

Contributions.

North Michigan.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is how I found it, not how I heard it. My first quarterly meeting convened at Petoskey October 11th, Rev. G. A. Bowles in charge. This, contrary to Liberal report, was a grand success. Bro. Bowles is well received, and our first quarterly was a season of refreshing. The brethren here are firm and anxious for the suit here to come off, believing victory is ours sure. With such men as Rev. G. A. Bowles, J. Van Zolenburg, Vansistine, Hutchinson, Taylor and others our cause is assured. This point is the only one on my district, with but one exception, where liberalism makes any noise or showing, and that even is calculated rather to pronounce against than to be in any wise an impetus to their cause.

East Bay was my second meeting. Rev. E. E. Farnam is the preacher. This young brother is beloved by his people, and is zealous in his maintenance of Gospel purity. The meeting was a glorious manifestation of God's especial presence. With Bro. L. and E. C. Fox, Jacksons, Harsh and Dauley, the old flag will be held out of the dust.

Lake View was our next. Bro. D. H. Shelly holds the fort. His people love him, and though this point for a while was closely contested by those who have gone out from us, yet to-day we are in the lead and liberalism on the wane. The Edgars are too much for liberalism. Our meeting was spiritual, well attended, and it was good to be there.

Our next visit was Matherton Circuit, Rev. L. A. Kendall in charge. Here we had a gracious outpouring of God's Spirit. Bro. Kendall is full of the Spirit, and will succeed. I found nothing of liberalism here.

At Sears Mission we had no preacher until after the quarterly meeting, but our meeting was good and resulted in an increase of six members into our church, one of them a G. A. E. man who renounced his lodge, and chose God's church rather than the pleasures of sin. Bro. H. H. Huff rendered efficient service. I found nothing of liberalism here.

Prairie Creek was visited next. This was once the strong point in favor of liberalism. I believe I am safe in saying that of the possibly five hundred members and preachers (?) who withdrew and organized under the new order, or disorder, of things in North Michigan Conference, they had the largest following of any field. But not so now. The M. E. Church has swallowed them up, and the efficient preacher in charge of the United Brethren Church, Rev. Stewart, finds a wide door opened before him, which he is not slow to enter. Our meeting was good. Rev. T. B. Miller was with us at the meeting. Eighty-five members were reported, and a good prospect before them. Sister Bump is one of our many grand helpers here. She lately donated \$20 in cash for the Petoskey suit.

Pine Creek was our next, Rev. T. Campbell in charge. Bro. Campbell is 62 years old, full of the Holy Ghost. He says God has promised him ten years more of life for his service. This meeting has been reported, but will never be forgotten, especially by the writer. I assisted Bro. Campbell nearly two weeks, saw precious souls come to God. The meeting closed with nearly fifty conversions. I felt that it was sufficient to see men and women coming to God, to fully repay me, but not so with the dear people of Pine Creek. First, professors and non-professors joined in a present to me of six dollars in cash, and just the other day an express package came to my address from the undersigned (prepaid) and contained twenty or more pounds of the best dairy butter, each roll with names of giver affixed. They were as follows: Sisters Johnson, C. P. Allen, G. O. Martin, G. Crooks, J. L. Beechler, J. L. Richard, G. Crooks, J. A. Green, A. Meyer. To whom we say, God bless you

all. Here we have 87 members reported. Rev. J. Beechler is a grand support to our cause here; also Bro. Green, Allen and others. Bro. Campbell says: "One hundred for Jesus." Let us all say, Amen.

My next meeting was Rock Lake, Rev. R. Williams preacher in charge. Bro. Williams is a young man, but appears consecrated, and our outlook is good. They have bought a large dwelling house, and will remodel it for a church house. Our meeting was good. We have staunch brethren here—Bros. Souls, Perkins and others.

Grant Mission, the next meeting, Rev. F. Laming in charge, was spiritual, and a decided success. Bro. Laming had a good revival, organized a new church of ten members, and more to follow. I found no Liberals to mar our peace here. Bro. Laming is doing a good work under God.

Our next visit was South Boardman. This was a grand success. Seventy-two communed, the Holy Ghost was there in power, shouts of praise went up to our blessed God. Rev. E. E. Farnam is also in charge of this field. Brethren were there who came eighteen miles. It was a love-feast and a feast of love. When the hour arrived to preach, I awaited the pleasure of God, and announced my subject amidst the shouts of praise. It was good to be there. Bro. E. E. Farnam has secured a subscription of over \$300 for the erection of a church house, which will have inscribed upon her pillars, "Holiness to God."

Oceana Mission, Rev. D. C. Fleming in charge, was our next visit. We had a good meeting. Bro. Fleming is loved of his people, and I can testify to their readiness to support him, having seen a practical demonstration of it while present, wagon loads coming in, filling perk barrels and larder. Bro. Fleming's health is not very good. Let us pray for his healing.

Sparta Circuit, Rev. W. H. Snyder preacher in charge, was visited. Find himself and family in good spirits, received four into the church. The meeting was good, though we had a storm on Saturday. Here on this field the Liberals have a small class, led by one J. Payne, and it gives me pain to see with what readiness they receive members. This person above named is well known here in Michigan, whose notoriety is not of good savor. Bro. Snyder will, under God, hold the fort.

Dushville, Rev. T. Bagerton in charge, was our last meeting of the first quarter. It was good. Wine at the last of the feast as well as all along through the quarter. This was an overflow, financially and spiritually. Many could not get in. Bro. A. Smith, local preacher, was with us, and is a power for good with Bro. Bagerton.

Now, dear Editor, with few exceptions, liberalism on West District is seemingly a lost cause—a dead letter. I record this that I never enjoyed myself more than in these meetings. Brethren, if you desire this blessed state to continue, let our motto be: Closer to Jesus. More of Christ, less of self. Holy Spirit, help me; help thy servants to become more fully assimilated into the nature and image of Christ. Up, brethren, to the breach. Let us act as we preach, and victory is ours, and fullness of joy forevermore. O Lord, revive us still more. Amen. E. J. MOODY.

My Meetings.

DEAR BRO. DILLON:—My first meeting was at Otter Creek, Monroe Circuit, North Ohio Conference. Our brethren were discouraged, attendance at preaching was small, twelve and fifteen in regular attendance, Sunday-school and prayer meeting dropped, some had turned Liberal and would not support our minister, but our meeting had not been going on more than a week till the church was filled with interested listeners, the community was wonderfully shaken, the church went up to Pentecost and tarried, and Thanksgiving evening the power came as a rushing, mighty wind, and filled the house. Wicked men came prostrate at the

altar. That was a night long to be remembered. Liberals buried the hatchet and walked out of the mist into the sunlight of God. One of them said to me: "Sister Waters, if I had died as I was living, I would have gone to hell." The scales have fallen from their eyes. They are now with us true United Brethren. Praise God for victory. Six united with the church. We organized a Sunday-school and commenced prayer meeting again. At the close of the meeting we made a donation to Bro. Nevins, their worthy pastor, which amounted to \$26. It has been said by those that are not our well-wishers that the Radicals could not support their evangelist, but to my surprise the people of Otter Creek presented me a purse of sixty dollars, and a number of nice presents. May the dear Lord abundantly bless them in the future as in the past.

From there I went to Ridge Class, of the same circuit, where I labored over two weeks. There were some as bright conversions there as I ever witnessed. I took six into the church there and organized a Sunday-school. Thirteen had come out up to the time I left. Bro. Nevins carried on the work successfully. He reports thirty-nine in all.

My next work was at North Amboy, Hillsdale Circuit, with a live, earnest church. The work began, and in a few nights there were penitent-seekers. Our meeting lasted three weeks and a few nights, and thirty started for heaven. The community was wonderfully stirred. People came ten miles to North Amboy. Old and young sought the Lord. Old men and women came weeping, saying they could neither eat nor sleep, but soon proclaimed to others that there was bread at Father's table to satisfy the hungry soul, and sweet repose in Jesus. Bro. Clark is doing a grand work on the circuit, and is loved by all both in and out of the church. Sister Clark is truly a helpmeet in the work of the Master, and loved by all who know her. He not only exhorted the people to give to my support, but headed the list with five dollars, and the people followed their pastor's example till they surprised me with nearly fifty dollars. May the Lord abundantly bless both pastor and people.

I am now at Providence Church, on Wabash Circuit, Anglaize Conference; post-office address, Portland, Ind. This is my fourth evening here. Last night there were four seekers, Oh I beg the earnest prayers of God's people for us here.

GIANNETTA WATERS.

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

Yes, I am my brother's keeper. God has given us charge over them, hence the question, "Where is Abel thy brother?" Paul says: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man on the things of others." O what a blessed and happy state we would enjoy if every man who is a professed follower of our Lord and Savior would heed the admonition with the spirit in which it is given. Let every man therefore look on the things of another to the edifying and building up, and not to the quenching of the flickering flame that once blazed in the heart of a child of God. We are taught in God's holy Word, that those of us who are strong should help those who are weak in the faith. But O how often do we find those who name the name of our blessed Lord, following in the footsteps of the priest and the levite. O, I beseech you, my beloved brethren, by the grace of God, that we be the good Samaritan; that we do all we can to help our fallen brother rise, for they look to us for help, and if we cast them off, they sink deeper into the abyss. Ofttimes a kind word or action would save a soul. Perhaps the selfsame soul is left in despair by a word of doubt or mistrust, and then for the want of a brother to point them to God, they turn to the world, and try to drown their feelings in wickedness and sin. O my brother, have you done as Jesus

would have done? Let us, my beloved brethren, love our brother as ourselves, and in honor prefer one another, and look to the spiritual interest of our brother who is weak, knowing if we convert a brother from the error of his ways, we save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. Jesus, when asked by Peter, How often shall I forgive my brother, till seven times? answered: "I say not till seven times, but till seventy times seven," or in numbers without end. We will all have to stand before the judgment bar of God, and let us not have the question asked us, Where is thy brother? but let us hear the word of our blessed Lord and King saying to us, as thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many. T. J. OWEN.

Poetry.

Hymn for the Woman's Missionary Society.

(Tune—"Glorious Fountain.")

BY W. M. BAKWELL.

At Jacob's well we meet to draw
The living waters sweet,
For Jesus has come here before
Our thirsty souls to greet.

CHORUS.

O glorious fountain, here will I stay,
And in thee ever wash my sins away.

As daughters of this Christian land,
We would not come alone,
But stretch to all a loving hand,
Of every clime and zone.

See from this fount a river rise,
To bless the human race;
It brings to all the full supplies
Of purifying grace.

To Afric's wilds this river flows,
To visit savage man;
To India's realm it freely goes,
To China and Japan.

The Spirit cries, the Bride says, Come,
And we, as of the bride,
Invite the whole of Christendom
And all the world beside.

Family and Fireside.

Christ's Sunshine in the Heart.

When we want light in our rooms, we unbar the shutters and let in the sunshine; dark rooms are unwholesome. In like manner, every Christian who wants to be happy—and happy also under all circumstances—should keep his heart-windows wide open toward heaven. Let the warm rays of Christ's countenance shine in! It will scatter the chilling mists of doubt; it will turn tears into rainbows.

One of the happiest Christians that I know is happy on a very small income, and in spite of some very sharp trials. The secret of happiness is not in the size of one's purse, or the size of one's house, or in the number of one's butterfly friends; the fountain of peace and joy is in the heart. As long as that keeps sweet and pure and satisfied with God's will there is not much danger of acid words from the lips or of scowling clouds on the brow. Some Christians excuse their morose temper or their gloomy despondencies by the plea of poor health, whereas much of their dyspepsia or other ailments may be the result of sheer worry and peevishness. The medicine they need cannot be got from the doctor or the drug-store. A large draught of Bible taken every morning, a throwing open of the heart's windows to the promises of the Master, a few words of honest prayer, a deed or two of kindness to the next person you meet, will do more to brighten your countenance and help your digestion than all the drugs of the doctors. If you want to get your aches and your trials out of sight, hide them under your mercies.

The glory of Jesus Christ as the Great Physician and health-bringer is that he deals with the soul, and with the body through the soul. The real Marsh that embitters life is commonly a sour, selfish, unbelieving, unsanctified heart. There's the seat of the disease. Discontent and despondency gnaw out the pore of faith and starve every grace. They never remove one sorrow, and they kill a hundred joys. They disgrace our religion, disgust the world, and displease and dishonor the Christ we pretend to serve. Even

when we are on a cross of providential trials, discontent may mingle a cup of vinegar and gall to make the suffering more bitter. On the other hand, a cross may be the means of lifting a true, brave, Christ-loving soul up higher, into the sweet sunshine of his countenance.

Bear in mind, my friend, that your happiness or your misery is very much your own making. You cannot create spiritual sunlight any more than you can create the morning star; but you can put your soul where Christ is shining. Keep a clean conscience. Keep a good stock of God's promises within reach. Keep a nightingale of hope in your soul that can sing away the dark hours when they do come. Keep a good, robust faith that can draw honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock. Never spend a day without trying to do somebody good; and then keeping step with your Master, march on toward heaven, over any road, however rough, and against any headwinds that blow. It will be all sunshine when we get up there.—Dr. Cuyler in N. Y. Evangelist.

Scripture Promises.

There seems but little chance to say any thing concerning the promises of Scripture. And yet they often come to our hearts with all the power and freshness of a new revelation. Sometimes they lead us into one train of thought, sometimes into another. While reading in Isaiah recently I was struck with their fullness, their completeness. In one verse alone, I read that Christ is to his people "as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Surely one who goes to the word of God for strength ought not to be faint-hearted, though wind, tempest, thirst and weariness are threatening him, or have already overtaken him! God has promised, and his word is "Yes and Amen" to all who believe on him.

The promise that Christ will be as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land" is to me one of great sweetness and consolation. That life has its wearisome windings through disappointments and sorrow cannot be denied. Our souls grow sick and faint in the struggles we pass through. One thing after another fails us. Our loves, our friendships, our trusts, are often misplaced, and our human calculations fail us, and we feel ourselves driven mercilessly onward, finding no resting-place until we come to the "shadow of a great rock."

Thanks to the immutability of God, that Rock stands a ready covert, when time and change have done their worst to drive us to despair!—Lydia L. Rouse.

Recognize High Aspirations.

Deep down in the hearts of children and of men there are nobler and truer standards of living than their outward lives are wont to exhibit. Many persons wait for their fellows to recognize their higher and better aspirations before they are willing to act upon those aspirations. He whose higher motives and deeper longings are unknown may have his best acts misinterpreted; but he whose best spirit is appreciated is more likely to have his acts interpreted by the spirit. A school-teacher, on seeing a younger scholar misbehave, said to him, "I'm sorry you did this, because I had formed a very good opinion of you." The boy went home and confessed to his mother that if he had known what a good opinion his teacher had held of him, he would not have done wrong. Had his teacher said, "I've had my eye on you for some time, and now I've caught you," the boy would simply have been confirmed in his suspicion that no one expects a boy to do any thing but the wrong thing. It ought to be a simple matter to show a child or a man that our first impulse toward him is that of trust rather than distrust. And