9-18-1911

Evangelical Visitor- September 18, 1911. Vol. XXV. No. 19.

Brethren in Christ Church

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Messiah College is a Christian college 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.
A Remarkable Deliverance.

The following thrilling narrative appeared in the Southern Cross, and is vouchsed for by the Rev. S. C. Kent, a veteran Victorian clergyman, who says that he heard the Rev. J. Boun­sell, of Ottery, St. Mary, Devon, narrate the story at his own table, in the year 1844, as having occurred in Cornwall, where he had been resident.

When traveling in Palestine a few years ago, we drove from Nazareth to Tiberias, over a rough and rugged road. During the drive one of the clergymen of the party told a story of the providential way that an innocent man had been delivered from the awful fate of a murderer.

It was about the midnight hour, in the town of Plymouth, many years ago, he said, when two men stood close to the great clock of the town. It struck the hour, and both men heard it and remarked it to each other that it had struck thirteen times instead of twelve. One of these men was a gentleman by the name of Cap­tain Jarvis.

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 door 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 chose. Down to the riverside they went, close to the spot where the ferryboat took passengers across.

What, then, was the Captain's amaze­ment 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 for murder."

The Captain rode to the place where the trial was going on, dis­mounted, and entered the building. As he walked in he heard the judge say, addressing the prisoner: "Have you anything to say for yourself—anything at all?"

"I have nothing to say, sir, except that I am an innocent man, and that there is only one man in all the world who can prove my innocence; but I do not know his name, nor where he lives. Some weeks ago we stood to­gether in the town of Plymouth when it was midnight, and we both heard the great town clock strike thirteen, instead of twelve, and remarked it to one another. If he were here he could speak for me; but my case is hopeless, as I cannot get him."

"I am here! I am here!" shouted the Captain, from behind. "I am the man who stood at midnight beside the great Plymouth clock, and heard it strike thirteen instead of twelve. What the prisoner says is absolutely true; I identify him as the man. On the night of the murder, at the very time it was committed, that man was with me, at Plymouth, and we re­marked to each other how remarkable it was that the clock should strike thirteen at the midnight hour."

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 awaken­ed 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, although perfectly innocent? And last­ly, 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-merci­ful, all-powerful One, who knew the terrible straits that poor prisoner should be in, and prepared a wonderful deliverance.

We do not know the after-life of that man, but we can well believe that he would never after doubt the presence 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.

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"Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."—Psa. 107.

VOL. XXV. MARRISBURG, PA., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1911. No. 19.

The Earth Shall Be Full of the Knowledge of the Lord as the Waters Cover the Sea.—Isa. xi. 9.

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Our budget of Africa correspondence for this issue is larger than it has been for some time. We are sure 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 Davidson 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 this city. She writes that the cold has been in business for this year.

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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 us a help in the form of workers who are willing and able to serve, and we are hopeful that the work will be done successfully.

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 of 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 in love,

LEVI DONER.

We have in former issues referred to the death of a contribution 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 workers in the ministry.

The article entitled "A Hero of Faith," printed elsewhere in this issue seems to be opportune 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. quarterlies for fourth quarter are on our table, and we hope will be received by all the schools in good time. They are all gotten up, and neat in appearance. The publishers are certainly doing their best to supply a creditable article.
**EVANGELICAL VISITOR.**

*September 18, 1911.*

**NEWS OF CHURCH ACTIVITY.**

**IN THE HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS.**

Addresses of Missionaries.

Africa.

H. P. Steigerwald, Grace Steigerwald, Mary Heisey, Cora Alvia, Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.

Myron and Ada Taylor, H. Frances Dortman, Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, South Africa.


Isaac O. and A. Alice Lehman, box 116, Fordenburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

Levi Doner, Sallie Doner, Louis B. Steckley, Sadie H. Edsall, S. Rhode-

ia, South Africa, care Levi Doner.

The following are not under the F. M. B.: Jesse R. and Malinda Eyster, Germiston, Transvaal, South Africa.

India.

A. L. and Mrs. A. L. Musser, Maggie Landis, No. 11 Beckbagan Lane, Ballygunj Station, Central India.

The following are not under the F. M. B.: D. W. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Raghunathpur, P. O., Manbhoom Dist., India.

Central America.

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

**Our City Missions.**


Jabob Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of E. N. and Adella Engle, R. R. No. 2, Box 1.

San Francisco Mission, 52 Cumberland St., in charge of Sr. Lizzie Winger and workers.

**Love Feasts.**

At the Ringgold M. H., Md., on October 4, 5. All are cordially invited.

Pennsylvania.


All are invited.

Martinsburg, Pa., Oct. 7, 8.

A cordial invitation is extended.

Gratersford, Nov. 18, 19.

Catherine Voss, Pottstown, thence by trolley to Trappe.

Ohio.

Fairview M. H., Sept. 16, 17.

Clarence Center, Oct. 7, 8.

New York.

Canada.

Markham, Sept. 23, 24.

Waterloo, Oct. 10, 11.

Black Creek, Sept. 30, Oct. 1.


Wapello, Oct. 7, 8.


Communion services are announced for the Rapho, Pa., district:

Mastersville, Sept. 30, Nov. 4.

Manheim, Sept. 30, Oct. 11.

Also at Mowersville in the North Franklin district, on October 28, 29. Services begin at 5 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Des Moines Mission.

**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 per pound, and every- thing 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 doz., etc. This may help some to understand why our living expenses are as high as they are. We hope to live very plain.

The every night Mission is running with good interest. A man came in last night partly intoxicated. When he entered the Mission hall he half 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 to us in a week and two or let us know how he is getting along. He said he desired to help along financially, too. Before he yielded he sur- mised 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 ap- parently so at least. He left feeling quite happy.

A gentleman from Florida services on Tuesday night, August 31, and was deeply impressed. He had heard such preaching before. He was very impressed, and expressed him- self as he had ever attended, and expressed his high appreciation of the character and spirit of the meeting, saying that he never had heard such preaching before. He was in the city attending the State Fair. He went home feeling new responsibilities and had received new light and spiritual help.

That is the way the work goes on from night to night every night in the week. Every evening at 8 o'clock (7 in Pa.) re- member the Des Moines Mission is being opened. Don't forget to pray for us and the work of this place.

Brother Max Mahler, of S. D., made a short, but smiling, call recently. They purpose to move back into the city next Spring, after having proven upon their land. We certainly are very glad to have them back in our midst again.

**FINANCIAL.**

**RECEIPTS.**

Elkhart, Ind., $5; Ray Witter, Enterprise, Kansas, $5; Seth S. S., Kansas, $17.43. Total, $37.43.

**EXPENDITURES.**

For gas for light and fuel, $4.90; for incidentals, $2.90; for groceries and other expenses, $35.25. Total, $42.06.

Balance due Mission September 1, 1911, $16.82.

Love to all, J. R. and Anna Zook.

**Foreign Mission Funds.**

**Report for Months of July and August, 1911.**

**GENERAL FUND.**

**RECEIPTS.**

Part of Conference offering, per B. Cassel, $5; Martin Keisel, $5; Rosebank, Kans., S. S., $17.95; D. B. Harley, $5; Abbie B. Winger, Sadie Book and Cora Alvia, $21.44; E. Briggerling, $100; Bethel, Kans., S. S. special for Levi Doner, $13.55; Black Creek S. S., special for Myron Taylor's, $17; brother and sister Colde, $2; a sister, Elizabethtown, Pa., $5; mission box offering during Conference, 1911, $31.00; -Cardinal Mission S. S., $32; Mussert estate, Pa., $25; Lebanon, Pa., district, $4; Rosebank, Kans., S. S., $4; Bethel, Kans., district, $13.

**DISBURSEMENTS.**

Amos L. Musser, India, $245.88; Isaac O. Lehman, for work, $243.88; Stude- bakers, Ind., for wagon sent to Africa, $743.35; special for Myron Taylor, $17; S. R. Smith, for Conference Minutes, to the foreign fields, $1.67; special to brother Doners and the three Kansas sisters, $59.99.

P. M. Climenhaga, Treasurer.

**Philadelphia Mission.**

**Report from August 14 to September 11, 1911.**

Balance on hand, $13.68.

**RECEIPTS.**

Two friends, $2; a brother, $8; both from Blair county. A brother, Mt. Joy, Pa., $2; a sister, 50 cents; cash, $5; offering, $109. Total, $54.17.

**EXPENSES.**

Provision, $29.88; gas, $3.25; poor and other expenses, $38. Total, $69.91.

Balance on hand, $14.76.

A sister, 1 basket vegetables; a sister, watermelons and basket of peaches. Both of the city. Cannels, fruit, onions, flour and other things from Shippensburg, Pa.

H. B. Burkholder and Wife.

3423 N. Second St.

**Messiah Orphanage.**

**Report of Receipts for August, 1911.**

Sister Bert. Longenecker, Steetlan, Pa.; sister Nancy Bache, Columbia, Pa.; Oct. 10; Jacob S. Foltz, Lebanon, Pa.; $2; brother Wier Shraday, Harrisburg, Pa.; $1; Valley Chapel Sunday-school, Ohio, $5; Samuel Engle, Middletown, Pa.; $1; brother Herman Miller, Martinsburg, Pa.; $5; a friend, Hockersville, Pa., $3.25; Mowersville, Pa., Sunday-school offering, $11; sister Jacob H. Heisey, Box 116, Rheems, Pa., $31; sister Jacob H. Heisey, Rheems, Pa., $5; brother Herman Miller, Martinsburg, Pa., $10; a sister, New Market, Va., $17.43- Total, $27.43.

Love to all, J. R. and Anna Zook.

**Hummelstown, Pa. D. M. Book, Treasurer.**
Sr. Doner's Operation at Newton, Kan.

To many of her friends and acquaintances, who are also readers of the Visitor, it is of interest and profit to know about Sister Amanda Doner's operation at Newton, Kan. 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 the 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 at 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 only an hour and I tried to go after reaching home I had to go to bed and was suffering untold pain. I told the Lord to take me home or heal me and not to let me suffer any more than I could stand, so after reaching home I went down stairs for meals and could not sleep. I went to church on Saturday and grew much worse very rapidly and on Tuesday went to see a very prominent physician of the city. After a very painful examination he said there was no hope but to go to the hospital and he would drain the pus and therefore make the end as easy as possible. I asked Him to speak plainly and then He said, "Will you work for Me and go where I want you to go?" Then He seemed to realize what it meant, that I had been called to service and I said, "Lord, anything for You." Almost immediately the packing began to work out of itself and the doctor left me with an open wound of one and a half inches and a facule fistula with pus discharging all the time. Finally the doctors put a plaster paris cast on to support my back, leaving an opening only large enough to drain my wounds. I had never heard that the Lord could heal me although I had been converted and the Lord had led me to take the covering, although I knew no one who wore it. Praise the Lord He has brought me to the Chicago Mission the first week in May, 1911, and here I heard God was able to heal me. Up to this time I had been misunderstood by all my acquaintances and thought to be going crazy; but I do praise the Lord because He kept a hunger in my soul till He was ready to lead me where I could hear and get what and where He wanted me to be. Praise His name forever! I spent that week at the Mission hearing and learning to trust my Saviour for all things, though I was suffering untold pain and could not go down stairs for meals and could not sleep. I went home on Saturday and grew much worse very rapidly and on Tuesday went to see a very prominent physician of the city. After a very painful examination he said there was no hope but to go to 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 only an hour and I tried to go after reaching home I had to go to bed and was suffering untold pain. I told the Lord to take me home or heal me and not to let me suffer any more than I could stand, so after reaching home I went down stairs for meals and could not sleep. I went to church on Saturday and grew much worse very rapidly and on Tuesday went to see a very prominent physician of the city. After a very painful examination he said there was no hope but to go to the hospital and he would drain the pus and therefore make the end as easy as possible.

I then closed the book again to open the next time to read, and opened at page 118, chapter 22. I had 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 be also 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 some seedlings planted but could not express it. We read in the same...
chapter: "But if we hope 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 all 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 such, sad to say. They seem not to enjoy the fellowship as they did at one time. How it makes my heart ache to see the drifting that takes place among the so-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 yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down and the feeble 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 I find that all the pathway is with the dear Lord is wonderfully blessing their fall crops. Praise God's dear name. That dear saints also remembered us. Not only did we eat and drink at their rich tables, and sleep in their good beds, but some also did we eat and drink toward our expenses, as we need some help when we give all of our time to the work of the Lord. We had no harvest to gather but we enjoyed the services all the same, and can rejoice to see our loved ones prosper in the things of this life. We commend ourselves to God and man, judging us as to our sincerity in the gospel, knowing that the Lord is opening our way and will provide the way for us if we are only ready to step out and keep moving on in the way.

We came to Harrisburg on August 20, and on Thursday evening attended the prayer-meeting at the Messiah Home. Here we had a blessed time in song service; there seemed such a hallowed overing of the Holy Spirit. God gave us a blessed message from the Amen and the calm, followed by Spirit-filled testimonies. Blessed be the name of the Lord. The theme of the near return of our loving Jesus who made the disciples sad for His going away, but great will be the joy of His return to the ready saints. Will you, dear readers, pray for us in the work till He comes? JOHN AND CATY A. MYERS, Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 31, 1911.

A California Letter.

To all the saints, greeting in Jesus' name. I am glad this evening that I can say from my heart, "I am one of them." "Beloved, now are we the sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him." Thank God for His matchless love that can so transform us—even me.

I want to take this way to thank the dear brethren and sisters as it is hardly possible for me to write to each one personally. To me it was a great blessing to be remembered by so many on my birthday. I received a very unexpected blessing to receive so many white-winged messages of love and well wishes. My heart was stirred as nothing else could do by the many precious promises quoted from the word. My soul takes fresh courage and I am more determined than ever to press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus.

These cards and letters also brought to my mind many pleasant recollections of fellowship which I enjoyed with many of the dear ones during my time in my evangelistic work in our beloved Brotherhood. While it causes me to rejoice in that God has counted me worthy to be an ambassador for Him, it often pains my heart as I recollect how weak and imperfect the work was as I now view it. I can readily see how much I lacked wisdom in expressing myself, saying and doing things that were useful. Had I had the wisdom as I now see it, much more good might have been accomplished. But as we go this way only once we can only profit by past experiences, to try and do better in the days to come to bring me more and more like Him in the future.

To this end we crave the prayers of the brethren and sisters. I can see no place to...
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. A lady from Cape Town 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. That is our visit to Johannesburg, having on our way up country to look after the mission work on the Rand. We first went there on our way up country to look after the brethren attended to getting the church and is the first one for the Brethren in this part of Africa. The location is a lovely one and the church substantial. Brother Lehman worked hard in the building of the house, riding back and forth each day making about twenty-six miles per day. This, along with the other work, was rather a strain.

We sincerely trust that this is the beginning of a large work in this needy field. One thing is sure, workers are needed to help the work on; some could be used at once. Is not God calling some one? We also 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 to a very needful one, and if any want for this part of the field is just as far as for all other that 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 mid-Atlantic and we were comfortably passing a couple of days in Cape Town at the Tempeerance 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 luggage 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 Blaauwberg, out along the beach. So we went on up toward the foot of Table Mountain to a lovely stream of water. On our way back came down by the way of the wash-houses, where the colored people go to doing 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 forest. Such a change after being on the boat for three months.

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 us before. Our train had 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 before have I seen 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 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 past high wooded districts. Last, but not least interesting to us, we came to the part where we could see the Matopo hills in the distance. Our hearts bounded at the sight of those rocks and hills. Here we praised God for bringing us back again.

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 Fonkville, about 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 good and well to realize 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 four horses, and we made the trip from five to six 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 girls lining 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 bigger 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
gave the new workers an introduction to the people and we who had been here before renewed our acquaintance. We each spoke a little and then some of the native brethren and sisters spoke. They were all very glad to see us but were disappointed not to see Bro. Steigerwald.

On Wednesday forenoon Sr. Heisey, in company with one of the boys, went to Bulawayo with the wagon to meet Bro. Steigerwald and Sr. Alvis upon their arrival from Johannesburg. They reached the Mission Thursday evening after dark. It seemed good to see them again; we had been together almost constantly for so long a time that we seemed almost like one family and felt as if we had been united again.

On Saturday afternoon we had a pleasant surprise when Bro. Frey came in on his bicycle. That evening there were ten of us who gathered around the table in the dining-room and had a blessed prayer-meeting. God was in our midst for the promise was ours.

On Sunday we had the regular service with a greater number present. We were very glad to hear their voices in testimony.

While Bro. Frey was here the brethren talked over the needs of the Mission stations and decided upon the placing of the new workers. For the present Bro. Steckley and Sr. Book will go with Bro. Doner's to open the new station at Matopo Mission. Bro. Winger and myself will go to Mtsababeni to help Bro. Frey's.

On August 12 and 13, we expect D. V. to have a love feast at Mapani Mission. Our prayer is that Jesus may be manifest in all His sweetness and that all present may have a deeper realization of His power to cleanse and to keep.

We desire an interest in your prayers that we may be like John the Baptist, "only a voice crying in the desert." A voice can not be seen, so we desire that these people may not see us but hear the voice and see Jesus and come to Him.

Your sister in Jesus,

Arie M. Winger.


Looking This Way.

Over the ocean, across the wild wave, Heathen are dying, with no one to save. No one to rescue from grief and dismay. The heathen are waiting and looking this way.

Chorus.

Looking this way, yes, looking this way, Watching and waiting for some golden ray; Hungering and dying in darkness to-day. Millions of heathen are looking this way.

Looking for you, brother, happy in grace, Living each day in the light of His face; Looking for you, sister, how can you stay, Over the ocean, across the wild wave.

When the heathen are calling and looking this way.

Think of the grace that to you has been given, Knowledge of Jesus, the Savior in heaven; God's Holy Bible the light of life's way, Unknown to the heathen still looking this way.

Show us the light, which to you has been given, Bright sun of righteousness, sent down from heaven; Come over and help us, send messengers, pray.

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 heathen are waiting and looking this way.

Jesus the Savior, bright morning star, Looking for lost ones straying afar; In His glad messenger we are on our way. To the millions of heathen, waiting to-day.

—Full Gospel and Rescue Journal, Sel. by Sr. Frances Rosenberry.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.


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 Almighty" of 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 button 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-mate," as sometimes said, but an "help-meet," 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 easier 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 and her 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 and her 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 and her 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.)
while man still lives in the flesh. "Thou shalt surely die."

Steps in the transgression. 1st. Audiences. The serpent fascinated the woman. She listened 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 tempter of evil, neither tempteth he man; but man being tempted, I am tempted of God: and I will not sin. 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 serpentine 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.)
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 that 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 Psalmsist: "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 snitzed 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. Eli 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. 3426 N. Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Baptismal Service at Chicago.

"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together" (Ps. 34:3). 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 soldi­ ers of the cross, who were hurled 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 were 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.

VENN L. STUMP.

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 Matoppo 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 throbbing 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 Sentebale 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 urged him to devote his energies to ministries in the home. An early marriage gave him an ideal helper, 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 was brought to the heathen souls 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 the Matoppos, where for ages the crags had re-echoed the weird chants of animistic worship and looked down on feasts of cannibalism. Here in the heart of Africa, hard by the ancient Opifh, from which the gold for Solomon's temple was mined and milled, the eternal Son of David lived powerfully in his servant, transforming the lives of savage men 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 schools and missions is reaching out across the country from Mapaneland to Chihi, 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 foresee. 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 which clung to the revelation of the inner voice and would not fail of obedience to the will of Christ, even though he must go alone as an old man to blaze out the trail for others to follow when few approved and none saw the ending. It stands a sure witness to-day that the eternal Christ springing anew in the human heart is 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.


For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Wouldst Thou Be Preserved?

Wouldst thou be preserved from the pitfalls of these days, and come to have in thyself the enduring substance? Cease, then, from all thy highly esteemed religious words, and, ways, and doings. 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 assumptions of thine own 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 actings, 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 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.

September 18, 1911.

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.
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

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 specially care to do, you violate two apostolic precepts: (1 Peter 3: 3.

2. I 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 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 wastefulness. These children's minds are impressionable; they see the rings gleaming on your fingers, the jewels wastefulness. These children's minds are impressionable; they see the rings gleaming on your fingers, the jewels wastefulness. These children's minds are impressionable; they see the rings gleaming on your fingers, the jewels wastefulness. These children's minds are impressionable; they see the rings gleaming on your fingers, the jewels wastefulness. These children's minds are impressionable; they see the rings gleaming on your fingers, the jewels wastefulness.

HARRISBURG, PA., SEPTEMBER 18, 1911.

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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 forgive others. To keep friendship with God and me. There is no alternative. I must. It is sometimes hard to do—harder for my heart than any problem in geometry is to me and I must practice nobility in the highest degree. I will practice forgiveness, for it is one of the fundamental principles in the friendship between God and me. As the divine grace will strengthen me, let me forgive the same person for the same wrong. He has done this for me and I must practice this with others. To keep in my heart the rubish of unfor-giveness, storing away old grudges, is a filthy practice. I need a heart-cleaning day, for I must bury the transgression as God has buried mine; then I must never mention it again, directly or indirectly, for if I do otherwise I am asking God to uncover some of my old sins against Him. If one who has wronged me does not ask my pardon, I still have no right to keep unfor-giveness in my heart. I must try not to mention the wrong, for repetition of it strengthens resentment and harbors unfor-giveness. If it is wise to mention it I must find in it a place for mercy for the wrongdoer. This brings one of the greatest issues into my life. There is simply no limit to God's forgiveness. He and I are friends, and I must practice His principles. He has taught me that seventy times seven is not too often for me to forgive the same person for the same wrong. He has done this for me and I must practice this with others. To keep in my heart the rubish of unfor-giveness, storing away old grudges, is a filthy practice. I need a heart-cleaning day, for I must keep friendship with God. My heart must be His chamber—kept sweet and clean—where He can rest at ease. Unforgiving thoughts grieve His love, but suffering unjustly is suffering with Christ, and it is at once an opportunity for me to pass to the higher grade in His school of discipline. Jesus was treated badly and He foretold that like treatment would come to His friends, and so it must sometimes come to me, else it will appear as though God has broken friendship with me. The thorns in my path are from the crown of thorns that pierced the head of Jesus, and thus all these things that hurt are sacred, and their scars should be the occasion for real joy rather than for the expression of unkind feelings, it will not be so at once, but by full submission to God I can make it so. I will not lose courage, for my remaking is the most important thing to me in the world, and it is most frequently by the way of 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, makes 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 Wheaten 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 professed 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 Shillito.

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

"I want a job."

The man at the desk opened with a look of surprise, for the boy shot into his face a sort of family resemblance to that dog. I'll give you money, said the boy, "and it would be 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 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.

The day that the boy's period of gratuitous service was up he appeared again at the proprietor's desk and said, "My time is up."

"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 didn't love him, and 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.

He had hardly got back to her work when another 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."

"Oh, where is my boy to-night?"

"Oh, where is my boy to-night?"

"Here I am, mother," sobbed, as he knelted at her feet. "Oh, I know you have forgiven me; pray that God will do so also."

There was a hushed silence, and prayer that winged its way heavenward quickened every heart into renewed effort.

With joy and thanksgiving the mother reclaimed her boy. Friends gathered about her while mutual tears were shed.

"Why did you start home at this time?" said an early friend.

"I could not help it," was the answer, "my mother's influence and faith reclaimed me."—Selected.

How Jesus Comes.

There is a legend which runs as follows: Many years ago, in a little village near Jerusalem, it was announced that Jesus was going to pass through the village and visit every family. Several families cleaned their homes, so that they would be perfectly clean when Jesus came.

One lady was cleaning her house, and while doing so a knock was heard at her door, and on opening the door she saw a little boy standing there who had neither shoes nor stockings on his feet.

"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.

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

The lady again went to her 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...
A Remarkable Incident.

A visitor among the poor was one day climbing the backstairs which led to a garret in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of a peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing place, with folded arms against the wall.

There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with him, and told him that he came there with the desire to see him happy, and that the book he had in his hand contained the secret of happiness.

The man shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him become with his nonsense, or he would kick him down the stairs. While the visitor was endeavoring with gentleness and patience to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors which opened upon the landing saying:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

For a moment the visitor was too much absorbed in the case of the hardened sinner before him to answer the inquiry, and it was repeated in earnest and thrilling tones:

"Tell me, oh, tell me, does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool and a bundle of straw in a corner, on which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

He sat down upon the stool beside her, and inquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied, "What do I want to know of it? Man, I am dying! I have been a wicked woman all my life. I shall have to answer for every transgression of evil companions or friends, who tempted me; and every child of his creation."

He never, from that time, missed a day reading to her until she died, six weeks afterward; and very blessed was it to see her, almost from the first, seemed to find peace by believing in Jesus. Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened with silent interest; and blessing came not alone to the mother, for the remarkable change wrought in the son also testified to the saving power of God's grace.

On the day of her funeral he beckoned the visitor to one side as they were filling up her grave and said, "I have been thinking there is nothing I should like as much as to tell others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin." —Selected.

The desire to do good works, oftentimes so predominates over the determination to be inwardly right with God, as to prevent the paying of proper attention to the latter requirement. It is true we are called both to be good, and to do good, but the divine order is, first be; then do as a result of being. Unless this order is followed, we are acting contrary to the plan and will of God. In the performance of good works Self may be fed and strengthened, but in the determination to be good, the death sentence of Self is declared. —Words of Faith.

When God beckons you forward he is always responsible for the transport. —F. B. Meyer.
Pride in Dress.

What is the cause of all the dazzling display of dress that is seen in the world and in the church? It is pride in the heart. Multiplied thousands of girls in our cities are leading lives of up, to love fine clothes and ornaments. In the heart. Multiplied thousands of the world and in the church? It is pride in the men who, though they dress plainly, we know of some good Christian women who, though they dress plainly, indeed, what is it? Is it nothing to clothe their children in all the fashions of the day, thus fostering pride in their hearts from infancy.

“Love not the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him.” (I Jno. ii. 15.) What greater proof have we that much of the religious profession of to-day is a sham, than the outward ornamentation and putting on of apparel? It is not in him. What is the cause of all the dazzl

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 of 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, said the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave then neither root or branch.” (Mal. iv:1.)

In I Peter iii. 3, we are told not to let our adorning be that of the outward, but to adorn the hidden man of the heart, with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which in the sight of God is of great price, or “perfection complete,” as one translation has it. For after this manner the holy women of old adorned themselves. We are told in I Tim. ii. 9, to dress in “modest apparel with shame-facedness.” What a contrast between such language and the bold-faced immodesty of much of the present-day apparel!

The wearing of gold is specially forbidden, both in I Tim. ii. 9 and in I Peter iii. 3; and why is it that in all denominations and in some holiness circles we see chains, rings, gold-rimmed glasses, watches, pins, etc., from the pulpit to the door? You say it is not gold, only composition. But the pulpit to the door? You say it is not gold, only composition, but if there is any doubt, we should give God the benefit of it, and so make sure of being on the right side, and by and by

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? on 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 professéd 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 as an oven; and all the proud… shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, said the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave then neither root or 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 concluding with a love feast on November 18 and 19, to which all are heartily invited. Eld. J. N. Martin of Elizabethtown has consented to help in these meetings.

The brethren of Carland, Mich., are anxious to have brethren and sisters from other districts visit them at the time of their lovefeast, October 21, 22. Those coming from Durand on the trolley should get off at Mitchell’s crossing. Those by steam train at Carland. Write to Eld. Jonathan Lyons, Owosso, Mich., R. R. No. 8, for further instruction.

We learn that Eld. Asa Bearss, one of the oldest ministers in the Black Creek, Ont., district, has been for some time severely afflicted with neuralgia in the face, resulting in the loss of sight in one eye. We sympathize with Bro. Bearss in this affliction and hope relief may come speedily.

—In Memoriam.

Our ranks are thinning, one by one, How soon the race of life is run; Since our dear Howard is gone to stay; How little we thought a year ago To part with those we love—how sad, And say farewell; but—Oh! how glad That living hope springs up and cries, There is no good that God is rude. Since our dear Howard is gone to stay: How little we thought a year ago 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.

Our home is sad and very lonely, Yet at the cross I humbly kneel; Our ranks are thinning, one by one, How soon the race of life is run; Since our dear Howard is gone to stay: How little we thought a year ago 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.

[Obituaries]

ROTH.—Dr. W. F. Roth, of Manheim, Pa., died at a hospital in Lancaster on September 3, 1911. His wife, sister Han­

Detwiler, with five children, two sons and three daughters survived. His funeral service was held at his late home on September 7, 1911. Interment took place at the Cross Road cemetery.

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, niece Bergey and a nephew, John Althouse. Funeral services were held on August 30, 1911, from his late residence, followed by ser¬

IDLE.—Sarah Elizabeth Ide (nee Frymier) was born in Lycoming county, Pa., December 3, 1844, died of grangrene, at the home of her sister, John Keener, near Hope, Kans., August 7, 1911, aged 68 years, 8 months and 4 days. She was married to John Idle about forty-eight years ago. Her husband preceded her to the spirit world about four years ago. To this union were born eight children, and three daughters of whom three sons are liv­ing, all in Pennsylvania. Her funeral 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 and 9 months and 29 days. His mother, who is now the wife of brother David Wenger, of Fairland, Ind., and two sisters, and two brothers are with him. His father preceded him to the spirit world eleven years ago. He bore his afflictions gently. His passing 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, Our home is sad and very lonely, Since our dear Howard is gone to stay: How little we thought a year ago To part with those we love—how sad, And say farewell; but—Oh! how glad That living hope springs up and cries, There is no good that God is rude. Since our dear Howard is gone to stay: How little we thought a year ago To part with those we love—how sad, And say farewell; but—Oh! how glad That living hope springs up and cries, There is no good that God is rude.