
"Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."—Psa. 10:7.

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He That Liveth.

"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold I am alive forevermore, amen; and I have the keys of hades and of death." (Revel. 1:18.)

John in the lonely isle of Patmos had a marvellous vision. The voice had spoken to him, "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last." And as he turned he saw one like unto the Son of Man between the seven golden candlesticks. What majesty and glory he beheld as he gazed upon the Man in Glory! His head and hair white as wool and snow; flaming eyes of fire and His countenance shining like the Sun in His strength. Such fullness of glory shone upon the beloved disciple that when he saw Him, he fell at His feet as dead. But the right hand of the glorified One touched His prostrate servant and then He spoke. The first word which came from His lips as His hand rested upon John was "Fear not!" What music it must have been to his ear and to his heart! It was the same voice he had heard so often when he rested on the bosom of the Lord. It was the same voice of comfort and cheer, which had spoken, "Let not your heart be troubled!" "Be of good cheer!" "Be not afraid." It was the same, who in accents of love and tenderness had said: "Why are ye troubled?" The Lord in Glory, the Man crowned with glory and honor, is the same loving and comforting One as He ever was. He changeth not. Though clothed in majesty, the mighty coming judge and King of kings, who will rule the nations with a rod of iron, He is to those who are His, His beloved, the loving, comforting Lord. For us His people, washed in His own blood, one spirit with Him, brought through grace into His fellowship of God, there is nothing to fear. We are Christ's and Christ is God's. His perfect love has cast out all fear. And He would have us know and enjoy this blessed comfort, the heart beats of His eternal love. In confidence we can cast ourselves upon the Lord of Glory and drink and drink again of that deep, unfathomable love. "Fear not!" How it must have revived John as the hand of power touched him and the heart of love assured him once more of a never changing love.

And then He spoke still deeper words of life and power. "I am He that liveth and was dead." Here is the ground upon which the faith and hope, the comfort and cheer, the grace and glory of His people rests. "Fear not! Why?" "I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive forevermore, amen!" He liveth and He is alive forevermore; between stands 'death.' He is the "I am," Jehovah, the self-existing One. He could say in the days of His flesh, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am." He ever was and is "the true God and eternal life." (1 John v:24.)

And the Prince of Life, Jehovah came and gave Himself. He laid down His life. "No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." (John x:18.) His eternal love brought Him into this dark world of sin to die for us His enemies and pay the penalty of our sins. And now He is the resurrection and the life for He who ever lived and was dead is "alive forevermore, amen." As the good shepherd He gave His life for the sheep that we might have the abundant life. And this is the foundation of our hope and comfort. He died and lives forevermore. He died for us; He lives for us. That is why all our fears are forever gone. Peace with God, no more conscience of sin, no more wrath, no more judgment; no fear of death and grave. Blessed be God, in Christ we have passed from death to life. Sin and death, judgment and wrath forever behind, Life and Glory forever ours.

We have Him for us, in us and with us, who died for our sins and who liveth forevermore. How sinful thou art oh fear, thou child of unbelief! Oh child of God walk in faith in the consciousness of His love, in the presence of Him who saith, "I am He that liveth." Look in faith beyond the scenes of ruin and corruption to a living Lord, whose loving voice still speaks "Fear not!" Cheer up, dependant soul, downcast saint, lonely one, whoever you may be. If saved by grace then trust that grace, which without measure and without end flows forth from the living One. How often we have said to feel weak, discouraged and weeping saints, He ever liveth! He has promised never to leave us and never to forsake.

Oh, readers, that is what we need at the threshold of another year. Hear Him speak this word to you: "Fear not . . . I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive forevermore, amen!" Look to Him, trust Him! Repeat often, yea daily, the Lord liveth and look to that living Lord for daily comfort, for daily strength. In coming trials, in the days when all is dark and the mists of earth enshroud your path, just say it again, the Lord liveth.

The darkness of a closing age increases. All is getting ready for "the gross darkness," which will cover the people, when at last the Glory of the..."
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EDITORIAL.

Has There Been Fruitfulness?

The year door of 1909 has swung shut and 1910 has opened its door and permitted us to step over its threshold. It is well for us to pause at such a time and consider where we are, and what progress we have made, if any. The poet sings:

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
In wonder love and praise."

A German hymn-writer expresses a very important thought when he asks:

"Was tragt für frucht dein Hersons fell,
Sind's Dornen oder Reben?"

The owner of the vineyard came seeking fruit, three years in succession, but was disappointed. At last the judgment was pronounced. "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" and only because of the intercession of the dresser of the vineyard was judgment delayed.

Our Master very plainly intimates that the life of His disciple is to be one of fruit-bearing. The necessary condition for such fruit bearing is provided for and the Master says "I chose you and appointed you that ye should go and bear fruit." (R. V.). Again He says, "Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh it away; and every branch that beareth fruit, He cleanseth it that it may bring forth more fruit." And again, "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit," and "so shall ye be my disciples."

It is, then, plain that the believer is to be a fruitbearer. That to escape hell and to gain heaven is not all of God's purpose in His plan of redemption. He, the believer, is chosen of God that he may bear fruit, and that his fruit shall remain. The apostle in writing to the Ephesians refers to a time when they were in darkness, when they were under the control and guidance of the prince of darkness, the "spirit that now works in the children of disobedience, and were... the children of wrath." But he says, "Now are ye light in the Lord; walk as children of Light." And in walking as children of Light there will be fruit-bearing that is in agreement with the nature and will of Him who is Light and in whom there "is no darkness; no, not at all." (I John 1:5)

Then he writes parenthetically (Eph. 5:9 R. V.) that "the fruit of Light is in all goodness and righteousness and truth." These principles are all of the essential qualities of the character of God. He is supremely good. Jesus once said, "There is none good save God." Righteous is God in all His ways. There is not the least speck of unrighteousness in God's character. Perfect righteousness is an essential quality in God's character. So also is Truth one of God's essential attributes. Jesus said, "I am the Truth." Before Pilate He said, "I came to bear witness unto the Truth."

It is therefore plain that the believer's life is to be fruitful in those qualities of heart and mind which manifest themselves in goodness and righteousness and truth.

Negatively there is nothing in the character of Him who is Light that is of the nature of evil of any kind nor of unrighteousness nor of that which is untrue or false. So is the standard set for believers, however far short they may come in living up to the standard. But there is to be the fruit of Light and the Master looks for fruit,—more fruit, and the Father is honored when there is much fruit.

And now the year 1909 has grown old and has died. What did the Master find when he looked for fruit? Did He find fruit, or had He to say, "Lo these three years (one year, two years) I have sought fruit and found none?" If it were not for the intercession of Him who appears in the presence of God for us now, would He say, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" What is the outlook for 1910? Will there be fruitfulness where there was none and increased fruitfulness where there was fruit? May it be so, and may there have been faithful self-judgment, because if we judge ourselves we will not come into judgment. Let us therefore mortify the members that are upon the earth (Col. 3:5); put away anger, wrath, malice, railing, shameful speaking (Col. 3:8); put on a heart of compassion, kindness, lowliness, meekness, longsuffering, and above all love, the bond of perfectness (Col. 3:12-14). Let us lay aside... weights....the sin that besets, and run the race....LOOKING TO JESUS (Heb. 12:1, 2), for in so doing there will be increased fruitfulness and blessing.

With this number volume 24 of the Vistor commences. We hope it may continue to be a blessing to its readers and that through its columns there may go forth the message of Christ for the edifying of the church, the body of Christ, and also a warning to the unsaved and rebellious, and point them to Him for salvation who by His sacrificial death, and resurrection, has reconciled us to God. Let us pray that there may be larger success in winning souls to Christ.

Announcement of Bible Term.

Since the Board of Managers of the Messiah Bible School and Missionary Training Home as appointed by General Conference of 1909, and noted in Conference Minutes, under Art. 18, page 36, decided that an effort should be made to establish a yearly Bible term of from ten to fourteen days, and since the home of Bro. S. R. Smith, 46 N. Twelfth street, Harrisburg, Pa., was by joint action of the Board of Trustees and the Board of Managers accepted as the home of the proposed Messiah Bible School and Missionary Training Home, it was decided to begin the effort here on Thursday, February 10, 1910, at 9 a.m., to be opened with religious services following which a daily program will be outlined to be published in a later issue. Provisions will be made for entertainment of those who may come from distant points, at a nominal cost. The lesson courses will be free.

The invitation to attend this first effort is extended freely to all who may be interested in obtaining a better
understanding of Bible truth. In connection with the work of the Bible term a series of meetings will be carried on every evening at the Messiah Home chalet. And, since this is the first opportunity of the kind it is hoped that many will take advantage of the same and attend, and that the effort will be a united one.

We have filled all orders for calendars up to date. If any who ordered failed to receive theirs, or if not perfect or damaged, or if any of the agents were charged duty, we would like to be notified so that we may do justice to everybody. We also have mailed Rogers’ Reasons to all who were entitled according to our offer.

Now and then someone remarks that some evangelistic work as carried on by recognized evangelists of our church, is dangerous in that methods which are spoken of as popular, are employed. We are not sure that we understand just what is meant by the criticism, and possibly some who make it would be puzzled to give an intelligent definition of what is meant. It certainly behooves all who labor in that field of endeavor—winning souls to Christ—to make the way of salvation very plain and to bring souls in by the way of repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.” In his farewell address to the Ephesian elders the apostle Paul says that he was careful to constantly bear that message to the people. The way by which the sinner may still in these days get right with God is to “repent and believe the Gospel.” Yes, let penitents “pray through,” and get somewhere, yet we have seen where the praying through was done ending in some physical manifestation, or falling unconscious, having prayed through, and as far as we could understand, there was no intelligent acceptance of Jesus Christ as Savior in that He “bore our sins in His own body on the tree.” It is needful that people get deeply convicted of the awfulness of sin and that hell and destruction await the impenitent, and then show them God’s way of escape.

In a recent report of work in India as given in the India Alliance, it says that children of seven or eight years of age are under deep conviction of sin; that they confess their sins and ask forgiveness from one another, and cry for mercy. In this way the Lord has saved some of the hardest cases. A special feature of the work is that when a boy’s burden of sin has been removed, and his heart cleaned, he is entrusted with a burden or prayer for somebody. And at times the burden is so great that the boy is prostrated and agonizes under it till some one or other helps him in prayer to get an answer or till the tiring is prayed through, as some say. One night about one o’clock a boy was waked up with a message to a young Mohammedan who has not openly confessed Christ. He called, “Abrahaim, get up. The Lord has a message for you.” Ebrahim obeyed him at once, sat near him and listened for two hours, while the other preached repentance in a given tongue, that the Mohammedan could understand perfectly. In this way they have messages for one another, and those tor whom the messages are, are unable to resist them or to refuse to hear them.

A brother in the West in a private letter writes in a strain of praise and thanksgiving to God for blessings vouchsafed to them. He says that in the past year the Lord saved two more of their dear girls, and that nearly all in their family are in the kingdom, only the baby remaining to be brought in, and they confidently expect her to be brought in too, soon. A happy family indeed. He says that as these children came into the home they were dedicated to the Lord for sacrifice or service, and the Lord is answering their prayers. We often question whether we, as a rule, do not come far short of receiving from the Lord’s hand what He intends for us to have, because we do not ask largely. “And thy house” was included in the promise to the Philippian jailor, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, thou and thy house.” O, that we could more fully see what is provided for us in Jesus.

Bro. John C. Dick, Canton, Ohio, informs us that his post-office address in the past year or so; we greet you in New Year, and thanking you for your kindness in the past. We remain your kind friends.

Unsaved friend, someone, in speaking of this scene has faithfully set forth the truth of God, and has said: “What a prayer! ‘Have mercy on me.’ But in hell the cry for mercy can never have an answer. There can be no mercy in the ‘Damasion of hell,’ no alleviation of the ‘Everlasting fire,’ no star of hope ever illumines the ‘outer darkness.’ The worm never dies, the fire is not quenched.” Mercy’s bright angel can never approach the dwellings of the lost. Mercy’s hour is gone.

“Oh! unsaved sinners, sporting carelessly on the brink of hell, will nothing arouse you? Would to God you would now appeal for mercy, and say: ‘God, be merciful to me the sinner.’

“If a lost spirit could stand here for a moment, what would be his message? We can fancy the tortured soul crying to you, with despair in his eyes, ‘Flee from the wrath to come.’ It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.’ ‘Our God is a consuming fire.’ ‘God is not mocked.’ ‘Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.’

“He prays for a drop of water to cool his tongue. He had doubtless drunk the most luscious wine on earth, and had everything that heart could wish for. Now in torment he cries for a drop of water to cool his tongue. Oh! agonizing thirst of hell that can never be allayed! There can be no drops of heavenly dew to moisten the sinner’s lips in hell. To save the sinner. He who made the rivers and the streams cried upon the cross, ‘I thirst.’ He knew the desert drought of a land where God was not. He said, ‘My tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and Thou has brought Me into the dust of death.’ But from the crucified Christ, the smitten Rock there flows the river of eternal life to slake the thirst of one and all.”

O friend, this night, “Flee from the wrath to come.”—Gospel Message.

Card of Thanks.

Lemoyne, Pa., Dec. 31, 1909.

To all the dear brethren and sisters and others who so kindly gave of their means to our assistance during the past year or so; we greet you in Jesus’ name, wishing you a Happy New Year, and thanking you for your kindness in the past. We remain your unworthy brother and sister.

JOHN C. AND MARY C. DICK.
NEWS OF CHURCH ACTIVITY IN THE
HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

Addresses of Missionaries.

Afric.
H. P. Steigerwald, Grace Steigerwald, Mary Heisey, Jesse and Dorcia Wengen, Matopbo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.
H. W. Pranz, Anna Lembeck, Edith C. Engle, Myron Taylor, Choms, N. W. Rhodesia, South Africa.
Harvey J. and Emma Frey, Elizabeth Engle, Mutambeshi Mission; Levi and Sallie Donor, Mapane Mission, Gwanda, Rhodesia, South Africa.

The following are not under the F. M. B.:
Jesse R. and Malinda Eyster, Moderator, Linton, Indiana, via Zurfontein, Transvaal, South Africa.

Indi.
A. L., Mrs. A. L. and Ezra Musser, Maggi, Landis, No. 6 Sudder Bazaar, Dilkusha, Lucknow, India.

The following are not under the F. M. B.:
D. W. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Sripat, Punjab, Bankuta district, Bengal, India.

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

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

Our City Missions.
Chicago Mission, 6030 Halsted St. In charge of Sister Sarah Beti, Bro. B. L. Brubaker and Sister Nancy Shirk.

Toronto, Ont., Mission in charge of Webster and Martha Burch, 740 Lansdown.

Jabrock Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of A. L. and Anna B. Eisenhower.

A Letter For the Visitor.
I am glad to say we are still on victory side and are still at Rosebank, Kans., visiting and bringing so many new things and new doctrines in among our young people. I think this has been a month and a half among the people, and we have had a good experience for several years. Almost everywhere we go there are some who are trying to divide things instead of trying to unite God's people. Jesus said, we shall be led by His Spirit, and the Father and the Father are one. So I am glad that we can teach something to the people that will make them one. I wish the prayers of all God's people that we may be a blessing wherever we go. I. Truly the harvest is great and the laborers are few.

I am glad we can keep in the center of His will so we can be led by His Spirit. Thank the Lord, for what He will do for us if we let Him. I am glad I ever said, "yes," to His whole will. Now, no matter where He leads by His grace, I will follow. Although I have had the hardest time in my life to give up the children at the Orphanage, yet, I will say, "yes," and the Lord is helping me. I wish to remain in His service, so I can be a help to someone as we go through this dark world. I trust you have your prayers. Anyone wishing to correspond with us address us at Ramona, Kansas.

Yours only for souls,
ABRAHAM AND ANNA B. EISENHOWER.

A Testimony.
Dear readers: This is my first attempt to write for the Visitor. One evening as I was in my room for retirement I was impressed to pray for a few lines and that it may help some one. I will relate a little of my experience when I was yet unavenged. When I would go to meetings I would sit under the sound of the gospel, and God so convicted me of sin that I would at times sit and shake. It was God alone talking to me, saying: "Give me thine heart.

But I was stubborn and disobedient. But the conviction took such hold of me that I could not resist any longer. So a little over two years ago God so wonderfully came and pardoned me of my sins, and I know it, praise His holy Name. A little later He sanctified me wholly for I give God all the praise. It certainly was a precious time to me. It seems to me that life has just begun since I have yielded my all to Him.

God has led me from victory to victory, and a little over two months ago He opened the way so that my sister and I came to California to spend the Winter. I was not out here very long till my eyes began to hurt me so that I could not see to read. I was not there long until he went down with the fever; a farmer some ten miles away came over with his ox wagon and took him to his home where he was cared for until he passed away. God had called him higher and his work here was ended. As we stood on the little hill where his tent had been and where his work was begun we could not help but shed tears to think of his devotion and the zeal he manifested in his work for the Master.

It was our privilege to see some of the letters he wrote while at his work. They were in cheery and hopeful spirit, full of anticipation of a prosperous future. How soon his hopes were blasted! It seemed sad to us that such a devoted life should so soon close. Our山寨new work would not help feeling that although he was not there, there was something grand about the sacrifice he had made.

After his death those who were interested in this work wrote to us, asking us to take the work over in connection with our work. To do so it was necessary for us first to see the place and its surroundings, whether it was a suitable place or not. We had a donated the place administratively as had no difficulty in locating it when we got there. We had a look around but were not well impressed with the place, both for food and water, there being only a small number near.

On our way we passed many native villages where hundreds of people live and die without the slightest knowledge of God or Christ. Our route was through the territory we passed over is being looked after by other missions, but the work is slow and wearisome. Our plea is for many more workers who will come and help in this great work.

H. P. STEIGERWALD.

(Concluded.)

A Trip North.
(Continued.)

We have given enough of detail of this trip so we shall draw to a close. Much more might have been interested some but since things that happen along the way are very much the same we will not worry you longer with them. We were out just one month and walked about four hundred miles (400).

Some may wonder what the object of the trip was. It was to look out a site for a new mission station, as some of our number have felt to press on into the interior. One main object was to have a look at a mission site which was left some time in March by death taking the one who had started the work. This man felt called to go and start a work somewhere, but had no support from his society because they felt they had as much work as they could support. He however felt the call so strong that he went forth to the place that he felt the Lord was calling him. Some of his friends became interested in him and lent their support to his work. He found what he thought a good place to start work, pitched his tent and began there. He had been there long until he went down with the fever; a farmer some ten miles away came over with his ox wagon and took him to his home where he was cared for until he passed away. God had called him higher and his work here was ended. As we stood on the little hill where his tent had been and where his work was begun we could not help but shed tears to think of his devotion and the zeal he manifested in his work for the Master.

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H. P. STEIGERWALD.

(Concluded.)
To Africa and India.

BULAWAYO, RHODESIA, S. A.,
Nov. 22, 1909.

Again we greet you from far off Africa in the precious name of Him who has brought us with His own precious blood.

...and the righteous and His ears are open to their cries."

Leaving Choma where we mailed our last letter all about 10 o'clock at night, arriving at Chilanga next day in the forenoon. We sought information for our proposed prospecting tour from Mr. Copeman, the native Commissioner, who is located near the station. He kindly assisted us and furnished us four men as carriers of our luggage for our trip of some thirty-five or forty miles on foot.

The object of this trip was to look into the possibility of taking hold of a work that was opened not far from the above named station by a missionary by the name of Burgess, who died of fever last March, after laboring here for only a few months. After his death some of his friends, who are in warm sympathy with our missionaries in South Africa, wrote Bro. Steigerwald asking if that work could not be taken up by some of our workers. He readily responded so we broke up their council meeting held in October at Bro. Doner’s following the love feast, considered the question, and decided that Bro. Steigerwald should accompany us. He went with us to Macha and then he and I go up to this place and make an investigation of it.

After we were provided with carriers, and it being the Lord’s day, we went only a little Sabbath day’s journey of a few miles to where we had water convenient for cooking and drinking. Here we camped for the afternoon and night. Our men gathered some long dry grass for bedding upon, and spread out some of their coats and blankets trying to make ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night, lodging close by a tree, and under the canopy of the starry heaven. At the time of our retiring we read a portion of God’s word and called our men over to us for a season of prayer. The people up here use a different language than in the South, making it somewhat difficult to converse with them. One of them, however, had a little knowledge of the language which Bro. Steigerwald could speak. Through speaking with them and questioning them we found they did not know what it meant to pray to a living God, and had no idea of how to pray or what posture to take in prayer, so Bro. Steigerwald showed them how, by kneeling down with face in hands. They then knelt with us in prayer when we committed ourselves to the keeping of our heavenly Father, not forgetting to pray for these men, that in some way the glorious light of the gospel may be made to shine into their hearts, giving to them light and peace and joy. They made their bed around their fire with small leafy branches of grass, on which they lay, their only cover being their garments which consisted of a piece of cloth about a yard and a half long and a yard wide. They occasionally stirred up the fire, and, of course, could not wait until it burned away.

Next morning at 6 o’clock we were packed up and in line on a native footpath to find the family and home where the aforesaid missionary was cared for during his sickness and death. After about an hour and a half we reached the place where we were kindly received by this Dutch family and were soon given a cup of coffee. We gathered what information we could and then walked out about a hundred rods to the little grave near the large thorn tree on the open veldt of the wilds of Africa, of this herald of the Cross, who so soon, like other brothers we have known and loved, laid down his life. He worked and labored in this mortal life for a better with God and all the faithful. As we stood with an holy awe by the side of this lone grave we were made to think of the words of the poet, “Only remembered by what we have done.”

From here we walked a distance of about eight or ten miles where this missionary had started his work. Not having had our breakfast we camped under a large wild fig tree, the first water we came across on this long morning walk, and here prepared and ate our breakfast of cornmeal porridge. After our examinaton, it being very warm we rested here until near evening when we moved our baggage to a partly finished hut which we were given permission to occupy for the night. A little while before sundown we took up by some of our workers. The river and go over to the kraal to see what was going on. We found about a half dozen boys engaged in a dance in which they were quite active for a while, but it was soon over with.

When we were about ready to return we heard the shrill wailing cry of a woman. When we inquired what it meant we were informed that a woman was given over to the dread fever inoculater (the mosquito) long since to be a wife of a man from a neighboring kraal whom she did not want to live with, and at night she runs away. To this some of our men came near her, and caught her, but she was successful in getting away from him and hide in the dark. When he failed in his effort he started back home, angry, and scolding most all the way. Such is heathen life, and only a little on the bank on the opposite side of this lone grave we were made to think of the words of the poet, “Only remembered by what we have done.”

Now as to our conclusion as to the situation. These parts are very sparsely settled and there would not be any opportunity for staying on others gathered from the near-by kraals until about fifty men and children were gathered. How we wished we could speak to them, but we had to leave them here trusting to God’s providences for their spiritual welfare.

As it is late and the mail leaves early in the morning, I will not include in this letter all it should contain. In my next I may tell a little of our stop at that great wonder of the world, Victoria Falls, and a little elephant experience witnessed by Bro. Sheets and Sister Davidson on their way South, their engine being derailed by this huge animal.

We are at Bro. Frey’s and expect to be for several weeks until after the love feast, December 12.

J. M. ENGLE AND JNO. M. SHEETS.

What Ought to be Seen.—One of Dr. A. Bonar’s elders relates how one day at a auction he saw something that he wanted. Looking in he found an auctioneer holding up a great picture, quite covering him, and saying: "Now look at this side of the picture, and now at this side," describing every part. "I never saw the speaker," said the elder, "only the picture." So added, "we should work for Christ. He should be all, and ourselves out of sight."—Sel.
I am dwelling on the mountain.

The east bank of the Jordan, bordering on the plains of Moab, a great host has pitched their tents. They are the people of God returned to take possession of the promised land after four hundred years of absence and bondage and desert wandering; and here they encamp for one month. The old, worn, and faded tabernacle is still in their midst, over which rests a silver cloud.

Moses, their great leader, is about to leave his people forever, go up into the mountain, take an extended view of the long sought land, and then die.

It was a sad day for Israel, for never more will they see their good, tried and faithful leader, who has so often stood between them and death; for to-day he is going home. They gather about him for a last look, to hear one more word and bid him the last farewell. Mothers press forward with their little ones, that Moses may touch them once more.

Some of the people had often worried him in the past, but it is all forgotten now; and how sorry they are that they ever gave their beloved leader any trouble. Caleb and Joshua, who have been with him so long, clasp his hand for the last time, and with tearful eyes tell him they will soon meet again. Moses has sung his swan's song of faith and praise, given his last counsel, uttered his final farewell and now takes his de·parture. The grand old man starts off alone up the mountain slope. The people strain their eyes as they watch him slowly toiling upward till he is lost from view, and they will never see him again. Like a wind, suddenly rising and sweeping in mournful tones through the dark pine woods, a great sigh goes all through the vast camps, and for thirty days the wailing notes of sorrow are kept up. From the mountain top Moses looks down upon the promised land which he cannot enter. Six score of years had not dimmed his eyes nor abated his strength. And how fair and glorious the scene spreads out before him. Modern travelers have pronounced it unequalled. Below him the Jordan rolls its crystal tide down to the Dead Sea. Beyond the barrier of hills parted by deep ravines lie the uplands of Judah, the vale of Ephraim, the ridges of Galilee, and even to the utmost sea, nearly fifty miles distant.

On the green plains at the mountain's base, he sees the tents of his people. His people: how the thought stirs his soul, how he loves them. But never again on earth will he see them. And this was the "promised land." How the thought thrills his soul. Truly it is a goodly land and the scene spreads out before him. But never again on earth will he see his people. His people: how the thought stirs his soul, how he loves them.

On the mount, above the toils, cares and troubles, what a holy place for the soul to take its mystic flight from the earthly temple. Moses died at the word of the Lord, but how, the Scriptures are silent. A Jewish tradition says that God bent over the face of Moses and kissed his breath away, and the soul leapt forth in joy, and went to the paradise of God. However it was, death surely was no king of terror to him, but a sweet breathing out of life to the one who gave it. His dying was like that of the morning star that goes not down behind the dark horizon, but fades away in the brighter light of heaven.

The greatest honor ever conferred on any mortal was given to Moses in his burial. God placed his body in the seventh day and sanctified it. For the seventh day God ended his work.

There are times in all our lives when the need of rest comes forcibly before us, and it is the will of God that we should lay aside our work for awhile, that we may renew our strength for future labors.

There is a rest just as necessary to our welfare as work.

The question now arises, how shall we devote the time allotted to us for rest that we may derive the greatest benefit? When we work hard during the week, and become tired and discouraged, we should heed the gentle voice of Jesus when he says: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." We need not go far away from home to enjoy a Sabbath rest. The best way to obtain it is my studying nature and meditating on God's word. Even Christ saw the need of rest after He and His followers had endured the toils and trials of a busy day, spent in spreading the gospel, and He said, "Come ye yourselves, apart into a solitary place and rest awhile." He knew the exact needs of His disciples, so He led them to the green hills and quiet waters of Galilee where they could drink in the beauties of nature and hold sweet communion with their Master.

The real Sabbath rest, or the rest which comes from Christ, is inward and independent of all outward circumstances in the home, at church or in isolated places, and while it cannot be seen its influence can be felt everywhere.

The rest of a Christian is not in idleness or indifference, but it means rest from our own labors, that we may obtain preparation and strength for the future, for future duties.

We need not go far away from home to enjoy a Sabbath rest. The best way to obtain it is by studying nature and meditating on God's word. Even Christ saw the need of rest after He and His followers had endured the toils and trials of a busy day, spent in spreading the gospel, and He said, "Come ye yourselves, apart into a solitary place and rest awhile." He knew the exact needs of His disciples, so He led them to the green hills and quiet waters of Galilee where they could drink in the beauties of nature and hold sweet communion with their Master.

Even so we, when wearied with our daily work, will find new blessings...
and strength for our own needs if we follow where He leads us. This is my whole heart's desire that I may have a real Sabbath each day of the week for,

"Time is winging us away
To our immortal home,
Life is but a Winter's day,
A journey to the tomb."

"'Twill not be long before the throne
We'll altogether be,
And you that know the Lord below,
Shall then your Savior see."

There we shall join in songs divine,
God's holy name shall praise,
And view Christ's smiles, forget the toils,
Of these few evil days.

Troy, O.

**Asking and Receiving.**

"Ye have not because ye ask not."

The first assertion—"Ye have not"—every one would be ready to admit. The reason for our not having is given by the same Divine authority, and must be equally true, although we may not so readily see it. There are spiritual blessings which every Christian probably greatly desires, and perhaps uses some means to secure, but which he does not have, because he does not ask them.

He desires an experience such as he sees others seem to enjoy, and of which he has himself had some taste. He longs for more of that peace which the world can not give him; more of that joy that passeth description; more of that communion and blessed intercourse with the dear Savior which he has found so delightful. But it seems to him that these are experiences which come only to a favored few, and come to them because they are favored.

There is, too, an equal desire, perhaps, for the power to persuade the multitudes of the unconverted who are going on towards eternity so recklessly. They know that the life that they now live in the flesh is liable to end at any time. They have no security for a single hour. They know that if they should pass beyond this present life which they are now spending so thoughtlessly in their present unprepared state, they must go to where sin is finished, and where it bringeth forth death.

They know, too, with equal certainty that there is a complete salvation prepared, and that it is offered to them without money and without price; that they may have it if they will take it upon the simple terms which are stated. But with all this knowledge, many are still going on, appearing to be indifferent, careless and unconcerned about the future of their souls. This state of affairs, which seems so marvelous to every reasonable mind, causes the Christian who has found the Savior and is anxious for others to find him, too, to be exceedingly desirous that he might have power to reach those who are in such peril, and who apparently are so heedless of their real condition, and that he might arouse them to a sense of their true situation, and induce them to come to the Savior and take the salvation which he has to give them while they may.

But how are they to get such power? It seems to them that it comes by some natural gifts which are possessed by some—the ability to speak eloquently, or to sing sweetly, or otherwise to move those who are so indifferent about the interests of their own souls. But a little observation will soon convince any reasonable person that this power is not from the possession of any natural qualities that may have been bestowed upon certain individuals.

There is something greater than mere human force that is at work bringing about these wonderful changes, and this force we learn is the Holy Spirit, who convinces men of sin and of righteousness and of judgment to come—that blessed Holy Spirit, who, it was promised by our Savior when he was here in human form upon the earth, should come. He is taking of the things of Christ and of righteousness and of judgment preached and sweet singing and active working to secure the result for which they are longing, we are perhaps failing to see, or to fully realize, that it is the work of the Holy Spirit that we need. His presence and His power are essential to secure the end we are seeking for. He is ready to come and do all of his part in response to our asking. Yet we do not ask. And so it is undoubtedly often that we fail to have because we fail to ask.

"Ye have not because ye ask not."

Men are striving in some other way to secure the blessings which they feel they greatly need, and which they earnestly desire. They are using efforts of their own, when all that is necessary is to "ask." The Father has the blessings, and is ready to bestow them, if his children make request. The recognition of the place that prayer should take, and the use of prayer to secure the blessings we need, are undoubtedly too much overlooked. We look at preaching and singing and working, all of which are undoubtedly important and should not be ignored or underestimated, but we fail to realize the importance of prayer, which is probably the greatest of them all, and this perhaps is the reason why we have not—"Ye ask not."

—Rey. George L. Smith, in Presbyterian.

**The Deadly Spare Bed.**

It would be interesting if it were possible, along with the statistics of mortality arising from the grip, consumption and the various diseases which inflict most of those who learn just how many persons during the year have died from the deadly influence of the spare bed. Visitors, strangers, and especially ministers of the gospel, frequently are in peril in life and in health from this cause. Feeble persons of low vitality are placed in a cold bed in a cold room, where they chill and shake and shiver, and sometimes spend sleepless nights, and in the morning have a cold or a cough from which they never recover.

It is not always practicable to give strangers a bed in a warm room, nor is it always desirable; but it is possible to have a bed well warmed and aired. The old-fashioned warming-pan was an institution which some older people can remember with unalloyed satisfaction as well fitted to minister health and comfort, but this has gone out of use. Flannel blankets, however, well aired before the fire, are an excellent substitute. Hot stones, or bottles of hot water, placed in the bed, will frequently remove the dampness and chill, and enable feeble persons to fall asleep more readily and more safely. All Christian householders who invite servants of God beneath their roof ought to see to it that the health of their guests is not imperiled by their culpable negligence. Good men are too plentiful, and we cannot afford to have good men killed off by the deadly spare bed.—L. L. H.

**Where Heaven Is.**—"You forgot to mention where heaven is," said a good lady to her pastor after a sermon on the better land. "On yonder hilltop stands a cottage, madam," re-
plied the man of God; “a widow lives there in want; she has no bread, no fuel, no medicine, and her child is at the point of death. If you will carry to her this afternoon some little cup of cold water in the name of Him who went about doing good, you will find the answer to your inquiry.”—Selected.

A New Year's Sermon.

BY REV. PAUL VON ZIMMERMAN.

I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High. (Psa. 77:10.)

The years grow old, and so do men and things with them. New years appear, new people come on the scene, and new ideas, discoveries, and revelations surprise us. New ministers, new preachers, new houses of worship are seen. The whole of human history becomes complicated with this blending of the old and ever new. And as often as a new year greets us we are set thinking of old times, whether the memories are pleasant or unpleasant, praiseworthy or the reverse. Not always was the old identical with the good; but neither is the new invariably to be pronounced better. The veteran looks back wistfully and extols the past as if in a funeral oration. The youth laughs at the age gone by, and boasts of his green wisdom as a sure pledge of future fortune. The thoughtful man stands tranquilly on the foothold of the present, holds with firm grasp the rudder of the hours and says that what is gone is no more, what is future is not yet, but to-day is ours and we must use it. And all three are right in their way. The old man rightly cherishes his grateful memories, the youth yet more rightly looks forward with expanding hopes, but still wiser is he who, with manly energy, between the crimson morn of hope and the red sky of recollection, goes forth vigorously into the full sunshine of the day to use every passing hour with utmost diligence.

The new year admonishes with a triple exhortation. It bids us think of three teases and of a threefold progression. We are bidden to reflect on the good old time, to give thanks for the new and better time, and to work for the future time—the best of all. But all three of these times blend together in the term “New Year,” which, like the morning star, seems to betoken the full promise of coming blessing as we enter the portal of a new period. Whatever was good in the old time came from Him, whatever is better to-day has been wrought among us by His Spirit; and because that Spirit abides with us, and will ever abide, so shall we believe and hope that we are evermore to be recipients of new revelations of His grace.

“I have considered the years of old, the years of ancient times.” Thus says the psalmist in his psalm. And he well spake thus. Far from commendable is that frivolous mood of soul which depends on the present moment, as the butterfly hangs on the blossom sipping the nectar, forgetting all past companionships and experiences. Think of the days of old and of the wonders of the Most High. Gratitude demands such meditation. But such thankfulness for the mercies of the past does not involve discouragement of the conditions of the present. Even virtue may have its defects or commit its mistakes. For there have ever been admirers of the past who have inculcated contempt of their own epoch. While they wanted the “good old time,” they abused the new time in which they lived as evil, and evil only.

Where should we be to-day if the philosophy of the old pessimists were true? Even Horace, who passed away eight years before the birth of Jesus, and therefore well knew the characteristics of his era, with all his generality of outlook, was nevertheless constrained to declare that the age of the fathers was worse than that of their ancestors and that the age of posterity would be yet more degenerate. Sad prospect of a sad juncture! And yet the Latin poet was right concerning that time. The birth of Jesus was at hand, but those who lived just previously knew not the bright light that was about to shine. And therefore he who wrote thus judged only as he saw the signs of decadence on every hand. For he could not feel conscious of the salvation which was approaching with the new era.

But would you look deeper into the old time in order to find in it the boasted “good”? The patriarch Jacob, progenitor of the Jewish nation, lamented thus before Pharaoh: “Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage.” And in the Far East the ancient sage Confucius cried in the wilderness: “The present time is the day of evil and of ruin.” Are you familiar with the Jewish prophets? Read them. Their greatness lies in the vehemence with which they de-claim against the sinfulness of their time and preach the need of contrition. The greatest of them all, who stood on the threshold of the new covenant, takes for his baptismal proclamation at Jordan the iniquity of the age, exhorting high and low, priests and soldiers, fearlessly: “Repent, do violence to no man, exact no more than that which is appointed to you.”

Noble souls of the olden times were ever apt to look mournfully on the world of their own day. In an epoch which we regard as one that was stirred with the new spirit of Christianity, Jerome in his grotto at Beth-lehem mourns over the declension of Christendom and already praises the days of the older Christianity. The presbyter Salvicians, of Marseilles, preaching and writing in the fifth century, exclaims: “How unlike itself has Christianity now become as we look upon it; how deeply are we sunk!” Agobard, two hundred years later, laments: “The Church is growing old, and how decrepit she is becoming.” Boniface thus delineates his own time: “Purity and piety have almost vanished; brutal sports and the spirit of war now take the place of quiet work and prayer.” Bernard of Clairvaux looks back wistfully to the olden time, “when the apostles cast their nets to catch men, not as we do, to gain gold and silver.” And all sections have thus looked back aspiring to regain the purity of the old days of Christendom.

I know, indeed, of no age which does not echo such sad laments. The great era of the reformation was inaugurated with a whole chorus of such mournful strains. The Lollards upbralded the church of their time, declaring that faith, hope, and love, and all the heavenly graces had fled from it. A contemporary of John Huss describes the century of the Great Council as one in which the few truly pious persons were sent to the stake, while the godless were allowed to live. Wyclif, the morning star of the Reformation in England, believed that the last age of the Church was at hand, and saw in an earthquake that happened in his time a premonition of divine judgment. Savonarola called his contemporaries fuel for hell fire. And Luther, under the firm conviction that the work which God was doing through him was the final manifestation of divine grace to sinful and lost humanity, before the last day, styled that the Habe jungste Tog. But the final day did not come, and the laments over an evil age sounded on yet further.
When, then, was the good old time? Was it when the devastation of the terrible Thirty Years’ War turned evangelical Germany into a waste and Christian purity was buried under outrage and bloodshed? Or was it when culture all but died out under a brutal dispensation of force? Have you listened to the mournful refrain of the earnest Pietists over the frozen Christendom of their time? Or was that the good old time a little more than a hundred years ago when in France God was thrust aside and a goddess of reason was set up on the altar of Notre Dame, and when humanity at length groveled at the feet of the colossal fighting emperor who demonstrated his boasted belief in the brotherhood of man by sacrificing two millions of men to the demon of his ambition in wars through twenty years? Or shall we judge that these were better times when our beloved grandmother was looking with bright eyes out on the world? Not so if we now, in the right mind, greet the new year. If we, while we think of the good old time, praise God for His wonderful works of old, and yet are not blind to the new prospect before us. So let us regard the past, remembering the preserving grace of God, and keeping our eyes fixed on His benefits to our fathers in their days, that we shall cherish the conscious of the help of His guiding hand, and feel gratitude for the evil we have escaped and for the mercy which has forgiven us all the guilt of the past.

It is an anniversary when it is good to meditate on those days when for each one a father cared and a mother prayed. We think how the breezes of health flew round the dear homes of childhood in the days not long ago when the worm of doubt had not crowded the blossom of faith. We think of the day when young hearts surrendered themselves to the golden dream of mutual love, and when all trees seemed to be Christmas trees and all roses seemed thornless, and all the year was like May. It is as we reflect on the pleasures and the blessings of the days that are gone that we realize the goodness that has bestowed countless blessings on us. Complain not that the good old time of your own life has vanished forever; say not that darkness and decadence are the characteristics of the day. Forget no benefit that you have received, either from God or from the true soul of men. Think devoutly over all the goodness of the grace of God manifested from the days of the Apostles down to the days of your youth, but give thanks for the new, better time which God accords to us.

In many an aspect it is indeed the better time. Are you mindful that we are living in the greatest age of missions that history has known? Do you remember that you are free to exercise faith and conscience in a land wherein the gospel once was hated and persecuted unto blood? (Austria-Hungary) Is not the new time better? Does it not profoundly move you to hear how the Scripture is to-day celebrating victories round the globe? Everywhere, near and far, is the Gospel achieving new conquests. Better also is this new time, because in all civilized states it is witnessing the irrevocable inauguration of freedom of conscience. A new and better feature of our time certainly is the profound strengthening as never before of the sentiment of the brotherhood of humanity. It is true that the ancient prophets three thousand years ago preached compassion, but only those of the same race and creed were reckoned neighbors. In the days of Jesus the genuine Jews simply called a heathen a dog—that is, in the thought of the East, an unclean animal and thrust contemptuously out of his way a Samaritan. And, in Rome or Athens who ever thought of manifesting kindness and love to the widow, the sick, the pauper, the homeless, or the slave? Never before this new time has the community been so intensely concerned on behalf of those of low estate; never has such intense thought been bestowed on the interests of the toiler, the aged, and the helpless. Never has there been such solicitude for the victims of accident and misfortune; never have administrations displayed such anxiety with respect to the health of the masses and the protection of the people from terrible epidemic. Never has there been such willingness to extend civic privilege even to the lowest sections and such ample concession of liberty of conscience.

To-day men have begun to realize that Christianity, rightly understood, is the noblest socialism; that is to say, it is the fellowship of love. Men now begin at last to comprehend that humanity is a whole, a corporate unity, and that the truly, the destitute, yes, even the criminals are members—sick and sad members indeed, but nevertheless members needing care and protection. In a hundred years from now probably men will scarcely believe that to-day in our great cities our brothers in despair fling themselves into the river, unable longer to bear the agony of want. And thus is this new and better time certainly not yet the best.

The past, that panorama in which progress and retrogression and teachings of the divine Man have spread, so mankind has been the better, the brighter, the purer, the more humane and thoughtful. It is the sign of the times—it is the happy portent for the future.

Work for the future, the best time! It still remains for us to struggle toward that best and to conquer it for our successors. For this better present age is deformed by plots that are dark and saddening. Truly something better than present conditions must be achieved, and let each of us resolve, by word and example, to bring about the desired confirmation. For each individual life great tasks are in prospect. Shall we be so supine and obstinate as to surrender the tasks that await us? That be far from us. Who is so great a God as our God? Let that inspire us with confidence on the threshold of the New Year. It may be, indeed, that your way will be heavy and dangerous, thorny and tearful, through the new year if your aims are noble; but hold fast to the faith in confidence that the way is appointed by God, and so is a way of holiness leading to that best time to come.—Homiletic Review.

A remarkable story is told of the way in which “the way of the Lord” was prepared among the Muhos, a tribe living near the Eastern border of Burma. A few years ago, when the missionaries began to preach Christ among these people, they found that two natives had been traveling up and down the country for fourteen years preaching to the Muhos to turn from sin because “God was coming soon,” and that foreigners would come to tell them of the true God and the way of life. The missionaries found the people ready to believe their message and most of them wore special cords to indicate their faith in One Supreme God. Multitudes flocked to Christ when the missionaries arrived, and one hundred and ten were baptized in one week.—Selected.

It costs the United States eleven hundred million dollars per year for criminality. Five hundred million more than for all educational, religious and charitable institutions.

Seventy-one per cent. of the inmates of criminal institutions are
under voting age. Ninety-eight per cent of the youth that appear before the juvenile courts of our land are not innate criminals, but because their energies as boys ran in the wrong direction. "Satan finds work for idle hands to do."

**Dressing Children in the Fashions.**

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." (Prov. 22:6.)

"Train up a child in the way he should go." Mothers, are you doing this? Are you trying to train your daughters in the way they should go? A mother remarked some time ago, "I know my daughters are dressed in the latest style, but let them dress; when they become older they won't want these things any more." Mother, I am afraid you are mistaken. If you are not, the Scriptures can't be true. Can you bring up your daughters with all the foolish fashions of the world, and hope when they become old, it will depart from them? But this is not the case. The daughters generally hold out the way mother trained them. If you show your daughter the humble way, when she is young, she will not depart from it when she is old, but if you show your daughter the fashionably way, she will not depart from it. But when she comes to her deathbed she will say, "I am lost, and mother is the fault of it." Like I read in a paper the other day: A young woman after she was converted, felt it her duty to lay off her jewelry and gay clothing. She did so, and for awhile attired herself modestly and was a devoted Christian. But her mother persuaded her to put on the jewelry and gay clothing again. But why did God send down this gift to man? If you have become a partaker of the "life" that Christ came to bestow in such lavish abundance, Christmas has a satisfying meaning to you. An ancient poet said:

"Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.
Ah! why thy heart but be
A manger for the birth,
God would once more become
A child upon the earth."

There are many notes in the Christmas song. But the highest of them is the note of rapturous joy that reaches up from the hearts of men and women everywhere who have tasted of the great love of God, and are in contentment of spirit because they have accepted the gift of God which is eternal life through Jesus Christ.—**Broward Herald.**—Sel. by Lena Solenberger.

**Acquainted With All My Ways.**

Recently the king of England visited Norwich to lay the foundation stone of a new hospital. Thousands of school children greeted the king and sang for him. Soon after King Edward had passed the multitude of children a teacher saw a little girl crying. She asked, "Why are you crying? did you not see the King?" The little girl sobbed out, "Yes, but please, teacher, the king did not see me."

True enough. An earthly king cannot see nor watch over each individual. But blessed be God our Lord in Glory, while we do not see Him with our natural eyes, constantly seeth us. No child of God needs to complain as that child did. "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "I know them," "He calleth His own sheep by name." "Thou compasseth my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways." How many more blessed scriptures might be added, all assuring us that the watchful, loving eye of our gracious and almighty Lord are upon us individually. Take this old, yet ever new and blessed truth with you, dear reader, for every day of the new year. Have it real, through the Holy Spirit's power, that the Lord's loving eye rests upon you. It will help to keep your feet in the straight path. It will change your sorrow into joy. It will keep you from the snares of the evil one and assist you in the walk and life of faith. And soon we will see Him and behold Him in all His majesty and glory.—**Our Hope.**
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Old and New Ways.

"New thought," I'm offered in exchange From promises of old. New truth, new doctrine Must now prevail, I'm told; But I love the "old, old story," More and more, every day. And I think I'll keep on traveling "In the good old-fashioned way." This sacred "old, old story" To-day I do not want to be a Christian. I would rather go to hell than May the spirit of self-denial increase as it was especially desired to help poor children, it was decided to send the offering to Bro. J. B. Mitchell, who is doing a great work in the Southern States among the poor and needy. It was then decided that we take an offering once each month, for the encouragement of mission work in various places.

May the spirit of self-denial increase among us, for in so doing, much more good can be done. Your young brother, Omer Her. Clayton, Ohio.

She Had Crossed the Dead Line. A young lady under deep conviction for sin, left a revival meeting to attend a dance which had been gotten up by a party of ungodly men for the purpose of breaking up the meeting. She caught a severe cold at the meeting. She then sank away and lay like one dead for a short time. Then she raised her head slightly, her lips quivering as in the agonies of death, her eyes opened with a fixed and awful stare, and she gave such a despairing groan that it sent a chill to every hearer. "Oh what horror!" whispered the sufferer. Then, turning to Mr. R.—she said, "Go home now, and return this evening. I do not want to be tormented with the sound of prayer." About four o'clock she inquired the time, and exclaimed, "Oh, how slowly the hours wear away! This day seems an age to me! Oh, how will I endure eternity?" In about an hour she said: "How slowly the time drags! Why may I not cease to be?"

In the evening she sent for Mr. R.—As he approached her bed, Jennie said to him: "I want you to preach at my funeral. Warn all my young friends of the ball room. Remember everything I have said to you and use it." He replied, "How can I do this, Jennie? How do I wish you were a good Christian, and had hope of eternal life?" "Now, Mr. R., I do not want to hear anything about it. I do not want to be tormented with the thought. I am utterly hopeless; my time is growing short; my fate is eternally fixed. I die without hope because I insulted the Holy Ghost so bitterly. He has justly left me alone to go down to eternal night. He could not have borne with me any longer and followed farther, and retained His divine honor and dignity. I wait but a few moments, and, as much as I dread it, I must quit these mortal shores. I would delay, I would linger—but no! The fountains, they come. Oh, save me! They drag me down! Lost! lost!" she whimpered as she struggled in the agonies of death.

A moment more and she rallied and with glaring eyes, looked upon her weeping friends for the last time, then the lid sank partly down and pressed out a reining tear as she whispered, "Bind me ye chains of darkness! Oh, that I might cease to be, but I still exist! The worm that never dies the second death!" The nurse said, and Jennie Gordon lay a lifeless body, May 31, 1909.

A Day With Jesus. I sometimes wonder what it must have been To spend a day with Jesus; to have walked Beside Him as He passed each changing scene, And to have heard Him as He sweetly talked. I wonder not that people came from far To spend a day with this thrice-blessed One! "Twas worth a journey, led by Hope's bright star, To people the dawning hours with Heaven's own Son. I know it must have been a day of joy, A holiday and holy day combined: A day of rest, and yet of high employ, A blessed day to body, soul and mind. And are those happy days forever past? Are they all gone: to leave upon our way Only their lingering shadows darkly cast? Is this high honor gone, and gone for aye?

No, I may spend the day with Jesus Christ And though I shall not see Him with mine eyes, Yet He will meet me, faithful to His trust, And talk with me, and in each care advise. I may be poor, I may be very sad, I may be blind, or deaf, or leprous be; But His blest touch will make my spirit bright, "Tis heaven to-day the Saviour's face to see.

A day with Him beside the sea of love: A day with Him upon His own sweet fields; A day with Him—perhaps He may reprove— Then bid me run where duty pleasure yields. A day with Jesus here is all too short! But if each day be hallowed by His love, By daily stages I shall soon be brought To spend an endless day with Him above. —British Messenger.

The Brave Engineer. Life is like a crooked railroad And the engineer is brave. Who can make a trip successful From the cradle to the grave? There are stations all along it Where at almost any breath You'll be flagged to stop your engine By the passenger of death.

You may run the grades of trouble Many days and years with ease, But time will take its arrears By the switchman of disease; You may cross the bridge of manhood Run the tunnel long of strife.

(Congraded on page 12.)
To Subscribers:—1. Our terms are cash in advance.
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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The Brave Engineer.

(Congriment from Page 11.)

Having God for your conductor
On the lightning train of life,
Always mindful of instructions,
Watchful duty never lack.
Keep your hand on the throttle,
And your eye upon the track.
Name your engine true religion
When you sent it off on any flight.
Use the coal of faith for fuel
And she will always run you right.
But you'll often find obstructions
By the cunning devil lain.
On a bill, a curve, or some place
Where, hell try and ditch your train.
But you needn't fear destruction—
Keep her open, let her go.
For the King who rules all things
All his plans will overthrow.
Ring your bell and blow your whistle,
Keep a going, don't look back.
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the track.
And when you've made your trip successful,
And you're at your journey's end
You will find the angels waiting
To receive you as a friend.
You'll approach the superintendent,
Who is waiting for you now
With a blessed smile of welcome
And a crown to deck your brow.
Never falter in your course
Put your faith and trust in Him.
And you'll always keep the throttle
In the best of running trim.
Ring your bell and blow your whistle.
Never let your courage shackle
But keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the track.


"'Till He Comes!"

1 Corinthians 17:20.
It is only a little while, Christian,
Till labor and troubles shall cease;
And instead of tears and sorrows,
Shall be a wonderful peace.
The Saviour is coming to claim thee,
When trials beset thee, oh! whisper
"Till only be thus 'till He come.
It is only a little while longer
Thou canst be his worshiper, below
And prove thou art faithful and loyal,
That honor to Him thou canst show;
Perhaps scorned, ill treated by some.
Keep a going, don't look back,
And your eye upon the track;
And when it's all over, then
And prove thou art faithful and loyal,
And thy heart kept cheerful and gay;
And thou art purified and refined,
You'll approach the superintendent,
And comfort our hearts with the
㡓ight and fuel, $4.75

Geo. and Ethel Wheelers. .

Philadelphia Mission.

Report for December, 1909.

Balance on hand, $12.18

Geo. and Ethel Wheelers.

Donations.
I, H. N., $1.00; Eliza Sider, $1.00; Fanny Heise, $4.00; and Sr. Adam Carver, $1.00; Louise Brunner, $1.00; Isaac Sway and family, 2; T. S. Doner, $1; Milton Bosler, 6; Clara Longumerker, 5; Efd. Eicher, $1.00; $5; W. L. Hageman, 2; A. J. Meisky, $1.50; Mechanicsburg, Pa., S. S. $7.90.

Expenditures.
Light and fuel, $475.
Groceries, $106.25.
Balance on hand, $12.18

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REPORTS OF FUNDS.

Foreign Mission Funds.

Report for November and December, 1909.

General Fund.
Markham, Ont., Thanksgiving offering, $4.65; a sister, Fordwich, Ont., $4.00; Chap, Pa., district, $12.00; Lykens, Valley district, $3.00; Charles, D. B., Boiling Springs, Pa., $3.00; Bethel, Kans. S. S. (special for Mcha Mission), $20.00; Abilene, Kans., S. S. (special for Mattopo Mission), $13.05; Abilene, Kans., S. S., $23.00; Charles, D. B., Boiling Springs, Pa., $20.00.

Disbursements.
M. L. Hoffman, Abilene, Kans., fifty Hyrnals for the Foreign Mission field, $20.00; Mcha Mission, special offering, $20.00.

P. Climenhaga, Treasurer.

Mesiah Home Orphanage.

Report for December, 1909.

Balance on hand, $795.

Donations.
I. H. N., $1.00; Eliza Sider, $1.00; Fanny Heise, $4.00; and Sr. Adam Carver, $1.00; Louise Brunner, $1.00; Isaac Sway and family, 2; T. S. Doner, $1; Milton Bosler, 6; Clara Longumerker, 5; Efd. Eicher, $1.00; $5; W. L. Hageman, 2; A. J. Meisky, $1.50; Mechanicsburg, Pa., S. S. $7.90.

Expenditures.
Light and fuel, $475.
Groceries, $106.25.

Balance on hand, $12.18

Geo. and Ethel Wheelers.

Philadelphia Mission.

Report for December, 1909.

Balance from last report, $19.58.

Receipts.
Contribution box, $72.82; New Guilford, Pa., $1.00; Sr. Katie Smith, $2.00; Cleona Brethren, $12.25; Bro. A. Pike, $1.00; Sr. Fannie E. Moore, $5.00; Sr. Amy Martin, $5.00; Bro. D. E. Brehm, $3.00; Sue Bremenhan, $1.00; Lawau, Pa., $10.00; Sr. Elders, $1.00; Sue Souders, Sr. I. N. Hershev, $5.00; D. L. Gish, $5.00; Sr. Ella Hoffman, $2.00; H. C. Shank, $2.00; a brother and sister, $15.00; Bro. Chas. Slover (boarding), $12.50. Total, $101.05.

Expenditures.
Groceries, $27.77; gas and light, $2.25; post, $0.20; payment Coleman, $1.00 for Mission, $2.20. Total, $34.29.

Philadelphia Mission.

Other Donations Received.
Manor and Pequa district, per E. H. Ehlers, $2.00; Harry Mason, $1.00; Sr. Katie Smith, $2.00; Cleona Brethren, $12.25; Bro. A. Pike, $1.00; Sr. Fannie E. Moore, $5.00; Sr. Amy Martin, $5.00; Bro. D. E. Brehm, $3.00; Sue Bremenhan, $1.00; Lawau, Pa., $10.00; Sr. Elders, $1.00; Sue Souders, Sr. I. N. Hershev, $5.00; D. L. Gish, $5.00; Sr. Ella Hoffman, $2.00; H. C. Shank, $2.00; a brother and sister, $15.00; Bro. Chas. Slover (boarding), $12.50. Total, $101.05.

Expenditures.
Groceries, $27.77; gas and light, $2.25; post, $0.20; payment Coleman, $1.00 for Mission, $2.20. Total, $34.29.
to sieve between 50 and 60 families with provisions, etc.; Waynesboro, Pa., per H. B. BURKHOLDER AND WIFE.

October 27 to December 31.


Jacob Heer, E. A. Walno, J. Lauden­


Subscription Credits.

January 10, 1910.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

13

Letters From Readers.

Dearly beloved saints in the Lord.

This morning I praise God for vic­

ory in my soul. I thank the dear Lord for His lovingkindness to me.

It is alone through the grace of God that I am what I am,—only a sinner saved by grace. I will not go into de­

ails of my past life, but one thing I do know, that I passed from death into life, and am redeemed by the blood of the lamb. Praise His dear name for a free and full salvation and for His keeping power, and for His way: He is leading me out into deeper things in Christ Jesus who teaches me to walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.

My thoughts of late have been drawn to the coming of Jesus and His crucifixion. From the time He and His disciples ate the passover we see they all appeared to love Him, and Peter was so determined that he said he would lay down his life for His sake. But we see then how soon there was a fighting spirit in him. He wounded one of his fellow-men with the sword and soon followed "afar off," and soon denied Him thrice. That is the way with a great many, at their beginning, they seem to be de­

termined to serve the Lord, but soon follow Him afar off and lose their power over Satan. The grace of God seems to leak out of their hearts, and they become spiritless and deny Him by becoming cold and slack in His service.

But. praise the Lord Peter was not left in that back-slidden state for Jesus had compassion on him and de­

ivered him. On the day of Pente­

cost he was endued with power from on high that enabled him to follow His Master to the cross.

The Lord could not use Peter in this far-off state till he went to the cross, but John the beloved disciple went right to the cross; so the Lord gave him something to do. His last mes­

sage was, my mother, his last thought was of His mother and John took her to his own home regardless of the trouble she would make in her old age or the expenses. What an example that is to us who have fathers and mothers to care for,—to love and care for them. It truly makes one's heart throb to see how the old are so de­

spised and cast off. I heard a mis­

sionary say in West Africa in some places the heathen, when their parents become old, they kill and eat them and feast on them. Methinks I hear some say, "Is not that awful?" At this same time we are not aware that our Christianized country is fast turn­
ing to heathenism. We are living in a time when the old are becoming a great trouble to the younger genera-
tion. They really devour them in
their hearts. Truly we are living in
the last times, so it behooves us to
watch and be sober for the Son of
man comes in an hour when we think
not. Truly we have great reason to
praise the dear Lord who came to heal
the broken-hearted. Oh, for more
love like Christ, so our mothers can be
loved to the end. Truly, my heart
goes out for the aged. May they still
realize that the eternal God is their
refuge.

If any dear aged pilgrim reads these
lines, I lovingly entreat you to lean on
Jesus' strong arm: cast all your cares
and troubles on Him for He careth
for you. May your end be peace.

To the young I would say, consider
the old, have patience, for in what you
do to the least of God's children you
“do it unto me,” (Jesus’ own words).

Pen fails to express the deep thoughts of my heart when I think of
the time when the Lord will come with
His mighty hosts, and with great
power. Who will be able to stand?
Oh to think of the many sins that will
be revealed on the housetops. Oh,
that the dear Lord may reveal all my
sins and have the blood applied to my
heart. I have been much impressed
with Psalm 139:23, 24, “Search me,
O God, and know my heart; try me
and know my thoughts, and see if
there be any wicked way in me, and
lead me in the way everlasting.”

Amen.

Your sister under the blood,
FRANCES HISEY.

Cashtown, Ont.

“God is faithful by whom ye were
called unto the fellowship of His Son
Jesus Christ, our Lord.” ( I. Cor. 1:7-9.)

TRIUMPH.

Gloriously triumphant was the im-
maculate Jesus of Nazareth in bruis-
ing the head of the serpent, and tak-
ing captivity captive, opening unto us
a new and a living Way, whereby we
can come to the Father, and unto the
mercy seat of Christ, who has as-
cended to the right hand of God and
is calling us. Oh! What a faithful
Savior who is interceding for us and
pleading for us before His heavenly
Father.

Let us then strive diligently to com-
ply with God's faithful calling (I.
Thess. 2:12), to walk worthy of God
who has called you unto His kingdom
and glory.

A few weeks ago my heart was
made triumphantly glad while visiting
among the Brethren at Mount Joy and
vicinity, in their homes and also at
their several church homes and cot-
tage prayer-meetings, where the
spiritual bodies could be refreshed and
where we could exchange thoughts
and thus build one another up, in the
most holy faith.

It was a great blessing for me, and
a pleasure, too, to sit under the sound
of the gospel at a revival held at Cross
Road meeting-house, near Florin, Pa.,
conducted by Fred. Bowers, of Souderton, Pa., where the bread of
heaven was broken unto many hungry
souls. The attendance was good, and
the interest manifested by the people
was interesting and inspiring.

I praise the Lord, and magnify His
holy name, realizing the Lord is truly
good and His mercy endureth forever.
By good authority the number pres-
ent at these meetings was estimated
some nights to be a thousand people.
I was glad indeed to be permitted to
be present and participate in this joy-
ful event, where so many could feed
on His life-giving word of which
Jesus saith, John 6:51, “I am the
Living Bread which came down from
heaven, which if a man eateth he shall
have eternal life.”

In looking over this body of work-
ers and believers, beholding the many
sisters wearing their prayer head
covering, listening to the many pray-
ers and testimonies which ascended
heavenward during these meetings, I
began to say, “Glory to God, and to
His holy name, when we see the Re-
deemer’s triumph over the heart of
sinners, in making so many become
willing to respond to Christ’s calling
and yielding obedience to Him who
has triumphantly overcome “Death
and Hell” and ascended to the right
hand of God, and who said, “Let not
your hearts be troubled; in my
Father’s house are many mansions.”

“Glory to His Name,
For Jesus is the same.”

Let us then press onward, toward
the mark of the high calling in Christ
Jesus,—that we may be found worthy
by His grace and mercy in that day,
to participate in the joys of that world,
and for the society of holy angels
where we can fall down with those
who have triumphantly overcome, and
say, “Amen, and honor and blessing,
and thanksgiving, and power, and
might be unto our God for ever and
ever, amen.”

In conclusion, I feel very thankful
to God, and grateful to the many
brethren, who, while I was a stranger
among them took me in, and minister-
ed unto me and my necessities. My
further request is your prayers in my
behalf.

Glory to God for ever. Amen.

Humbly yours in His name and ser-
vice.

C. F. GICK.
Norfolk, Va.

Dear reader friends, by God’s help
I will try and write a few lines. I felt
impressed to write some time ago, and
I just thought why should we not
when we think of what He did for us.
I am very glad to read the nice letters
in the VISITOR which come from the
heathen-land. It does me as much good
as a sermon. I am glad I have come
so far that I can enjoy such things.

It is thirteen years since I started in
the better way. I have had many
trials to go through but the Lord has
helped me all along the way. I have
found during the time of pain and
sickness it was best to be patient, and
having learned this I have it better
now. I spend my time mostly alone at
home, and have many thoughts as the
days pass by.

I would ask the brethren and sisters
to pray for us. We need it. Those
who can go more than we don’t know
what it is to be so much at home. May
God bless you is my prayer.

MRS. H. S. BROWNBERGER.
Manheim, Pa.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

This morning I read Isaiah, chap-
ter 5. I was much impressed with
verses 13 and 14. “My people are
gone into captivity; hell hath enlarged
herself and their glory and their pomp,
and he that rejoices in it shall descend
in it.” Oh brethren and sisters, let us
be careful; it is wonderful. Trials
and difficulties with me have been real
severe these few last years. I was
very much impressed by verse 23. Yes,
we may call wrong right, but God
never will. We can’t turn any-
thing around and say it is sweet if it
is sour. No, God help me, I won't lie
nor call a lie truth; even if my own
dear mother, or my brother, would
tell me to. Not for all the money I
ever had to get. You may think it
strange in me writing as I do. Well,
since my father died the little money
I had to get made me lots of trouble.
The word says, “The love of money
is the root of all evil.” But, of course,
every one likes to have what belongs
to them. I am glad for salvation, and
having it and truth, to appear before
a lawyer will not terrify us. I often
think only a lawyer is nothing to face
with truth neither will it be anything.
to come before the Judge of all judges with truth.

This morning I am filled. I visited an aged mother with a sister and another aged mother. My heart was made tender and I went home weeping for joy: we had such a blessed time with one another. We sang of the old German hymns and our hearts were full of God and His love. In the afternoon I visited another dear one and we had a kind loving time together. Praise the Lord.

Our revival is over. God’s few were very much encouraged and one soul cried for mercy. May God help.

Sing on, pray on.

I do praise God for the little meeting we had at our home on Saturday afternoon. Bro. Hisey preached a little sermon. Praise God for the little meetings, little sermons and little things. My mother forgot her trouble for a little while. Praise God for the dear soul who made a start at Souderton. She came forward and cried and said she couldn’t go home as she was. We had a gracious waiting on the Lord; the sinner was silenced. Pray for me.

A LATER LETTER.

In this storm and snow, to-day, this scripture comes to my mind. Psa. 46:10, 11, “Be still and know that I am God.” The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our Refuge.” “Underneath are the everlasting arms.” Praise the Lord. God speaks very loud and strong sometimes and we are obliged to just stay at home in the house and be still, Perhaps there might have been great gatherings where would sound the songs with voice and instruments, and possibly Jesus not worshiped at all. The wise men came from, the East to worship the Child Jesus not worshiped at all. The wise men came from, the East to worship the Child.

Perhaps Jesus was more honored while it was storming than if it would have been pleasant, because it is the bright and morning Star that we honor, praise and adore, not the tinsled red or green or yellow star on their Christmas trees, nor all they make of pasteboard, cotton, china, silver and gold. I have a real Jesus, Savior, to sing and pray to. I am down on all this stuff to take people’s attention away from Christ. Let us be a real spiritual people, or we are just as far away from God. We read of wicked Herod, a Christ-killer. Let us look out, and not be a pretender for Herod’s wicked deed was paid in streams of blood. Let us lift Christ high. AMANDA SNYDER.

What the Term “Church” Implies.

THE CHURCH REGULARLY CALLED.

The significance of the term ‘church’ is, “a religious assembly selected and called out of the world.” The Greek word translated “church” in the New Testament is ἐκκλησία, meaning literally, “regularly called out.” The same word in the Hebrew is edah and kahal, which are invariably translated “assembly” and “congregation.” That the words ‘church’ and ‘congregation’ signify the same thing is plainly taught in Acts 7:38, as follows: “This is he that was in the church in the wilderness.” The Hebrew New Testament uses the word kahal for church in this text. The Hebrew word kahal is used in Deut. 31:30 and is translated “congregation.” “And Moses spake in the ears of all the congregation of Israel.” This same identical “congregation” Stephen called “the church.”

The Hebrew word for church in the following New Testament passage, “He (Christ) is the head of the body,” the church, is edah; which is also translated “congregation” in the following passage: “That the congregation of the Lord be not as sheep which have no shepherd.” (Num. 27:17.) Thus we learn from the Salkinson-Ginsburg’s Hebrew New Testament that the Hebrew words for “church of God” in the New Testament are the same words that are used in the Old Testament for the “congregation of the Lord.” This shows at once the fallacy of the argument that the church did not exist before A. D. 27.

The church has been in existence since the foundation of the world. This is evident from the definition of the Hebrew word edah. Genesis, in his Hebrew lexicon, defines the word as a secondary definition, thus: “Company, family, household.” The church is called “the household of God.” (Eph. 2:19.) It is also called “the household of faith.” (Gal. 6:10.) From this we learn that the church constitutes the elect of God, of what nation soever, from the beginning to the end of the world. They are called but “one body,” of which Jesus Christ is the only Head, and one “building,” of which He is “the chief corner-stone,” and “one fold,” of which He is “the chief Shepherd.”

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CHURCH.

The whole church used in a collective sense is compared to a “building;” “Ye are God’s building.” (1 Cor. 3:9.) It has but one foundation; “For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.” (1 Cor. 3:11.) The individual members are compared to the stones of the building; “Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house.” (1 Peter 2:5.) These stones are not a disorganized and disconnect ed medley; “All the building fittedly framed together growth unto an holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also are built together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.” (Eph. 2:21, 22.)

The Scriptures use many and varied illustrations to set forth the symmetry of the organization of the church, its structure, its functions, its mission, its relation to its Head and its component members, and its particular phases of harmonious operations and administrations.

To show the relation the church sustains to its Head, the church is compared to “a chaste virgin” espoused to the Lord as to “one husband.” (Eph. 5:31, 32; 2 Cor. 11:2.) Again, to show the vital connection between Christ and the church, the figure of a goodly vine with its fruit-bearing branches is employed. The Father is represented as being the husbandman. (John 15:1-8; Isa. 5:1-7.) Again, to show that there is to be but one church as well as one Lord and one faith, He uses the distinctive figures of a sheep-fold. “And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd.” (John 10:16.)

ORGANIZATION NECESSARY.

While the Scripture recognizes many distinct and local churches, yet all these separate churches are not absolutely independent of each other, but are fitly organized into one “body, the church,” of which Christ is the great Head. Thus we read of “the general assembly and church.” (Heb. 12:23.) To show that the churches are all under one common and general government and constitute an organized body, the Lord calls the church with its component organizations “the commonwealth of Israel.”

The church is “called out” of the world and out of Babylon, but on the other hand “by one Spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether we be,
Jews or Gentiles, and we all will become "fellow citizens with the saints," of the "commonwealth of Israel." (I Cor. 12:13.)

When a whole organization becomes corrupt, it is perfectly Scriptural to come out of that body in harmony with the Lord's call, and organize a pure one; but to contend that it is wrong in principle to have a common organization in the church as a whole to which every local church is subject, and that each local church is absolutely independent and is directly governed by the invisible Head, is as absurd as it would be for the hand to disconnect itself from the arm and body and then ask the head to pick it up and operate without using the body and arm as a medium. The head ever acts through the body as an organized medium in the operation of its particular members that belong to it.

Organization is a good thing, perfect machinery is excellent, but these without the living Spirit pervading and operating the whole are like an emasculated body, where art has preserved perfect form without life. There may be "differences of administrations" and "diversities of operations," but it is the same God that "worketh all in all" in the church, and gives "to every man to profit withal." (I Cor. 12:5,7.) The best method of administration should be tested by its results. God blesses the methods which lead the most souls to the Lord Jesus and give the most consecrated men and women to the work of God upon the earth. What the Holy Ghost uses most effectively, we have no right to condemn.

The inspired definition for the term "church" is: "We are God's fellow workers." "We are laborers together with God." The mission of the church is to serve, to toil and work for the Master. She is the saving witness of the truth. God is not satisfied to save souls as an organized medium in the opera­tion of a church. HeThat liveth.

(Concluded from page 1.)

Lord will arise (Isaiah lx:i.) Darkness covered the cross once, when He hung there, the blessed sin bearer, and when in the hours on that cross in deepest darkness, He who knew no sin was made sin for us. That darkness is forever gone. But Satan ob­serves that cross now. That is the powerful work of the god of this age. Ethics, reforms and a religiousness he can tolerate, but all his hatred is aimed at Him. Therefore we, God's re­deemed people, need to maintain the clear, the unobstructed vision of Him who is alive forevermore and this will be our happy place if we abide in Him.

But gracious Lord, when we reflect How apt to turn the eye from Thee, Forget Thee, too, with sad neglect, And listen to the enemy, And yet to find Thee still the same— 'Tis this that humbles us with shame.

Astonished at Thy feet we fall, Thy love exceeds our highest thought, Henceforth be Thou our all in all, Thou who our souls with blood hast bought; May we henceforth more faithful prove, And never forget Thy ceaseless love. —A. C. Gaebelein in Our Hope.

MARRIAGES.

GILLMAN—SMITH.—On December 25, 1909, Eld. E. H. Smith officiating, the marriage of John B. Gillman and Miss Jennie Mae Smith, all of Wayne county, Ohio.

GINGRASS—ESHELMAN.—On December 22, 1909, at the home of the bride's parents, Bro. J. M. Eselman, at Sedgewick, Kansas, Peter E. Gingrass and Eva L. Eselman, were united in marriage, D. L. Gray officiating.

SLOW—SAMON.—On December 29, 1909, Bro. Isaac Slow, of Dunmore, Pa., and Sr. Sarah Samon, of Buffalo, N. Y., were married in the church, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Whisler officiating.

CLINE—WINGER.—On December 25, 1909, Jacob Clime, of Stevesville, Ont., and Sister Sarah A. Winger, of Kohler, Ont., were married at the home of the bride's parents, Bro. Benjamin Winger, Bro. John Sider officiating.

DETWILER—BINGEMAN.—On December 22, 1909, Geo. George Detwiler of Harrisburg, Pa., and Sr. Leah Bingham, of Berlin, Ont., were married at the Breth­ren in Christ Mission, Buffalo, N. Y., Geo. E. Whisler officiating.

BLAINE—LINEBAUGH.—On December 9, 1909, Z. T. Blaine, of Decatur, Ill., was united in marriage to Sr. Alice Line­baugh, of Newcomb, Canada, Pa., at the home of the officiating minister, Rev. Jay C. Forneyock, pastor of the Fourth Street Church of God, Harrisburg, Pa.

BEACH—WINTEMUTE.—Married, on December 9, 1909, at Berrie, at the home of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. George Wintemute, near Sherleton, Ont., by A. Bearens, Mr. John E. Beach, of Humble­stone, to Miss Alice F. Wintemute, of Berrie, all of Welland county, Ont.

SOLLNBERGER—WENGER.—On December 14, 1909, Bro. A. M. Sollnberger, of near Fayetteville, Franklin county, Pa., and Sister Leah K. Wenger, daughter of Bro. H. O. Wenger, of near Shippen­burg, Pa., were married at the home of the bride, Elder M. H. Oberholler officiating.

OBITUARIES.

MAXSAM.—Barbara Elizabeth Max­sam, twin daughter of Bro. David and Sr. Martha Maxsam, died December 29, 1909, aged 8 months and 13 days. Funeral services and interment were held at Mont­gomery M. B. church, Fairfield, Pa., conducted by Elder C. S. Lehler, Bro. J. M. Myers and Bro. B. M. Myers, Text, Matt. 16:23, 24.

DODSON.—Sr. Elizabeth B. Snyder Dodson, wife of Bro. E. R. Dodson, of Chicago, Ill., was born June 25, 1856, and died of consumption December 23, 1909, aged 43 years, 5 months and 21 days. Services and interment were held at the church of the brethren, near Deerfield, Mich., conducted by Elder S. C. Kiser, Bro. E. R. Dodson and Sister LeOh Hoover, Shippenburg, Pa., from whose home the funeral took place December 24th. Funeral services and interment were held at Mont­gomery M. B. church, Fairfield, Pa., conducted by Elder C. S. Lehler, and Sister Fannie Wenger, daughter of Elder C. G. Wenger and D. W. Allison of the church of the brethren. In­terment was made near his uncle's home in Spring Hill cemetery, near Shippenburg, Pa.

GARWICK.—Henry Harrison Garwick was born in Carroll county, Illinois, August 12, 1872, and died in Detroit, Michigan December 8, 1909, aged 47 years, 3 months and 23 days. He was married on February 13, 1897, to Barbara A. Storer, of Franklin county, Pa. Eight children were born to this union: Noah, Ruth, Aaron, Rachel, Reuben, Esther, Jesse and Rhoda, all living except Reuben, who died in infancy. In addition to his wife and family he leaves to mourn his departure, three brothers and two sisters, John A. Garwick, Colets Dig., Ill.; Jos. H. Garwick, of Aurora, Iowa; Noah Garwick, Dickinson, North Dakota; Mandeville Garwick of Rapidus, Mich., and Beth Garwick-Lacy, Detroit, Michigan. After his marriage he lived in Illinois six years, moving to Dallas Center, Ia., 1893, where he lived until moving to Friona, Texas, in January, 1906. He was always a highly respected citizen in the community in which he lived, and an active member and minister of the brethren in Christ church. He was converted at the age of nineteen and lived a Christian life until death. Funeral services were held at Friona, Texas, conducted by Bro. Henry Lands, of Thoms事迹, Okla., after which the remains were brought to Dallas Center, where the funeral service was conducted by Bro. W. C. Deemy, assisted by Bro. S. H. Pelton, Bro. O. T. Sowers and D. W. Wise of Dallas Center. Interment in cemetery adjoining the church.