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Sharpening Intellect | Deepening Christian Faith | Inspiring Action

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

CONTRIBUTED—

POETRY—

year 1844, as having occurred in

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, 14

years ago, we drove from Nazareth to

a veteran Victorian clergyman, who

appeared in the Southern Cross, and

vouched for by the Rev. S. C. Kent,

rate the story at his own table, in the

rate the story at his own table, in the

road. During the drive one of the

man had been delivered from the

providential way that an innocent

was a gentleman by the name of Cap­

stead of twelve. One of these men

It was not very long afterwards

that this same Captain Jarvis awoke

very early one morning, got up,
dressed, and went down to the front
doors of his house. When he opened

it, what was his surprise to find his
groom standing there with his horse

saddled and bridled ready for him to

mount.

“I had a feeling that you would be

wanting your horse, sir,” he said, “so

I could not stay longer in my bed; and

just got it ready for you.”

The Captain was astonished at first,

but mounted the horse and rode off.

He did not direct his steed where to

go, but just let him go wherever he

choose. Down to the riverside they

went, close to the spot where the

ferryboat took passengers across.

What, then, was the Captain’s amaze­

ment when he saw the ferryman there,

waiting for his boat to ferry him

across—at that early hour.

“How are you here so early, my

man?” he inquired at once.

“I couldn’t rest in my bed, sir, for

I had a feeling I was wanted to ferry

some one across.”

The captain and horse both got in

the boat and were safely conveyed to

the other side.

Again the horse was given his own

way as to where he should go. On

and on they went, until at length they

came to a large country town.

The Captain asked a passerby if

there was anything of interest going

on in the town.

“No, sir; nothing but the trial of a

man who stood at midnight beside the

great Plymouth clock, and heard it

strike thirteen times in­

It was about the midnight hour, in

the town of Plymouth when the

condemned man was thus

proved innocent, and was at once set

free.

Who can fail to see the hand of a

gracious God in this story? In the

first place, who arranged that these

two men should meet exactly at the

same time that night? Who awaken­

ed the Captain at that very early hour

that summer morning? Who caused

him to go down stairs to the front
door? Who wakened the groom and

gave him no rest until he saddled his

master’s horse and took it to the front

of his house? Who guided the horse,

which his master would not guide, till

they came to the river where the

ferryboat was? Who awakened the

ferryman and sent him down to the

river’s side? And who guided the

horse and man to take the road that

led to the town where the condemned

man was being tried for murder,

though perfectly innocent? And last­

ly, who influenced the Captain to go

into the building and hear the trial at

the very most opportune moment he
could possibly have appeared?

It was the great, all-kind, all-merci­

ful, all-powerful One, who knew the
terrible straits that poor prisoner

should be in, and prepared a wonder­

ful deliverance.

We do not know the after-life of

that man, but we can well believe that

he would never after doubt the pres­
ence of his God, and His power and

love.—Sel.

Remember that “God has sent you

another day. On the wings of this

new white day God sends you a sweet

message of peace and love.”—Sel.
Evangelical Visitor
A Bi-Weekly Religious Journal
For the exposition of true, practical piety and devotion to the spread of Evangelical truths and the Unity of the church.

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

[September 18, 1911.

I took along some charts and books and started Jim to teaching while he was at home. They seemed glad to learn and he started that morning with eighteen scholars. Jim’s older married brother had started to follow the Lord some time ago and he was so pleased for the sake of the church as he was anxious to learn to read the Word.

We retraced our steps and came back to the sick boy and found him failing fast. His mother was holding him. They were used to this. They said in the night they thought he was going as he began to grow cold. His mother wanted to hold him. He said “No.” Then he sang a hymn. Then he seemed to breathe his last, but he rallied again. When the mother told the experience of the night out of the men said, “It is because he has learned of Jesus and there is no sin in his heart. That is why he could sing.” We had prayer with him. He was quite conscious and happy. I asked him before the rest if he died, he said, “Yes, mother.” We then sang a hymn. Then he seemed to breathe his last, but he rallied again. When the mother told the experience of the night out of the men said, “It is because he has learned of Jesus and there is no sin in his heart. That is why he could sing.”

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

EDITORIAL.

Interesting Notes From Africa.

Our budget of Africa correspondence for this issue is larger than it has been for some time. We are sure that our readers will read with interest all that is written. Besides the letters which are printed elsewhere we are permitted to publish part of a private letter written by Sr. Frances Davids­son to her mother, Sr. Kate Davidson, of this city. She writes that the cold has been unusually severe this year and the frost hurt their bananas and fruit to some extent. The company at Macha were having an epidemic of colds and influenza at the time of writing. The baby of Bro. and Sr. Taylor is a real sunbeam in the home. She is a favorite with all. They are busy at brick-making and expect to have them ready to meet Him and then to look into the face of his heathen relatives, surround­ing him to whom such a triumphant death is a mystery. It is so hard for these old heathen to have their eyes opened.

We came on home very late at night a messenger came saying, Semani was dead. Brothers Taylor and David and a number of the boys went over at once. They took the lamp along so they could hold a service. When they reached the home, the body had already been straightened out nicely, wrapper in his blanket and tied and they were digging the grave. Brother T. told us about it. He said the digging of the grave and burial was all done as nicely as it would be possible for a white person under the circumstances. The grave was as straight and nice as possible, and also very deep. Then one side was dug lower than the other and an excavation was made in the side just large enough to receive the body. All the time this was going on everything was perfectly quiet. Then before the body was put in, they had the service. The two men in the grave remained in all the time. When the services of the brethren were finished, the body was care­fully handed to the two men and placed in the receptacle in the side of the grave.

Then the ground from which all the foreign matter had been carefully excluded was handed down and carefully packed around the body and so on until the grave was nicely filled up. This was all done very quietly and the extra ground and particles that had been thrown out were all cleared away. Then the two men called loudly for water. With this the relatives all rushed to the grave, washed in the water and rolled for themselves. The body was washed in the water, wailing at the top of their voices. This was the heathen part that they would not know how to omit, and since then I suppose the washing has become an annual. David said the brother, a middle-aged man, kept wailing, “Semani has gone to Jehovah. He has gone to the light. He is happy. O, how has he gone?” Just like some one seeing a little light, but goes...
The following letter from our brother L. Doner of the Matopo Mission, dated Bulawayo, August 4, 1911, will be read with interest, as it gives some information which the others omit.

Editor EVANGELICAL VISITOR,

My dear brother: Blessed be God our heavenly Father, who careth for us in a dark land where the sunbeams of His glory shine brightly upon them that put their trust in Him.

We are very glad to report that the band of workers for this field have arrived safely and in good health. The goods also arrived in very good condition and are very much appreciated by all.

Some time has been spent in getting things in order, dividing of goods, etc., but as a love feast will be held at Mapani Mission on August 12 and 13, the new workers will be distributed from there and each one will find the place where it is considered he or she will be most needed.

We believe the Lord has sent to our help a band of useful and willing workers, and we are hopeful of much fruit to follow.

The coming love feast at Mapani Mission will undoubtedly be the last one that some of us will have the privilege of attending at that place and we desire to appreciate to the full extent what it will mean to us and what it may mean to the church here. However we are sure that He who hath blessed the work thus far will bless it to the end; and that the falling of heavier responsibility upon the native brethren and sisters who remain will help them to appreciate their privileges in Christ Jesus. The work or church in Mapani will have supervision from one of the other stations.

It is now decided that a mission station is to be opened in the Chibi Native Reserve, Mashonaland, about one hundred and sixty miles (directly) eastward from Matopo Mission. Therefore, immediately after the love feast in Mapani preparations will be made to move. The distance to be travelled (by donkey and mule transportation) is over two hundred miles.

Bro. Louis B. Steckley and Sr. Sadie Book are to accompany us to that new field. Also three native brethren and one sister have answered God's call to that field and are ready for the work.

Kindly give notice of the change in our address in EVANGELICAL VISITOR, and address Louis B. Steckley, Sadie Book and Bro. and Sr. Doner at Selukwe, S. Rhodesia, S. Africa, care of L. Doner.

As yet we cannot give the name by which this mission station will be called but hope to do so later.

Asking a continued interest in your prayers for us all, I am Yours affectionately,

H. FRANCES DAVIDSON.

We have in former issues referred to the death of Dr. Seaton from ministers and bishops. This condition apparently is here to stay as we don't see that there has been any improvement. Once in a long while one of the bishops favors us with an article, but they are few and far between; and as to the ministers the number who engage in this ministry is very small. Take away two or three who write more or less frequently and there is nothing left. Could there not be a revival of this ministry among our official brethren? Surely those who serve acceptably in the vocal ministry could write interestingly on salvation themes. We are not anxious for controversial articles, those who write on such themes don't seem to get nearer together however often they write. But we do invite contributions on salvation themes from all who may be prompted to write, and especially from the brethren in the ministry.

The article entitled "A Hero of Faith," printed elsewhere in this issue seems to be an opportunity just at this time. The writer refers to the extension of the work commenced by Elder Jesse Engle, and mentions Chibi. It will be seen in Bro. Doner's letter that they were on the eve of journeying to that new district eastward, and no doubt at this time the journey has been accomplished and the beginning of a work among the people there made. It is to be hoped that the work at Mapani, which we understand is to be left in the hands of the native brethren, will continue to prosper and justify the expectation that the native Christians can be trusted to build up successful work among their own people. May He who commissioned the disciples to "Go into all the world," continue to bless the work in the salvation of multitudes in that dark land.

The Brethren of the South Franklin dist. (Ringgold), wish by this method to extend to all a cordial invitation to come to their love feast at the Ringgold M. H., October 4 & 5. All those coming by steam train or trolley should come to Waynesboro as early as possible on the first day, if not on the previous day. The brethren are anxious that all should be cared for and provision made for their conveyance from Waynesboro to the place of meeting. It would be well if all who intend to be present would write to Bro. H. C. Shank, Waynesboro, Pa., and inform him just how and when they will reach Waynesboro. Those coming by steam train will be met at the depot, and those by trolley at the square. As many as can should attend this love feast. It will encourage the brethren of the district.

The Orphanage school here, with Sr. Mary Hoffman as teacher again, commenced its Fall term on the 11th inst. Apparently all were ready for the opening and we look forward to a successful school year. Several of the girls have reached the age limit at the institution and have gone to take up their task of life elsewhere. Several have gone to homes in the country districts; one little boy has found a home in Michigan. We trust that none of those who found shelter and help in this institution will ever forget what they owe to the institution and will not fail to make good in whatever life-calling they may engage.

We are sorry that the announcements of love feast dates, and Joint Council, for Canada failed to reach us for last issue. It is now too late to announce the date of Joint Council and the Nottawa love feast as both these events are over before we mail this issue. The other dates are given elsewhere. As soon as we knew that the letter conveying these announcements must have gone astray we made efforts to get them, but it failed to reach us until a week after the last issue was printed.

The S. S. quarters for fourth quarter are on our table, and we hope will be received by all the schools in good time. They are well gotten up, and neat in appearance. The publishers are certainly doing their best to supply a creditable article.
COMMUNICATIONS

Report for the month of August, 1911.

We submit our report for the month of August, and are glad to report that the Lord has been good, and we realize His presence and help. Living expenses are high now where everything must be bought. Potatoes have been up to 75 cents and more per peck, and everything else in proportion. We are glad for a plentiful apple crop and we can now buy a market basketful of beautiful apples for 20 cents. This is a real treat indeed. Butter is 30 cents per pound, milk 8 and 9 cents per quart, eggs 18 and 20 cents per dozen, etc. This may help some to understand why our living expenses are as high as they are. We have to live very plain.

The every night Mission is running with good interest. A man came last night partly intoxicated. When he entered the Mission hall he walked right up to the front and when the altar call was made he came, without hesitation and bowed in penitent form and prayed earnestly, and confessed his sinfulness and said he was the black sheep of his family, and that he was tired of a sinful life and was determined to live a different life by the grace of God. We believe he was greatly helped, and that he was very sincere. The night previous another man of about the same age accepted Christ. He was in the city to attend the State Fair. He took our address and promised to write in a week or two and let us know how he is getting along. He said he desired to help along financially, too. Before he yielded he surmised we were working for money, but when we assured him that we were not, and that we were after his soul instead of his "fleece," he came forward in a very humble way and prayed earnestly, or apparently so at least. He left feeling quite happy.

A gentleman from Pennsylvania visited the services on Tuesday night, August 31, and was deeply impressed. He appeared to be a well-to-do man of good breeding and was quite religious, who in eight years had buried his wife and three grown daughters. At the close of the service he admitted his sinfulness and said he was tired of a sinful life and was determined to live a different life by the grace of God. We believe he was greatly helped, and that he was very sincere. The night previous another man of about the same age accepted Christ. He was in the city to attend the State Fair. He took our address and promised to write in a week or two and let us know how he is getting along. He said he desired to help along financially, too. Before he yielded he surmised we were working for money, but when we assured him that we were not, and that we were after his soul instead of his "fleece," he came forward in a very humble way and prayed earnestly, or apparently so at least. He left feeling quite happy.

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Sr. Doner's Operation at Newton, Kan.

To many of her friends and acquaintances, who are also readers of the Evangelist, it will be of interest and profit to know about Sister Amanda Doner's operation at Newton, Kans. She had been suffering for quite a long time with what she thought was mostly pulmonary trouble. But during June and first part of July her suffering increased rapidly and something else seemed to be the cause of her rapid failing. Accordingly she went to a prominent physician in Newton. He quickly informed her that she had a very large tumor and that an immediate operation was necessary to prolong her life. Sister Doner informed the specialist that it would be expedient in every way to first inform her relatives in the East and have them present. They were needed, she said, in either condition—if she got well or if she should not.

She wrote to her sisters, Mrs. Wiebe and Mrs. Zern, of Shippensburg, Pa., who were then visiting in Ohio, following General Conference. They started at once upon their journey and were present at the hospital. Before the operation, Sister Amanda told the surgeon that she desired first to have another talk with her heavenly Father about the matter, to ask His blessing, either by death or by life. Such an unusual request of a patient seemed to make a vivid impression upon those participating in the work. During her entire stay at the hospital Sister Doner manifested a deep devotional spirit, constantly witnessing in one way or another for her Savior and heavenly physician. We pray and trust that she has sown seeds of righteousness that shall bear fruit unto eternal life in the hearts of those who labor at that place and are yet away from God.

She said the weeks spent at the hospital were some of the most enjoyable weeks of her life. The reason is not hard to find. When Christ is our constant companion, we have "all and in all." It is blessed to be resigned to adverse circumstances and be able to say "Our Father in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, and Thy kingdom come, and Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." I want to be on the hospital and he would drain the pus and therefore make the end as easy as possible. I told him I was not ready to go to the hospital and went home, but the ride was more than I could stand, so after reaching home I had to go to bed and was suffering from pain. I told the Lord to take me home or heal me and not to let me suffer so. It seemed as though the room filled with light and Jesus stood there and He said, "Will you work for Me and go where I send you?" I tried to see if there was anything to face me that would not hold out with the word of God. I saw many places where I could have been more careful, oftentimes speaking when I should not speak. We oftentimes speak things about persons, things that we would not speak if they were present.

Well, not to be too lengthy, when I came to read the Word of God, I found as I opened the book the picture of the ten virgins was before me. As I looked on both the wise and foolish they seemed such a contrast between the two. How the wise trimmed their lamps: how happy they seemed to be. And the other side: how they seemed to be when they saw their lights are gone out, lacking the oil, which we must have if we want to enter in at the door. It was a marvellous lesson to me.

I then closed the book again to open the second time to read, and opened at 8th chapter, 18th verse. I had often read it before but never did it seem to me as it did this time. It seemed sweet as honey or the honeycomb. "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh." Oh, how glad I am to know that He is able to cleanse us and keep us clean from the defilements of this world as verse 15 says: "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear but ye have received the Spirit of adoption whereby we cry Abba Father."

I am so glad that we have such a Father who hears His children, although others can not understand. Paul says, "And if children then heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him that we may also be glorified together." I can truly say with Paul: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." I realized something in my heart this morning—the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord of whom I had such a feeling to write about and am not able to express it. We read in the same
And the music sweetly chanted by the
For a radiance of fair glory shines upon it
Floats in echoes down the valley, and it
"Vale of Beulah, Vale of Beulah, thou art
"Not a shadow, not a shadow, ever darkens
For the Saviour walks beside me, my com­
'Tis to me the Vale of Beulah, 'tis a beau­
As the poet expresses it:
could give me before I knew this way.
the service of the Lord than the world
narrow way, for I find more enjoyment in
vice. That we may have our minds re­
able unto God which is our reasonable ser­
things of this world. It is no wonder they
have no power and are drawn to Babylon.
people concerned about the work for the
the present seems to be joyous but griev­
patience the race that is set before us.
called Christian professors. (Heb. 12:1 and
which are exercised thereby. Wherefore
life for us."
fullness of Christ as they did at one time.
for this highway leads to Canaan, to the
And I near the open portals of the king­
And each moment fills with gladness, as
Again I will say, we enjoyed the spirit­
pray for as we ought but the Spirit itself
science. Judging ourselves called of God
above text as a proof of our calling and
by manifestation of the truth commending
He comes?
Blessed be the name of the Lord. The
of the city of light
His kind voice I hear;
Savior near,
His return to the ready saints. Will you,
Jesus who made the disciples sad for His
say from my heart, "I am one of them."
for His matchless love that can so trans­
It also tells us "the Spirit also helpeth our
for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." It also tells us "the Spirit also helpeth our
infirmities for we know not what we should pray for: as we ought but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." To think, if we even do pray we do not at all times know what is best for us. Oh, what shall sepa­rate us from the love of Christ? If we have to suffer a little sometimes for the
sake of Jesus it just makes us the happier to think we do it for Jesus’ sake, as it is written: "For thy sake we are killed all the day long. We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter." Just to be willing to be where Jesus wants us to be, for Paul tells us, we are "more than conquerors through him that loved us and gave his life for us."
Oh let us be in earnest prayer for such who seem to have lost some of the power they had at one time. Of late I met much, sad to say. They seem not to enjoy the fellowship as we did a month ago. How it makes my heart ache to see the drifting that takes place among the
called Christian professors. (Heb. 12:1 and 2). To lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us and run with patience the race that is set before us. We also read, "Now no chastening for the present seems to be joyous but griev­ous; nevertheless afterward it yielded the
peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. Wherefore
lift up the hands which hang down and the
ble knees." We are to be a busy people concerned about the work for the
coming of the Lord which seems not to be far distant. We see that some of our young people are going after the vain things of this world. It is no wonder they have no power and are drawn to Babylon. But would say, let us present these bodies of ours a living sacrifice, holy and accept­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­able unto God which is our reasonable ser­vice. That we may have our minds re­s
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

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stop, neither do I desire to stop. The crown is to the finally faithful. Come joy or come pain, I'll go every step of the way. I love the way. Every day does satisfy every longing of my heart, and through Him I can come out more than conqueror. Many are falling out by the way. Coldness and unbelief are creeping in. Worldliness and popularity are stealing the hearts of the people, and the enemy is doing his work in these last days. His time is short; he will soon be chained and there will be a glorious reign of a thousand years of peace. This thought should inspire every heart. My soul leaps within me while I am writing. With this hope the Apostle says, we groan desiring to be clothed upon with an house from heaven.

For the satisfaction of those who inquired about my health, I will say, for the past month I have again been able to eat almost anything. The time seemed long to be sickness in connection with opening months I was in constant distress. My nerves were so run down that I suffered much distress from that. This also might have been avoided had I used proper wisdom in my labors in the field which is white to the harvest and the laborers are few. Yet during all of this I could say in the language of the poet:

"He kindles for my profit purely, Afflictions glowing fiery brand; For all His heaviest blows are surely, Inflicted by a master hand.

CHORUS.

And yet I whisper, 'as God will,' And in His hottest fire hold still.

Yours in Christian fellowship, looking forward to His glorious coming.

J. B. LEBAMAN.

Elder Steigerwald's Letter.

Now that we are at home once more, we can scarcely realize that over sixteen months have passed since we left the dear old Matopos. The nearer home we got the stronger the desire to see the place once more. But God has given us a small place to fill in His vineyard.

As others of our party have given accounts of the voyage and the incidents that occurred along the way it is not necessary for us to repeat here. But one part of the trip has not been reported as far as I know; for us to repeat here. But one part of the trip has not been reported as far as I know.

The scenery up through the Hex River Valley and in the Karroo was very different from that of the Matopos. We had the privilege to spend a short time with brother Eysters. We found some of the family with mumps. They were over the worst but were not feeling well.

Brother Eyster and sister Alvis met me at the station. From there we went to see a location for a mission site that brother Eyster has chosen. This is also a very great need and wish for this part of the field is just as for all other parts of God's word may be preached and many souls saved.

Looking this needy field over with its hundreds of thousands must explain truly the harvest is great, but the laborers are few. Let us all pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers.

H. P. STEIGERWALD.

Home Again.

Greeting in Jesus' precious name. At our last writing God had safely brought us across the mission and we were comfortably passing a couple of days in Cape Town at the Temperance hotel, until we could make arrangements to continue our journey.

We landed at Cape Town early Monday morning, and we sisters went to the hotel while the brethren attended to getting some of the baggage through the customs. The remainder of the time was spent in doing some shopping, writing and going about Cape Town, etc. On Monday forenoon four of our party took a walk up to the Highlands, where, in the past, we had spent some time with Mrs. Lewis. We did not find her there, as she is at present living in Blaauwfontein, long out the beach.

So we went on up toward the foot of Table Mountain to a lovely stream of water. On our way we came down by the way of the wash-houses, where the colored people go to do washing for the white people of Cape Town. It was certainly a treat to go out, and have a good long walk through the green forests. Such a change after being on the boat for three weeks.

On Wednesday morning about ten o'clock we left the hotel and went down to the station, and at about half past eleven o'clock our train left for up country. The scenery up through the Hex River Mountains never seemed so beautiful to me before. Our two engines wound in and out and around the mountains climbing all the time for several hours. The tops of the mountains were white. I have made this trip a number of times, but never saw such snow on the mountains. It was very interesting to look away down on the other side of the valley and see where we had come from, and then to look up and see where we would soon be. At last after a long time of climbing we came to a tunnel after which we soon left the mountains in the rear.

We arrived in Kimberly on Thursday evening about five o'clock. Here our company divided. Brother Steigerwald and sister Alvis going to Johannesburg, the others on to Bulawayo.

The scenery all along the way varied much. In the desert there was little to be seen except sage bush and large flocks of sheep, as sheep seem to do very well on this bush. Once in a while we would see a large hill or some remains of the war. A little farther up and past we enter the wooded district. Last, but not least interesting to us, we came to the part where we could see the Matopo hills in the distance. Here our hearts bounded at the sight of those rocks and hills.

God is so good to His children.

We arrived in Bulawayo July 22, about eight o'clock p.m. Here our hearts were again made glad as Bro. Doner and other friends were there to meet us. After we had our trunks claimed and placed on the wagon, we went out to the Church of Christ Mission at Roxburgh, andabout five miles from Bulawayo. Here we realized all the kindness friends could give to friends. So we spent our first Sunday at this Mission. We had a very sweet service and God was so near.

I could scarcely realize that I was really back in Africa. As I walked out among the rocks and trees all seemed so restful and quiet that I felt I would not wish to return to the rush and hurry and confusion of America for any pleasure or comfort it might present to me. While home I often wished I could hide away from everybody and feel that there was no one near but God. It is so near and to receive God is all about us, and to know He has created and placed everything and that it is not marred by the hand of man.

On Monday morning, July 24, at about six o'clock we left Forest Vale for Matopo Mission. My trip was much different this time than it was just six years ago to-day. Then we came in a large covered wagon, drawn by forty or fifty of our finest bullocks, and passed over a day and a half to make the trip. This time we had a light wagon, drawn by four mules, and we made the trip from five miles beyond Bulawayo in about three-fourths of a day.

About three o'clock we came in sight of the Mission and oh, it seemed our hearts were overflowing with praise to our dear Father for so kindly caring for us and bringing us safely to our dear people. It seemed like a real home-coming. As we started up the drive we saw some of the children running from different directions to the head of the lane. Here they formed into line and started to march toward us, headed by Sr. Doner and Sr. Heisey, all singing, "Tell me more about Jesus." As they met us they separated into two divisions, the sisters and girls lined up along the left side and boys on the right, until we had passed up between them, then they followed singing, "Rejoice, Rejoice, the Desert Shall Blossom." When we got out of the wagon and greeted the sisters and children there were tears of joy shed. God is so good and leads so gently if we just let Him. I see Him larger and more loving than ever before. He is enlarging my vision of Himself, and I can't find words to tell forth what I feel and realize in my heart.

On Tuesday, about noon, the natives began to gather in the church and we had a very sweet little service. Bro. Doner
We are fainting and dying, by thousands to-day.

Iods of stone cannot help us we know,
But where is your God, oh, where shall we go?

Going to judgment, without one glad day,
The brethren are waiting and looking this way.

Jesus the Savior, bright morning star,
Looking for lost ones straying afar;
He His glad message sent on your way,
To the millions of heathen, waiting to-day.


OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.


By D. V. Heise.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." A declaration by Him, "Which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almightiness, the source and embodiment of all truth and purity. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him: and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men, the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not." John the Baptist took a very broad and comprehensive view of the unlimited intelligence of the "Logos" by whom all things were made, and the exalted position in which man was placed as he came from the hand of the holy, pure, divine Godhead. Could he be otherwise than pure as in his innocence he comes forth "The image of God." As the Logos pressed the question, so to speak, the very life of the trinity streamed through his entire respiratory system, a living, moving, intelligent, holy, pure being, "which was the Son of God." (Luke 3:38.) Blessed heavenly relationship! "A little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor." (Heb. 2:7.)

Well might the fallen angels "that were cast out of heaven," envy the grand scheme of the Logos in preparing that beautiful home in the garden of Eden for the man and his lovely, God-given "help-meet. Not a "help-meet," as sometimes said, but an "help-meat," taken out of man. "Bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman." (Gen. 2:23.)

The mother of us all, who would by her kind, loving and sympathetic disposition share with the man the joys and blessings of their Edenic home.

There were no sorrows before the fall. We are not prepared to say how long these pleasant associations continued in Eden, but would infer from the narrative that it may have been for a considerable period. Their associations, however, continued to be pure (Gen. 2:25), their companionship lovely, agreeable and sweet, while they retain their innocence and delight in the presence of the Lord as He met with them in the garden. Their happiness and enjoyment in their lovely home is ever imagined than described: provided with abundance of the products of the garden congenial to their God-given nature and suitable to their taste. A river of limpid water, pure and fresh from the fountain-head dividing into four branches, "to water the garden," into which they could wade, bathe and drink of without stint or fear of personal injury. For "every living creature," the fowl of the air, the beast of the field and every moving creature in the waters were harmless. The serpent also was sociable and harmless until "the angels that sinned were cast out of heaven" (II. Peter 2:4; Rev. 12:7-9), employed it as their spokesman, by infusing their diabolical spirit, who, with feigned "words and fair speech deceived the heart of the simple." The woman is transformed into Prov. 9:16-18. Then O what a change has come over them. The eating of the forbidden fruit has brought about a revolution in their entire being, innocence and purity are dethroned and fallen, a prey to the passions of the flesh. (Gen. 3:7-11.) The sweet and pleasant intercourse with their best friend has been forever broken. The fall from their high and pure estate has taken place and conscience is alarmed. They were afraid when they heard the "voice of the Lord God walking in the garden." Man is disturbed in his soul when the voice of God is heard. But the serpent's deceitful work is done. The death line is discovered, the silver cord between God's mercy and His wrath has been broken. They realize the force of the statement "in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." I believe death was effective the very moment that they ate of the forbidden fruit. Their eyes were opened; they saw their nakedness before they heard the voice of the Lord God in the garden. Fear came over them like a flash of electricity. They have fallen from original grace, the image of God is lost. They are separated from God. This is spiritual death,
while man still lives in the flesh. "Thou shalt surely die."

Steps in the transgression. 1st. Audience. The serpent fascinates the woman. She listens to his fair speech. And, Attention. She looked upon the tree, "saw that it was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes." 3rd. Charmed. There is prospect to gain knowledge—"desired to make one wise." 4th. Yielded to the tempter. She took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat.

Moral. "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted, or be a tempter of evil, neither tempteth he any man; But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lusts, and enticed. Then, when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. Do not err my beloved brethren." "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." He was still master of the situation. He did not leave His noble creature man to his sad fate, but immediately provided a remedy. (Gen. 3:15.) The open door of promise by faith in Him who would be the victor over sin and death and bring fallen man back again to God, even above his former position where he is no more subject to temptation. "Nevertheless death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression," a period of about 2,500 years during which God made known His will to the children of men (Rom. 5:14). The tree of poison was removed for all. God very zealously guarded the tree of life, lest man in his fallen and impure state would partake thereof and forever remain impure, which may have been the serpent's scheme to permanently destroy the image of God and separate man from His Creator forever. Now thankful are we that we have an open way to the tree of life of which we may eat freely in God's paradise. (Rev. 2:7.)

Clarence Center, N. Y.

"Esau filled his life with regret for trifling one day; Esther's was full of glory for one day's courage. Peter slept one hour and lost a matchless opportunity; Mary's name is fragrant forever for the loving deed of a day. Do your best now."—Selected.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

The Law of Salvation Success.

By A. L. Musser.

(Continued.)

Fear is the great negative note in the lives of many Christians. Fear is the mother of all the negative emotions, and her unholy memories brood under her sheltering wings as a hen covers her eggs. When fear has hatched her brood, you will notice they peep out a little at first; then sometime later one can see them all out in great emotion. The offspring of fear are all negatives, which are these: Worry, Lack of Confidence, Bashfulness, Irresolution, Timidity. Where there is no fear, these negatives cannot exist. "Fear has torment." "He that feareth is not made perfect in love." Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and His requirements; and leave yourself fall into His merciful arms; and cast upon Him all your troubles; He will help you in time of need. It is necessary to kill off the parent (fear) of this possible brood of mental brood-suckers, which causes many souls to lose sight of their heavenly calling. By doing so you will escape the entire coming generations of negative thoughts, and thus keep your mental attitude free from these pests and nuisances.

Fear and the emotions that come from its being do more to paralyze useful effort and good work for the Master than many are aware of. It has ruined the success of hundreds of Christians. It has destroyed the finely budded bud of sanctification of men, women and children, and made negative individuals of "Salvation Success."

Worry is the oldest child of Fear. It settles down upon one's mind, and crowds out all the developing of good things to be found in the soul. It is like the cuckoo, a bird which is remarkable for laying its eggs in the nests of other birds. There it destroys the rightful occupant of the nest. Worry laid there as an egg by its parent, soon hatches out and begins to make trouble. In place of the cheerful and positive "I can and I will," Worry begins to rub hard on the feelings in a hoarse tone: "Supposing," "What if," "But," "I can't," "It is not for me," "I do not believe it is that way," "I am satisfied with what I have," "I have no talent," "It is my weakness," "I cannot get rid of the inherited sin," and so on until all the small things have been sounded. It makes one sick bodily, and dull mentally. It keeps back one's progress, and is a constant stumbling block on our path upwards.

The worst thing about Fear and Worry is that while they exhaust a great part of the energy of the average Christian people, they give nothing good in return. Fear and Worry never helped one along a single inch on the road to "Salvation Success."

I tell you, dear friends, if we once learn the secret of killing off this brood-sucker Fear, and thus prevent the rearing of her hateful brood of serpent emotions, life will seem a different thing to us. We will begin to think what it is—to live a Christ life, and also will learn what it is to have a mind and heart cleansed of weeds, and fresh to grow healthy thoughts, feelings, emotions and ambitions.

(To be continued.)

11, Beckbagan Lane, Ballygunj P. O., Calcutta, India.

June 22, 1911.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Thoughts on the Parable of the Ten Virgins.

By Fanny Rotz.

I was impressed for some time to write my thoughts on this as my experience led me to think this way.

"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps and took no oil with them. But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps." (Matthew 25:1, 2, 3, 4.)

Now, in my mind the ten virgins came to the place where Jesus said: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. (Matthew 11:28.) It seems to me there is where they all got their lamps and the foolish were satisfied with that, but the wise were seeking for a deeper experience and came to where Jesus said, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." (Matthew 11:29.)

Now I think we are at the place where "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." (Romans 5:5.) That love in our hearts is the oil in the vessel, and it seems the wise had no more than they needed for themselves; so they had to send them away that had none. Here comes a real thought for me, to think that we can travel together until the all important
place and then have to be sent away. What would we not give in that hour to be ready to go with the wise? It is also possible that we can lose that love again as the angel said to the church of Ephesus that they had lost their first love. I think that first love is given to us by the Holy Ghost is the love that Paul wrote about; that with all the other graces we can have we are nothing without that love. Your unworthy sister contending for the first love. Pray for me that my faith fail not.

Morrill, Kons.

Notes of a Visit.

Truly we feel encouraged this morning. I feel to say with the Psalms, "Our God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." God's promises are sure and steadfast. Though everything else will be removed His word will stand for evermore. Praise His name.

Well, wife and myself were permitted to spend a few weeks visiting over the Brotherhood. First we stopped at Bro. Jacob Martin's, Elizabethtown, Pa., where we had a pleasant time for the short while we were there. We appreciate their kindness very much. From there we went to Bro. Abner Martin's on the farm. Wife and myself sniffed apples for a kettle of apple-butter. We made about thirteen gallons, and I was stirring apple-butter most all day in the rain, but we enjoyed it. When we saw the bunches of grapes, and apples, and all kinds of fruit that grows on that farm we felt that we were up in Canaan. Praise His name. From there we went to Bro. David Engle's, Mount Joy. They were very kind to us; we shall never forget them. How good it feels if we have perfect love one for another. We all visited Bro. Ell Engle's, and enjoyed their fellowship very much. From there we visited the Harrisburg Home. Truly that is a dear spot to me; it seems the children are all getting along so nicely, and the children we sent up from Philadelphia are growing so fast and looking so good we hardly knew them. Sr. Hannah Baker, the Matron, and the other help have quite a responsibility resting upon them. They surely need the prayers of God's people to help them in their good work. We also visited Bro. Smith and other brethren at Grantham, Pa., and enjoyed their fellowship much. May God bless them for their kindness to us. From there we went to Bro. Oberholzer's, in Franklin county, and also visited the Chambersburg Mission.

The Brethren treated us very kindly wherever we went. Truly God is good to us; He has wonderfully cared for us. We also went to Bro. Harry Shank's, near Waynesboro. He conveyed us to Ringgold, Md., where we visited a girl that we placed there ten years ago with Sr. Katie Wenger. The girl is now seventeen years old, and is such a nice young lady. When I think of the home where she came out of, an awful home it was; but thank God that He can deliver and get them homes where they are brought up in the fear of the Lord. It made our hearts rejoice to see them all doing so well.

We want to thank the brethren for their kindness to us while away from home. We are now home again on our battle ground. You know we enlisted in the army of the Lord some years ago: we had many battles, but also many victories, yet as long as we are on earth we must expect nothing else. We don't know what is before us, for to-morrow we may have the hardest battle we ever had, but we claim the victory through Jesus our Lord, knowing He is able to fight them all. So to-day we feel happy in the Lord. Praise His dear name; and we have a well wish for everybody. Now may God's richest blessing rest upon God's children.

PETER STOVER AND WIFE.

Baptismal Service at Chicago.

"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together" (Ps. 34:13). We praise God for His marvelous goodness to us as His children and for the way He still calls into His service those who are willing to hear the voice of the Spirit. On Sunday, August 13, it was our privilege to lead into the water five young soldiers of the cross, who were buried with Christ in baptism. The service was held at the foot of Thirty-sixth street and the lake front and the order was excellent. Four sisters and one brother thus willingly obeyed the call of God, and the Spirit witnessed the approbation of the Father by His presence in our midst. Some were made to shout the praises of God while others are made to weep. The fishermen on the fishing pier left their nets and came to watch and listen. May God water the precious seed that was sown that day. Pray much for those dear ones that they may be kept true and faithful until Jesus comes, and that many more may be called into the fold.

Vernon L. Stumpf.

A Hero of Faith.

"Neath a thatched roof in the humble, mud-walled bungalow of a pioneer missionary in tropical Africa, an old man lay dying of a fever. His broad, white brow and sunburned face were rigid with pain. Thin locks of hair tinged with silver lay on his temples. The pale blue eyes were closed forever. In his delirium he had been preaching to the people in the native tongue, but this had now ceased. We watched until the sun hung low over the great Kalahari Desert and the Matoppos Hills, among which the station nestled, were casting long and ominous shadows across the valley. With the setting of the sun the sufferer sank into his last sleep and the throb of his heart was still. No coffin nor casket could be secured, when the next day we placed the body in a rude box fashioned from doors and the pulpit table of the church nearby, and laid it in its last resting place under a great inkuni tree that stood apart in a grassy plot. The grave was fashioned by the hands of native men who also bore the bier and placed the sacred dust beneath the earth. There was a simple service in the Sente-bele language, and as the last sad rites were observed none of his name stood by to mourn save an aged wife, who had journeyed with him from the long-gone days of their youth.

Here ended the life of a hero of Christian faith. Born of pious parents, he remembered his Creator in the days of his youth. An exemplary member of the church from the days of adolescence, he manifested an excellent and teachable spirit. In these early years he professed a deep concern for the heathen world and believed himself divinely called to go as a missionary to Africa. His elders discouraged this plan as visionary and romantic and urged him to devote his energies to ministries in his home field. An early marriage gave him an ideal helpmeet, a happy and fruitful home life, and a group of intelligent children—seven sons and a daughter. By the exercise of wisdom and unfailing patience he led his entire family to Christ and saw them, one by one, added to the church. Ordained a minister of the gospel in early life, he had a gracious gift in winning men to Christian discipleship, and his evangelistic services were eagerly sought by churches throughout the eastern states and in Canada. A fluent speaker in the German language, he ministered to large congregations in that tongue, and with marked success. He held
the highest positions of trust and honor among his people.

But he could never forget the call of God to Africa. Though he enjoyed the love and confidence of his brethren and saw the years slipping past, yet he prayed for a day in which he might obey the heavenly vision. Before he could believe it he saw his daughter grow to womanhood and become the wife of a worthy man. One by one his sons went to their own homes and he saw them occupying large places of usefulness. Then children's children played about his fireside and there were peace and love, rest and congenial companionship for this veteran of the cross at three-score years.

When least expected, the opportunity came, and with it the call renewed to go forth as a modern Abraham to become a sojourner in a land of promise in the Dark Continent. By faith he went out, not knowing whither he went. Accompanied by his wife and two excellent teachers, he landed in Cape Town, and thence went forth to spy out the land. It was Cecil Rhodes who pointed him to the Chartered Company's domain, fourteen hundred miles inland, where he might find a virgin field among the Matabele, and thither he went with the conviction of one sent of God, a prophet with a message and a purpose.

Accepting cheerfully the hardships of entering a new and difficult field, he secured land and erected temporary buildings for use until brick could be burned for permanent improvements. The message of the gospel spread among the dark spirits in the jungles as it had in the homeland, and at the end of two years he baptized ten converts from the school, and these formed the membership of the first native church of Christ in the Matoppos, where for ages the crags had re-echoed the weird cries of savages on whom no ray of gospel light had ever shone.

The purpose of this man of faith is recorded in the subsequent history of the work he founded. To-day in these mountains and on the plateau of southern Zambesi a chain of mission stations is reaching out across the country from Mapaneland to Chibi, with churches, schools and a central home for exiled girls and redeemed women; with a branch of the work flung far across the Zambesi in Borotseland northward. The travail of this martyr's soul has its response in groups of believers in every station and in the cumulative evidences of a redeemed humanity in the elementary stages of its long pull up toward God, and the end none may forsee. His desire, oft expressed, was to give ten years following three score to laying the foundations of a great work on which other and younger men should rear the superstructure, and then to return to his family and native land. But he wrought greater than he knew, and in an unexpected hour God gathered this heroic spirit to Himself like a sheaf of wheat fully ripe and his grave lies just over the hilltops from the granite-capped mountain on the summit of which lie the remains of Cecil Rhodes, each man great in his death.

Does this lowly tomb, kissed by the tropical sun and brooded o'er by the solemn stars of African night, have any message for us? Certainly, it adds the name of him whose dust lies here to that long list of heroes written in heaven, who have triumphed because they saw Him who is invisible and esteemed suffering and loss for His sake greater than any earthly treasure. It heralds to our dull ears the fact of a life surcharged with living faith undaunted by the flight of years. It bids us emulate that faith and lose our lives in the service of that Master who lies within us. It sings of the hills of Calvary and of the unfailing stimulus of our lives notwithstanding its limitations and weaknesses. Instead of defeat and loss, this grave is an eloquent voice crying aloud the age-lasting wonder of the human heart, that many waters cannot quench love, neither years destroy the faith and usefulness of a good man whose way is committed to the God of life.

Willing hands took up the unfinished tasks where he laid them down and the triumph of his sacrifice moves on to that consummation which none may know but our God and Father alone.


**Wouldst Thou Be Preserved?**

Wouldst thou be preserved from the pitfalls of these days, and come to have in thyself the enduring substance? Be still, and let God be God to thee. Give thyself to wait for an ear to be opened in thee to hear that inward voice, to which thou wilt remain a stranger, until, in place of doing, thou art brought to be a listener.

Thou little thinkest, probably, how far nature in thee has succeeded in imitating the Divine, or to what extent thou art mistaking what is of thy devout flesh for that which is of God. Take heed, therefore, as for thy life that thou continuest not in any seemingly holy things respecting which thou hast not a testimony—not from the assumings of thine one mind, but from the Witness within—that not thyself is the willer or doer, but in every deed, Christ living in thee.

Sink down under the hand of God which waits to help thee, into a real death to all thy own movings and acts, however good and Scriptural thou mayest think them; that there may spring up in thee a life which, when brought forth, thou shalt know to be none other than the Son of God formed within.

If the time of thy waiting in this death to self should seem long to thee, be patient, remembering that thy true deliverance can be wrought only by the crucifixion of all that is in thee, which would have its desires accomplished otherwise than in the Divine will and time.

Wait in lowliness, for true breathing of the Spirit of God to be raised within thee, which will pray, and move, and desire, only in unity with the Divine mind; and which the Author of it (if thou abidest still, and watchful against self-workings), will from day to day strengthen, until it shall bring thee into union with Him—into His light, life, and rest.

—H. N., in Words of Faith.

*For the Evangelical Visitor.*

**A Victory Song.**

There's a song my soul is singing, Through my heart it's notes are ringing, 'Tis a song of Victory, It was Jesus' precious blood, Flowing o'er me like a flood, That gave me blessed Victory! Jesus died that I might live, Unto me His life to give, It is blood-bought Victory! So I triumph through His grace, Some day I'll see Him face to face, And praise Him there for Victory! —Gideon.
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Evangelical Visiter.

To a Christian Woman.

You are a Christian woman; you desire to serve your generation by the will of God; your heart is in His work; you love the Lord your God: but you adorn yourself with gold, or pearls, or costly array, with the putting on of gold and apparel, which the apostles have expressly forbidden. You do not think much of it, it is a matter of little account with you. And yet to do a thing which you do not especially care to do, you violate two apostolic precepts: (I Peter 3: 2. 1 Timothy 2:9.)

You do not think there is any harm in this. Let me show you your mistake. Around you are a number of children, little girls, your class in Sunday-school, your fellow-worshipers in the church or chapel. A crying sin of this age is extravagance and wastefulness. These children's minds are impressionable; they see the rings gleaming on your fingers, the jewels and golden chains glistening on your person, and they each of them say, "I wish I had a ring, a chain, or a pin, like that." But they are poor: they know not how to obtain such things; but the temptation is strong, and in a little while they are likely to find ways to get them. The result is an extravagant outlay for needless articles of ornament and apparel. As these young girls grow up they spend their earnings in dress. Money that should be given to their parents, bestowed on those who have need, or laid aside for future necessities, is squandered in luxury; and golden chains glistening on your person, and valuable trinkets, will be theirs and will perhaps indulge in it to their own undoing. "For behold the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the pride thereof, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch."

Do you say you can afford these vanities and ornaments? I doubt it. You cannot afford to do wrong. You cannot afford to set an unsafe example before a little child. I might perhaps go to a drapery shop, and have no feeling but that of disgust. I might drink at the bar, and come away with an increased abhorrence for the deadly cup; but what would be the influence of my example on those around me?

Another thought. People are hungry, shivering, naked and distress-ed. The money that Christian men and women spend for vices, luxuries, and ornaments, would relieve this want. "But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"—H. L. H.
Forgiveness.

Out of God's forgiveness of me, a sinner, who have done violence to all His goodness and love, I must forgive every one. Harsh words, ill-treatment, false accusations, impugning of motives, taking one's property by fraud—these things are hard to bear, but I will boldly ask for such divine grace as shall enable me to heartily of soul until generosity to others shall motives, taking one's property by mortification, hard knocks, unkindness and ingratitude. This is what the apostle meant when he said, "I beseech you by the mercies of God to present your bodies a living sacrifice." God has marked my humanity as sublimely precious, and therefore worthy of being made an offering. It is with me whether the offering shall be partial or complete. The retaining of pride, oversensitiveness, impurity, make the offering partial, but Jesus made a complete offering for me. I must not be satisfied until all things that hinder have been included in the offering. The friendship between God and me calls for this.—Selected by Anna Eshelman from "God and Me."

As to "The Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man."

"Is there any scripture to justify the expression, 'The fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man,' often quoted by lodge members?"

President Blanchard, of Wheaton College, answers this question in the Christian Cynosure of August, 1911.

There is no scriptural justification for these expressions as ordinarily used. They seem to teach—probably are intended to teach—that all men are spiritually sons of God. Of course, if this were true, then the expressions indicated would be quite correct. If all men are sons of God, then all men are spiritually brethren. It is true here, however, as it usually is, that there is a bit of truth associated with a serious error. The truth is relied upon to give the error currency. It is true that all men are the creation of God, and it is true that Jesus Christ has purchased salvation for all men, that "whosoever will may come." On the natural plane, and speaking as mere naturalists, we might talk of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. But spiritually all men belong to him whom they love and serve.

Our Lord Jesus spoke directly to this point when Jesus said that they were the children of God, that God was their Father. He replied, "Ye are of your father, the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do," and then he went forward to tell them what the works of Satan were, which these children of Satan would perform.

Lodges, speaking generally, omit all reference to the mediation of Jesus Christ. Speaking generally, they all teach salvation by the deeds of the law. For this reason it is that they say to us so many times, "If I can live up to the teaching of my lodge, I shall be as good a man as I need to be." This impression is produced almost universally on the minds of secret society men. Professed Christians and those who are not professcd Christians alike form this opinion that if they live up to the teaching of their order, they will be saved; and this without repentance, without conversion, without the sacrifice, without the intercession of Jesus Christ. Of course any one who rests upon his own works for salvation, no matter how good he or she may be, is a lost person.

The expression, therefore, should never be used by a Christian without a clear explanation as to what he means. If he is speaking of the state of men by nature as the creation of God, all alike ruined and undone by sin, he has a right to use this expression; but if he means to speak of the spiritual condition of men, then only those persons are sons of God, who have accepted Jesus Christ as Savior. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." He gave this power to no others; He gives this power to no others now. All men are brethren in creation and in the loss and ruin of sin, but they are not brethren in the kingdom of God, unless they have received Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord.

"O, may I ever remain willing that my luxuries in life may be given up to supply others' want of comforts, and my comforts at times given up to supply others' want of necessities, and that even my necessities may also at times be given up to relieve the extreme distress of others. That is what I crave, from the assurance that such conduct is consistent with the true Christian character."—Thomas Shilltolle.

"The love of earthly things is only expelled by a certain sweet experience of the things eternal."—Augustine.

A golden age cannot be built out of brazen hearts.—Henry Van Dyke.
EVANGELICAL VISITOR. [September 18, 1911.]

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Give-me-a-job" Boy a Winner.

"I want a job."

The patient face of the electrician looked up from his desk and saw a dashing boy of seventeen facing him with a look of quiet, respectful determination that carried conviction. "I haven't any position that you could possibly fill, and right now I'm so driven that—"

"I want a job," interrupted the boy with an odd smile that didn't detract from the serious determination of his general expression. "And I'm willing to work for you for six months without a cent of pay."

"Well, that's rather a new one," exclaimed the owner of the lighting plant. "But—"

The boy was looking for that "but," and caught it on the fly.

"It's this way," he interrupted. "I've just finished at the manual training school, and I've made up my mind that electric lighting's the thing for me, and that I'm going to start in it. It has a great future, and I want to understand it and make it my line."

His eye was kindling with enthusiasm when the man at the desk opened with another "But—"

He didn't get an inch beyond that depressing qualification, for the boy shot into the sentence with—

"I'll work for nothing, and keep just as careful hours as your foreman or anybody else on your pay roll. You've got a good plant, and I can see that it's bound to grow a lot in the next three years. Electric lighting has just started. It's the best business to get into in the world, and I'm going to learn it from the ground up. I want a job with you. No pay for six months."

"But I don't see how I can possibly use you," responded the man of the plan, "although I'm bound to say that I like your resemblance to that dog. I'll give you a substitute and paid him out of his own pocket. He's the first man on the job in the morning, and the last to leave at night. From the minute he gets here till he leaves he's as busy as a boy at a circus. That boy is certainly stuck on his job."

A few weeks later the boy spoke to the man who had given him a job.

"A little testing department would save you money," said the boy, "and it would not cost much either. You buy a lot of material, first and last, and I've found out that some of it isn't up to the standard. They are working considerably off on you."

"How much will it cost?" asked the owner of the plant.

Instantly the boy drew from his pocket a list of every item needed in the equipment of the testing laboratory. He had it already, waiting for the question.

"Get it and go ahead," said the man after he had glanced over the list.

The laboratory was installed and saved the business a not inconsiderable sum of money.

"But you stay," was the quick answer, "and the salary you get is going to cover the unpaid time in which you've been showing me."

And it did. That wasn't so long ago. That electric lighting plant grew until it was big enough to be "absorbed." It has been absorbed several times since; but the boy who stuck for a job stuck through every change.—Chicago Tribune.

A Mother's Influence.

Could you have known her you would have wondered how that boy of hers, so carefully reared, and loved as only a Christian mother can love, could have wandered into the paths of sin.

Yet there was never a day when she despaired, never an hour when she did not believe he would be reclaimed. She was always in the spirit of prayer, and it was not often that her face was clouded with sorrow. Friends looked, marveled and failed to understand, those who had not learned the secret of "casting all your cares upon Him who careth for you."

It had been five years since she had heard from him, that tenderly reared boy, whose youthful footsteps she had so carefully guarded. "How can you be so bright and cheerful when you know such a sorrow?" said a close friend to her.

"Oh," she said, while unshed tears dimmed her eyes, "as much as I love Him, my heavenly Father loves him more, and His protecting care reaches everywhere."

"But you may never see him again," was the answer.

"Oh, yes, I shall," she said. "In God's own good time he will return to me." And he did. It was in this wise that the mother's faith and love were rewarded.

Several times she had been in the choir of her home church. There was a special service being held, and she was asked to sing. No one could ever forget the pathos of the words, when alone she sang the answer:

Oh, where is my wandering boy to-night?

The little boy turned away with a sad heart as she shut the door in his face.

She had hardly got back to her work when another knock disturbed her, and on opening the door this time she saw a little girl with a shawl wrapped around her naked body.

"Please, lady, can I come in a minute to get warm?" asked the little girl.

"No; I do not want you to dirty my floor and rugs, so go your way."

"Just let me come in the hall, please!" pleaded the child.

She received no answer, but the door was closed in her face.

The lady again went to her work and a second knock disturbed her, and on opening the door she saw a little boy standing there who had neither shoes nor stockings on his feet.

"Well, what do you want?" she asked.

"Will you please give me a piece of bread?" asked the child.

She answered quickly, "I have no time for such as you; I am preparing for a great One."

The little boy turned away with a sad heart as he shut the door in his face.

The laborers again took up work, and a third time a knock disturbed her. This time she looked out, and on seeing a poor old man she would not open the door, but pretended she was not at home, so the man went away. She waited all day and Jesus did not come.

That very same night she fell upon her knees and asked the Lord why he had not come to see her that day, and he answered her saying that he could not come in sympathy. But she never faltered till she saw the words:—

My heart o'flows, for I love him, he knows, Oh, where is my boy to-night?"
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.
A Remarkable Incident.

Mr. W. H. Baldwin once delivered an address before a body of young men in Brookline, Mass., which is especially valuable on account of the speaker's long association with the interests of young people.

"The brave young man," said the speaker, "is the one who stands boldly up in the presence of companions and positively refuses to do that which his conscience tells him is wrong, when tempted, as so many young men are, and so very often. We distinguish the brave young man who has the courage to say no, or to say yes, decisions which shall be at the time based upon the prompt action of his God-given conscience, the great, sunde and diverting which God has so kindly given to each and every child of his creation."

"The coward is the young man who cannot, or rather does not, stand the pressure of evil companions or friends, who tempt and urge him, and who, though he knows what is right, is weak, has not the moral courage he should possess—in face, he is the coward."

"Abraham Lincoln was once called upon to address some young people. He responded to the call, but said he would not attempt to give them an address, but rather a short sermon. The sermon was as follows: 'Don't swear, don't gamble, don't lie, don't cheat, don't steal, don't drink, don't smoke, don't chew; love God and man, and be happy.'"

Our cities are full of young men seeking employment. The question is often asked, What kind of young men are needed in the city? To this question a part of the address of Mr. B., who has large acquaintance with the business men of the country, makes a conclusive answer.

"Young men of character are in demand. Young men without character are not wanted by business men and others in need of assistants."

What may be predicated of the one may be and by this rule must be predicated of the other. "The written Word is the Living word Enfolded: the Living Word is the Written Word Unfolded." The inspired written Word and the eternal living Word are forever inseparable. The Bible is Christ portrayed: Christ is the Bible fulfilled. One is the picture, the other is the person, but the features are the same and proclaim their identity. — A. T. Pierson.

"If the home-makers are true to their tasks, then need there be no fear of the modern city's visitation influences; if the home-makers are conscious of their responsibilities, then will they blend with the home life the fine advantages of the modern city, the finest that have yet been known of religious education, industry, art, music, and all kindred uplifting influences." — David Philipson.
we will walk on streets made of gold, and enter gates made of pearl.

You say I think we should dress as well as our means will allow. What! of people starving to death in India and China? And what is much worse, millions of souls starving for the Bread of Life. If God's cause had the money that is wasted by pro­fessed Christians, this world would soon be evangelized.

The Bible says pride is an abomina­tion to God, and surely He will never admit into the kingdom anything that is abominable in His sight. Your heart and mine must be washed clean from every last bit of pride if we are to see the inside of the pearly gates.

"For behold, the day cometh that shall burn them up, and all the proud...shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave then neither root nor branch." (Mal. iv:1.)

You say, I am not proud, but I want to be like other people and not peculiar. In Titus ii. 14, we read that God wants to purify unto Himself a peculiar people, and how many times He told His ancient people they should not be like the nations around them. Let us seek only the popular­ity of the skies, for that is the kind that will stand in the judgment day.

**Word and Work**

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

The brethren of the Gratersford dist. have decided to hold a series of meetings beginning November 4, continuing and closing with a love feast and services and inter­ment at the South Perkasie Evangelical church. Services were conducted by the brethren J. N. Engle, R. L. Woodring, of Quakertown, officiated.

**LEISTER.—**Died, in Perkasie, Bucks county, Pa., on August 30, 1911, aged 66 years, 3 months and 3 days, Thomas R. Leister, after seven weeks' illness. He is survived by his third wife, sister Salome, nee Bergey and a nephew, John Althouse. Funeral services were held on August 30, 1911, from his late residence, followed by ser­vices and interment at the South Perkasie Evangelical church. Text, Job 1:25. Rev. R. L. Woodring, of Quakertown, officiated.

**IDLE.—**Sarah Elizabeth Idle (nee Fry­mier) was born in Lyonning county, Pa., December 3, 1844, died of grangrene, at the home of her sister, John Keener, near Hope, Kans., August 7, 1911, aged 66 years, 8 months and 4 days. She was married to John Idle about forty years ago. Her husband preceded her to the spirit world about four years ago. To this union were born eight children, five sons and three daughters of whom three sons are liv­ing, all in Pennsylvania. Religious and burial at the Rosebank church. Services were conducted by the brethren J. N. Engle, J. Book and Adam Book.

**EBRIGHT.—**Howard Morris Ebright, youngest son of Henry and Susan Ebright, was born October 15, 1900, died August 14, 1911, aged 10 years 9 months and 29 days. His mother, who is now the wife of brother David Wenger, of Fairland, with two brothers and two sisters, reared him. His father preceded him to the spirit world eleven years ago. He bore his afflictions gently. His parting is a deep loss to the family, but, truly, his eternal gain. Funeral services were held at the Fairland M. E. church, conducted by the brethren Jacob D. Books and Henry K. Kreider. Text, Luke 8:32.

Our home is sad and very lonely. Since our dear Howard was taken away, how little we thought a year ago he would be called away;

But, God in His own wise way
Knows how to care for him best;
And we love to think of him so dear,
Our dear one whom we laid to rest.

In Memoriam.

Our ranks are thinning, one by one,
How soon the race of life is run;
Leaving earth for heaven so dear.
Our home is sad and very lonely,
But we love to think of him so dear.
Our dear one whom we laid to rest.

To part with those we love—how sad,
And say farewell; but—O! how glad
That living hope springs up and cries,
We'll meet again beyond the skies.
How kind and true was sister dear,
Her peaceful death brings heaven near;
Long illness bore with fortitude,
And never said that God was rude.

Side by side those two sisters stood,
With love untrodden and often talked
Of hopes, plans, joys and then would say:
"Can I live when you're away?"

Death alone this strong link could break,
But come it did and sister take
So suddenly, so unaware,
My heart to pieces it did tear.

How sad, how lonely now I feel,
Yet at the cross I humbly kneel;
And look to Christ through blessing tears,
Who gently speaks away my fear.
"Fear not," my child, His voice I hear,
I trust His word, my way seems clear;
The clouds roll back, I see the throne,
My Jesus comes, I'm not alone.

Written in memory of Elizabeth Brech­bill by her cousin, J. R. Zook.