Evangelical Visitor (1887-1999)  

11-27-1911  


George Detwiler
EDITORIAL—

When I Anchored my Soul.

We were wending our way slowly up the road leading from the railroad station. I heard whistling down the valley to the right. It was the clear whistle of a few bars of the chorus:

"I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more!"

Then silently in my soul I sang on and said, "I like that tune." It transported me back to the autumn of 1870. It was there alone, thinking. I thought of rest, and said, "Whether the Lord blesses me or not, by His help I am going to serve Him as long as I live—Hallelujah." Then I anchored my soul. Then I found salvation.

Here I have been standing ever since. That Friday morning will never be forgotten while memory lasts. I do not know how they count time in heaven, but I do not think that eternity can obliterate or confuse that day. No wonder I like such hymns as these: "O sacred hour, O hallowed spot; "Where love divine first found me," and "How happy are they who live—Hallelujah." Then I anchored my soul, and the anchor has been holding. I was not deceived. There was a covenant entered into. I want to keep my part of it, and I am certain God will not fail. I have been faithful. I have been willing to tell this experience through the parts of my life. With the help of the Lord I have been faithful to others."

Poetry—

The Two Nature's in Man—

When I Anchored my Soul, 1
The Self-Surrendered Life, 11
Non-Conformity—Amanda Snyder, 8
Praying When the Sun Shines, 12
Trials Which Test, 12
Little Things Tell, 12
In a Mysterious Way, 13

SELECTED—

When I Anchored my Soul, 1
A Prayer, II
The Two Nature's in Man—
P. T. Alexander, 11
Non-Conformity—Amanda Snyder, 8
Thoughts on Sanctification—J. O. Lehman, 9
Live Unto God—Geo. S. Grim, 9
A Letter—Peter Stover, 10

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL—
Miscellany, .................................. 2, 3
POETRY—
God's Refusals, ............................ 1
Family Prayers, .............................. 10
A Prayer for Wider Sympathy, 10
A Prayer, .................................... 11
The Lesson, .................................. 13
CONTRIBUTED—
The Two Nature's in Man—P. T. Alexander, 8
Non-Conformity—Amanda Snyder, 8
Thoughts on Sanctification—J. O. Lehman, 9
Live Unto God—Geo. S. Grim, 9
A Letter—Peter Stover, 10

SELECTED—
When I Anchored my Soul, 1
The Self-Surrendered Life, 11
Non-Conformity—Amanda Snyder, 8
Praying When the Sun Shines, 12
Trials Which Test, 12
Little Things Tell, 12
In a Mysterious Way, 13

NEWS OF CHURCH ACTIVITY, ETC. 4, 5, 6, 7
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, 14, 15
OBITUARY, ETC., 16

Evangelical Visitor.

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

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

Vol. XXV. Harrisburg, Pa., Monday, November, 27, 1911.

No 24

Putting Away Anger.

A Danish missionary at Port Arthur writes in the Danske Missions-Blad:

“One does not have to be in China long before one witnesses repulsive scenes. I never believed that men could become so crazy mad (angry is too mild an expression) as a Chinese can. He gets entirely beside himself with fury, screams in wild horror, froths and kisses, and emits strange noises while thundering at his adversary. He yields himself entirely to his wrath.

“Such scenes one sees only in heathen lands. They recall often the apostolic words: 'Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor... (the Danish word for clamor is skrigen, or screeching) be put away from you.' (Eph. 4:31.)

“Paul warns the Christians against that uncontrolled, insane anger which these newly converted might retain from their heathen days, the spirit of which seemed all about them. Pray for our Christians here that they may witness Christ's power of deliverance from this.”

“Hope can never die while God is trusted.”

God's Refusals.

Do you think a loving father,
Listening with attentive ear,
To it's darling's earnest pleading,
Whispered low that none may hear;
Do you think he loves so little
That he ne'er her wish refuses,
Or you would have had your way.
But you thought your heavenly Father,
Headless when you asked that day,
That the harmful side He sees,
He so often answers "No."

Heedless when you asked that day:
That He takes no care to choose
What seems best to you and me,
Or you would have had your way.

Have you never thought the reason—
That the harmful side He sees,
That he ne'er her wish refuses,
Or you would have had your way.

If He grants you all your pleas;
And He knows, too well, your danger,
If He grants you all your pleas;
That he ne'er her wish refuses;
To his darling's earnest pleading,
But you thought your heavenly Father,
But you thought your earthly wishes—
That the harmful side He sees;
To it's darling's earnest pleading,
That He so often answers "No."

Dear, He couldn't be our Father,
Do you think He loves so little
If He cared no more, you see,
That he ne'er her wish refuses,
Than to grant our earthly wishes—
Or you would have had your way.
How could he become so crazy mad (angry is too mild an expression) as a Chinese can.

Put away from you. (Eph. 4:31).

"Hope can never die while God is trusted."

A Prayer, II

"Tis because He loves her so!
That he ne'er her wish refuses,
Or you would have had your way.

Hope can never die while God is trusted."

"Hope can never die while God is trusted."

God's Refusals.

Do you think a loving father,
Listening with attentive ear,
To it's darling's earnest pleadings,
Whispered low that none may hear;
Do you think he loves so little
That he ne'er her wish refuses,
Or you would have had your way.
But you thought your heavenly Father,
Headless when you asked that day:
That the harmful side He sees,
He so often answers "No."

Heedless when you asked that day:
That He takes no care to choose
What seems best to you and me,
Or you would have had your way.

Have you never thought the reason—
That the harmful side He sees,
That he ne'er her wish refuses,
Or you would have had your way.

If He grants you all your pleas;
And He knows, too well, your danger,
If He grants you all your pleas;
That he ne'er her wish refuses;
To his darling's earnest pleading,
But you thought your heavenly Father,
But you thought your earthly wishes—
That the harmful side He sees;
To his darling's earnest pleading,
That He so often answers "No."

Dear, He couldn't be our Father,
Do you think He loves so little
If He cared no more, you see,
Than to grant our earthly wishes—
What seems best to you and me.
Do you think He loves so little
That He takes no care to choose
What is best for all His dear ones,
And all other things refuse?
"Tis because He loves us so! He doth ever answer "No."

—Sel. by Rebecca W. Varner.
bring defeat and disaster to any cause however good. The one great hindrance to the success of anti-liquor legislation even in prohibition states is the "federal shield of interstate commerce" over an invasion of State rights. Instead of saying that prohibition does not prohibit, intelligent men should have said that prohibition cannot prohibit until the national government ceases to protect "outside liquor dealers by the shield of interstate commerce in doing what dealers in the State are forbidden to do." This great wrong will only be corrected when once the people of the states that are conscious of the iniquity of it will bring pressure sufficiently strong on the federal lawmakers to convince them that the people are determined to have this great wrong put away. The liquor power, and with it are associated all other purveyors of evil and morally destructive agents, are united, while others who are in favor of laws that will conserve the morals, the health, and all other features that make for the good of the people, are divided and fight among each other. The good people of any state, city or town can control these things if they will come together on common ground. As long as they don't do so the forces of evil will continue to run things for their profit even if it is destructive to the populace.

Bro. A. L. Eisenhower wishes to testify of being wonderfully healed without medicine. As to his former physical condition he mentions having suffered with stomach trouble for thirty years, even a small quantity of fresh sweet milk, or toast causing him extreme suffering, had spells of vomiting lasting for hours at a time. As a result rheumatism came which troubled him for nineteen years. At last, after long uncertainty, it is At last, after long uncertainty, it is announced that as a result of the vote taken in the State of Maine on September 11, the prohibitory clause will remain as a part of that State's Constitution. But the majority is very small, only 758. Wilbur F. Crafts, Superintendent of the International Reform Bureau, calls it a Near-Defeat. He says there is no call to ring bells other than fire-bells, for it is 42,214 less majority than the same issue commanded in 1884 out of a smaller population. A brother, a hitherto prohibition enthusiast wrote us some time ago predicting defeat in Maine to be followed soon by Alabama and next year by Kansas. We hope the prediction will fail in every case, but true it is that everywhere the liquor power is fighting with all the power it has, while prohibitionists to a large extent lack enthusiasm and are split up in factions so that there can be no united work. Why a prohibition State should choose men to help make its laws in Congress or Senate who are the advocates of liquor is hard to understand. To pass a prohibitory law anywhere and then put the authority and responsibility of enforcing the law into the hands of men who are unfriendly to the law is sure to now corrected. He and his wife would be ready to give their services to such an undertaking. He asks that the saints pray for them, especially that he may be blessed and used of the Lord as he goes into the homes of the poor, and may later describe some of the conditions as he finds them. His address is 1405 W. 23rd St., Des Moines, la.

On November 17, in the morning, there came a brief message to us bearing the sad news of the passing away of one of the beloved missionaries in Africa. The message was dated at Bulawayo, November 17, and was signed, "Steigerwald." It contained these words, "Bro. Doner passed away peacefully. Please inform friends." Thus one more name is added to the list of missionary heroes. First Bishop Engle, then Sr. Cress, later Sr. Doner, Bro. Doner's first wife, and now Bro. Doner. It is about thirteen years since Bro. Doner first went to Africa and has continued to be an important factor in the work there during all this time. Once did he visit the homeland for a year during this time as he needed rest and recovery from the fever to which his system had become subject. Bro. Doner has been active in extending the work in connection with the Matopo Mission, which was the parent station. As we understand it, he, with his first wife
were the founders of the Mapane outstation. After his return from the homeland visit he, with his second wife, who was Sr. Sallie Kreider of Campbellstown, Pa., again had charge of that station until it was necessary for them to take charge, temporarily, of Matopo Mission during the absence of Eld. and Sr. Steigerwald in the homeland last year. Recently letters that have appeared in our columns told of the movement of establishing a new outstation in the Chibi district, and Sr. Book’s letter in our last issue gave an account of the journey from Matopo to that new place. In the movement Bro. Doner was the leading agent, under God, and it appeared as though the move gave promise of success. But now with the suddenness of a lightning flash, almost, there comes this message. God knows why. “Sometimes we’ll understand.” We bow humbly to His will. May God bless the bereaved, and comfort the Africa workers.

Special series of meetings have been, and are being, held in a number of the districts of the Brotherhood in Pennsylvania. We have learned of Eld. Henry O. Wenger laboring at Pequa, Lancaster county, Eld. Clayton Engle at Manheim, Eld. J. N. Martin at Graters Ford, Eld. C. S. Eshelman at Cross Roads, and Bishop J. W. Smith of Ohio, at Silverdale and Souderton. Eld. D. W. Brehm is to undertake work in Lykens Valley dist., on Thanksgiving Day. We understand also that Bishop D. R. Eyster of Thomas, Okla., will labor at different points in the Dauphin and Lebanon dist., later in the season. Our wish and prayer is that these efforts may be successful and accomplish what they are intended to accomplish. namely, the glory of God and the salvation of precious souls. But true success can only be attained if the Holy Spirit guides and directs. May He have His way in all the efforts, and success will result.

We have a letter from W. S. Hinkle, whose articles have appeared in the VisDrmor occasionally, calling attention to what he regards as a very favorable opportunity of establishing a church extension work in Council Bluffs, Iowa. He writes as follows: “There is a large commodious building in this city, fully furnished and equipped in all its departments: electrically lighted, city water, beds, bedding, stoves, chinaware, etc., on “Twelfth and Broadway, that is for rent at $2.50 per month. It was erected not long ago as a Union City Mis-

“sion, but the ‘union,’ as is often the case, seems to have resulted in disunion and disruption. Missionary meetings are still held in it throughout the week and on Sundays.

“It could be made self-supporting in a short time, we believe, by merely renting rooms of which there are over a dozen. We consider it a very good thing on the line of church extension work. The Mennonites have a mission in Omaha, across the river. A lady from that mission preached a very fine sermon here.

“If any have a missionary spirit we know of nothing better or more promising for a small outlay. They would find a small band of consecrated workers, ready to help, who need some one to lead who is filled with love to God and man. This is a center that reaches about 300,000 people (Council Bluffs, North and South Omaha.) The address of the person who has practically the say in the matter is Rev. Overton, 1320 avenue A, Council Bluffs, Iowa.”

We are glad to learn that God is blessing the work at Kindersley, Sask. Several correspondents have written to us of the visit of Bro. Lafayette Shoalitz of Forks Road, Ont., to that place. Meetings were held at the new church and some ten or more persons yielded to the wooping of the Spirit. But not only were sinners quickened into life but there was gracious quickening among the believers. Incidentally an expression of one of the correspondents disclosed a condition that obtains in that new country which no doubt needs to be guarded against by the Christian people. The expression agrees with what we have heard from others who have gone to that new country. It is the spirit that lusts for more land. The brother who wrote this says, “Some of us got our eyes on land and money, and perhaps forgot the Giver.” Through the quickening which he received under the powerful ministry of Bro. S., he can now say, “At present I have not the desire for more land as I had had.” Jesus said, “Beware of covetousness,” and “A man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.”

Our Scripture Text Wall Calendar for 1912 is ready for delivery and it would be well for all who intend to order one, or a hundred, to place their order early. Do it now, because later the rush may be so heavy that the publishers may not be able to fill all orders as promptly as we wish before the rush commences. You can send your order by postal card now and send the money later. The Calendar is very nicely gotten up. We have in a former note explained that this year we go back again to the form and style of two years ago. We are desiring an agent in every community to handle them. All such should write us at once for terms. The Calendar sells for 25 cents per single copy, five for one dollar, $2.50 per single dozen, and in larger quantities at still more reduced rates. Bro. Amos R. Good of the Lancaster City Mission, 653 Manor street, will have them for sale and all of that section can get what they want from him. Send in your orders without delay.

On Thursday next, November 30, according to the Proclamation of President Taft, as also of that of the Governors of the different states, will occur the Annual National Thanksgiving, on which day it is requested that the citizens of this United States render thanks to Almighty God for the blessings of peace, quietness and prosperity vouchsafed to this nation. It is requested that the people of the land gather themselves together in their various places of worship and publicly express the thanks they owe to the Ruler of all, for continuing His merciful kindness to us, having given us fruitful seasons whereby there is bread and raiment and shelter for all its citizens, while from Russia and from India come the tidings of starving multitudes because of failure of crops. We have much to be thankful for and we ought not to forget to render due thanks for all His benefits. Canada’s Thanksgiving occurred a month earlier.

Bro. and Sr. J. H. Myers have gone to spend the Winter in Florida. They left Harrisburg, Pa., two weeks ago, and are located two miles south of Orlando, in the pines. Their permanent address is still Mechanicsburg, Pa., but can at present be addressed at Orlando, Florida, care of H. O. Page, R. R. No. 1, Box 65.

Sister Iva C. Herr of Clayton, O., wishes to inform all who have ordered the booklet commemorative of her late husband, Levi Herr, that the issuing of the booklet has been unavoidably delayed. However she expects to be able to supply them all in a short time.

A word in response to our letter informing Bro. S. Doner, father of Bro. Levi Doner, of the passing away of his son, informs us that his son, November 27, 1911.}
had he lived, would have reached his thirty-sixth birthday on January 8, 1912.

Oxygen is nature's greatest curative agent. Without oxygen there could be no life, with oxygen in abundance there is life and consequently health in abundance. All you need is to know how to get it.

The $18,000,000 families of the United States spend annually $900,000,000 for drugs and doctor bills.

The ear that harkeneth to the reproof of life shall abide among the wise.—Prov. xv. 31.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Chicago Mission.

Report for Month Ending November 15, 1911.

Greetings to all saints. "Grace and peace may be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord. According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue." We wish we might be able to put into writing the appreciation of our hearts for the love and good will of the dear brethren and sisters in that which they have sent for the support of the Lord's work at this place. We are confident that prayers have been offered in behalf of the work and that the temporal things of which we have need are the results of that which preceded.

How thankful we should be for God's plan and purpose, and that we can all have a part in His great work here upon the earth, those who are in their homes with those who are in the field gathering in the sheaves.

Especially was I made to thank the Lord for this when a poor widow, a mother of a babe eight months old and another a few years old whose little possessions were burned, came into our home a few days ago, weary, and cold, and troubled, to know where her next meal should come from, not so much for herself as for her little ones who were left somewhere hungry and cold while she went to find work. As we went in and out, up and down to gather such things as would be of least a comfort, we did not forget to ask God to bless those who had come to the help of the Lord, so that temporal blessings may be given to those who have not and who are in distress.

Much might be said on that line which I believe would be of interest to you if time would permit. Yes, books could be written which Father knows the suffering of His fallen people because of sin which has come into the world. He keeps a record of all that we do and that He has cared for us, and provided for our needs, and feel to trust Him for the future. We were also much pleased to have Sr. Maud Beatty, one of the Orphanage workers, kindly took charge of the work during our absence, for which we are thankful.

Sr. Mary Frymire also assisted with the work a few weeks.

Our City Missions.


Arlington Mission, 509 Halstead street.

In charge of Sister Sarah Bert, Brother B. L. Brubaker and Sister Nancy Shirk.

Akron, Ohio, Mission, 1225 W. 11th street.

In charge of Eld. J. R. and Sister Anna Zook.


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

Financial.

Balance carried over, $24.19

Bethany S. S., Oklahoma, $16.44; F. Smith, Idaho, $5.60; poor widow, Milville, Ills.; $1; Y. P. M., Chicago, $612.

EXPENDITURES.

Groceries, $75.64; express and freight, $5; gas for lighting, $5.12. Total, $87.81.

In His Name, $8; Grandma Hutchins, $.5; Brethren, Abilene, Kans., $10; Sr. Hunsberger, Mich., $1; B. S. Herr, Cambridge City, Ind., $5; S. S. Hope, Ks., $16.80. Total, $45.80.

We have also received from Bro. Foote, Ind., one barrel peaches, $25.50; a friend, Bashka, Ks., 9 pounds butter, apple butter, sweet potatoes, 7 chickens, $20.00; Sr. Maud Beatty, Brethren of New Paris, Ind., 150 quarts fruit, 4 sacks potatoes, one sack beets, one sack turnips, one barrel apple, Miss. Brevil, Sisters of Mercy, Ill., 70 quarts fruit.

Sarah Bent and Workers.

Hummelstown, Pa.

Jabbbok Faith Orphanage.

Report for August, September and October.

We feel thankful to God for the way He has cared for us, and provided for our needs, and feel to trust Him for the future.

With our large family, it is quite a problem with the Winter before us, having had a very dry Summer, and not much being raised on the farm; but have found His promise true to those who put their trust in Him.

Bro. and Sr. D. L. Book came in and kindly took charge of the work during our absence, for which we are thankful.

Sr. Mary Frymire also assisted with the work a few weeks.

Sr. Maud Beatty, one of the Orphanage girls, who had become of age, returned to Fall as a worker, to help care for the little ones.

We were also much pleased to have Sr. Hattie Redenske join us in the work here.

She was one of the girls that grew up in the Home for Friendless at Hillsboro, Kans., of which work we had charge for a number of years.

The school work is progressing nicely, with Sr. Alma Casel, of Brooklyn, O., as teacher.

Our family now numbers thirty-two persons and all are well and happy. We have just lately returned from a vacation and business trip and therefore this report is somewhat late. We feel refreshed and encouraged to work with renewed diligence.

Asking an interest in your prayers that the Lord's blessing may shine upon us.

Financial.

Receipts.

A brother, $1; Fairview S. S., through A. O. Zook, $5.40; Bethany S. S., Thomas, Okla., $15.20; Rosebank S. S., Hope, Ks., special for workers, $8.75; Mrs. Nancy Lenhart, Abilene, Kans., 50 cents; Mrs. Sarah Caskey, Abilene, Kans., $1; Bro. Herr, Thomas, Okla., $3; Ed. Caskey, Thomas, Okla., $8; Sam White, Thomas,
Okla., $1; J. E. Landis, Thomas, Okla., $25; Mrs. Mary Grove, Caldwell, Kansas, $15.

**OTHER DONATIONS.**

Mrs. Foster, Thomas, Oklahoma, 2 pair shoes, and cloth; Mrs. Jeremiah Engle, Jetmore, Kansas, 3 pillow cushions; Mary Engle, Abilene, Kansas; pin cushion; Rosebank Sisters’ Sewing Circle, Kansas City, Kansas, 6 pair drawers, 2 shirts, 12 pair rompers, 1 sun bonnet, 2 bed covers; Mrs. Mary Maust, Hope, Kansas, 2 sheets; Ada Engle, Navaro, Kansas, 1 pair shoes, 1 pair drawers; 2 crates canteens.

**A VOICE FROM KANSAS.**

To all the dear readers of the Evangelical Visitor we come with the realization of Psalm 23. Since our last writing for the Visitor we have been busy about our Master’s business and have manifested our love and gratitude to Him through the acts of the hands and hearts of those who live near and far. The Helen Brethren and Sisters have been reduced in numbers by death and other causes. But there is nevertheless a band of faithful ones left to further promote the cause of our Lord. We hope to remain in Kansas until after November 7th. Theirs is a busy time of labor and it is almost marvelous in our busy circumstances.

On the 4th and 5th, we attended the love feast at the Zion church, where we used to live and where with many others we had many enjoyable seasons. The feast was quite largely attended and it was soul-cheering to hear the beautiful testimonies of God’s children. The song services were inspiring. There are many of our young people that have the gift of song and they make good use of it to His praise and glory. Early on the morning of the 4th, we heard the sad news of the departure out of this life of our dear young brother, Christian G. Engle, next to youngest son of Eld. T. N. Engle. On the morning of the 6th, we attended the funeral of this dear and promising young brother. We looked forward and hoped that in years to come he might be used of God for the advancement of His cause, but the Lord saw fit to call his spirit to Himself, so we believe our loss is his eternal gain; hence we sorrow not as those that have no hope. Also on the 4th, we learned of the death of our dear young brother, Al ler Eshelman, son of Bro. Sr. Isaac Eshelman. He also was a very promising young brother. The families and the community were greatly shocked at the unexpected death of these two dear young brethren. It was our privilege to attend the funeral of young brother Eshelman in the Abilene church on November 7th. The large attendance at the burial of both these young brethren showed the high esteem in which they were held by the people of the community. These loud calls to the young people of this community and we hope that many will seek the Lord early, for they who seek the Lord early have the promise that they shall find Him.

We hope to remain in Kansas until after the love feast at Abilene, and possibly, soon after that turn our steps homeward. Possibly our next communication will be from home.

Yours in love,

NOAH ZOOK.

Abilene, Kansas, Nov. 8, 1911.

---

**FROM MR. SNYDER.**

I see cruel men beat their dumb beasts while they are doing all they can to go past our home here. I wonder sometimes the dumb beast don’t turn around to see if they is any of them that feel the same way. I say, “Am I not doing all I can?” like Balaam’s ass. Read Num. 22:28. The whole chapter is good. What is it? Sin. We try to reckon out sometimes why this or that is, but after we are done, what is it? Sin. And will not go unpunished. I know, in our own family. What we snoop we reap. I look at my mother, and see Rebecca, Isaac, and weep. Did not Rebecca favor Jacob? And seek what? Trouble! Look at Joseph’s father. After giving Joseph a coat of many colors, did not that father trouble when the other boys killed him, and blood on Joseph’s coat and made their old father believe some wild beast tore him to pieces? See the prodigal son. Had not that father sorrow and trouble over his son? Moody says, “Whatever we sow we reap.” Did you read the article in the Evangelical Visitor October 16, page 8? Is this your case? Read it. A little thin-faced girl in New York, six or seven years old, went into a saloon and saw her father drink. She said to the rum seller, “Don’t sell papa any more. We are starving at home.” The rum man kicked her out. Moody says, “Sin will be punished.” He says he would not take the place of the ten thousand rum sellers in New York if he got the world. No, sir, they may escape the law of earth, but they will be tried at God’s bar.

The Belsazar Lesson.

In my class on Sunday I told my girls how long I was reveling and feasting my time away, frolicking and dancing away whole nights; went home and dreamed that I was falling through a bottomless pit. What pleasure or joy was there in that? I did not see the hand writing on the wall, nor an earthquake, neither was I shaken over the grave to convince and show me my condition, but sin had to get exceeding sinful. God often let something come to me, or over me that I should quit sin and turn to Him. I had a thousand lords, like Belshazzar. I was drunk with pleasure and pride. I wonder and pray sometimes, what it will take to reach hearts the way people are, to get them to come and stop and think and tremble and fear God. If it will take a handwriting on the wall, I pray the Lord to let it come, and anything else God, let it come, reveal Thyself, and where I am not right with God. I pray, “Lord, come in Thy way.”

Bro. J. N. Martin of Elizabethtown, was with us and delivered a touching message. Surely we were glad as our hearts were touched and our eyes melted in tears. Praise the Lord! I feel so full here lately, I think there will be a storm, but Jesus was on the stormy sea. I will trust Him. Pray for me.

AMANDA SNYDER.

An Invitation.

Dear editor: How rapidly the years roll away. It will soon be twenty-five years since I was taken down to my bed. A quarter of a century in one position! It is almost beyond belief that one could lie so long in such a condition, but “God works in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.” He surely had a work for me to do if it was only to be still and suffer, and make others happy and contented by contrasting their lives with mine. As we grow older we learn to think of the future, and the kingdom of God’s ways. He is too wise to err, never makes a mistake. Things that seem so mysterious to our minds are done with a wise purpose. We can readily see, for instance, how cruel it would have been to some of us had He permitted us to look into the future. Could I have done so twenty-five years ago I would have drawn back in horror at the knowledge of what lay before me. But God mercifully shut our eyes to the future, and allows us to live on in hope of better things to come. It is a blessed thing to hope even if our hope is not fulfilled, but on the hope of getting well. And now that hope is deth, but I still have a bright, blessed hope, friends, a hope of a better world, a world without suffering and sorrow, where I am not right with anything else. Lord, let it come, reveal Thyself, and where I am not right with God. I pray, “Lord, come in Thy way.”
speak, since I was writing you to attend my letter party to celebrate the twenty-fourth year of my life in bed. And now I am inviting you to come again next Christmas day. As this is the twenty-fifth, I will call it my twenty-fifth one, if you have nothing to add. I do not think I will accept nothing but silver for my books. Anything that represents silver will be all right (save stamps; don't send those if you can avoid it.) These were a law for me to depend on for a support. So be sure and order one or all when you write to me. If you have read them, order anyway and give them to me as well as the others. The Annual of Four Years in a Mattress Grave—price 20 cents. This book is the story of my life. And gives an amusing account of my experience with quack doctors. "Ideas of an Invalid," 30 cents, gives my views on religion. One chapter tells of my mother's peaceful death. "Plain Talks and Tales," 40 cents. And my last book, "Cheerful Chats," 50 cents. All of these, save the 30 cents, are my price for them. They are in a corner of my room. The past Summer was the most severe of the twenty-five I have spent in bed. The heat was intense; I could not lift my head or turn over, my pillow and bed felt as if they had been baked in an oven, and what little air we had might have gone off of Sahara. I was unable to turn over, or move an inch. You may know what I suffered. I was taken out only once and that was to church.

In conclusion allow me to urge you to attend my "Silver letter party," as I will be able to celebrate the golden anniversary of my life in bed. My letter is short this time, but enough to let you know I am still living, waiting and watching for the hour to strike when I can bid this old world goodbye.

THOS. F. LOCKHART.

Wellington, Mo.

From Sister Long.

Dear Sister:

I come to you in that all-prevaling name of Jesus with a message of love, even amid sorrow and a grief-stricken heart, yet hopeful that victory is at hand. Praise His high and holy name forever and ever.

Lately some have inquired why I have not written for the VISITOR, saying they missed my letters. Last Spring I said to dear Sister Catic Kohl that I would sooner write for the paper if the name did not need to appear. The answer she gave me was not encouraging to not print it. So, by God's grace and help I will again take up this work, although I feel my inability and want of the Holy Spirit among the people. I was also shown to me very clearly that I was not the one that should be doing this work, although I feel my inability and want of the Holy Spirit among the people. It required special talents, in the quiet stillness, the Holy Spirit would bring to me. These books are what I have to depend on for support. So be sure and order one or all when you write to me. If you have read them, order anyway and give them to me as well as the others. The Annual of Four Years in a Mattress Grave—price 20 cents. This book is the story of my life. And gives an amusing account of my experience with quack doctors. "Ideas of an Invalid," 30 cents, gives my views on religion. One chapter tells of my mother's peaceful death. "Plain Talks and Tales," 40 cents. And my last book, "Cheerful Chats," 50 cents. All of these, save the 30 cents, are my price for them. They are in a corner of my room. The past Summer was the most severe of the twenty-five I have spent in bed. The heat was intense; I could not lift my head or turn over, my pillow and bed felt as if they had been baked in an oven, and what little air we had might have gone off of Sahara. I was unable to turn over, or move an inch. You may know what I suffered. I was taken out only once and that was to church.

In conclusion allow me to urge you to attend my "Silver letter party," as I will be able to celebrate the golden anniversary of my life in bed. My letter is short this time, but enough to let you know I am still living, waiting and watching for the hour to strike when I can bid this old world goodbye.

THOS. F. LOCKHART.

Wellington, Mo.

From Sister Long.

Dear Sister:

I come to you in that all-prevaling name of Jesus with a message of love, even amid sorrow and a grief-stricken heart, yet hopeful that victory is at hand. Praise His high and holy name forever and ever.

Lately some have inquired why I have not written for the VISITOR, saying they missed my letters. Last Spring I said to dear Sister Catic Kohl that I would sooner write for the paper if the name did not need to appear. The answer she gave me was not encouraging to not print it. So, by God's grace and help I will again take up this work, although I feel my inability and want of the Holy Spirit among the people. I was also shown to me very clearly that I was not the one that should be doing this work, although I feel my inability and want of the Holy Spirit among the people. It required special talents, in the quiet stillness, the Holy Spirit would bring to me. These books are what I have to depend on for support. So be sure and order one or all when you write to me. If you have read them, order anyway and give them to me as well as the others. The Annual of Four Years in a Mattress Grave—price 20 cents. This book is the story of my life. And gives an amusing account of my experience with quack doctors. "Ideas of an Invalid," 30 cents, gives my views on religion. One chapter tells of my mother's peaceful death. "Plain Talks and Tales," 40 cents. And my last book, "Cheerful Chats," 50 cents. All of these, save the 30 cents, are my price for them. They are in a corner of my room. The past Summer was the most severe of the twenty-five I have spent in bed. The heat was intense; I could not lift my head or turn over, my pillow and bed felt as if they had been baked in an oven, and what little air we had might have gone off of Sahara. I was unable to turn over, or move an inch. You may know what I suffered. I was taken out only once and that was to church.

In conclusion allow me to urge you to attend my "Silver letter party," as I will be able to celebrate the golden anniversary of my life in bed. My letter is short this time, but enough to let you know I am still living, waiting and watching for the hour to strike when I can bid this old world goodbye.

THOS. F. LOCKHART.

Wellington, Mo.
accident had injured and dislocated one or more vertebras in my spine, and that by his treatments he could cure me. I accordingly commenced to take treatments. As he laid me on my stomach on his table and pushed at my back, which he said would vigil brighter light again spring up and for the first time in my life I accepted full salvation by faith: for the first time in my life I really believed the Lord, and as He showed me that salvation and healing is by faith, through His merits and not ours, I said, “O Lord, I know I am unworthy, I know I deserve nothing, but through Thy merits I accept, receive and believe.” That night my yield was my faith touched God. I realized the work done. I knew my prayer was heard and answered. The Lord said, “I heal you.” I arose from my knees with the victory in my soul. I knew my prayer was heard and answered. I receive,” and as I fully yielded and my heart was turned to Him a Friend indeed, because He will make no mistakes, and that He had said his work is up country, I came here. I said his work is up country, and there are from one to several thousand natives in each. And there are so few Christian workers, and many of the Compounds are untouched. Seeing the open doors, and the work to be done, I knew our hearts went out to this people. But knowing that the Father makes no mistakes, and that He had said my work is up country, I came here. I knew there was no good reason why I should have had a desire to stop there. But I came, and especially single women, cannot work on the Rand. How good our Father is to let us just know His will and substantiates it with facts.

Trust God to care for these precious souls, and raise up those whom He can use there, we came on to Bulawayo, and out to Matopo Mission, where it has pleased the Father to use me, for the Lord was doing a good work begun here, but plenty more yet to be done. And while learning the language and people, I have other work to do, which I can do. I praise the Lord for the little corner He has given me to fill. And while abiding in the vine, find the needed grace for each day. As Bro. Steigerwald is making his monthly visit to Mapungu and out-stations, Sr. Heisey and Manhlenhle had the services yesterday. It being the time of year when there is not so much work in the gardens, attendance is much better than when we first came, and so the increase. Just after the close of services we were told of a very sick child. They told us it dies awhile then comes to life again. Of course, one would readily understand this to be a spasm or fainting spell. Sr. Heisey and I, with some of the boys, went to the kraal; found the baby on its grandmother’s lap, a very sick child, but not near death. As the cool of evening was coming on, the child took notice of things, also some food. The light of the Gospel having come into this home, the mother’s heart was turned to Him. After a song and prayer we left her weeping. Praise God may find His way into the hearts of the inmates of this home.

The Lion of the Tribe of Judah can break every chain and give us the victory again and again. Arriving at home just at sunset we found a hot supper awaiting us. Needless to say we enjoyed it after the long walk. At about eight o’clock we all went to church for evening worship. Sr. Frey, who is spending a few weeks with us, read the 40th chapter of Isaiah and led in prayer. We also enjoyed some English songs with the Stilwell’s, and the fellowship of saints, the Lord sweetly meets us. There are some who are very happy in the Lord, Matshuha being one. He says he never enjoyed as much from the Lord as now, and he takes such an interest in the work about the farm. We praise God for thus answering prayer. Truly the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. And not only but the power of God can cleanse and keep these people, for sin is on every hand, and human nature is the same here as at home. But our God is able. Keep on praying, we shall reap if we were told.
“Jesus was a man.” “Not a mere man,” but God and man. “God is a Spirit,” so Jesus was both “flesh and spirit.” “That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.” (John 3:6.) “So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.” (Rom. 8:8.)

“Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin because he is born of God.” (1 John 3:9.)

It is related that upon a certain road the man says: “Sam, you have a struggle all the time? I am an infidel and telling God of his struggle to live as long as we have the struggle predominated and He was able to withstand temptation. He was born of the Spirit first, and of the flesh afterward. We are born of the flesh first, and if we would enter the kingdom of heaven we must be born of the Spirit. Being born again does not change the old nature, but it does cut off the deeds of the old nature, and allows the deeds of the new nature to predominate in our lives. “Old things pass away.” “Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God,” but I thank God that flesh and blood can become the temple of the Holy Ghost. and bear soul food for God.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Nonconformity.

By A. A. Snyder.

“The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman’s garment, for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God.” (Deut. 22:5.)

Yes, you say, that is in the Old Testament. Don’t it say we shall adorn ourselves as did the holy women of old who trusted in God (1 Peter 3:5) in olden times? Read it. The holy women did not fix their hair, wear gold, adorn themselves with ornaments. When I passed through Souderton and saw a fashion figure in a window—the figure of a woman dressed in man’s clothes, tie, hat, collar, coat; I mean a man’s pocket hat, I felt like Jeremiah to weep; and I believe, more than ever hats, coats, and collars are for men. and bonnets, torches, hoods and cloaks, for women. If in olden times women were not to dress like men, why does the New Testament say we shall adorn ourselves as the holy women of old? This belongs to holiness. I am glad I put away my strange apparel. Read Jeremiah 1:8. if we have not the mostest apparel (1 Tim. 2:9) the strange apparel belongs to and imitates the harlot: the modest apparel the Chris-
tian. Read Rev. 17:4; and Prov. 7: 18: Jer. 4:30, 31. Big sleeves, Ezek. 13: 31. “Woe to the women”: the extreme of evil. Isaiah 4:41: “We will wear our own apparel.” Will we do as we please? Did we ever make this a study? I want every reader to read these references, and let us see to it that we are not playing the harlot with the world. When Adam and Eve saw their sin and shame they sewed fig leaves to cover their shame. To-day it is a sin and shame before man and God that even so-called Christians are only covering shame when God said to Adam, “Be clothed,” and tells us to-day, “Be ye clothed.” Does not common sense teach us these things?

Ah! sin is an abomination to God. You study the strange apparel, the woman in purple, the mock robe to God and gaiety. In Jeremiah 4:30, 31, it says of being spoiled, clothed in crimson, decked in gold. Paint your face. Read it; don’t fail to read these references and you will not blame Amanda Snyder but God. I say, with God, the modest apparel belongs to the holy people, and the strange apparel to the harlot, or those who are playing harlot with the world. Purple, scarlet, crimson, painting, and dressing as a man, is abominable to God. How sad that we will not heed what God says in His holy word. What is more holy than His word? I am glad I am sanctified by His word, not by my apparel. Our dear elder, Joe Detwiler, often told us that women should not imitate man, and I had never read Deut. 22:5. Let us not fool with the abominable apparel for God will punish. Pray for me: this may cost me more than pen and ink and time.

By Geo. S. Grim.

It is not the best success always to be most known and seen by mankind. Many a quiet, and lovely life is more potent, nearer the ideal of the life of Christ than the one which is known and much talked of. “Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin—and yet I say unto you: that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.” (Matt. 6:28-29.)

It is the sweet, simple submission and obedience unto God’s will implanted in the above mentioned nature and principle of the lily to which Jesus Christ calls our attention; and in that is what gives it. Its greatest blessing of life unto mankind; and thereby we may receive a reward from it both for time and all eternity if we imitate its quality.

Louisville, Ohio.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Thoughts on Sanctification.

J. O. Lehman.

Sanctification or holiness has been and still is taught throughout Christendom from various viewpoints. Some teach the suppression of the “old man,” or “nature,” throughout one’s life. Others teach the suppression of the “old man” in sanctification, and then the expulsion of same in sanctification. Still others teach the absolute eradication of root and branch of the “old man” in sanctification as an instantaneous work, while others teach neither suppression nor eradication but crucifixion to the “old man,” and to be led by the Spirit, to live in the supernatural, when and where they are free from the “old man.” “This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh.” (Gal. 5:16.)

To say that the subjugation of the “old man” is possible in either justification or sanctification is contrary to Scripture. Years ago when we read the theories and teachings of some prominent holiness teachers we found an irrefutable doctrine advocated by them. It was that in justification the “old man” is kept under and a victorious life lived until sanctification takes place, when the “old man” is expelled or eradicated. How this was possible was the question which confronted the writer. To admit this was to acknowledge that a babe in Christ would be better able to manage the “old man” than the one who went on to sanctification. We are justified by faith (Rom. 5:1), though the “old man” may not have been recognized, but we only keep justified as we go on to the 6th of Romans, there recognizing that he has been dealt with on the cross. As one apprehends this crucifixion of the “old man” by appropriating faith an instantaneous work takes place in the heart, but the working out of the same is progressive “from faith to faith” throughout one’s life.

It is not subjugation, it is crucifixion. Paul says in Rom. 8:7: “Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.” To recognize the “old man” alive means an endless lot of trouble on hand, a constant combat and war between two contending forces, the flesh and the spirit, but to recognize him crucified, nailed to the cross with Christ means deliverance and freedom from all war and sin.

A Mistake.

Where the eradicationists make their mistake is to call the attention to the experience in the heart, rather than to call the attention to the crucifixion of the whole man on the cross with Christ. It is not what has been eradicated from the heart but what was nailed to the cross. It is not something taken from the heart and nailed to the cross, but the whole heart, man, self and all, nailed there, crucified with Him. It is not the “old man” taken out of my heart, but I am that “old man.” It is only in the sense that I live that the “old man” lives. Paul did not say in Rom. 6:6, “Knowing this that our ‘old man’ is taken out of our hearts and crucified with Him,” but “that our ‘old man’ is crucified with Him.” My “old man” is myself as Paul says in Gal. 2:20—“I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.”

To speak of sanctification as the eradication of the “old man” is to call the attention to man or man’s experience as though Christ came down and pulled something (the “old man”) out of him. It is not that; but it is the Holy Spirit taking man and placing him on the cross with Christ. It is my identification with Christ on the cross, and the working out thereof is my identification with Him in all His subsequent experiences, or entire sanctification.

To look at sanctification as the eradication of the “old man” is to make one feel as though he has come to the end of his journey and the fight all ended. It is true the fight with the “old man” ended, but the fight now is the working out of this in one’s life or in other words, it is in the daily reckoning as in Rom. 6:11: “Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

All this is accomplished by the Holy Spirit only. It is the Holy Spirit taking absolute possession and control at the time of the baptism in the Spirit that makes possible the working out of entire sanctification. Without the power of the Spirit nothing abiding will be accomplished in one’s life.

(This is one of the chapters of a booklet entitled, “Thoughts on the
Gifts of the Spirit, and which will be sold at 5 cents each or special rates by the hundred or more. Several of the chaters of this booklet have appeared in "The Way of Faith.")

78 Third street, Boosyens's Reserve, Transvaal, S. Africa.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

A Letter.

The saints of the most high shall take the kingdom and possess it. (Dan. 7:18.)

Saints are persons who are holy in heart and life, and are distinguished from sinners and the world by their godly life, walk and conversation.

"But to the saints that are in the earth and to the excellent in whom is all my delight." (Psa. 16:3.) We are travellers to Zion and the more troubles and persecutions we meet with on the way the sweeter heaven will be when we get there.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." (Isaiah 35:10.) Sinners will persecute the saints but God will plead their cause hereafter and the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom to which they are now heirs: "But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus who of God is made unto us, wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." (I. Cor. 1:30.) Completely reconciled to God. "And all things are of God who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ and has given to us the ministry of reconciliation." (II. Cor. 5:18.) We have now the gates of the kingdom thrown open to us. "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water." (Heb. 10:19-22.) Come take possession now; here are our mansions, our seats, our thrones, our sceptres, our kingdoms, our crowns; reign forever. Then will we sing, then will we sing Salvation to our God which set us upon the throne and unto the Lamb.

"And the third part of the creatures which were in the sea and had died, and the third part of the ships were destroyed, and the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven burning as it were a lamp and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters" (Rev. 8:9, 10.) Let us hold constant communion with God, for truly we are in perilous days. Then we will enjoy heaven while on earth, and a heaven to go to after death. Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Praise His name forever more.

Now may the blessing of God rest upon all God's children. Pray much for the saints.

PETER STOVER.

He knows not his own strength that hath not met adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses, but no ill can happen to a good man.—Ben Jonson.

A Letter.

December 27, 1911.

Family Prayers.

Long years ago in the old home
We all were called together
For prayers just after breakfast time—
Forgotten they were, alas.

A chapter from the Sacred Book
Was read aloud by father,
Then all joined in a familiar hymn,
The tune was pitched by mother.

At last upon our bend we were
Before those kitchen chairs,
It seemed that heaven came down to earth
When we had family prayers.

Our father found the throne of grace,
He asked in faith believing;
And daily blessings from above
We seemed to be receiving.

He prayed for each of us by name,
Those present—those gone hence—
They seemed to him still of the fold,
They needed God's defense;

So day by day through all the year
We told to God our cares,
And daily blessings did descend,
When we had family prayers.

The years have passed, we now are old,
Great blessings have been given,
Though twoscore years have passed away,
Since parents dear were taken.

They dwell in yon bright heavenly home—
Their home not made with hands.
They sing the songs that never die
Beneath the smile of courage, day by day,
In time with angel hands;

So after every morning meal,
We bow before our chairs,
Tis sweet to think of those old days
When we had family prayers.

—Robert Hooisch Wastburne.

A Prayer for Wider Sympathy.

If I could only the agony of pain
In which my brother wrought, yet gave
no sign,
His hungering work would take on graceful shape,
And glory would illumine every line.

If I could know the heartache bravely hid
Beneath the smile of courage, day by day,
I'd not withhold the kindly deed and thought
To cheer my friend upon his lonely way.

If I could know the struggle to do right
Of that poor fallen one so sore beset
Not "shame," but "bravo," would I cry to him:
"Thou fight'st foes whom I have never met."

If I could know the longing pressing close
Beneath derision's sneer at holy things,
A friendly hand I'd stretch across the gulf,
And I can know! Come, Son of man, divine.

Flood all my soul with sympathy benign,
Until my very life is love impregnated,
And pulses with the heart-throbs of the world.

—Selected by W. S. Hinkle.

"Lost? No, not lost! The dear of earth
Who wander
Out from our homes, by angel hands caressed,
Far from our sight, to that celestial country,
The heavenly home and homeland of the dead.

"Gone? No, not gone! About us still they linger,
Although unseen to our dim, mortal sight.
And as angelic messengers attend us,
To guide our feet and lead our steps aright.

"Dead? No, not dead! They live, yea, live more truly
Than when on earth they walked the path we tread,
In heavenly clime where Death can never enter—
They live eternally—They are not dead."
A Prayer.

Grace for my daily tasks
Grant me, O Lord! That I in each may still
Obey thy word,
Grace for the swift assaults
Of sense and sin;
That I, a victor, may
Have peace within.
Grace for the sudden stroke
Of pain or grief;
Oh! let thy presence then
Bring sweet relief.
Grace for the weary days
Of waiting age,
If thou dost lengthen out
My pilgrimage.
Grace for the dying hour;
Let me not fear.
But loving, trusting, feel
My Savior near.
Grace, above all, to see
How best I can,
By help or comfort, aid
My fellow man.


The Self-Surrendered Life.

What right has Paul to lift himself up and set himself out as a pattern for men? What right to make himself a sort of criterion by which other men in other places may be judged? Who is this man, and what claim has he on the thought of Agrippa, and on our thought? Of what fashion is his life?

First of all, this man, Paul, represents the self-surrendered life. It was not always so. There were old days behind him; old days of childhood with its prattle and with its touches of love, when, as he looked into the face of her who gave him birth, he drank in that reverence of the patriarchs and prophets of which he was never thereafter rid. There were days when the home poured into his heart and life all its treasures of love and of culture making for righteousness. And there were other days when he sought, and sought successfully, to gain from the schools of his town such treasures of learning as they might hold for his enrichment; and when with that mind, wonderfully alert, marvelously acquisitive, he goes about from place to place, sees everywhere the things which are of supreme importance. That acquisitive mind of Saul of Tarsus was busy in the early days, and was not less busy when he came to take that postgraduate course under Gamaliel's instruction; and his life was not a self-surrendered life up to that point. There were phases of surrender which meant for him the sacrifice of ease for gain of learning.

But there came a day—out there on the road to Damascus—when all his previous conceptions as to God's ultimates, as to God's great objects, as to that outermost rim which holds within its circle of light the lesser things, were utterly changed. There came the hour when out of the heavens Jesus of Nazareth spoke to him, when Saul of Tarsus did not know his name; did not recognize those lines of marvelous love written for ever and ever upon the brow of Jesus of Nazareth. He had no thought that it was a king that spake to him, for he cried out and prostrated himself, saying: "Who art thou, Lord?" When the answer came, "I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest," then Saul of Tarsus came to the "great divide," so far as his own life was concerned, and to one of the great divides in the spiritual history of this world. He saw then the crown upon the brow of the Divine King. He saw written in the face of the King the King's right to rule; and from that hour he was utterly surrendered to that King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible.

I would like to linger longer about that conception of Paul—how he seemed never to be doing anything but just to be waiting, that he might run on errands for Jesus. His attitude is that of one who says: "I have no word to utter that is worth while in its utterance, or of enough moment, when Jesus gives me a message. And I have no plans. I have no purposes, I have no charts that are made for myself. I have given myself over utterly and absolutely and irrevocably into the hands of Jesus of Nazareth."

In a certain town, a while ago, in a telegraph office, I fell into conversation with the operator, who told me that his call was letter "G." And he said to me: "I am sometimes busy about the office, and the instrument is ticking off its messages, but I do not seem to hear them because they are not my letter. But the moment they sound 'G' I hear it, and I go out and put my finger on the key. Even if I am sleeping, when the 'G' sounds, I hear it, because it is my call; and I put my finger on the key to let them know that I am here." That seems to be the attitude of Paul to Jesus Christ. He knows what his call is; and whatever is transpiring in the world, whenever Jesus calls "Paul!" Paul is ready to answer, and ready to do whatever the Master may command.

The self-surrendered life—what is it? "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live." And yet, after all, it is not I who am living; it is not the "I" that is assertive; it is not the old personality that is declarative of purpose and of wish. That is all gone. I am living, and yet, after all, it is not I, but it is Christ that liveth in me. The utterly self-surrendered life is that which is emptied of itself, of its own purpose, of its own plans, of its own ambitions—emptied of its own self that it may be filled with the Christ-self!—Bishop Wilson in The Homiletic Review.

Humor in the Family.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the capacity to have a little amusement along with the humdrum cares and work of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion who sees the ridiculous points of things, and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold over them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become so deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life as not to recognize its bright, and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good, but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is oppressive to hear persons constantly striving to say witty or funny things, it is comfortable, seeing what a brightener a little mirth is, to make an effort to have some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good, but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is oppressive to hear persons constantly striving to say witty or funny things, it is comfortable, seeing what a brightener a little mirth is, to make a brightener a little mirth is, to make an effort to have some at home.

"Wife, what is the reason I can never find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good, but rather impatient husband, after rummaging all through the wrong drawer. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked, then, with a comical look, she said: "I never could guess comordums," and then she felt happy; and so what might have been an occasion for unkind feelings and hard words became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface.

Some children have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when they are reproved. It is just as well, oftentimes, to laugh things off as to scold them off. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.—Selected.
PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

To Subscribers—1. Our terms are cash in advance.
2. When writing to have your address changed, be sure to give both old and new address.
3. The date on the printed label shall show to subscribers when their subscription expires.
4. If you do not receive the Visitor within ten days from date of issue, write us at once and we will send the number called for.
5. To the Poor—who are unable to pay—we send the paper free on the recommendation of others or upon their individual requests. Individual requests must be renewed every six months as a matter of good faith.
6. To Correspondents—Articles for publication should be written on one side of the paper only. Write all business letters on separate sheets.
7. Communications without the author's name will receive no recognition.
8. Communications for the Visitor should be sent in at least ten days before date of issue.

Send money by Post-office Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft, to G. Detwiler, Walnut and Summit, Harrisburg, Pa. Canadian Currency is discounted 10 per hundred, 20c.

H.B.

Harrisburg, Pa. November 27, 1911

Tracts.

What We Believe and Why We Believe It, per hundred, 20c.
An interesting Conversation, per hundred, 15c.
Points for Serious Consideration, per hundred, 12c.
We Would See Jesus, per hundred, 15c.
Repent for the Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand, per hundred, 15c.
Death Eternal, per hundred, 15c.
Scriptural Head Veiling, per hundred, $1.25.
Retribution, per hundred, 15c.
Prayer, per hundred, 12c.
The Worm That Never Dies, per hundred, 15c.
Scripture Text Envelopes, per hundred, 20c.
Motto paper, per hundred sheets, 20c, postpaid.
Orders for the above tracts, paper and envelopes should be addressed EVANGELICAL VISITOR, Harrisburg, Pa. Tracts are free to mission workers.

Send for circular of THE SCOTTFIELD REFERENCE BIBLE.

OUR BIBLE OFFER.

We are able to offer our subscribers a good COMBINATION BIBLE with the EVANGELICAL VISITOR at a small cost. For $1.25 (less Forty Cents Extra) we will send the Bible prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada, and the EVANGELICAL VISITOR for one year. This offer holds good for renewals as well as new subscribers.

A Very Full Concordance, containing over 90,000 References; History and Summary of the Books of the Bible; Historical, Chronological Tables; New Subject Index to the Bible; a Dictionary of Scripture proper Names, with their Pronunciation and meaning; Tablets of Miracles, Parables, etc.

The binding is Extra French Seal, Divinity Circuit, Round Corners, Red under Gold Edges, Flexible Back, LEATHER LINED.

Address EVANGELICAL VISITOR, Walnut and Summit Sts., Harrisburg, Pa.

Praying When the Sun Shines.

A little girl who suffered greatly during thunder-storms, was told by her mother to pray when she felt alarmed.

One day at the close of a fearful little storm, she came to her mother with the information that praying during the danger brought her no relief.

"Then," said her mother, "try praying when the sun shines, and see if that will take away the fear."

The child did so, and when another storm was raging, she said sweetly, "Praying while the sun shines is the best way, for I am not the least bit afraid now."

What a lesson we who are older might learn from this incident! How often do we stay away from our Master until the storms of life drive us to him for shelter and protection?

If we would only give our best, our brightest days to his service, we would have no cause to tremble when the dark hours come on. How very much we miss by not having Jesus to go with us through all our earthly pilgrimage!—Selected.

Trials Which Test.

When one has made a profession of faith in Christ, he has merely begun a career which will eventually determine as to whether or not he is a genuine Christian. He has not yet been tested by such trials as will prove his real character. Will he endure the test? Will he pass through the fiery trials and come forth still true to God? Or will he go down under the hard stress of the first great trial which befalls him? Time and experience will determine these questions. Paul forewarned certain young disciples that "fiery trials" awaited them, and he warned certain young disciples that he would like to see the child cry; and adding two or three lines to the drawing, the work was done, and the child seemed as full of grief as it had been full of mirth.

An artist looking at a statue, youthful in form and face, wished to change its appearance from youth, to age. Raising his hammer and striking a single tooth he broke it off, and the work was done. That blow changed the whole aspect of the statue.

Do we notice the power of little things, and their influence upon our character and standing? Just as one broken tooth turned youth to old age, so one single flaw in a man's character, often sinks him in contempt.

No matter how many excellences he may have, the moment we find him guilty of one petty fault, some paltry trick, some little meanness, at once he is sunk in our estimation, and perhaps may never regain his previous standing.

It may be unjust so to judge, but yet men do it, and perhaps we ourselves have done it also. We may be sure others are judging us daily in this way. One lie makes a man a liar; one theft makes him a thief; one profane word makes him a blasphemer, and however unjust the verdict may be, it may require years of wellbeing to re-
verse it. When a person has once injured us in the smallest degree, it is natural to recoil from him and say: "I know all I want to of that man," and leave him to his fate. It may not be right, it may not be just; but this is the world's way, and if we would walk unscathed amid its snares we should watch and pray and seek to be without guile; we should keep our garments always white; and if for a moment we are led astray, our hearts should be as bitter as those of the wandering disciple and our confession of our fault and of our love to Christ should be as open and as earnest as was his.—The Safeguard.

Listening to God.

A friend of mine told me that he called one day upon a brother clergyman who had been ill in bed for six months. He said to this man: "I suspect that God Almighty had a good many things to say to you; but you were too busy to listen, and so he had to put you on your back that you might be able to give him time."

When he was going out, the thought struck him: "I, too, am a busy man, and God Almighty may have to put me on my back that he may tell me all he wishes." So he resolved that each night he would sit quietly in his study, not reading, not writing, but opening his heart, that God's Spirit might impress upon him what he designed to teach and criticise in the life of the previous day.—F. B. Meyer.

Live the true life of a man to-day. Not yesterday's life only, lest you become a murmurer, nor to-morrow's, lest you become a visionary; but the life of to-day, with happy yesterdays and confident to-morrows.—Faber.

The Lesson.

My train speeds on, o'er ways I cannot trace,
The night flings back my shadow ill my face,
Yet I can smile, because, through smoke and dust
And fog and mist and darkness, still I trust
The whirling wheels, the panting steed of steel,
The men who watch and work, nor tremor feel.
Shall bring me safe, if I but trust their power,
To my appointed place, at my set hour.

And so, remembering that in this maze
Of things terrestrial I have followed way
I could not see, nor thought to voice a fear,
My trust grows stronger, and my faith
more clear
And dust
white,

The night flings back my shadow ill my face,
Yet I can smile, because, through smoke and dust
And fog and mist and darkness, still I trust
The whirling wheels, the panting steed of steel,
The men who watch and work, nor tremor feel.
Shall bring me safe, if I but trust their power,
To my appointed place, at my set hour.

And so, remembering that in this maze
Of things terrestrial I have followed way
I could not see, nor thought to voice a fear,
My trust grows stronger, and my faith
more clear
And dust

In a Mysterious Way.

Evening twilight shrouded the thriving and beautiful village of Monroeton, where, in the home of Merton Smiley, the village lawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Smiley had just drawn their chairs back from the dining table, and he was sitting with his rolled napkin in one hand and the ring in the other, with eyelids closed, seemingly arrested for the moment in deep study.

"A penny for your thoughts, Mer­ton," said Mrs. Smiley.

"Perhaps they are worth more than that, Esther, for this one time any­way," said the husband, looking up, and completing the act of placing the napkin in the ring. "You don't care to know all my office affairs, but I'll tell you something of this case, which just came to my mind. I took it in the haste of business, without realizing at the time what it included, and the thing troubles me, though I haven't gone so far yet but that I can get out of it.

"A little quiet home just flashed in my mind like a moving picture. A neat little cottage and barn with a few acres of land, all the surroundings trim and clean. It is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Manley. He does something in market gardening and small fruits. You may have seen him?"

"Yes, I think I know who he is. I have bought berries and other fruit of him. He seems always pleasant and courteous."

"You're right. Good education and refined tastes, and a thorough church­man, too, descending from the Scotch Covenanters, as I did, by the way, though I have sadly degenerated, leaving my wife to keep up the religious side of the house."

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Smiley during her husband's brief silence, "I am at a loss to know, so far, where Mr. Manley comes into the case you started out on, or what should trouble you, unless it is religious backsliding from your parentage."

"Be that as it may, wife," said he, rising from the table. "Now, I don't know what I'm going for, but I feel as though I should go down to Mr. Manley's, starting out on, or what should trouble me, unless it is religious backsliding from your parentage."

"I haven't digressed in New York. Dickens loaned him the money and took a mortgage on the place where they live. Doctors' bills and other things have kept Dickens out of the interest for two years and he will foreclose. I sent for Mr. Man­ley, who came in the office this afternoon, and I learned much that I was ignorant of before. That's the case, and of course it's legal business, and lawfully just; but it is not pleasant to think of being instrumental in pushing that family out of their home."

"It wouldn't hurt Dickens to make Mr. Manley a present of the little he owes him," said Mrs. Smiley, preparing to clear the dishes from the table.

"Such things happen, but they're rare. The more they get, the more they want," said he, rising from the table. "Now, I don't know what I'm going for, but I feel as though I should go down to Mr. Manley's, though I confess I don't see any way out for him; but there is a way for me out." He took his hat from the peg, saying, "I'll not be gone long," opened the door and went out.

When Mr. Manley arrived home that evening from the interview with the lawyer, it was some time before he could muster courage to go into the house. He had told his wife that the lawyer had requested him to call at the office. A train of thoughts ran through his mind as he went to attend to some matters at the barn. It was worse now than the loss of the farm. He had hoped by the aid of his soldier pension and the prospect of the recovery of Mrs. Manley to make good. If turned out he could go to the Soldiers' Home, but that wasn't a pleas­
ant thing to think of; to go out from a home of comfort to take a little cot bed and bureau washstand in a room with a hundred others; and if he should have to endure this, his wife couldn’t go. Under this depression he almost unconsciously went into the house, and into the room where Mrs. Manley was lying with head bolstered on pillows, and sat down at the bedside. She looked up cheerfully and said, “I know, Thomas, what it is—why the lawyer wanted you to call. What did Mr. Smiley say?”

“Dickens is urging him to foreclose. I’m not destroyed, but I’m cast down. If it was only myself I could stand it well enough; but you and Elsie!” A tear started down his handsome, manly face and he could go no further.

“Why the lawyer wanted you to call.”

“I know, Thomas, what it is—why the lawyer wanted you to call. On pillows, and sat down at the bedside. He bowed on his knees at the bed­side he came to my view. First, he said to God that they were His submissive children, and no matter what He saw fit to bring on them they would bow at His will. Of course, it was going to be hard for them to be homeless at their age, especially with mother sick and helpless. Then his voice broke and a thin, white hand stole from the cover and moved softly over his silvered hair. Then he went on to say that it might have been different if one son could have been spared, and that nothing could be so sharp as the parting with the two sons, unless mother and he should be separated. Finally, he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew that it was through no fault of theirs that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their home, which meant beggary and the almshouse, a place they prayed to be delivered from if consistent with God’s will. And oh! where would Elsie go? Then he quoted many promises concerning those who put their trust in the Lord. I would rather go to the poorhouse myself to­night than stain my heart and hands with such a prosecution as that.”

“Little afraid to defeat the old man’s prayer, eh?”

“Bless your soul, you couldn’t de­feat it. I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God, but he chimed in that we are told to make known our desires unto God. You see, I was taught that kind of thing myself in my child­hood.” Then the lawyer said slowly and reflectively: “And why was I sent to hear that prayer? I’m sure I don’t know—but I hand the case over.”

“I wish,” said the client, twisting uneasily in his chair, “you hadn’t told me about the old fellow’s prayer.”

“Well? Because I want the money the place would bring. I was taught the Bible straight enough when I was a youngster, and I hate to run counter to what you tell about it, and another time I wouldn’t listen to petitions not intended for my ears if I were you.”

“The lawyer smiled. “My dear man,” he said, “you are wrong again. It was intended for my ears, and yours, too; and God Almighty intend­ed it. My mother used to sing about God moves in a mysterious way.”

“Well, my mother used to sing it too,” said Dickens as he twisted the claim papers in his fingers. “You may go down to Manley’s if you like, and tell mother and him the claim has been made.”

“In a mysterious way,” added the lawyer, smiling.—The Christian Her­ald—Sel. by C. S. Brenner.
BOYS would gather the wood. "Noble lad, Robert," the teacher replied. "May I join your gang, as you call it, and help to fill up that outer shed and an extra pile in the yard?"

"Certainly, teacher," Robert answered. It was less than half of the afternoon session, or at recess time, when the teacher arose at his desk and commanded: "Please put all your books away and listen. I have a short speech to make."

To some it was a surprise. Quickly books, slates and writing materials were put aside. "Noble lad, Robert," the teacher said, as the boys scattered north, so that we, who love Mollie, shall now dismiss the school until to-morrow morning, for a short prayer, as was his custom; but asked permission to cut the fallen timber.

"School will arise." He then offered a short prayer, as was his custom; but asked permission to cut the fallen timber. "Trill, ling, ling, ling," the 'phone in Major Brown's office sounded. The Major lifted the receiver and "Hello," flew back. "Is this you, Major? I am the teacher." "Ah! ah! all right, Charlie, what is up now?"

"Major," the teacher began, "my school has a big job on hand filling Dutch Thanksgiving Mollie's wood bin. Will you object to us making free use of your fallen timber?"

"Has that woman no wood?" the Major asked.

"Not enough to keep her warm more than twelve hours," the teacher responded. "All right, Charlie," came the sound over the 'phone. "All my wood land is at your disposal. There is a rank of fire cord of good dry wood near the big oak. Bring your lads there. I shall send my large wood wagon and team there. You see that the entire rank is taken to that Dutch woman, have it cut small and put it where she can easily get it. Give her my compliments. I still have the first pair of mittens she knitted for me when I was a boy."

Les than sixty minutes later twenty boys, the teacher and a number of neighbors were making things fly, and the rank of wood was being transferred to Mollie's wood yard. As the first load was hauled into her yard, and the boys yelling and whistling, Mollie went out to see whether Indians had invaded her premises, when to her joy she saw what was going on. Suddenly she began to sing:

"Meine See ist so herlich, mine Herz ist voll Lieb."

"This does not rhyme, as in Dutch. Now before we leave let those who can join Thanksgiving Mollie to sing this one verse."

"Meine See ist so herlich, mine Herz ist voll Lieb."

"So they did. Some could not, for tears filled their eyes and big jumps their throats. This was the biggest Thanksgiving day that Dutch Thanksgiving Mollie ever had and the folks of that district ever enjoyed. It was Mollie's last Thanksgiving day, for before the next one came she fell asleep in Jesus—C. D. R. Ishel in S. S. Gem.

MARRIAGES.

KETTERING—ENGLÉ—On October 5, 1911, at the home of the officiating minister, E. L. A. Bucher, near Campbellstown, Pa., there occurred the marriage of Isaac Kettering and Sr. Mary M. Engle, daughter of Bro. Daniel Engle of near Hummelstown, Pa.

OBITUARIES.

MATER.—Died on November 4, 1911, at Wainfleet, Welland county, Ont., Oscar, son of Bro. John and Sr. Jennie Mater, aged 2 months and 10 days. The funeral was held on November 7, at their home where were gathered a goodly number of sympathetic relatives and neighbors as she was ministered in the Word from II Samuel 12: 23. Interment was made in the Brethren cemetery at Forks Road.

WENGER.—Elizabeth W. Wenger, daughter of Bro. and Sr. Samuel H. Wenger, of near Shippensburg, Pa., was born April 6, 1895, at Pequea, Pa. She was baptized into the church near by on October 1, 1911, at the age of fifteen and was confirmed on November 1, 1911. She was married to Eld. A. Bucher, near Campbellstown, Pa., on November 4, 1911. Her sudden death occurred on November 4, 1911, at the home of her parents, of diphtheria, October 5, 1911, aged 7 years, 7 months and 20 days. This is a sad bereavement for the parents, as she was an only daughter. On account of the contagious nature of the disease burial had to be private. A memorial service was held some weeks later.

HITZ.—Sr. Barbara N. Haldeman, wife of Bro. David Hitz, who preceded her to the spirit world eight years ago, was born February 7, 1847, died October 17, 1911.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.
near Elizabethtown, Pa., aged 64 years, 8
months and 10 days. Two children died in
ber of the Brethren for a number of years
infancy, and seven, three sons and four
fathers, by an accident, two in Kansas,
main to mourn the loss of an affectionate
in his last letters, in one
knew how to make acknowledgement and to ask
forges of those concerned. His
tional life was one of meditation upon the
ings of God, it is a trite
, and whenever difficulties were
sished to others. At the age of
, and obedient boy in the family and thus
not to worry. It was at first thought by
sional infection of the blood due to
of his death, life
blessed in death, life
p. m. The physician pronounced

30, conducted by Eld. J. N. Hoover. Text—
II Cor. 5:1.

DICK.—Jacob Benson, infant son of
Bro. John C. and Sr. Mary C. Dick, was
born October 7, 1911, aged 2 years and 11
days. His sickness
short of duration; he had con-
tained for weeks in the home. On
Tuesday there were indications of
Castor. He was
He was lively and playful up to Thursday
funeral, except one son who died in in-

LONG.—Mary (Ramon) Long, was born
in Lebanon county, Pa., October 29, 1822,
died November 12, 1911, aged 89 years. In
1839 she moved to Ohio with her husband,
Israel Long, who was called the "noonday
man," a name given him in consequence of
there being born nine children, three of
whom died in infancy. Another daughter,
Eliza, was born in 1851. This left five
children, namely, Theodore, John C.,
Simon, Rebecca (wife of Elias Barnhart),
William and John. In 1871 she was con-
verted and united with the Brethren in
Christ church and has ever since lived a
faithful and consistent life, greatly loving
her Bible and doing good to others, bearing
life's burdens with great courage. She was a
loving mother and grandmother, and was loved by
who knew her. She spent the last years of
her life in her home. John, at the old home in
Miami county, O. Funeral services were held
in Pleasant Hill church, conducted by Eld. J. N.
He died on the morning of the 4th he excused him-
to make acknowledgement and to ask

Eshelman of Abilene, Cyrus of Oklahoma
County, and Raymond of Abilene, son of Bishop
J. N. E'ngle, who is a
vocal in the Abilene high school for several
weeks but continued his school
work at the Abilene high school up to the

1911, aged 2 years and 11
days. His death was caused by

Till we see thy heavenly face.

\[ \text{Eshelman—Abner Roy, youngest son of Bro.
and Sr. T. H. Eshelman, was born in}

\[ \text{Dickinson county, Kansas, June 14, 1889,}
died November 12, 1911, aged 22 years, 4 months
and 9 days. His parents and three brothers—Raymond
of Abilene, Cyrus of Oklahoma and Alvin Eshelman (all
converted)—find much comfort in his last letters, in one
of which he said he was so happy and free and wished
every one could feel as he did, closing with "let us be ready for any
moment." In his last letter he said, "These
are certainly the happiest days of my life. I
can never be grateful enough for what
the Lord has done for me." He was a quiet
and obedient boy in the family and thus
endeared himself to others. At the age of
seventeen he was called to Christ and shortly
afterward received into the church and
remained in full fellowship. He was
never demonstrated to be a firm believer
in prayer and whenever difficulties were
mastered, he attributed it to God's goodness
in answering prayer; and often in
letters home, he mentioned that his "little
walks" were such a help to him. In 1909
he graduated from business college and
four years later, after securing a position as book-
keeper with the General Wholesale Co. of
Albuquerque, New Mexico, with whom he
remained until the spring of 1911, when he
made a short visit home. Desiring employment
near home, he went to Kansas City, Mo.,
and secured a position with Long Bros., Grocery Co. The

resolutions of Colodence.

Whereas, Christian Engle, of Abilene
Kans., son of Bishop J. N. Engle, who is a
student of the Messiah Bible School, as well as a
teacher during the Bible Conference of 1911, has
passed to the beyond; and,

Whereas, We as a Faculty of the Mes-
\[ \text{Ralph E. Engle, minister of Messiah Bible School, do
alize the loss of a beloved son; therefore
Resolved, That we, the undersigned mem-
bers of the Messiah Bible School do hereby
express our sympathy for and with the be-
loved ones of the deceased in their bereavement.
}

\[ \text{Faculty.}

\[ \text{John A. Climenhaga.}

\[ \text{November 27, 1911.}

\[ \text{NEVILLE.—Christian G. Engle, son of}

\[ \text{Jacob N. and Elizabeth Engle, of near}

\[ \text{Donesgai, South Dickinson county, Kansas,
as born August 10, 1894, died November 5, 1911, aged 17 years
and 15 days.

In March 1910 he was happily con-


\[ \text{Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions
be published in the EVANGELICAL VISITOR, and also spread on
the minutes of the Faculty.}

\[ \text{Elsa H. Hess.}

\[ \text{Ella C. Booser.}

\[ \text{P. J. Wieck.}

\[ \text{John A. Climenhaga.}

\[ \text{EVANGELICAL VISITOR.}

\[ \text{[November 27, 1911.}