not forget to pray for us.

It appears that a good many dis-


ericts of the Brotherhood are very slow in carrying out some of the de-
cisions of conference. In our issue of August 21, we made inquiry as to whether those in authority in the dis-


ctricts had noticed in Conference Min-


utes, page 106, section 5, something that claimed their attention. That the Treasurer of the Home Mission, Board had up to that time heard from only three districts. And it appears that the matter is still held back, as Bro. Kitely has written us that he has not yet received any of the amount due him. The amount due him is not large and the decision of conference was that each district contribute a small sum, sending it to the Treasurer of the Home Mission Board, A. O. Zook, Abilene, Kans. Any amount remaining when Bro. Kitely has been paid is to remain in the Home Mission Treasury. Now Bro. Zook cannot carry out his part of the trans-


amction unless the districts carry out theirs. We therefore appeal to the districts yet delinquent to attend to this matter at once (see Conference Minutes, page 106, section 6) and so enable the Treasurer to send the re-


lief to Bro. Kitely without delay. Bro. Kitely needs the relief as his health is poor rendering him unable to make his living. Our October 30 issue must be sent out during our absence from home. In order that it may not be delayed we have to prepare all the matter for it before we leave home on the 19th. We will therefore prepare whatever contributed matter we may have on hand up to about October 18th. What-


ever comes later will of necessity have to wait for the November 6 number. We hope there may nothing suffer through this arrangement as it is the best we can do under the circum-


stances. Funny, isn't it, how we sometimes overreach ourselves and make our- selves ridiculous in our eagerness to prove our position on some disputed question and so overcome the other fellow? A writer in an exchange, re-
cently discussed on the "Biblic Mode of Baptism." The writer had made an address on this theme at some place where it was uphill work to ad-
vocate pouring as being the Bible mode, but it was undertaken bravely and carried to a satisfactory issue to him, or herself. That the Bible
definition for baptism is pouring is proved beyond a doubt, to the one who proves it. It is conceded by the writer that the case in Acts 8:38 where Philip baptized the eunuch, may be claimed as a case of immersion since they both "came up out of the water," but we are counseled to notice that both Philip and the eunuch came up out of the water, and concludes, if that meant immersion for the convert it also meant immersion for the preacher. So we are to understand that two persons cannot go down into the water and there one of them immerse, baptize, the other, and they both come up out of the water without them both getting under the water. Funny, isn't it? Sisch mir aw schun so gange.

Special information from Moorestown Center, Mich., through Sr. Long tells of the serious illness of Sr. Mary A. Vandeveer with slight hopes of recovery. Sister Vandeveer has been a sufferer for many years and in this time of special trial needs the prayers of the saints, as does also the small class of members at that place. Sr. Long informs her friends that her address is still Longview, Pottstown, Pa.

"Jesus nimmt die Suinder an
Sagt doch dieses Trostwurt Allen,
Die noch auf verkehter Bahn
Und auf Suinendeagen wollen;
Hier ist, was sie retten kann, Jesus nimmt die Suinder an!"

So sings the poet, and it is a most glorious truth, but who cares for it in our day? They told his audience recently that years ago it was an easy matter to get un­saved men to the meetings, but at present it is a most difficult matter to get such to come to religious services. In testing the men's meeting on a recent Sunday when several hundred men were present nearly all stood up as being believers. It is necessary to go to after them and persuade them to come. Meetings in general have few besides, professorly Christian attend­ants, and it is becoming increas­ingly difficult to find any who appreciate the fact that Jesus receives the sinner and is ready to save if they will only come to Him. Other things in­trude and wholly take up the attention of the people, and since many accept the delusive teaching of a "Larger Hope," they chose to risk it on that line. The time of a falling away is upon us, and in due time the Anti­christ will be here. Let us work while it is day for the night cometh.

The editor of The Vanguard has this to say, and it accords with what we have tried to say, "The most awfully alarming thing is that lost souls are not alarmed. A strange soul-supper is "stealing in and setting upon the unsaved on every side. The profes­sional preachers are easily luring the unrepentant into a cheap profession and into the pale of their popular churches, and sinking them to hell 'sound asleep. They are dallying with convictions, and are drifting, 'drifting down to death eternal.'

We are anxious to find two hundred new subscribers for the Visitor. We offer to credit each new subscriber for a year to January, 1913. A goodly number of renewals are now due and we hope they will come promptly, bringing with them many new names. Shall this hope be realized? It can if we try. Let us try.

Bro. Peter Stover, 3446 North Second street, Philadelphia, Pa., wishes to inform the Visiorx family that Sr. Laura Sharp has a little girl, three months old, for whom a home is sought in a good Christian family. Address as above for further information.

A love feast is announced to be held at Valley Chapel, Stark county, Ohio, on November 4 and 5. Meeting commences at 10 a.m. on the 4th. A general invitation is extended.

A brief communication from the aged Elder W. O. Baker of Louisville, Ohio, informs us that he is enjoying quite good health considering the burden of years which he carries.

Power of Little Things.

A traveler on the dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lee,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree;
The door mouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
And grew into a tree;
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A blessing evermore.

A nameless man amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of truth and love;
Unstudied from the heart;
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A nameless man amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of truth and love
Unstudied from the heart.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A blessing evermore.

O gem of life, O fount of love,
O thought at random cast;
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.
—Author Unknown.
San Francisco Mission.

Report from August 24 to Sept. 24, 1911.

To the readers of the Evangelical Vis­­itor, Greeting: The Lord said to His dis­­ciples upon one occasion, “Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.” This, at once an entreaty and a command, was said that these might be made sensible of the great need of this world, and that a personal and heartfelt interest might be awakened in them for that need. And because there is a work required to reap the harvest that is not just to “look” upon it, He added another command: “Go into all the world.” We are convinced of this one thing, that if more of God’s children would obey the first command, there would be more obey­­ing the second.

The mission has been blessed of God much during the past month, in every way. We thank all those who have so liberally donated their time and money to the work here. Above all, we are glad and rejoice to see the Spirit move upon the hearts of the people, and while the great majority turn away, a few are willing to take the way with the Lord. Surely the days are evil, and the thought of men is evil continually, just as it was in Bible times. In a great cosmopolitan city like this, this is especially true. But God be thanked, there are a few of God’s children here, who love Him with all their hearts, and who faithfully hold up the banner of salvation.

We welcomed the company and help of a number of acquaintances who stopped with us several days on their way through the city. Their Christian fellowship was much enjoyed, and their words of encouragement strengthened the workers in their labors. Continue to pray that souls may find the Savior.

Financial.

DONATIONS.

Brother A. W. Wingert, Chambersburg, Pa.; Zion Sunday-school, Chambersburg, Pa... $1.32; Fairview Sunday-school, Emmaus, Pa.; double offering, all hand, $30.14. Total, $32.81.

EXPENDITURES.

Table supplies, $10.16; board and home expenses, $20.14; one month board rent, $20. Total, $50.43.

Balance on hand Aug. 24, 1911, .. $3.43 Balance on hand Sept. 24, 1911, ... 20.19

The San Francisco Mission Workers.

Des Moines Mission.

Report for month of September, 1911.

Grace, mercy and peace be multiplied to all the saints in Christ Jesus. Amen. We owe to God an attitude to God; our loving Father, for His vouchsafed promises of mercy and help. Our down-town meetings are, as a rule, well attended, and the interest is excellent. Almost every night there are seekers at the altar or requests for prayers. About two weeks ago, in the Sunday afternoon meet­­ing, a bright young man of about twenty-five years of age arose and made a very humble confession of his sinful life, and then came forward and with another young man of about the same age, knelt at the altar. After praying and agonizing a while, the man who had been reached back into his hip pocket and drew out a whiskey flask half full of distilled damnation and handed it to me. At once he dug down into another pocket and took a package of cigarettes. Then he began to twist and pull at one of his fingers and suddenly he threw off a gold ring, which was number three on the pile of debris. It was but a short period when he was experiencing a living faith in the atoning blood of Cal­­vary, and found peace and pardon. When we arose from the altar he gave a beautiful testimony, also confessing how the devil led him into sin step by step.

Another man, married, having a Chris­­tian wife, was brought under conviction and yielded to God. While on his knees he confessed that he was the black sheep of their family and that his father had been a preacher for many years and lived till ninety years of age. His father being blind, thus, his boy, was obliged to read much of the Bible to him; and we were surprised how he could quote the Word. He gives evidence of a genuine confession speaking out against all manner of sin.

Quite a number of dissipated men fre­­quent the altar; some seem to get help, others appear to be too weak and far gone that they fail to see the strong arm of God through our loving Saviour. Others only have temporal help in view. So, you see, we have all manner of people to deal with.

A week ago last Sunday night we had a searching message on heart-purity, and a man of good standing in his church, who was present with his wife, was brought under powerful conviction, and without personal solicitation came forward to the altar and sought God for pardon and purity. He arose and confessed that he had been located in the message, that he had been unfailingly to his own, dear wife, and in other matters as well, but he went down, down, down until he struck rock-bottom, and now he and his wife both enjoy the sharp edge of the Sword of the Spirit, the word of God, and are happy and free. Just last night there were three at the altar, among them was a young man who had never professed religion before. He was steeped in sin, and you could smell it on his breath without approaching him closely. He seemed very sincere and made an entreaty and a command, was said that purpose to Anna Zook.

The mission has been blessed of God in many ways, but we report a deficit of $40.25, but if we would be there in their midst. We thank God for our beloved Mrs. C. R. and Anna Zook.

The lovefeast as announced for Howick, Ont., October 10, ipn., will be there in their midst. We thank God for our beloved Mrs. C. R. and Anna Zook.

The lovefeast as announced for Howick, Ont., September 30 has been celebrated and was a time of real spiritual refreshment to our souls. Thus we were reminded again that the promise is good that where there is light there will be in their midst. We thank God for Henry Eady’s love, of the Lord in obeying His commandments. And may those communion seasons ever be a means in God’s hand to stay our hearts more fixedly on the theme and work of the atonement. And as we partake of the emblems of our Savior’s broken body and shed blood, may we become more solemnly impressed with the fact that the price of our redemption was so great that none other than the Son of God could buy it.

Our esteemed Bro. and Eld. John Wild­­
fong, of Hepler, Ont., was with us and broke the word to us. Though he is some-
what weak bodily, yet in spirit he is strong.

John Richard.

Fordwich, Ont.

Philadelphia Mission.

Report from September 11 to October 8, 1911.

FINANCIAL.

Balance on hand, $47.40.

Receipts.

A sister, Harrison, 50c; a brother and sisters, Mt. Joy, Pa., $3; in His Name, $5; a sister, N. Franklin, Pa., $25; a brother, N. Franklin, Pa., $4; cash, $10; offerings, $7.15. Total, $73.41.

Expenses.

Provisions, $7.26; gas, $7.75; poor, etc., $7.50. Total, $44.49.

Balance on hand, $29.52.

Shippensburg, Pa., 2 bbl. cabbage, pumpkins and sweet potatoes; 1 bag common and box dried corn, apple butter and some other things.

A sister and brother, Philadelphia, Pa., tomatoes, beans, rhubarb and other vegetables.

May God bless the givers. If any of the Visiter readers have clothing to spare and would send them to us we could make many hearts glad, as there are many who are destitute and must face the winter's cold with nothing to send to use for help.

H. B. Burkholder and Wife.

3423 North Second St.

A Visit Among the Brethren.

Greetings to all. It is quite a long time since I wrote anything for the Visitor, but now I will write again and give an account of my visit.

I want to thank God for the joy and peace that flows so sweet and like a river. Sometimes it brings with it a shout of hal-le-lujah. The things of this world have no charms for me, but give me Christ and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and the word, and especially any who are with all it brings to you. But give me Christ, with all it brings to my heart and life. I can't express the joys of my life in words, but oh, hal-le-lujah! It's better felt than told. I came from Philadelphia to Mount Joy on Saturday afternoon, and went to Bro. Eli Engle's, where I met Bro. E. W. Tyson for the first time. Shortly after my ar-rival there we all went to Bro. Levi Mee-ser's for an evening meeting. We were served with a fine lunch which we appreciate very much. A large number were out and we had a good meeting. Bro. S. R. Smith, Bro. Tyson and other ministers were present and the evening was a fine one. When we got home, we were invited to a cottage meeting in the evening at Bro. Hammaker's. Sunday was a great day to my soul. In the morning service the Lord came in power and there was a shout in the camp, hallelujah. Bro. Detwiler gave the message. In the afternoon at the Y. M. C. A., we had a feast of fat things, when Bro. Yates again gave us a wonder­ful message. One of the brethren, Bro. Garman and others held a meeting on the Capitol ground. We also had a song service in Bro. Garman's home which I enjoyed very much. In the evening we had another good meeting; a praise ser­vice, then messages by Bros. Garman and Brehm. As I write of the great Sunday meetings my heart wells up with hallelu­jahs, to His holy name.

I want to thank the brethren for their kindness and hospitality all through the visit. I greatly appreciated your hospitality and fellowship, and your Christ-like acts. May God richly bless all, in your prayer. I request the prayers of the saints that God may restore me to complete health. The Lord has wonderfully touched and built me up and I feel I can do more than I have ever been able to do before. May we all labor together to keep the joy of our salvation. I am receiving at His hands and I shall have all the glory. My heart is full of praise to God for the way He has cared for me. I can report victory over the world, the flesh and the devil, and I have no use for the world. My heart is filled with praises for the won­derful blessings I am receiving at His hands. I love the real old-time salvation which brings with it the Holy Ghost fire and power.

Yours for the lost of earth.

AMOS C. HIGGINS.

“Give diligence to make your calling and election sure.”—II. Pet. 1:10.

A Little Journey.

I started Life's wearisome journey
With a heart full of joy and delight;
The path stretching smoothly before me
Seemed glowing with radiance bright:
I paused just to rest for awhile,
Led straight into heaven at last.

Then I saw that Earth's devious pathway
Till at last came the end of the quest.

O'er a pathway now rough to the tread,
It seemed but a short blissful stage;
So I climber ever higher and higher,
And Youth left me leaning on Age.

I sang in a jubilant strain,
Till at last came the end of the quest.

For a voice of ineffable sweetness
So I climber ever higher and higher,
But Youth brought its strength and its
And I knew in my soul I must reach it.

And I knew in my soul I must reach it.

And I knew in my soul I must reach it.

A little drive in the evening over town I appreciated much. On Thursday Bro. Martin took me to see our new church which was built in 1910. It's a nice one with a fine basement with tables for love-feast. In the afternoon, the elder took me out to his farm where his sons live, and from there to Bro. J. Martin's for the night, and with them in the evening to the United Zion's church for the prayer-meet­ting, which was built in 1910. It's a nice one with a fine basement with tables for love-feast. I had a fine visit with them, and enjoyed their fellowship and hospitality very much. Bro. John Brinser is a minister in the Zion church.

Saturday, back to Elizabethtown and

Led straight into heaven at last.

That looked in the distance Heedless,
And I knew in my soul I must reach it,
And climbed to its utmost dome.
For the crown was the past three weeks stage;
Then my footsteps grew slow and I stumbled;
And Youth left me leaning on Age.

We trotted along for a season
Over a pathway now rough to the tread,
But I lifted my eyes to a mountain
That loomed in the distance Heedless,
And I knew in my soul I must reach it,
And climbed to its utmost dome.
For the crown was the past three weeks stage;
Then my footsteps grew slow and I stumbled;
And Youth left me leaning on Age.

I met Bro. Eli Engle, Bishop Oberholzer and others. On Friday I went to see the new Bible School building. Bro. Wiehe took me through it. It's a fine building. Shortly after, back to Harrisburg. Attended a cottage meeting in the evening at Bro. Hammaker's. Sunday was a great day to my soul. In the morning service the Lord came in power and there was a shout in the camp, hallelujah. Bro. Detwiler gave the message. In the afternoon at the Y. M. C. A., we had a feast of fat things, when Bro. Yates again gave us a wonder­ful message. One of the brethren, Bro. Garman and others held a meeting on the Capitol ground. We also had a song service in Bro. Garman's home which I enjoyed very much. In the evening we had another good meeting; a praise ser­vice, then messages by Bros. Garman and Brehm. As I write of the great Sunday meetings my heart wells up with hallelu­jahs, to His holy name.

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Yours for the lost of earth.

AMOS C. HIGGINS.

“Give diligence to make your calling
And election sure.”—II. Pet. 1:10.
For more than sixty years I have been a pilgrim traveling through the valley of this life. Like others that have preceded me, I have found the journey one of many changes, with countless dangers on either side. A land of clouds and sunshine, joys and sorrows intermingled. How swiftly the years have taken their flight into the silent past never to return.

Onward ever onward, seems to be the whole language of God's vast creation. Looking back along the line of years, how wonderful the way appears; an unseen hand has surely been directing my footsteps along the unknown way and preserved me from countless snares and pitfalls. Many who once walked with me in the early days of my pilgrimage have passed on to the land ahead, and their earthly remains are now peacefully resting in the little mounds along the wayside.

As I now recall these departed ones that I once knew as friends and loved ones, they number more than the living I now know.

"So many voices have been hushed, So many songs have ceased for aye; So many hands I use to clasp, Are folded over hearts of clay."

"They have faded and gone to the land of the blest, Like the last lingering hues of the even; Reclining their heads on the dear Savior's breast, They have gone to their own native heaven."

For nearly forty years I have been walking on the heaven side of the "Wondrous Cross, on which the Prince of Glory died." And I now rejoice that so early in life I experienced its power to save, and a dying Savior's love. I have found the precious name of Jesus a shield and help to sustain and guide me in the night of deepest gloom. A Friend that has never forsaken me in all my wanderings. A Solid Rock in whose sheltering shade I have found rest and comfort along the desert way. One on whom all of my hopes and joys for time and eternity are centered.

I am now rapidly going down the Western slope of life; the greater part of the journey is behind me; the shadows are growing longer in the valley, as the sun of my earth life nears the horizon. More than ever do I realize that this world is not my abiding place, but that I am only a pilgrim going home to my Father's home above. And while passing through the shadowy vale here below, yet the mountain tops are gleaming from peak to peak with God's everlasting love, and by faith I behold the land beyond the sunset portals of this life where I soon shall rest. Yes, "There is land ahead; Its fruits are waving O'er the fields of fadeless green, And its peaceful waters loving Shores where heavenly forms are seen."

Fredonia, Kan., R. 2.  ____________

For the Evangelical Visitor.

BY A. L. MUSSEY.

HARMONY.

All through love, and love's manifestations, there exists flowing motion and harmony. Everything in the heavenly universe is in unceasing action. There is a heavenly universal vibratory movement visible everywhere. From anything extremely small and the minute portions of matter composing the small things, there is constant, unceasing vibration and motion in love to the Creator for their existence. And from this constant motion, and running through its entire manifestation, there is visible a constant and unchangeable law of flowing motion. Just as there is a flowing motion visible in nature, so is there a flowing motion in divine love. And from that flowing motion proceeds that which is called Harmony.

You have heard of the wonderful force concealed in the science of flowing motion and harmony between God and Joshua. You have read of the instance in which the mighty walls of Jericho were shaken by the note of the seven priests' trumpets of ram's horns, and the shout of many people in an interrupted flowing motion and harmony. It seems almost surpassing belief, but must direct our minds to one more instance of the flowing motion and harmony between God and the church when St. Peter was imprisoned by a wicked king. The harmony was so great throughout the church that God delivered St. Peter by the hands of His angel.

Gospel science teaches us that even our heavenly Father and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, will come and make their abode with us while we are living in this house of clay. Moreover, it also teaches that great peace will be given, not as the world giveth. If one wishes to have great peace and harmony one must first ascertain the keynote of the entire heavenly building and then manage to start into motion. Constantly sounding the keynote over and over again until the great merciful Father hears and catches the motion and man begins to rejoice.

"Constantly sounding the keynote," that is it. If we could but sound the keynote of love's great flowing motion and harmony, we could accomplish anything. And this is not such a wild dream as might be supposed at first glance. Remember, that "In quietness there is strength." Every Christian who is ambitious and has heaven as a definite object should take a few minutes off each day, and sit alone, giving himself or herself a chance to think, meditate and allow the great flowing motion and harmony of love to flow through his or her cleared mind, and in this way gain renewed strength and energy. It is in these quiet moments, when the temptations are made less severe and the mind is in peace.

I desire to give here a few directions for entering into harmony with the heavenly universal flowing motion of love: First, our mental attitude must be right. We must have gained control of our thoughts and words, so that the mind is open and receptive to the great good of the soul. Second, there must be no hatred in the soul, no discouragement, no temper of mind that looks too much on the dark side of things, no negative, flattering, worm-of-the-dust or poverty thought. Our frame of mind must be that of good-will, encouragement with positive thoughts expecting good health and prosperity, and all the good things that man is entitled to by right of his sonship through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.

(Foot to be continued.)

O'er the fields of fadeless green, And its peaceful waters loving, Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

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(Foot to be continued.)

11 Beckbagan Lane, Ballygunj P. O., Calcutta, India.
For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.
Is This Your Case.

BY L. WIER SHRADLEY.

A few months ago there was a little girl of about four years of age playing along the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad near Altoona, Pa. Her mother, not knowing where her child was, and hearing a series of short, sharp blasts of a locomotive, looked around to make sure her child was safe, and discovered that the child was sitting in the middle of the tracks while one of the Pennsylvania Railroad fliers was bearing down upon her. The train had just rounded a curve, which prevented the engineer from seeing the child sooner, but he was doing all in his power to stop the train, but it was plainly evident that he would not be able to stop the train in time to save the child. The mother, seeing this, ran toward her little girl in frantic despair, but a man jumped out from behind a box car and roughly pushed her back and then jumped directly in front of the fast train, picked the child and threw her off the tracks out of the way, but was unable to get off the track himself in time to escape injury. The train struck him with terrific force, and knocked him fully one hundred feet. The train was brought to a standstill and the man was found to be living, although unconscious. They asked the mother if she knew him and she replied that she did not. They then asked her if she would allow them to carry him into her house until they could summon doctors, and she replied, "Why, no, I never saw the man before to-day." At this one lady in the crowd offered to take the man into her house. The offer was accepted, and the man was gently placed on a stretcher, and tenderly carried to the kind lady's house. A few days after, one of the neighbors asked the little girl's mother how the man was that had saved her child. "I don't know," was her answer. "Didn't he save your little girl?" "Yes, but he's a stranger to me." A few more days passed and the man died without regaining consciousness, and as there was no means of identification about him, there was a subscription taken up in the town to give him decent burial, but the mother did not contribute anything. Her neighbor asked her if she was not going to the funeral. "Why, no," she replied, "the man's a stranger to me; I never knew him until a few days ago, and I don't want to have anything to do with him." Thus she repudiated the man who had saved her child from a horrible death. You, who read this, will most likely exclaim: "How could a person be so mean?" Yet you, who are not saved, I say search yourselves and see if you are not doing the very same thing. Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, was sent down to this wicked earth of ours, by our heavenly Father from above, to suffer ridicule, pain and agony to save us from hell: something far worse than death. There he was, nailed to the cross, suffering untold agony for three hours, and dying the most ignominious death that there was, to save us poor sinners. Yet you, the unsaved ones, repudiate Him, and say, "He's a stranger to me: why should I please Him?" Is not this much worse than the mother's case referred to above. Moreover He holds out the blessed invitation: "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." What more do you want? Yet you say, "He's a stranger to me; I never knew Him." The best thing you can do is to get acquainted with Him, and the sooner the better.

And a good many of you who are saved are acting in pretty much the same way. You say, "Yes, I know He died to save me, and I am glad to know that I have a Saviour." And this is as far as it goes. Jesus wants us to go farther than that. He does not save us for the sake of eternal life alone. He saves us for service. He says, "Ye are my witnesses," and also, "He that witnesseth of me, I will in no wise cast out." And how many of us are engaged in the Lord's work? To be in His service does not mean that if we dress plain and go to meeting that that is all that is required of us. Just putting on the outer garb will not save us. Jesus wants us to put the garb on our heart. He commands us to go out in the highways and the byways and bring the sinners in, and not to sit in meeting and wait for the sinners to come to us. He, who suffered on the cross doing so much for us, and then we are not willing to please Him. When you think it over, do you not feel ashamed of yourself. I do. I feel as much ashamed of myself as that mother should have been ashamed of herself for not helping the stranger that saved her child. I know one who is a member of the church and who goes to Sunday-school and church on Sunday, and goes to the weekly prayer meeting, and I have never known that member to speak about the Bible or of Jesus Christ when outside of meeting. Yet that member professes to be a child of God. My prayer for those professors of that kind, is, that God may open their eyes to true service. Now let all of us, who are delinquent, make a new start in the service of our Lord and Master and resolve to do better and more efficient work than we have in the past.

* * *

What Is a Call?

A vision of need has impelled many of the great missionaries. William Carey said that his call was an open Bible before an open map of the world.

Robert Morrison faced the question of his lifework in a heroic manner. "Jesus, I give myself to thy service. The question with me is, Where shall I serve? I consider 'the world' as the 'field' where Thy servants must labor. When I view the field I perceive that far the greater part is entirely without laborers, or at least has but one or two, while there are thousands crowded up in one corner. My desire is to engage where laborers are most wanted."

Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke College, and for twelve years its principal, was wont to say, "To know the need should prompt the deed."

Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, left the secluded artist's studio for the work of Christ. He had been painting the picture of a poor woman thinly clad and pressing a babe to her bosom, wandering homeless on a stormy night in a dark, deserted street. As the picture grew, the artist suddenly threw down his brush, exclaiming, "Instead of merely painting the lost, I will go out and save them."

James Gilmour, of Mongolia, decided the question of his field of labor by the logic of common sense. "Is the kingdom a harvest field? Then I thought it reasonable to seek work where the need was greatest and the workers fewest."

Ivan Keith-Falconer, a man of most brilliant attainments, son of a peer, rich, one of our greatest athletes, Cambridge University reader in Arabic, said: "A call—what is a call? A call is a need, a need made known and the power to meet that need."—Evangel.—Sel.
Feast by Ravens.

“The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruise of oil fail.” (I Kings 17:14.)

In Mrs. Howard Taylor’s address at the annual meeting of the China Inland Mission, as reported in China’s Millions, she related the following experience of one of the Chinese converts:

“Soon after Mr. Li’s conversion he heard an impressive sermon from Mr. Stanley Smith upon the words, ‘Covetousness which is idolatry.’ He was greatly concerned to think that, having given up idolatry, he might be betrayed into the same sin through allowing a covetous spirit to have any place in his heart. To avoid this danger he determined to keep no money of his own and to possess no property. His little house and farm he handed over to his nephew, and devoted himself entirely to making known the gospel, sustained by the simple hospitality of those to whom he ministered, and to whom his prayers brought help and healing for body as well as soul. His labours were wonderfully owned of God, and resulted in building up a church in the Yohyang district, which he long shepherded with loving care. As time went on he opened a refuge for the cure of opium smokers, and in this way also was made a blessing to many. This work, of course, could not be carried on without expense, and there were times when supplies ran short, and dear old Li was enabled to prove in very special ways the faithfulness of God.

“After some years a breath of what we may call, perhaps, ‘higher criticism’ reaches this far-away province, and the old man heard in connection with the story of Elijah’s being fed by ravens that they were not real birds that brought the bread and meat, but some kind of dark-skinned people, probably Arabs, who shared with him their supplies, for it was absurd to suppose that birds would ever act in the way described. It would be miraculous. But this way of explaining the matter did not at all commend itself to the old man’s simple faith. Miracles were no difficulty to him. He had seen for too often the wonder-working power of God put forth in answer to prayer. And, besides, in this very connection he had an experience which no amount of arguing could gainsay. The story has been so carefully verified on the spot, by Mr. Lutley and others, that one has no hesitation in passing it on, strange as it may seem to our ears.

At one time in his Refuge work, old Li had come to an end of all his resources. There were no patients coming for treatment; the Refuge was empty; his supplies were exhausted, and his faith was a good deal tried. Quite near by, in the large temple of the village, lived a cousin who was priest-in-charge, and who when he came to see his relative from time to time would bring a little present of bread or millet from his ample store. The old man on receiving these gifts would always say, ‘Tien-Fu-thien’en—‘My Heavenly Father’s grace’—Meaning that it was through the care and kindness of God that these gifts were brought. But the priest did not approve of that way of looking at it, and at last remonstrated:

"Where does your heavenly Father’s grace come in, I should like to know? The millet is mine. I bring it to you. And if I did not, you would very soon starve for all that He would care. He has nothing at all to do with it.’

"But it is my heavenly Father who puts it into your heart to care for me,” replied old Li.

“Oh, that’s all very well,” interrupted the priest. ‘We shall see what will happen if I bring the millet no more.’ And for a week or two he kept away; although his better nature prompted him to care for the old man whom he could not but esteem for the works of mercy in which he was constantly engaged.

“As it happened, this was just the time in which dear Old Li was especially short of supplies. At last there came a day when he had nothing left for another meal. The Refuge was still empty, and he had not the cash to buy a morsel of bread. Kneeling alone in his room, he poured out his heart in prayer to God. He knew very well that the Father in heaven would not, could not, forget him; and after pleading for blessing on his work, he reminded the Lord of what the priest had said, asking that for the honour of His own great name, He would send him that day his daily bread.

“Then and there the answer came. While the old man was still kneeling he heard an unusual clamour and cawing and flapping of wings in the courtyard outside, and a noise as of something falling to the ground. He rose, and went to the door to see what was happening. A number of vultures or ravens, which are common in that part of China, were flying about in great commotion above him, and as he looked up a large piece of fat pork fell at his feet. One of the birds, chased by the others, had dropped it just at that moment on that spot. Thankfuly the old man took up the unexpected portion, saying, ‘My heavenly Father’s kindness.’ And then glancing about him to see what had fallen before he came out, he discovered a large piece of Indian meal bread, all cooked and ready for eating. Another bird had dropped that also; and there was his dinner bountifully provided. Evidently the ravens had been on a foraging expedition, and, overtaken by strange birds, had let go their booty. But whose hand had guided them to relinquish their prize right above his little courtyard?

“With a wondering heart, overflowing with joy, the dear old man kindled a fire to prepare the welcome meal; and while the pot was still boiling, the door opened, and, to his great delight, his cousin, the priest walked in.

“Well, has your heavenly Father sent you anything to eat?” he somewhat scoffingly inquired, saying nothing about the bag of millet he had brought, carefully concealed up his sleeve.

“Look and see,” responded the old man, smiling, as he indicated the simmering vessel on the fire.

“For some time the priest would not lift the lid, feeling sure there was nothing boiling there but water; but at length the savoury odour was unmistakable, and, overcome by curiosity, he peeped into the earthen pot. What was his astonishment when the excellent dinner was revealed.

“Why,” he cried, ‘where did you get this?’

“My Heavenly Father sent it,” responded the old man gladly. ‘He put it into your heart, you know, to bring me a little millet from time to time, but when you would do so no longer it was quite easy for Him to find another messenger.’ And the whole incident, his prayer and the coming of the ravens, was graphically told.

“The priest was so much impressed by what he saw and heard that he became from that time an earnest inquirer, and before long confessed his faith in Christ by baptism. He gave up his comfortable living in the temple for the blessed reality that now satisfied his soul. He supported himself as a teacher, became a much respected deacon in the Church, and during the Boxer troubles of 1900 endured terrible tortures and finally laid down his life for Jesus’ sake.

“Oh, dear friends, we are dealing...
with the living God to-day just as really and truly as did Elijah and the saints of old. I have told this incident at some length just to bring home to you some actual realization of the blessed fact that He was, He is. Our Heavenly Father is unchanged. He acts on the same principles still.

"But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." (Phil. 4:19.)

"God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." (II. Cor. 9:8.)

To Yourself.

Dwelling upon the critical event of His coming Jesus says to His disciples, "take heed to yourselves." Indeed! It seems more easy to take heed to some one else.

To give attention to others is most certainly a duty. We are, in no very limited sense, set for the helping of our fellows, especially if people are divinely appointed ministers,—for they watch for souls.

But it may become a profession in a way, even to care for others, and in such a case be neglectful of one's own soul.

Jesus decidedly intimates peril here and into which good people,—disciples,—may grossly fall. He warns against a heart being overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, so that the trying day of His coming shall find them utterly unprepared.

In another connection He raised, practically the same question and anticipates a serious situation when He said, "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"

Evidently He will find what there is. and there will be no chance to change —"For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth." As a snare. What suddenness! No wonder He said, "Be ready." Be ready,—be ye constantly ready, for in an hour when ye are not thinking the Son of Man shall come.

Jesus was a faithful watchman. He saw the danger coming and cried aloud and spared not. Again He says, "Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all those things that shall come to pass." Does it not become us to do this? Is it not now well to be warned? "Lo! cometh suddenly he find you sleeping."

Jesus put such emphasis upon the danger of even his shepherds becoming indifferent to their own personal state it should not only be to all a reminder, but actually should startle us so we may not "sleep, as do others; but watch and be sober."—Christian Witness.

Importance of Decision.

"How long halt ye between two opinions?" (I. Kings 18:21.)

Christian professors may be rightly divided into three classes, namely, the nominals, the betwixt-and-betweens and the out-and-outs.

I. The Nominals are they who are Christians in name only. They are enrolled in religious statistics. They are a part of the padding of the body religious. They became identified with God's people years ago, but their identification is quite obscure at the present time. They would need to be identified at the throne of grace in order to get one of God's promises cashed; they are not known there, though well known on the street and in society circles and places of pleasure. One of God's outcasts here is better known up above—better known here as a Christian, for the nominal Christian is scarcely known as such to his next door neighbor, hardly to his shop-mates.

The writer once knew of a fireman who had for months if not for years been associated with an engineer on a locomotive. This fireman had been a professed Christian for years, and one night as the day's work was done and they were washing up he remarked to his next door neighbor, hardly to his shop-mates:

"What! you a Christian?" asked the engineer. That was the first intimation; there had been no symptoms before. Now physical conditions are not unusually misleading as to bodily health; and spiritual conditions are equally manifest. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and, per contra, out of its leanness silence reigns on spiritual topics.

II. The Betwixt-and-Betweens. They are those who are "neither cold nor hot." They are the would-be neutrals. They are the color of the thing they are on, like chameleons and tree-toads. When with the Romans they do as the Romans do. They try to serve God at the halves, and they absorb that half, rendering Him nothing. They have some religious sentiment, which is better than nothing; they mean to do about right. There is salt enough near them to keep them from spoiling, but the salt gets no credit for it. They borrow their virtue and goodness, unconsciously, from praying fathers, mothers and friends, as the moon borrows its light from the sun; but they do not shine for the benefit of others, as does the moon after the sun is down. They do not render any interest on their borrowed capital, but use it for their own benefit. They have part of an eye and ear for God and truth, and more than an eye and ear for this flesh and the devil. On the fence on every live issue between good and evil, their influence is not neutralized thereby but is cast on the side of evil. "He that is not for me is against me." Inwardly, like Pilate of old, they think well of Christ, but the multitude cries out for Barabbas and Barabbas it is in fact, while they wash their hands, fancying that this operation clears them.

III. The Out-and-Outs. They know where they are and so do you and everybody else. They can be reckoned on. They are the ones sent for to pray for those dying. A dying man wants an out-and-out Christian, that is popular at the throne, around him. He wants a person of influence with God if anywhere. Your out-and-out man does not nibble at truth nor mince in his gait. He is what he is by the grace of God. In every spot and place, there are places where the nominal and the half-and-half go where he would not be seen, no, not for a thousand dollars, unless God unmistakably sent him there on an errand of mercy.

Such men and women "are the salt of the earth." They keep multitudes from rottenness by their influence in the world and community. They "are the light of the world. A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid." The effulgence of their good works scintillates through the fogbanks of unbelief that surround and press upon them until it burns its way out and the atmosphere clears. They may be cranks of to-day but they will be the heroes of to-morrow. All the world loves a brave fighter; and he who fights "the good fight of faith" is no exception. "O and O" is on their breast and on their back wherever they go—OUT AND OUT.

They do not guess at their acceptance with God; they "know that they have passed from death unto life." There is an inborn evidence as strong as their inborn life in word and deed. It will be the out-and-outs that will be taken up and up, by the angels bye-and-bye. Let us be of this number. An out-and-out deed to property is the only kind worth having.—Our Hope.
October 16, 1911.]

**EVANGELICAL VISITOR.**

**Two Thousand Saloon Epileptics in Illinois.**

Dr. V. H. Podesta is one of the superintendents of an Illinois asylum for insane and epileptics. He has recently written regarding the relation of epilepsy to the use of intoxicants. He tells the story, first, of one of his patients ten or twelve years of age, who was an epileptic because of his father's drunkenness. The case was directly traceable to this cause.

Dr. Podesta continues: "But while the case is pathetic, it is not rare. There are to-day in this fair State of Illinois about eight thousand epileptics. More than half of them are children. Nearly two thousand could, if they knew enough, justly point their fingers at their fathers, or mothers, or at both, and say, 'You are responsible for my misery—you, through the alcohol which made you its slave.'

"And when most of these children die early, prematurely, usually in horrible convulsions, with their poor little limbs drawn together in spasms, and their child-faces purple and twitching, from the physician's view-point the case is a case of murder, and the name of the murderer is Alcohol."

We lately received the report of a German society of physicians for investigating the causes of epilepsy, which are confessedly obscure. We are almost startled to find that these physicians of the land of beer and wine gave it as the result of their conclusions that epilepsy was almost wholly the direct or indirect result of the use of intoxicants somewhere in the ancestry of the sufferer—that epilepsy was pre-eminently the disease which owed its existence to alcohol. Thus the clear, cold voice of science more and more fixes the brand of devour upon alcohol, the arch enemy of the human race.—Sel.

I Will Trust, and Not Be Afraid.

Anxiety does not empty to-morrow of its sorrow, but it empties to-day of its strength. It brings a double weakness, for it makes us feeble in to-day's endeavors and faint-hearted for the future. Jesus warns against anxious thought as one of the insidious dangers to which we are constantly exposed.

Faith in God furnishes the great defense against the gnawing and destructive effects of "worrying care." Thoughts of God's sovereignty, of His love, of His grace, and of His power will steady the heart and stay the soul against the ravages of anxiety.—Christian Observer.—Sel. by Frances B. Heise.

"Say Your Prayers in Fair Weather."

A profligate captain who commanded a vessel trading between Liverpool and America, just as he was leaving port once took on board a common sailor, to serve during the voyage. The new-comer was soon found to be of a most quarrelsome disposition and a furious blasphemer. He was wholly ignorant of nautical affairs, or at least counterfeited ignorance in order to escape duty. In short he was the bane and plague of the vessel, and obstinately refused to give any account of himself or family.

At length a violent storm arose; all hands were ordered on deck; but all, it was feared, would prove too few to save the ship. When the men had mustered to their quarters, the sturdy blasphemer was missing; and the captain went below to seek for him. Great was his surprise to find him on his knees repeating the Lord's prayer with wonderful rapidity, over and over again, as if he had bound himself to countless reiterated. Vexed at the hypocrisy or cowardice, he shook him roughly by the collar, exclaiming, "Say your prayers in fair weather." The man rose up observing in a low voice, "God grant that I may ever see fair weather to say them."

In a few hours the storm happily abated; a week more brought them to harbor, and an incident so trivial passed by, as if it had been itself sure that he labored under no objection to relate the incident with which the reader is already acquainted. With deep emotion he told them that the words of the captain had clung to him as if an angel had been charged with the duty of repeating them in his ears. He had become convinced of the sin and folly of neglecting to seek God in the time of peace and safety; so he resolved to throw himself at the feet of Jesus, and thus obtain pardon for the past and grace for the future. Having felt a great desire to devote the remainder of his life to the service of his Redeemer, he had entered the ministry, and was now through grace such as they saw and heard.

At the conclusion of his address he called on the audience to join with him in earnest prayer that the same words might be blessed to some of those present. A gracious answer was given. The captain was deeply affected, and God's Spirit wrought effectually upon him. After the congregation had retired he exchanged the hotel for the house of the preacher with whom he spent several weeks, and parted from him to pursue his profession, with a heart devoted to God, and with holy and happy assurance, which advancing years only strengthened and sanctified.—Selected.

"O God! that men might draw a little nearer to one another. They would then be nearer Thee."

The regenerated are holy, the entirely sanctified are perfect in holiness.—Sel.
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**EVANGELICAL VISITOR.**

From Bro. and Sr. Myers.

"Greater love hath no man than this, That a man lay down his life for his friends.

"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." (John 15:13, 14.)

Dear Readers: We have the pleasure of giving some of our thoughts. We, as a people, are noted for love among ourselves. There can not be any love, mutual, unless we have an acquaintance with each other. It was our privilege to attend the love feast at Bro. Brouse's on September 2-3. It was similar to others of former days at this good old home. It did brother and sister Brouse good to see so many of the acquainted brethren and sisters come to their home. It did please the human side to hear them say, "I am so glad to see you; I am so glad you have come." Oh, what a manifestation of the heart filled with the love of God. They had labourd for days in preparing for the occasion in order that all might be comfortable and be supplied refreshed. The saints truly did enjoy, once more, one of the long-ago love feasts in the old homestead barn. We remember and see with our mind's eye how these old pilgrims stood in the meetings; it may be the last one to enjoy at their home militant. But, dear old pilgrims, there is a greater joy to which we are looking forward, to enjoy in the near future, and that is to the church triumphant; yes, the church of the First Born in heaven. Glorious anticipation! No wonder our hearts are filled with love, so that we can lay down our very life for the brethren.

Of these love feast seasons; when we come together from great distances and enjoy a few days of fellowship; get into the unity of the Spirit, compassionate in feeling one toward another as in days of old. Then they break the communion bread one with another (or one for the other), understanding really what communion or the Eucharist means. When Paul's writing will mean something, where he says, "As often as ye eat of this bread and drink of this cup, ye do shew forth the Lord's death till he come." May that little brother we recently had at old brother and sister Brouse's be long remembered as a memorial service to all that were present. A song service at the house from the porch was to me a God-given parting. Oh, that we were Spirit-filled Christians and learned what spiritual devotions really are! I have so often wished that our people would only, for Jesus' sake quit singing during the communion service, but in a deep solemn feeling wait upon the Lord; it would seem more solemn for those who look on. We cannot well do two things at the same time.

Oh, how soon we bade farewell to one another and were off somewhere. Let us remember the fruits of the Spirit, "Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against such there is no law." "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

We left Bro. Brouse's at 2 p.m. on September 3. A drive across the moun­tains, twelve miles, brought us to Belleville in Mifflin county Pa., in what is called the big valley (Quasauqua), where we arrived by private conveyance at about sundown; our first visit to this part of God's moral vineyard, among our Amish brethren. We were received with much brotherly love and Christian courtesy. To our surprise we found them divided into six divisions. Oh, what a pity that they have not got out in the liberty of the gospel. These people are not in the liberty wherewith Christ came to make us free: they are man-bound, and it seems there are so many classes of them. Some would not comply any longer with man-made rules and so they stepped out and got liberty, so when we came among them there was liberty for us to preach the word, then evangelization among them. We had seven meetings in the week that we sojourned in the valley. We only laboured among the one class a meeting brother became very progressive in their faith. We did enjoy our short stay with these Christian friends, who with us are longing for the deeper things of God, or the life more abundant, or, if need be, a second work, or, like the church at Epheus, do their first works, like so many who have not gone deep enough among our own dear people. Once born a child of God we are His forever, and by the power of the Holy Ghost. May our short stay with these Christian friends prove a benefit to them as our visit has to us, and be the means of bringing us as Christians in a nearer relation, and preparation for the near coming of our blessed Lord.

We left Belleville on September 12, and came the same day to Wellborro, Tioga county, Pa., to our son, A. Z. Myers. May we yet say, many were our house-to-house visits and testimonies and prayers while with our Amish friends.

John H. Myers and Wife.

Wellborro, Pa., Sept. 28, 1911.

A Voice From Kansas.

Dear readers of the Visitor: We greet you with II. Thess. 2: 1, 2.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ abound in all who love Him with a pure heart. Amen!

Our present writing dates back to August 2, when we bade farewell to the dear brethren and sisters of the brethren. We stopped at Enid, Okla., over night with Bro. John Lenhart and family and had a pleasant visit with them. We were met at the train by the brother and conductor to their home. On August 3, we took train for Garber, where we visited a niece of sister Zook's, six miles from Garber. Here we stopped over Sunday and had an appointment in a school-house a few miles away where we had a full house of attentive hearers. Many expressed a desire to have us remain longer. We were glad we held that service with a house full of hearers that we may never meet again on the shores of time. One man, for the first time in his life, stood up in answer to the call for all who desired to start in the Christian life. We encouraged him to go through on the Bible line.

Leaving Garber we next stopped at Blackwell, Okla., with brother William P. Kern and family where we spent several days. Brother Kern gave us a horse and buggy to visit the Erb family, who used to live in Clay county, Kansas. There are three of the dear old people, brother David and wife, and baby. Brother David has been blind for ten or more years. They were exceedingly glad for our visit. They are so far away from the Brethren that they seldom have a visit from them.
They have no benefit from English preaching and would like to get into a Home for Old People where they could have German preaching.

We left brother Kern's on Saturday, August 10. While in Sedgwick we visited our dear old brother and sister Shirk. We found the brother quite feebly in health, having in that condition several months. The old sister was quite well and was diligent in her caring for the sick brother. We visited the brethren and sisters in and around Sedgwick and on Sunday, August 26, we again attended services at the Brethren's church.

The week following August 20, we visited several families in Newton, Kans., and preached one evening in the Nazarene church. Among those visited was sister Susie Horst, who spent some years in missionary work in India. Her husband was one of the four workers that died of smallpox, and on the same day his youngest daughter, Rhoda Martin, passed away. Sister Horst's heart is still in the work in India and she is waiting her time again to go to the field as soon as the way opens for her to go.

We also visited brother Lantz and family. They have an invalid daughter that is a great care to them. We found them all in good spirits looking to the Lord for guidance.

Next we visited brother H. L. Stump, formerly of Indiana, but is now engaged as a teacher in the College conducted by a class of Russian Brethren. He is also a minister in the Brethren church and preaches occasionally.

Our next stop was at Peabody, Kans., where we visited with brother Levi Hoover and wife and with them spent Sunday, August 27, visiting with brother D. H. Wenger and wife, also other friends near Peabody and brother Derr in Peabody. On August 28, we visited brother John Hoover and wife, eight miles out from Peabody and had a very pleasant visit with them as well as with all the dear friends around Peabody.

August 29 we bade them farewell and brother Hoover brought us to Peabody where we took train for Abilene, Kans., where we arrived safely about six p.m. The remainder of the week we visited in Abilene up to Saturday, September 4, when we were conveyed to brother A. O. Zook's home, where we had lived for a number of years. Among those visited was sister Susie Horst of Abilene and her dear old mother, and also other friends near Abilene.

On Sunday, August 26, we visited brother John Hoover and wife, eight miles out from Peabody and had a very pleasant visit with them as well as with all the dear friends around Peabody.

From Abilene.

NOAH ZOOK.

MAJOR MISSION,
BULAWAYO, S. A.,
AUG. 30, 1911.

Dear readers of the Visitor—Greeting in the precious Name of Jesus, who "gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works." (Titus 2:1.)

I praise the Lord this afternoon for the blessed plan of redemption. I am glad as I read it in God's word it is not a foreign subject, but since I have been redeemed the blessed story of God's works is real and I love to tell it to others. Bless His Name!

Truly nothing but the love of Jesus can reach these precious souls who are so steeped in sin and great superstition.

We were glad to welcome Bro. and Sr. Steigerwald with more laborers to help in the rescue of these precious souls in this dark land. We thank God for this answering prayer in calling others of this needy field, also for calling our dear brother and sister during their furlough, and bringing them safely back to the work.

While He was caring for them He did not forget us who were holding the fort here, but sweetly provided for us in the work.

We were made to realize that the great deceiver of souls is still working, but with Jesus as our Captain we were enabled to fight on, and His blessed presence drives away the darkness. Praise His Name!

We praise God for answering prayer in behalf of Matshuba. He was one of the many souls deceived by Satan, but God in His great love and mercy has found way to his heart and brought him back to the fold. He has taken the Bible way of repenting, confessing and making restitution and is now a changed boy. Let us pray for him that he may yield himself to God as never before.

The week following the arrival of Bro. Steigerwald and party a pair of twins was born in one of the Christian homes, a little boy and girl. When they were four days old the Lord took the little boy to Himself.

According to native custom, when twins are born and one dies they bury it under the door step of the hut in which they were born, but in this case the father is a believer and being away working, his brother, an unbeliever, did not like to proceed according to their custom, but came to us and requested the death. As usual on such occasions we took a small box and covered it with muslin, for a coffin, dressed the babe in white and just as the sun was setting we laid the little form beside the mother and the other three children who have gone before.

On August 12 and 13 we met at Mapane Mission for a lovefeast, this being the last meeting at that place for Bro. and Sr. Doner, as no doubt you are aware that they are opening a mission station at Chibi, about 150 miles northeast of here.

After returning from this meeting preparations were made for their leaving, and last Thursday, August 26, Bro. Doner and Steckley and two boys left with the donkey wagon for the long journey.

Sr. Doner and Sr. Book will, D. V., leave by train next Wednesday. They will go to Selukwe, where they will be met by the brethren. From there they will have several days trekking to the mission site.

Let us pray that as they go the Lord may prepare them for the work, also that those precious souls may open their hearts to receive the gospel.

Last Saturday Sr. Book and myself, with two native sisters went kraal visiting. We were to four kraals and met fifty-six people.

Just now is about the best time to find the people at home as their reaping and threshing is finished and it is not time to plant for next year's planting; so they do not have much work, but sit by the fire. We found the women sewing baskets and mats, while the men were smoking.

Our hearts were touched as we met with those who are still living in their sins. The light has come to them, but they are not willing to walk in it; some say they are too old, others find other excuses.

One man said he had three sons living for the Lord and by their Christian lives he would be saved. Poor soul.

How hard the enemy holds; he does not like to see one soul leave his clutches. As we see how necessary it is that we as God's children are wide awake and keep close to God that He may use us in His service as He wills.

On Sunday Mr. Steigerwald, Sr. Alvis, Sr. Book and myself, with a boy, drove about fourteen miles to the kraal where Bro. Manhenhle is teaching and held a meeting. There were thirty present. The Lord was manifest among them and some were made to see the sin of their sins, but were not quite sick enough to yield.

Sr. Doner, with the help of Bro. Manhenhle, had charge of the meetings.
here. They also report a good meeting. There were eighty-three people present.

Our family of boys staying here number nine. Several of them have been so well; some had fever, and two are just recovering from the measles.

The interest in the school is good. Pray for these children that as they study God's word, they may accept and obey it with all their hearts.

Your sister seeking the lost,

MARY E. HEDRY.

My Trip to Kansas.

Dear readers of The Evangelical Visitor, I left home on May 10, and arrived at Wichita, Kansas, on the 12th. Was met there by my son and some friends and found them all well. God's protecting care was with me and my daughter. As I was traveling along and viewing the country I was deeply impressed with the wisdom of God. I saw much beautiful land where hundreds of cattle were grazing. I thought of the Bible that the cattle and the sheep on a thousand hills are his. I also passed over land in which I saw the wisdom of God in depositing in the ground small plants of seed, coal oil and natural gas. How wisely God has provided for our temporal wants.

The first Sabbath in Wichita I was in the Baptist church where several hundred scholars had assembled in Sunday-school. After school the pastor came to me welcoming me to his service. He asked to what church I belonged. I told him the Baptist church where several hundred scholars had assembled in Sunday-school. Temporal wants.

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The Back Door Entrance.

C. A. Hartley.

In my home town of Pomeroy, Ohio, for twenty-five years I have sat at a desk where I could look across the street at the rear entrance of a saloon. I was not there many days until I noticed a stripping of a country boy go into that back door with an older companion. The boy went with a hesitancy which indicated to me that he was persuaded against his desire and better judgment to do so. When he came out he looked up and down the street before walking away. It was a long time before he came again, a little more boldly this time, and he was less careful not to be seen when he departed.

Within a year his visits grew more frequent and he remained longer inside. Up to then he never seemed to be the least intoxicated when he left. In fact he looked better and acted better. He had shaken off somewhat that shrinking country air so common in rural boys coming in town. He dressed better, and had assumed a sort of jaunty mien, and would have been taken pretty sure not to miss appearing on these average youth not yet down to the even and steady trot of life.

The next year he came still more frequently; sometimes had not come out when I had finished my day's work and gone home. Once about the middle of the second year I noticed a reddish flush on the side of the road, and a man came out, and a little later he staggered slightly as he turned down the sidewalk, and seemed to be ashamed of it.

The next year he moved to town and secured a factory. For a few years then I never saw him go in that back door except on Saturday afternoons, but he was pretty sure not to miss appearing on these half-holidays. He seemed to be a man of habits. The boy who went to the window on his way in had all the certainty of death; but somehow he never got to going in at the front door. It was always the same old path he trod, with a business air, and he never got to going in at the front door.

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Ten years after I first began to notice him he married a girl of about his own age. Within a year, however, he came oftener than ever; and one evening I saw his wife standing irresolutely on the sidewalk waiting for him to come out. When he did emerge from the building there was a little scene. He scolded her, for coming after him, and she apologized for interfering with his pleasures, for the reason that the supper was getting cold, and the baby was not well.

Notwithstanding his growing bibulous habits he accumulated a comfortable little home, and several interesting children had come to bless it all within the next five years. Then came an appointment to a public office, by reason of a public pull and political affiliation. One day he awoke suddenly to the fact that he had gone far down the road toward making a drunkard of himself. He rallied and went off to a cure establishment, and came back apparently ready to start life over. He fell again by way of the back door of the same saloon, regained his feet by taking treatment again, and again fell. He had not the moral force to try again to recover his footing, and has never been in days and nights, no doubt, trying to keep the path from the sidewalk to his favorite saloon well worn and easy to find.

His home has been broken up; his wife and children have been forced to leave him for self-protection. He has lost all his property, self-respect, and friends; and but a few days ago I saw him hobbling in at the selfsame back door, wild, broken, and bent, a pensioner on his relatives and friends, and a hopeless wretch.

Only last week I saw the proprietor of that saloon come out the back way to enter his carriage for a drive and, meeting the human derelict of this story in the path, ordered him off the premises.—Youth's Instructor.

A Story About Daniel.

In a city called Babylon there once lived a man called Daniel. Daniel prayed three times a day. He prayed in the morning, at noon and at evening. Sometimes he prayed prayers of Thanksgiving, at other times he prayed prayers of asking for what he needed. When Daniel went to his room, which was at the top of the house upon the roof, and kneeled upon his knees and turned his face toward Jerusalem, the temple was. which was the place where Daniel's people went to church, was at Jerusalem and it helped Daniel to think of God to turn his face toward the city where he was raised.

Daniel was very faithful, that is, he was thoughtful and careful in all that he had to do. Because he was thoughtful and careful the king could trust Daniel to do what he could trust no other helper to do. This made the king other helpers jealous, and they planned to do Daniel harm. They meant to get rid of him if they could. First they watched Daniel to see if he would do anything wrong, make a mistake, or be careless. If he did anything wrong— they meant to tell the king. They felt quite sure that the king would not excuse him if he was careless. But Daniel was not careless, he was very thoughtful. He did everything he had to do in the very best way, and even the men who were jealous of him could find no fault what with what he did. The men grew more eager than ever to get rid of Daniel,....

Ten years after I first began to notice him he married a girl of about his own station in life. For a while his back door visits almost ceased. Evidently he was spending his leisure hours with his young wife. Within a year, however, he came oftener than ever; and one evening I saw his wife standing irresolutely on the sidewalk waiting for him to come out. When he did emerge from the building there was a little scene. He scolded her, for coming after him, and she apologized for interfering with his pleasures, for the reason that the supper was getting cold, and the baby was not well.

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His home has been broken up; his wife and children have been forced to leave him for self-protection. He has lost all his property, self-respect, and friends; and but a few days ago I saw him hobbling in at the selfsame back door, wild, broken, and bent, a pensioner on his relatives and friends, and a hopeless wretch.

Only last week I saw the proprietor of that saloon come out the back way to enter his carriage for a drive and, meeting the human derelict of this story in the path, ordered him off the premises.—Youth's Instructor.

The agreeable guest is not the one who is always thinking of her own good times. She is ready for any gayety, but does not lose her temper when it is not welcome. The girl who cannot content herself with a book or fancy work when her hostess is busy, will always have a sigh of relief down for care lessening.

The agreeable guest knows how to fit in. She wins the hearts of the old folks, and has the children at her heels. She cheerfully helps when the maid leaves, or do what she is told in the sudden absence of her hostess.

Aggressiveness has lost many a girl a coveted invitation. No one is anxious for the society of the girl who forces her personality. It is possible to be aggressively agreeable or aggressively disagreeable.

The girl of neutral manners may not be brilliant, but she is not cranky, officious, hypercritical, nor given to showing off,
Carl Gibson held a position in a real estate office, and it was part of his duty to go about the city collecting rents, and on the car in the morning, or went out in the estate office, and it was part of his duty to ask for the place. Mr. Eldridge liked large factory was vacant, he hurried away for her, and never thinks of fault-finding. "My boy," said Mr. Eldridge, in a kindly voice, "this seems very hard, and perhaps unjust to you, but believe me, it was the kindest thing that I could do. I wish that I had learned this as early as you. Have you seen, the people that we hire must be honest in the most rigid sense of the word."

Carl understood, but his senses were in a whirl, and he arose without speaking. "If any one had accused Carl of murder, "Mr. Eldridge," gasped Carl, "did you care because I discovered that you were dishonest?"

"No, thank you," said Mr. Eldridge, "it is time for me to find it out."

"Do you want to know just why I passed by? It will probably hurt you very much." "Yes, I do want to know. If there is anything so seriously wrong with me, it's time for one to find it out."

"I agree with you. I could not employ you because I discovered that you were dishonest."

If any one had accused Carl of murder, he could not have been more utterly astonished. He sat staring across the desk without speaking, and Mr. Eldridge went on:

"To be sure it was a very small thing—only a few cents. But the things breeds a habit, and one cannot tell where they will end!"

"Mr. Eldridge," gasped Carl, "did you think I would cheat you?"

"No, I did not. But put the question to yourself: could I be quite sure you would not? A great business like ours is successful only when it is well organized. We cannot watch the men below us; we must select men who are perfectly capable and trustworthy; and we give them entire charge of the part of the business that is in their hands. So, you see, the people that we hire must be honest in the most rigid sense of the word."

Carl understood, but his senses were in a whirl, and he arose without speaking. "My boy," said Mr. Eldridge, in a kindly voice, "this seems very hard, and perhaps unjust to you, but believe me, it was the kindest thing that I could do. I wish that I had learned this as early as you. Have you seen, the people that we hire must be honest in the most rigid sense of the word."