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George Detwiler
No. 25.

HARRISBURG, PA., MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1911.

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“Great Joy.”

“And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.” — St. Luke ii. 10.

I suppose that each of the great Christian festivals may be said to have its own special and distinctive emotion; and, if so, that of Christmas is most certainly joy. Easter tells of a great victory well won, and tends to excite feelings of holy triumph and exultation. Of course joy blends with these, as indeed it does with the feelings called forth by each of our Christian celebrations, but here it takes a secondary place.

Ascension Day appeals to our hopes, and gives wings to our desires for that final completeness, as compared with which all our present experiences are only embryonic. We contemplate a glorified Man, Who, for us, has entered within the veil, and, as we think of Him, we seem to anticipate the glorification of humanity.

Whitsunday appeals less to the emotions of many nominal Christians than any of the other great festivals, because, I am afraid, they know so little of what it means. Alas! many of us have felt so little of the power and inspiration of the Holy Spirit in our lives, that the thought of this wondrous gift fails to appeal powerfully to our spiritual sensibilities. To those who are living and walking in the Spirit, however, the Pentecostal commemoration will tend to rekindle enthusiasm, and in inspire a fresh sense of confidence in a power that is equal to all our needs.

Trinity Sunday again suggests a feeling of reverential awe, and of adoring admiration at the thought of the Divine perfections.

But Christmas is, as we have said, pre-eminently the season of joy, a joy that first belonged to the angels, but which their testimony has introduced into earth, and which seems as fresh to-day as it was nineteen centuries ago, when first it invaded human hearts, and filled the lips of humble peasants and learned Magi with praise. Thus it seems the natural and appropriate thing to wish each other “A Happy Christmas,” while it would not occur to us to wish each other a happy Easter or Whitsuntide. The social custom has sprung, no doubt, originally from a true spiritual instinct.

But as this sacred joy would seem to be the emotion specially characteristic of the Christmas celebration, it is so because it is one of the distinctive and most prominent features of the faith that was then introduced into the world. I do not know of any other religion in which this element of joy can be said to be prominent. Heathen religions are for the most part religions of fear, and on the whole they create a great deal more misery than joy; although they may sometimes induce scenes of fanatical excitement, which might be perhaps mistaken for it.

Similarly Buddhism has no joy in it; on the contrary this system, which is the accepted creed of so large a portion of the world’s inhabitants, positively deprecates joy, as a thing to be ignored and avoided. For all emotional experiences tend to emphasize our individuality, while Buddhism aims at repressing this. Indifference to pleasure or pain, to joy or sorrow, is what this philosophy teaches us as to regard as the true wisdom, and hence it can never be the parent of joy.

Nor could one regard the creed of Mahomet as a religion of joy; for the view of the Divine Being prevalent in that system is not one to suggest it. The God of the Mahometan is conceived of as indeed great and mighty; but that God is love, is no part of their creed. If He is just and righteous, He is also stern and terrible, and what is there in such a supposed revelation to call forth joy?

Judaism, of course, approaches nearer than any other system to Christianity, in this respect; and the more spiritual Israelites did know what it was to rejoice in God their Saviour. They had their special seasons, too, of religious joy; and it was a common saying among them, that no one knew what true joy was, who had not witnessed the pouring forth of the water at the Feast of Tabernacles, a festival which was to them, to some extent, what Christmas is to us. Yet, surely, it would not be true to say that joy was a prominent feature of the Jewish religion, which St. Peter describes as a joke that neither his contemporaries nor their ancestors had been able to bear. It was a system of bondage, which St. Paul compares to Hagar and Ishmael. The true Isaac, the child of laughter and of joy, was not born into the world until the Incarnation and the atoning work of Christ had made his existence possible.

And if these various forms of false or defective religion were not characterized by the presence of joy, what shall we say of the forms of unbelief and irreligion that prevail amongst us to-day? What joy is there in the position of the agnostic, who gives up the riddle of life as insoluble, who walks in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth? What joy is there in the humiliating materialism that tells me that I am no better than an improved animal, and must be content with the fate that awaits all animal life? What joy is there in the cheerless atheism that leaves me in a Godless world, the victim of chance and circumstances, with no prospect but the grave, and no hope of recovering life’s losses beyond it?

But the birth of this Infant, around Whose manger-bed we are gathered at this time, is the birth of a new great

(Continued on page 10.)
much, but it was told him that he should not weep, for, "Behold the lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof." In order that He might accomplish so great a work it was a necessity that He give Himself to the experience of all that is written of Him in the Holy Scriptures. Thus He gave Himself to lay His glory by, the glory which He had with the Father before the world was. He gave Himself to be made (for a little while) lower than the angels. Thus we have Him come in human form as a helpless babe cradled in Bethlehem's manger, because there was no room in the inn, where He was recognized by the worshiping Magi as King of the Jews, and where shepherds came and worshiped Him whom the angel announced as the Savior of mankind. Thus He gave Himself and took upon Himself the form of a servant and was made like unto sinful man, yet without sin Himself; gave Himself to a life of poverty and hardship, to a life of service to humanity, for He went about doing good; gave Himself to be dishonored, despised, and rejected by the people He came to redeem and save; gave Himself to die on Calvary's cruel cross as a transgressor. And He Himself said to His disciples after His resurrection, "Thus it is written and thus it is done with Me, that the people may know that this is the manner of the Holy One in whom was put the sins of all the world." (John 20:17.) Thus as we again remember our Lord's natal day, instead of joining with the giddy throng in its round of sinful, fleshly gratifications, let us gratefully, yet humbily, worship Him, and by faith yield ourselves more completely to His control and guidance. So shall our Christmas joy last throughout the year, and He become more and more precious to us. We wish unto all the readers a merry Christmas in the Lord.
Lord is speaking loud enough to make him respond to the call. We have in our mind several brethren who are so situated that if they will they can go and minister to this needy field. May there soon come a favorable response to this Macedonian cry.

On the 4th inst., it was the editor’s privilege to visit the Messiah Bible School for the first time since its transference to Chicago. We found the new building pretty well completed to meet the present needs. It appears to be very well adapted for its purpose, and there is no reason why the school should not go on prospering here under the favor and blessing of God. It is true that the undertaking is large, and but for the self-sacrificing spirit of those most intimately associated with it, the difficulties would have seemed almost insurmountable. But we hope the institution is truly a planting of the Lord, and so will continue its useful career. The teachers are devoted to the work and spare no pains to do the best for those who are under their instruction. The student body as we met it appears to be well-behaved and bent on preparing themselves individually for future career in the varied avenues of life. We believe the Brotherhood should appreciate the institution more than it does, and come up cheerfully to its help. It is a grand privilege that our young people can now find an institution where they can acquire an education without being exposed to the many evil things which obtain so largely in the institutions of learning in this our day. May the Lord graciously bless the institution, its Faculty, its student body, its Board of Trustees and Managers. May it never bring reproach to its name.

We, as also many others, had the privilege recently of sitting under the teaching of Dr. James M. Gray, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, Ill. Dr. Gray is one of the foremost Bible teachers of our day and it is a treat indeed to listen to his lucid, plain, exposition of the Word. During the week of his stay here there were five lessons illuminative of the epistle to the Hebrews, and five discourses on what the Bible teaches of the future life. These meetings were arranged for by the local Y. M. C. A., and were held in its hall. But while the learned teacher’s opening of the Word was illuminative and instructive, and while he was free in saying, as do nearly all such teachers, that the spiritual state of the church is all too low on account of worldliness, in its seeking after wealth and pleasure, yet not a word did he say that would make any oath bound lodge man or woman feel uncomfortable for being identified with that monster iniquity, nor was there anything said that would convict the professing Christian woman who continues to be a slave of the fashion god with her preposterous head gear or immodest gowning. We, however, expect in the near future to publish an address of Dr. Gray’s on secretism which he delivered at the annual meeting of the National Christian Association in Chicago in 1910.

Our readers will find two letters from Bro. Levi Doner, whose passing away we announced in our last issue. The one, as will be seen, is a private letter to our aged Bro. Climenhaga of Stevensville, Ont. If we were made to wonder how it could be that Bro. Doner should pass away so unexpectedly, this letter lets us see something of what may have brought about this untimely ending of such a useful life. Can we read this letter without realizing somewhat what are the hardships of the missionary’s life? Can we read it and not realize that we at home have no conception at all what those have to go through who obey the call of God into the mission field? Let us never again say of the missionaries, they are having an easy time. God forgive us our lack of sympathy. This letter was not intended for the public, and thus reveals things that would not have come to the Visrro 3 otherwise.

Sister Haugh of Waukena, Cal., writes us that her husband, Bro. Samuel Haugh, is improving slowly in health, and she is hopeful of his complete restoration. She praises God that she ever learned to know Him and gave herself wholly to Him. Redeemed by the blood of Jesus. They are still pushing the work forward at that place. Since Bro. Haugh’s illness prevented him from active service, Bro. Hartzell has been giving the word, and they are encouraged. Sr. Haugh is a daughter of the late Eld. Samuel Zook.

All of the Sunday-schools that use the supplies of the church should have sent in their orders for next quarter’s supplies before this issue is mailed, but if there are any that have not ordered they should attend to it at once. We may say in this connection, that we cannot use Canadian stamps, and would rather not have Canada bills. It would also be more convenient for us if cash would always accompany the order.

An Aged Sister’s Letter.

[Our aged sister, Catherine Kohl of Graters Ford, Pa., is able to give our readers another testimony for Jesus on her birthday anniversary. We are glad to pass it on to our readers.—Editor.]

Graters Ford, Montgomery county, Pa., December 4, 1911: Dear Bro. in Christ, Greeting in the precious name of Jesus. Enclosed find one dollar for the renewal of my Visrro 3 subscription. I love to read it; it is food to my soul and encourages me on the way. Sometimes it brings tears of joy and sometimes the Spirit tells me to go in secret prayer and my soul gets blest for which I do thank the Lord. Well, to-day is my eightieth birthday. O, how I should thank and praise the Lord for His wonderful love, that He saved me in my young years; that He made me sin and bondage free, and those He makes free He makes free indeed and happy, too, bless the Lord! He keeps them happy, happy, too, if they trust and obey: not that it is always sunshine. O, no! The Apostle says we shall rejoice in tribulation, and we can, too, if we are right with God. We read, tribulation bringeth patience and patience experience and experience hope and hope maketh not ashamed. I can say, to the glory of God, I have experienced some of that and it is so precious that God keeps His children. He always did. I heard people say already they are afraid they can’t hold out. We can’t; ’tis the Lord that keeps us; we must do the trusting and He does the keeping. If we do our part the Lord surely does His part. He keeps us moment by moment. Praise the Lord! I often say to the Lord, Here I am, just take me and make me what Thou wastent me to be. Hymn 511 is so precious to me. It starts, “Would you live for Jesus?” The chorus is so good,

“His power can make you what you ought to be,
His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free;
His love can fill your soul, and you will see,
‘This is best for Him to have His way with thee.’”

Amen. That is what I believe. I am so glad for this holy way. No un-
clean thing can go thereon but the re­
donied the Lord. Bless His precious name! I am so thankful

ous home in heaven. O Jesus is so

eous power. "O the blood is all my

trouble in some parts of China and

know I am in my Father's keeping

day will bring forth, but he said: "I

the control of the church. Their con­
en the church. We meant it to be

in the Evangelistic Field

in the

home of the elder, Bro. Isaac Baker, about

soul. Bro. Winger conveyed me to the

at Souderton for some

In the Evangelistic Field.

Dear readers: Greeting in Jesus' name.

was spent in solemn commemoration of the

sent and death of our blessed Master.

were especially impressed with the

servant of this solemn, sacred, ordinance.

we love when the Master calls us out to special service for Him­

The Sunday morning services commu­

and again spent in social service, many glowing

by all that it certainly

and made their burdens lighter.

have orders for many hundreds of

money later.

money later.

the audience room for spiritual refresh­

calls us out into special service for Him­

children, some day meet around the great

servance of this solemn, sacred, ordinance.

The testimonies were given in

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noon meal had been partaken of for the

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but as our object in going was

as he gave utterance. Here we

from Lancaster county. If any

last issue in stating that the price per
dollar of our Scripture Text Wall

It will be noticed in the letter from Africa, of Bro. and Sr. Eyster that they are undertaking the opening of a new station, and are doing so under the control of the church. Their concern is to build a suitable mission building and are in need of the sympathy and financial help of the church in the homeland. He who helps quick helps twice. Let the brethren and sisters everywhere come to the help of these dear workers and make their burdens lighter.

The types said wrong in our last issue in stating that the price per
dollar of our Scripture Text Wall Calendar is $2.50. We meant it to be

as the Lord may direct. Address me at

from Lancaster county. If any

It is far from him now. He

and district. Ramabai Hord, India.

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

Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Casell, San Marcos, Guatemala, L. A. —

Our City Missions.

Philadelphia Mission, 3423 North Second street, in charge of brother H. B. Burk­

and wife.

Buffalo, N. Y., Mission, 25 Hawley street, in charge of Brother George Whis­

ler and Sister Elfre Whister.

Chicago Mission, 6093 Halstead street.

In charge of Sister Sarah Beth, Brother B. L. Bruckler and Sister Nancy Shirk.


Jahool Orplanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of E. N. and Adella Engle, R. R. No. 3, Box 1.

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

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in the Evangelistic Field

Dear readers: Greeting in Jesus' name.

I will berewith give a brief account of my

work, so far in the field of sin for the

salvation of precious souls.

I left my home at Wiertersville, Ohio, on November 17th, Silverdale, Pa., ex­

pecting to take in the love feast in Skip­

pack on the way. I reached Gratersford at

about noon on the 18th. Quite a number of brethren and sisters and Rody gath­

ered in services in the forenoon. After the

noon meal had been partaken of for the

sustenance of the natural body we repaired

to the audience room for spiritual refresh­

ments by which the spiritual waiting soul

was refreshed.

There was the reading of appropriate

scripture and timely admonition urging to

obedience to the same, given. Part of the

time was very well spent in testimony

meeting. The testimonies were given in

such a loving way by all that it certainly

was a blessing to the feast. The evening

was spent in solemn commemoration of the

suffering and death of our blessed Master.

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It was a pleasant meeting with this dear

brother and sister, as we had enjoyed

Christian fellowship together in Buffalo.

During the day on Saturday, Bro. Marshall and Mr. Bertie Climenhaga, and Bro. Augustine, came to
town. To meet all these dear brethren seemed to kindle a flame of love in our

soul. Bro. Winger conveyed me to the

home of the elder, Bro. Isaac Baker, about

Canada all our life. The wheat standing

not be finished this season, as the snow

has come and Winter set in.

But as our object in going was not
simply to see the country, but for the welfare of God's cause, it was our prayer that our affections might be kept on things eternal, and when this is the case coldness and hardness of soul is the result.

The meeting began Sunday, October 8. The first service was a cottage service at the home of Bro. Augustus Perry, ten miles from the church. The afternoon and evening services were at the new church. The meetings began with good interest and attendance, and continued four weeks. Considering the very busy time, threshing and other farm work, the attendance was good throughout, some driving quite regularly as far as ten miles. About ten stopped out on the Lord's side. Most of these found peace, but some were not clear, but promised to press through. Many others were deeply convicted and, we believe, will step out later if the Lord spares them. We were able to see a real work among the believers; some clearing up and confessing and clearing away rubbish and hindrances to real spiritual freedom.

We, the brethren at Merrington, felt as our days are so shall our strength be. Coming by way of Chicago, calling at the Mission for a few hours and left again for home, reaching it on Sunday morning. Found my dear family well, while some of our neighbors had passed on out of the world. One especially who was unsaved. I do feel to praise God for His kindness and love. We, the brethren at Merrington, felt as our days are so shall our strength be.

Meetings at Merrington, Sask.

Dear readers of the Visitor, Greetings:

We wish to thank all who have so heartily co-operated with us in this work, by supplying the temporal need. The fact that the Lord puts it into the hearts of His children to send for our needs is evidence of His interest, but we rejoice with you in that He "bath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ. According as he hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love."

There is so much to encourage the hearts of God's children. Not only in what we anticipate but what we already experienced. Praise God.

On Sunday evening, October 26th, a communion service was held in the Mission. A number were present from out of the city and our fellowship was truly sweet. The testimonies of the saints gave evidence that they were finding true enjoyment in the service of the Lord.

As we partook of the emblems we were again reminded of our Savior's words, "For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come."

Pray for us.

FINANCIAL

Balance on hand, $1.25.

PROVISIONS DONATED

I. H. N., 50¢; Clara Longenecker, $1; M. Elizabeth Small, $5; I. H. N., 50¢; Nancy Rodes, $2; brother in Christ, $6; Vernon Teal, $1; Solomon Climenhaga, $5;P. M. Climenhaga, $2; Jessie Winger, $1; D. L. Gish and wife, $5.

Water rent, $2.75; light bill, $1.08; kindling wood, $2; groceries, household, etc., $7.88.

Balance on hand, $2.84.

Meetings at Buffalo Mission.

Dear reader of the Visitor, Greetings:

We feel like saying with the Psalmist, "The Lord is good, His mercy endureth forever." We, the brethren at Merrington, felt as though we wanted a revival, so decided to send for brother L. Shoalts, of Winnipic, Ontario, to conduct the services.

The meetings started on the 8th of October and lasted four weeks, with increasing interest. The attendance was good, considering a new country.

Brother Shoalts came filled with the Spirit, and exposed sin on every line, and held forth the life of sinfulness and victory. Several came out and sought the Lord; some testified of finding peace. The church also was revived. Some saw their need of stepping on higher ground and getting to a place where they could live after the world and receive definite help. Our hearts were all encouraged. Eternity alone will reveal the good accomplished.

The last Saturday and Sunday, November 4th and 5th, we had our love feast which was a spiritual uplift to us all. Brother Shoalts and the home brethren met with the people, and the prayers of the saints, that we may labor on in the Master's service till Jesus comes.

Kinderly, Sask.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

BUFFALO MISSION

Report for November, 1911.

We wish to thank all who have so heartily co-operated with us in this work, by supplying the temporal need. The fact that the Lord puts it into the hearts of His children to send for our needs is evidence of His interest, but we rejoice with you in that He "bath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ. According as he hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love."

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Balance on hand, $2.45.

PROVISIONS DONATED

I. H. N., 50¢; Clara Longenecker, $1; M. Elizabeth Small, $5; I. H. N., 50¢; Nancy Rodes, $2; brother in Christ, $6; Vernon Teal, $1; Solomon Climenhaga, $5; P. M. Climenhaga, $2; Jessie Winger, $1; D. L. Gish and wife, $5.

Water rent, $2.75; light bill, $1.08; kindling wood, $2; groceries, household, etc., $7.88.

Balance on hand, $2.84.

Meetings at Buffalo Mission.

Dear readers of the Visitor, Greetings:

We feel like saying with the Psalmist, "The Lord is good, His mercy endureth forever." We, the brethren at Merrington, felt as though we wanted a revival, so decided to send for brother L. Shoalts, of Winnipic, Ontario, to conduct the services.

The meetings started on the 8th of October and lasted four weeks, with increasing interest. The attendance was good, considering a new country.

Brother Shoalts came filled with the Spirit, and exposed sin on every line, and held forth the life of sinfulness and victory. Several came out and sought the Lord; some testified of finding peace. The church also was revived. Some saw their need of stepping on higher ground and getting to a place where they could live after the world and receive definite help. Our hearts were all encouraged. Eternity alone will reveal the good accomplished.

The last Saturday and Sunday, November 4th and 5th, we had our love feast which was a spiritual uplift to us all. Brother Shoalts and the home brethren met with the people, and the prayers of the saints, that we may labor on in the Master's service till Jesus comes.

Kinderly, Sask.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.
committed the unpardonable sin, was beautifully restored and saved. Another woman who weakened down by nerve trouble, dropped in the day at 2 p.m. and came to the altar and received some help, but she is greatly annoyed with doubts and fears, thinking that she might also have committed the unpardonable sin. It is surprising how many people get the evil spirit at this point. A dear brother at Gormley, Ont., was brought under and kept in that delusional condition. A dear brother at Gormley, Ont., how many people the devil catches on that basis; seeing that she might also have committed the unpardonable sin, was beaucoup on believing ground and keep the gospel mission home, where we are in the great harvest field for souls. The devil defeated.

The Gospel Mission Home, where we are in the great harvest field for souls. The devil defeated.

### Financial

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Phila Mission</strong> Report for November, 1911.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Balance on hand last report.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>RECEIPTS.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>A Friend, Columbiana, Pa., $3; a brother, Harrisburg, Pa., $5; a sister, Rowena, Pa., $3; offering, $7.75; cash, $12; balance of lovefeast offering, $5.23.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>EXPENSES.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Provisions, $21.05; gas, $4.50; poor and needy, $5.25; cool, $14.50.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Received during lovefeast, $25.00.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paid out during lovefeast, $20.57.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Balance from lovefeast.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Balance on hand.</strong></td>
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<td>Dec. 4, 1911.</td>
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### San Francisco Mission

**Report of the Des Moines Poor Fund, Nov. 11, 1911, by Anna Zook.**

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<tr>
<td><strong>RECEIPTS.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>For fuel, $10; for gas, $3.50; for incidental expenses, $6; for clothing the sick, $8; for groceries and other eatables, $30.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>EXPENSES.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Bal. due Mission, Nov. 11, 1911.</td>
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<td>J. R. and Anna Zook.</td>
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<td><strong>Balance on hand.</strong></td>
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### San Francisco Mission

**Meeting at Cross Roads, Pa.**

Protracted meetings were started at Crossroads M. H. Sunday evening, November 19th, and continued for two weeks.

Bro. Calvin Ethelman, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., was with us breaking the bread of life unto us. The brother came filled with the Spirit and was used of the Lord to the encouragement of believers and to the victory of the unsaved. The meetings were well attended and the interest good. Eight souls started for the kingdom, and we know that others were almost persuaded, and we trust that the seed sown may in due time spring up and bring forth fruit into eternal life.

**TESTIMONY OF THE WORKERS.**

### A Testimony of the Goodness of God.

For a number of years I have been reposing in the assurance of the Fatherhood of God, as only a trusting child can, but as changes come and go He is enlarging Himself in my vision. It is so sweet to see even through blinding tears of sorrow His loving hand guiding, and although I cannot understand His providences it is comforting to believe that "the Father planned it all." Recently when I stood at the 'phone to answer a long-distance call, expecting to hear my boy's own voice, with words of greeting on my tongue, I had to stand there alone and receive a message which seemed to me like a thunderbolt from Heaven. I hung up the receiver and said, "Dear Father, strengthen me for this trial," and He failed me not, even though He did take my dear boy and put him to sleep without telling me of it till it was all over. I heard his heart broken and bleeding He enabled me to say, "It's alright Father, it's alright." Since then so many acts of kindness, and words of sympathy, have come to me that it is comforting to know that so many hearts are beating with ours in our sorrow. Oh, He is a dear Father and a great God to me, because He thus ministers to me in my sorrows. His hands, and to-day I feel that "While ages
December 11, 1911.

**EVANGELICAL VISITOR.**

roll my ransomed soul shall praise Him more and more.” — Anna Eshelman.

**Ablene, Kans.**

Date and Location: Oct. 14, 1911.

1. MANDAMARGE MISSION, SELUKWE, S. RHO.,

Dearest readers of the VISITOR, Greeting:

"Jesus answered and said unto them, if a man love Me, he will keep My words; and My Father will love him, and We will come to him, and make Our abode with him." (Jno. 14:23). May this precious promise be verified unto all you who believe. Amen.

Any one can only magnify the grace of God which He has revealed through both His written and Incarnate Word, and has freely bestowed upon all who have received Him. All who see that in the absence of such revelation lowest degradation is the inevitable result. But thanks be unto God for the wideness of His mercy, the strength of His love, and the might of His power to save. There is hope even for the lowest, and for this reason we may well take heart and earnestly believe that “where sin (or degradation) abounds grace doth much more abound.”

This sultry Saturday afternoon finds us all reasonably well in body and happy in spirit. We are attending to correspondence during the noon day hours while also we are anxiously waiting the arrival of a native who left here last Monday for Selukwe with outgoing mail, and who also was to bring the incoming mail. It is three weeks since the last called at but we shall now receive two weeks' mail. We are specially anxious for several numbers of the VISITOR, as on account of our change of address, mail has been delayed so that we have not been able to hand them out. Our situation however is pleasant both in view of a healthy location (though Chibi has not a good name at present as to healthiness) and in a thickly settled district of people. We find many natives in our immediate neighborhood, and plenty of work brought to our door.

We find also that we have to do with a very superstitious people, who have marvelous confidence in their old witch doctors and in medicines. It does not matter what kind the medicine should be. A native would rather believe that a good dose of salts would give immediate relief to a sore foot than to be satisfied with washing to keep it clean and let nature perform her task. There are requests almost daily for us to give attention to some ill or injured person.

As to the readiness of the harvest one has to judge without much basis. These people are so satisfied with their easy independence that they, as a rule, do not like to be disturbed. They are also dull of hearing and if it takes as long for the Gospel to climb through their senses as other matters out of the ordinary, we may expect to wait long before they will apprehend the truth in their usual way of apprehension. However, there is no exception to this rule in case of the Gospel. Thank God for that! John says that God gives understanding to those who believe so that the process is hastened when once a native becomes anxious to learn the truth. This special feature of the grace of God has manifested itself so that even the deep things of God have wonderfully been revealed to, and understood by some who have, otherwise, not been able to cipher a question of simple division. So conspicuous has this been that one’s attention is forcibly drawn to it. Have we not many advantages to help us in the making known the glad tidings of salvation?

The attendance at Sunday services has surprised us, but we are too fearful to be believing that the interest will be fixed. One hundred and forty people were present last Sunday and conversation during the week promised more on the morrow.

We are in need of proper shelter against the threatening weather. Already the ground is wet everywhere and natives are sowing their grain, while corn (the first planted grain) is coming through the ground. We are behind, having little ground prepared for this season's sowing. We are trying to do a little of each as our team is able to do the work. The grasing is not very good yet.

Had the good Lord not seen beforehand that the natives around here would be shy of us and moved some of our native brethren and sisters to accompany us to help in the work, we would be handicapped. But as it is we have good, willing help, so that the work is being done.

We can also see the aptness of our native helpers to be first in finding their way into the hearts of the people. We realize that our divine Master has had forethought as to how many of us in many places were present; we believe that He wants us here in Chibi as His ambassadors to reconcile the heathen to God through Him.

Brethren, pray for us that the truth may have free course.

As always yours in His service,

Levi Doner.

P. S. Will our friends kindly take notice of the change of our address from Bulawayo to Selukwe. In Selukwe we have all post-office conveniences.

**Africca Correspondence.**

1. **MANDAMARGE MISSION, SELUKWE, S. RHO.,**

Nov. 27, 1911.

To the readers of the VISITOR: Greetings in the Name of Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own precious blood. It is through His efficacious atonement that we have the privilege of being co-workers together with Christ. O what a privilege! What a call we have! If we are willing to forsake all for His Master's sake, shall we not receive a reward? Yes, verily the time is coming when both they that sow and they that reap shall rejoice together. Then if we have toiled and suffered and sacrificed and shed tears of sorrow; being in travail for the wayward or fallen or those in midnight darkness who may never have heard of His power to save. How glad we shall be some bright morning, may be, not far hence, when the trumpet shall sound, and we shall be changed; then we shall know as we are known never more to walk alone. Hallelujah! Every child of God ought so to live now that they will have no regrets then.

We are still in the battle for souls here at Germiston. The work is harder than it was years ago, as one finds few now, if any, in the compounds who have never heard the Story of Calvary. The good and bad are in all compounds some who are backslidden. Some of them may never have been truly converted; others no doubt were, but now are so wrapped up in the things of the world that they would follow Jesus. With us there has been a sifting out so that now a number we believe are really seeking after God and beginning to produce real fruit in their lives, who also have the burden of our new field on our hearts.

This mine is near Bokborg, which is about six or seven miles from here with two compounds: one has two thousand four hundred natives, and the other one, which is only opening, has four hundred, but in time, should Jesus tarry, the two will have about six thousand natives. At present there is no school or church at this place at all, but the way is now open to go forward and occupy for Jesus and win souls for our Master. We hope to begin to build a chapel and dwelling this week. The natives are delighted to hear that the unfounded (teacher) is coming to teach them God's word. Will all who read these lines remember this new field in prayer, and pray for the salvation of souls, that among these there may be diamonds dug out of the rough and polished for Jesus' coming?

J. R. and Malinda Eyster.

An India Letter.

Dear readers of the VISITOR: I greet you in the all prevailing name of Jesus. "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen." I Tim. 1:17.

Lest how my soul does magnify the Lord as He is always present with me both night and day. If we have a desire to keep in close touch with Him, it only depends whether we hunger and thirst after righteousness, then we shall be filled with the fulness from above, as we read in the third
chapter of Malachi: "If I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." I have a great reason to praise my heavenly Father for the wonderful way it was brought about that we can be redeemed from sin. But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it. How heart-cheering are these blessed promises.

When the tempest loudly rages
Upon life's troubled sea,
I have a blessed Savior
Who daily comforts me.

Though tribulation cometh,
And trials press me sore,
My trusted Savior softly whispers,
"I'm with thee, evermore."

When doubts and fears assail me,
And all seems dark and drear,
Then Jesus softly whispers,
"I'm with thee, never fear."

O Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Then part my dark in light.
My Guide, my Stay, my Comforter—
Without Thee I would fall.

There is no name, dear Jesus!
That's half so sweet to me;
It fills my soul with glory
Wherever I may be.

The longer I am in the service of the Lord the more joy it brings to my soul. My joy is increased when I read the testimonies or exhortations in the Visitor of the young sisters who are willing to obey the Lord, and speak of the wonderful love of God. I do believe that Jesus is honored if we shout out what He has done and is still doing. And how beautiful it is to know that the Lord is just to our temporal bodies, and what more He is to our spiritual bodies if we can trust Him our all. I cannot adore Him as I ought for what He has done for me, and I wish to trust Him cannot adore Him as I ought for what He has done for me, and I wish to trust Him cannot adore Him as I ought for what He has done for me, and I wish to trust Him cannot adore Him as I ought for what He has done for me, and I wish to trust Him cannot adore Him as I ought for what He has done for me, and I wish to trust Him cannot adore Him as I ought for what He has done for me, and I wish to trust Him cannot adore Him as I ought for what He has done for me, and I wish to trust Him cannot adore Him as I ought for what He has done for me, and I wish to trust Him cannot adore Him as I ought for what He has done for me, and I wish to trust Him

I am glad I can report we are all in our health, which is a great blessing from God. I ask an interest in your prayers in our behalf, that the Lord's will may be done and not ours.

Yours in Him,
MAGGIE K. LANDIS.
11 Backbun Lane, Balljung P. O., Calcutta, India, Nov. 2, 1911.

To Mothers.

If on this path which leads from dark to light,
You meet one soul who knows and understands,
Who sees the work you mean to do, demands
That you live up to what in love's clear sight
You're meant to be—what matters else beside?

Others may chance along your road, and praise,
Or scoff and scorn, then go their various ways;
Your one soul stays, content but to abide.
Not critic, but appreciating friend,
You're meant to be—what matters else be.
If then my friends should chance to ask of me
What day was filled the fullest to the brim
With joy, I should not need to answer him
After long searching in my memory.
I'd cry it out so that your heart might hear,
"Twas when you made me feel first, one white morn.
I was not just your child, whom you had borne.
Rear'd unto womanhood, and so held dear—
But quite apart from this, your motherhood,
You bailed me more than child, kindred soul.
Striving to march abreast toward your high goal
Twin to your spirit, one who understood—
That day alone, which proved my right to be,
I'd not exchange for immortality.
—From "To Mother," by Marionie Benton Cooke. Sel. by Mabel Hess.
recipient is made to believe that by receiving the wafer from the hand of a priest they are prepared for a peaceful death and thus pass them on to purgatory that the soul may be purified and prepared for heaven. "If the righteous scarcely be spared when shall the ungodly and sinner appear?" To eat the flesh and drink the blood of Jesus is "an hard saying" to the natural man. But praise the Lord, the spiritually minded rejoice that they are accounted worthy to partake of Christ's suffering. (Acts 5:41.) "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." Paul on his way to Damascus after those three days of fasting and prayer, partook amply of the bread of life, after which he could say, "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." "He that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin." "He that eateth me shall live by me," partakers of Christ's suffering. "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God." (1 Peter 4:13-17.)

There appears to be a restraining force that hinders us from using our best efforts in reproving men for their great sin of disobedience to our Lord's commandments, the necessity of the new birth and walking in the new life, (Rom. 6:3-5.) If our Lord in His great and last Commission to His disciples (Matt. 28:18-20; Mark 16:15, 16), means that we teach, only to include those who are capable of being taught in the word and exercise faith in God. (1 Peter 21-23), then what is our attitude toward the Christian world who teach and practice infant sprinkling and unregenerate church membership, who so largely compose the ungodly class of this present evil world? See, Evangelical Visitor, October 30, page 14, 15: "He's coming to-morrow." The secret order societies and the Church of Rome bid fair at no distant day to join hands and crush out the little spark of light that is left in this so-much-boasted-of Christian nation. These are the great powers of darkness who as angels of light are ruling in the children of disobedience, whose reward will be according to their works. (II Cor. 5:10.)

He maketh sore, and bindeth up; he woundeth and his hands make whole.—Job v. 18.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

The Reason Why.

In the Minutes of the last Conference (1911) referring to the "Ministerial Examination" ordered by the previous Conference, and its results, it is noted, "That a few failed to take the examination concluding it too drastic a measure, and refused to comply." As I am one of those few, I have felt that a few words of explanation would be in order. As there has been no concerted action among the dissenting minority, I can only speak for myself.

First, I consider that Conference so "magnified its office" that it went far beyond the limits of its authority in ordering that "examination," and especially in attaching the penalty of disqualification. Had the ministers been elected and ordained by conference the case would be different. Under existing conditions, and with all due deference, I do not hesitate to say that it was an arbitrary and highhanded proceeding. The aforesaid ministers were elected and ordained by the districts where they lived, and that required their services. As long as they served to the satisfaction of the local church no one had any right to call them in question. Even in case they were refractory, or preached doubtful doctrines, the local church would be in duty bound to exhaust all their resources before appealing to Conference. In fact the local church could expel him without consulting Conference at all, and be within its proper bounds. The right to appeal would remain with the expelled party, if he cared to use it, but Conference would have no right to interfere on its own initiative. In the face of these facts which are confirmed by numerous precedents, where did conference get its authority to issue that "Vatican Decree" and tie on the dire penalty to its provisions. The recipients of its provisions. The germs of like kind from which popery developed lie concealed and dormant in every church organization awaiting the favorable moment and conditions to sprout and grow. The brethren are to blame, not excepting the less scriptural congregational system of autonomous local churches with its conference simply an "advisory body" gradually (and latterly rapidly) becomes more "Episcopalian" in character; its plain, simple elders resolve into bishops and its advisory conference assumes (on a rising scale) a mandatory attitude. In the same proportion as the "central" authority enlarges its scope the "local" diminishes. It loses control of its church property which it toiled hard for, and (usually) paid for alone.

The same authority levies specified contributions when it sees fit, and expects compliance. Now it tackles the ministry and tries to whip or scare them into line with the aforesaid penalty. The last conference reaffirms its previous act, and insures its permanency. Are the brethren blind to the fact that if this act goes unprotested, the door is open for its natural sequence, namely, Conference will elect the ministers, ordain them and station them. Even now conditions are developing that a few years later will lead to that step being taken.

I know the individual protest of a disqualified minister don't carry much weight, but at the peril of losing my brethren, though I feel I am far from alone in my convictions if they were given expression. The depreciated status which I presume works automatically by non-compliance, does not disturb my mind.

As to "orthodoxy," I am that, to the core, perhaps more so than some who glibly "filled it in." When Eld. Lukenbach ordained me at our home church, the only theological question was, If I believed in the "Trinity of the Godhead." While I have proceeded carefully in my theological teaching, I have had to correct some of my early and crude ideas, my desire being to occupy on all lines nothing but "safe ground." For the Evangelical Visitor. The Reason Why.

I cannot remember the time when I had no intense yearning after God.

Evangeline Booth.

"Great souls have faith in, and live for, all ranks and conditions of men."
Great Joy.

(Gconcluded from page 1.)

joy, that has spread from heart to heart, from home to home, from city to city, from land to land, the wide world round, and that, wherever it goes, drives out before it the darkness of our despair, and carries with it the anticipation of that fulness of joy which awaits redeemed man at God's right hand for evermore.

Let us endeavor to discover the secret of this "great joy." What was it that set the angels singing, and that has set so many human hearts and lips singing ever since? The first sentence of that mighty chorus that broke upon the shepherds' ears, gives us our first light upon this secret. "Glory to God in the highest," exclaimed these strange singers, as if some new and wondrous revelation concerning the Divine character and action, and, above all, concerning the Divine attitude towards men, were adding praise to praise. Christmas tells us that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." We are not to praise. Christmas tells us that he gave what it cost Him most to give, a Gift that He was indeed to feel, a Gift which perhaps we do not feel. God so loves us that He gave it cost Him most to give, a Gift that He was indeed to feel, when with a Father's heart He should gaze down on Golgotha and see His loved One die for wayward man. Oh, joy! to know that we have such a God as this for our Father, and such a love as this to prove His Fatherhood!

But once again we look to the angels to interpret our Christmas joy, and we hear one of them saying, "Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." How near does this seem to bring the Divine to the human! True it is that God's Divine presence has ever been with man on earth, and that, in His mysterious immanence He has ever pervaded all things. But He was too near for us to discern Him; too universally diffused in His spiritual presence for us to detect the reality of that presence. But now the Word is made flesh and tabernacles amongst us, and we behold His glory in a human form, and hear His words of love from human lips, and see His works of love and power wrought by a human hand. Here is a fresh cause for joy. That Infant's name is Emmanuel—God with us. Henceforth we need erect no altar to "God unknown." He has made Himself known, and we men may behold His glory, "full of grace and truth." God Who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." The supreme discovery has been made, the problem of ages has been solved. "God is manifest in the flesh," and the great fear, the horrible misleading, as to His character, that has haunted the human heart in all ages, is dissipated. Such as Jesus is, such is our great Father God; and as Jesus acted in His human life career, so will the great Spirit of the universe act in all His manifold relations to us. It is the joy of a supreme discovery that should fill our hearts to-day. Well might His earliest disciples exclaim, "We have found!" It is God that we have found, and we have found Him to be all that our highest hopes could have wished Him to be.

But we must ask the angels once again whether this is all. Is there anything more than even this, that they can tell us as they interpret our joy; anything else that is needed to make our joy complete? Ah, yes! As we listen to that great herald of the good news, but only a part. Man was to be saved from hell by being restored to God. The lost relation was to be given back, and as the result of the satisfaction of law, the very life of God was once more to be allowed to flow into the heart of man. The primal curse was to be overruled by a new and wonderful blessing, and eternal life, once forfeited by human sin, was to be given back to a death-stricken world.

And, as the result of the establishment of this new relation between God and man, sin was to lose its power to hold man in bondage, and thus the name of the Saviour was to be made good in fact: "His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save his people from their sins." These are indeed "good tidings of great joy;" so good that many of us feel as if they were much too good to be true. We can believe that sin may be forgiven, though perhaps if we would reflect a little more carefully, it would not seem to be easy to persuade ourselves even of this; for we might well pause and ask: How shall a holy God pass over human sin without making Himself in some sense participator in it? But, whether this is, or is not, a difficulty, a far greater, because a practical difficulty lies in the question: How shall we escape from the tyranny of sin? and men can hardly bring themselves to believe that they really have in Christ a Saviour and Deliverer from it.

Yet surely nothing short of this would be the good news that our hearts want to hear; for it were poor emancipation that the angels are singing of. It is the whole human race that has been enslaved under "the world-rulers of this darkness," as the apostle calls the mysterious and alien forces, against which man has so unsuccessfully contended. The long dark ages had come and gone, and still the tyranny of sin had prevailed, and still all its ruinous consequences, in blasted character and blighted lives, constituted one long tragedy.

And that newborn Infant, lying helpless in His mother's arms, was to be the great world-Saviour; was to open up the door of hope to stricken humanity, and to break the tyrant yoke and set the prisoners free. This was indeed "good tidings of great joy." Let us dwell for a moment on the completeness of this deliverance. It was not merely that man was to be saved from the final and terrible consequences of his own sin and folly. This was indeed a part of the good news, but only a part. Man was to be saved from hell by being restored to God. The lost relation was to be given back, and as the result of the satisfaction of law, the very life of God was once more to be allowed to flow into the heart of man. The primal curse was to be overruled by a new and wonderful blessing, and eternal life, once forfeited by human sin, was to be given back to a death-stricken world.

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Yet surely nothing short of this would be the good news that our hearts want to hear; for it were poor
comfort to our higher nature and our nobler aspirations to be told that we may be pardoned, but at the same time to be informed that we must needs, through our human weakness, go on repeating the very offenses for which pardon has been craved, and conceded. Our hearts revolt against the idea of thus trafficking upon the Divine forbearance. It is indeed "good tidings of great joy" to know that the new life is equal to the task of making us new creatures, and to hear that sin shall no longer have dominion over us, because we are not under law, but under grace. This is the true Christmas joy, and no wonder that those who have found it rejoice before God "according to the joy of harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil."

Pardon, and peace, and power, the very things that we most need, are all bound up in this one "unspeakable gift," the gift of Him Who lies there as an "infant of days" before the wondering eyes of men and angels. And so human life is not to prove an utter failure after all. Man's woeful defeat is to be the opportunity of a Divine success, and each of us may feel our hopes beat high, and our guilty fears depart, as we hear the angels singing of Him Who is born to us "a Saviour Christ the Lord."

And this great joy is not to be the passing emotion of a happy moment, when the heart is stirred by holy influences, and for the time being we do indeed feel as if a new song had been put into our mouth, and we could not help swelling the angels' chorus. No! the joy that comes with the discovery of the Saviour is only the beginning of a life of joy, which cannot be robbed of this characteristic by any of the changes and chances of the world. It becomes deeper and fuller, though perhaps not more demonstrative, as the years roll on, and experience ripens, and new visions of Divine love unfold. Each spiritual victory makes the great joy greater, each holy acquisition calls it forth anew, and, as love leads us on to service, it breaks out with fresh pulsation of delight, with each added trophy won for the Master, each conquest of the tyrant that her warfare is accomplished. He is not far from any one of us. Oh, you who know something of the misery that unforgiven sin inflicts upon the heart and conscience; you who have proved over and over again how poor and shallow is all the self-gratification that earth can offer apart from this; you whose lives are running out so fast, another year of your brief lives just passing from you, and who yet have never even begun to realize the true value of life, nor to taste its deeper satisfactions, let this Christmas Day be the beginning of a new life with you. "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that hath come to pass, that the Lord hath made known unto us."

Nay, let us do what the shepherds could not do, let us go even unto Calvary, and find in the drear sorrows of our dying Lord the mysterious source of our newborn joy. Let us gaze on that supreme revelation of victorious love, until we find ourselves, each for himself, exclaiming, "My Saviour, Thou art born for me! and Thou hast died for me!"

So shall the "great joy" begin; and we shall start forth on the unhurried journey of a new year with the happy conviction that the old things have passed away and that all has become new; with a new peace in our hearts, and a new hope dawning on our horizon; while a new power shall purify and elevate our lives, and a new song shall rise from our lips as we, too, swell the angels' Christmas anthem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"—Rev. W. Hay M. H. Atiken, M. A. in Record of Christian Work.

Love is but faith in its supreme and perfect form. It is the impassioned expression on the face of faith. There is but one attitude of conformity to the will of God, and that is faith; a faith that being itself an act of will and obedience, always works outward into love.—Peter T. Forsyth.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.—Isa. xi. 1, 2, 29.

O thou, afflicted, tossed with temper, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors.—Isa. liv. 11.
Patience with the Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or neighbor.
Past all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender truth shall we have gained?
Alas! by simply dying?

Then lips so chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over;
And eyes too swift, our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
About our pillows slumber.

Sweet friend, perdurance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience, 'tis when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving.
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Light.

Science teaches us that light is
everywhere the same. The glimmer
of the star and the glory of the sun
differ only in measure. Spectroscopic
analysis discovers the same elements
in both.

The office of light is as universal as
its essence. The scriptural definition,
"That which makes manifest is light," is
both a moral and scientific state-
ment. Wherever it exists revelation
is inevitable; and the brighter the
illumination, the more minute and dis-
tinguished doings which mind and conscience were
were the acceptance of
illuminating agencies, but insures intellect-
ual confusion and spiritual bewilder-
ment. Ruskin tells us that, "every
duty we omit obscure some truth we
have known;"

Nature punishes misuse with de-
struction, and disuse with removal.
The final end is the same—the loss of
faculty with corresponding limitation
and inability. There is no surer or
swifter way to intellectual or moral
imbecility than refusing the guidance
of known fact. There is no extent of
error or evil which does not lurk in the
train of disobedience to known obli-
gation, which predisposes both mind
and conscience to the acceptance of
falsehood.

False cults thrive most among those whose past is marked by illumina-
tion and refusal. The intellectually
untenable and morally degrading
errors which such persons will hail as
sublime truths are astounding. Teach-
ings which mind and conscience would
have rejected and resented are wel-
comed as new and advanced revela-
cles, "I am the Truth," also de-
clared, "I am the Light of the world." As the com-
plete and perfect embodiment, and
expression of truth, he becomes the
center and source of spiritual revela-
tions for men. Obedience to his teach-
ings, and emulation of his example in-
sures the quickening of spiritual per-
ceptions and the application of spiri-
tual provisions. "He that followeth me
shall not walk in darkness, but shall
have the light of life." As sunbeams
reveal their source, so the rays of
truth direct to him who is the center of
being and blessing, "whom to know is
life eternal."

Walking in the light, by which is
meant obedience to one's highest sense
of moral obligation, is the inevitable
and enduring condition of realization.
It is the personal basis of privilege,
the highest possibility of which our
fellowship founded on moral affinity.
"If we walk in the light, *** we have
fellowship," i. e., "association,
communion, friendly intercourse,
with him who is Light, and "in whom
there is no darkness at all." Such obedience
insures also the highest moral attain-
ments: "The blood of Jesus Christ
His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Prompt obedience is necessary to
continuance. To the generation blest
with his visible presence and audible
teachings, Jesus said: "Yet a little
while is the light with you: walk while
ye have the light, lest darkness come
upon you." Disobedience not only
occasions the withdrawal of illuminat-
ing agencies, but insures intellectual
confusion and spiritual bewilder-
ment. Ruskin tells us that, "every
duty we omit obscure some truth we
have known;"

Nature punishes misuse with de-
struction, and disuse with removal.
The final end is the same—the loss of
faculty with corresponding limitation
and inability. There is no surer or
swifter way to intellectual or moral
imbecility than refusing the guidance
of known fact. There is no extent of
error or evil which does not lurk in the
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False cults thrive most among those whose past is marked by illumina-
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ings which mind and conscience would
have rejected and resented are wel-
comed as new and advanced revela-
tions, and the delusive quiet which results is interpreted as evidence of divine favor, and an attestation of truth.

Light obeyed insures not only continuance, but increase. Unless refracted by some intervening medium it shines in straight lines. The path of truth is the shortest distance between the great necessities of the human soul and the ample provisions and boundless possibilities of grace. Deviations only increase the distance to be traversed. They increase rather than avoid difficulties. The distance from Egypt to Canaan is but a fraction of that commonly traveled.

more and more." Its consummation is, "the perfect day." Day is the time of fullest illumination, and free activities. The Apostle rejoices that the days are, "the perfect day." Day is the time from Egypt to Canaan is but a fraction of that commonly traveled.

For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, and God Himself is light." And God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

"Walk in the light! thy path shall be Peaceful, serene, and bright; For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Himself is light." - -

What Love Did.

Two gray-haired men were walking along the street, one of them carrying a bouquet of beautiful and fragrant flowers. "Wait a minute," said the latter as he stopped before a small cottage and rang the bell. A little girl opened the door. She smiled as she took the flowers. "I know whom they're for," she said; "they're for gran'me."

"Well, I do declare!" observed his friend, as they passed on. "You surprise me! I had no idea you went around leaving flowers and your love with old ladies."

"Just with one old lady," laughing. "You see, it is this way: When I was a boy, this dear old lady's son and I were chums. We were going away to school. I was an orphan. I left the house where I had been boarding with a heavy heart. No one cared that I was going away, no one missed me.

"I stopped for Dan—that was my chum's name—on my way to the station. As I entered the yard he and his mother were saying good-bye. The hot tears rushed to my eyes as I saw Dan's mother kiss him.

"'Good-bye, my boy. God bless you,' I heard her say.

"No one had kissed me. No one had asked God to bless me. Well, God was not blessing me, I said to myself bitterly, and then my tears vanished. I felt defiant and set my lips hard. Then Dan's mother looked up. She must have read my feelings in my ugly face.

"'Good-bye, Davie,' she said gently, holding out her hands to me. I knew my face looked stern and hard. I pretended not to see the outstretched hands, and I wouldn't look into her face. I was turning away without a word of farewell, when she called, oh, so sweetly, I can hear her now, even after all these years, 'Davey, my dear boy, aren't you going to say good-bye to Danny's mother? Aren't you, Davie? I turned and took her hands, the loving compassion in her voice had won me from myself and my despair. I held close to her while she kissed me. Then, gently loosening my grasp of her hands, she threw her arms about me.

"'Good-bye, Davie,' she said, 'I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you.'"

The gentleman's lips quivered.

"The world grew bright to me then and there," he continued. "I had something to live for, and I did my best in school and college. Over and over that tender good-bye of Dan's mother rang in my soul. 'Good-bye, Davie. I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you.' God has blessed me."

"Where is Dan?" asked his friend.

"Dan died six years ago; that is his little girl who came to the door. It was an awful blow to the dear old lady when Dan died, and she has never been strong since that dark day. But she has been so good as to tell me that I bring much sunshine into her life, and I thank God that I am able to do so."—New York Observer.

"Barnabas and Paul were not the first or the last of the friends whose quality has been tested by a change in their relative standing in the esteem of their fellow men. Among the credentials of a man chosen of God and worthy of the name of friend is this ability to put the cause he loves above himself."

What we need is a profound faith in God's ruling all things.—Gordon.

IF EVER I APPRECIATED RELIEF FROM DUTY IT WAS WHEN ELD. STECKLEY AND THE BRETHREN TOOK OFF EVERYTHING THAT HAD BEEN DONE. BUT I TRUST THAT THERE ARE MORE WORKERS ON THE FIELD THE BURDEN CAN BE DIVIDED UP TO MAKE IT EASIER.

After our lovefeast in Mapani (account of which you have read in Visiter) we began to pack up our things in Mapani. We enjoyed having a lovefeast at our old home just before leaving. There is a very tender tie binding us together. It was hard to part from our beloved co-workers and equally as hard to leave our spiritual children behind. It seemed, however, that our presence in Mapani wasn't needed longer. The brethren from the Matopus who are teaching there with the help of lay members are being used of the Lord. It looks as though the work has prospered more since we left than ever before.

Our coming to this place opens a field for a number of our native helpers, of whom we have seven with us now—five brethren and two sisters. Native workers are not allowed by Government to go far away from a European missionary. So we trust that at least our opening up here has done some good in this way. When the new recruits came it was mutually agreed upon that Bro. Steckley and Sallie Book come with us and Bro. and Sr. Winger go to Mtshabezi, and Sr. Alvis stay at Matopo. So we have beside our native helpers good help in the persons of these two. Sr. Book is a good teacher and will no doubt prove a great blessing in the school. The children take well to her.

On August 24th, Bro. Steckley and I, with two native helpers as drivers, left Matopo Mission with two mules and ten donkeys in our wagon (which is the wagon Eld. Einge had sent out some twelve years ago, but it is merely all made over now). We booked the cart on behind the wagon. We had about a ton weight of goods to take with us. The rest we sent on train. We had 214 miles to travel, coming by wagon road all the way this time. It became very monotonous and was, like the others, a tedious trip. We had to go far sometimes to find water, and wood was very scarce some places. The sisters waited with the two native sisters until Sep­tember 6, when they were to take train at Balawayo and meet us at Selukwe. We arrived at Selukwe at appointed time, but the sisters were not on the train. We went to post-office but there was no word there. We waited for two more trains the next day but there was neither person nor let­ter. We thought they misunderstood us to say the next week, so started home. I left a letter in the office to say that if they came shorted I would shortly the boys to drive them out. We had come about twenty-two miles on our road and were just getting up our supper from our inster and then, when we saw an outfit coming down the banks, stopped them and told them. The sisters were in and soon we were together again. They said the train they were to take had changed time that very day so was just gone upon their arrival. They had to wait then a couple of days. Sr. Book has written this in detail in her let­ter, so I will now begin farther on. We got one good load of goods home this time and left one load in Selukwe. We waited for a couple of weeks later. Then I returned with two of the brethren that had stayed here alone several months to get the other load. The weather was very very dry and the many grass fires made it worse.

My health had been fairly good all along until this spell of great heat. My appetite gave way, so that I could not eat much for several days. I lay in the wagon and let the boys take care of me. There were no springs on the wagon and the jolting made me feel no better. Coming home I was worse. The load was heavy and we had to take off boxes so often and lift on the wheel that I gave out. One morning I found myself unable to get up, as I had not eaten anything of account for several days. We were within twenty-five miles of home, but the road was very heavy. The boys were so cheerful and willing to do all they could. They suggested that one go home with mules and get cart to take me home, and the other remain with me. This would mean an extra one hundred miles for the mules, which I could hardly become willing to do. I was getting still weaker so assented. I had no food that was, good and I ordered some food to be brought along. Matoya left an hour after sunrise and arrived home about 4 p.m., having eaten nothing till then. He was tired and hungry. Bro. Steckley and Sallie late in the same cart and traveled till 1 a.m. and arrived at wagon about 7 a.m. I cannot tell you what I suffered from the heat that hot day. I lay under the wagon on canvas, for anything else was too hot. It seemed that even in the shade the waves of heat struck in upon me so that I thought I could hardly breathe. A bucket of cold water near the hand. Bro. Steckley and Manje drove
until Mahata and another brother, Mamagelana, came to help. We got along slowly until next day, Saturday evening, when within eight miles of home, I could not endure the jolting any longer, so Sallie and I went to the Pupu people to stay and rest while I drove the oxen and carriage back to the village. They all got up to see them off. They have a tree and it was cut down and the stump was cut into four parts, and we took one of these parts with us. We left the удобré in the rain and took a carriage to the village. We met the natives who were coming from the village and we stayed with them for a few days. We started out on Sunday and arrived at home on Monday.

We went the mules back again with boys in the night after a feed and the wagon arrived on Sunday a.m. Glad the goods were not lost in the ten days' trying experience on this one trip.

The boys had done quite well in putting up grass and pole huts while here alone during those months, but they were not intended to turn the rain. The rains came very early this year, so we saw that we would have to hurry to build a hut. We tried to do so, but the weather still kept so hot, that we worked hard one day and then the next day we could not say so, but we saw that the sun gets up to eight and nine o'clock and until 4 p.m. it seems burning hot. I cannot endure it. We are next day I am sick. I should not say work that Sunday. Next Sunday sixty were here in Chibi, and of some of our past experiences.

Our first Sunday here we visited three places to Christ. We are very superstitious and for souls, it is easy.

The natives have been very kind to us and have given us plenty of food for our native helpers. They also send us friends who do not want to take anything for it. Such is part of a missionary's experience in pioneering in this faraway place. Yet as it is for Jesus' sake and for souls, it is easy.

Levi Doner

Experience.

"For if ye live after the flesh ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body ye shall live." (Rom. 8:13)

I would so willingly write for the column of the Visirot if I could be some help to some wandering soul or some one that does not know Jesus. I will try to give some of my experience in the Christian life. It may do some others good. It makes me feel sorry to think of us, and I hope, and I breathe a prayer for the work here that God may let His blessing rest upon His name to all who want it.

Levi Doner

December 11, 1912.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.
The Tenant.

This body is my house—it is not I; Herein I sojourn until, in some far sky, I leave a fair dwelling, built to last. All the carpentry of time is past. When from my high place viewing this lone

What shall I care where those poor timbers are? What though the crumbling walls turn dust, and loam, I shall not build them for a larger home. What though the rafters break, the stanchions rot, When a spire is dashed to a glimmering spot! My long-cramped spirit in the universe. Though I, the sojourner, to give a resting place, I shall yearn upward to the leaning Face. The ancient heavens will roll aside for me, As Moses monarch's the dividing sea. This body is my house; it is not I, Triumphant in this faith I live and die.

—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

The Worker's Chapter. (Luke, 10.)

What is Christian work?


What is Christian work?


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The Worker's Chapter. (Luke, 10.)

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The Worker's Chapter. (Luke, 10.)

What is Christian work?


EVANGELICAL VISITOR. [December 11, 1911.]

VANDERVEER. Sister Mary Ann Vanderveer (nee Reichard), Wm. Vanderveer, of Moretown Center, Mich., was born July 31, 1881. She entered the River Brethren church at Henderson, Kan., September 27, 1887, and for forty-nine years was a consistent member until the time of her death. She leaves four daughters, with relatives and friends, to mourn the loss of a companion, a mother, a friend, yet they will find in her loss, her eternal gain. For many years Sister Vanderveer was confined to her chair, un­ able to leave her home without being carried and placed in the vehicle, at the same time being blind, yet in her blindness she was very earnest in her Christian life, and was at the usual services: always ready to serve others. In 1886 she suffered a fall and was struck by the engine and instantly killed. Funeral was held in the Methodist church. Interment in nearby cemetery.

GRAYBIL.—Bro. Edward Graybil died at Fordwich, Ont., November 2, 1911, aged 80 years, 10 months and 11 days. The deceased had been a very healthy man, but during the last Summer he began to fail and for several weeks prior to his death he was confined to his bed and suf­ fered with an abscess in his head and on the above date came to his relief. Bro. Graybil was born in the township of Taplow, Ont., in the year 1831. He was married to Mary Witter in 1854. The young couple settled in Wittenburg village, Ont., where they resided until 1874, when they moved to the vicinity of Fordwich, Ont., where they resided on a farm until a few years ago when they retired to Fordwich. An unbroken family of six boys and six girls were raised by this favored couple. The father's death is the first break in this large family and the entire family surviving. Besides there are forty-nine grandchildren, and twenty-two great-grandchildren. Bro. Graybil was converted and joined the Brethren in Christ church in 1849. The deceased was a faithful, kind and loving man and beloved by all who knew him, ever ready to help the un­ fortunate, yet ever ignoring self in a modest way, until in the early morning of November 2, 1911, in some unknown way her clothing caught fire and terribly burning her body that day ended her suf­ fering the same afternoon. The sad funeral rites were conducted on November 6, by the brethren M. H. Oberholzer and Abram M. Wingert.

SHRINER.—Walter Ray Shrinser, son of Grabiel and Emma Shrinser, was born March 30, 1900, and died October 10, 1911, aged 10 years, 6 months and 10 days. He met his death in an accident on the railroad. With his two brothers and sister, he was sent to a far distant depot and transferred to Fort Octo­ ber 10, 1911, aged 10 years, 6 months and 10 days. He met his death in an accident on the railroad. With his two brothers and sister, he was sent to a far distant depot and transferred to Fort....